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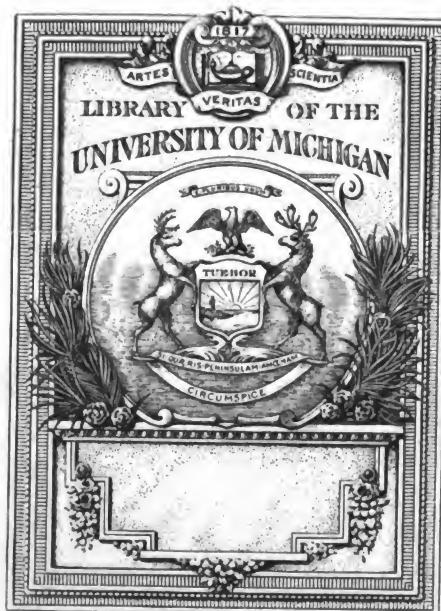
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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

NUMBER 1.

DUTCH ARCHITECTURE.



THE OLD HOUSE IN BROAD-STREET.

WITHOUT advancing any claims to the honourable profession of an antiquary, either local or general, we still feel it a duty, as a "faithful chronicler of the times," to snatch from the insatiable grasp of oblivion such fast-fading objects as may be interesting to posterity. In a few more fleeting years not a single vestige of the original city of New-Amsterdam will remain! The peculiar style of architecture which characterized the earliest edifices erected on this island, will be unknown to the next generation, except through the medium of history and tradition. We have, therefore, resolved to secure correct views of the few that are yet left standing, like "tottering monuments of good old times," and consign them to the safe keeping of the New-York Mirror; which will, if our wishes be verified, reflect their venerable images down the long vista of distant futurity to the latest posterity.

It is well known that the first settlers of this island were emigrants from Amsterdam, in Holland; and it is reasonable to suppose that they brought with them, to the New World, the same manners, customs, and opinions that prevailed in the land of their nativity. The fashion of their apparel, and the form of their dwellings, in particular, are understood to have been *fac similes* of such as they had been familiar with in Holland, where gable-fronts, leaden-windows, and sharp-pointed roofs, are characteristic features of both city and village—of the stadtholder's palace, the burgomaster's mansion, and the peasant's hut.

The cottage style, however, was generally adopted by the founders of the goodly city of New-Amsterdam; and most of their buildings consisted of a single story, independent of the sharp-angled roof before mentioned. It is true that some of the more wealthy could boast of a second story, and a few of the higher classes even of a third; but these latter were considered as palaces among the humbler edifices of the commonalty. The walls of these buildings were constructed of small black and yellow bricks, called *clinkers*, imported for the purpose from Holland, serving as ballast for the ships which conveyed them across the Atlantic. The lime used by the builders was made of oyster-shells, with which the bay and rivers, at that time, abounded; and this mortar is now found, after a lapse of near two hundred years, to be harder than the bricks themselves. In many instances, however, the houses were constructed of wood, with a brick front next the street—a mode of building which still prevails in some parts of this city, where the owners wish to make show at little expense.

In those days, however, whatever might have been the materials or dimensions of the edifice, its gable-end always faced on the street, and generally terminated in battlements, which resembled two opposing flights of stairs, starting at the eaves on each side of the front, ascending with the angle of the roof, and meeting at a little brick turret, which surmounted its apex, and was commonly ornamented with a weathercock or vane to indicate the course of the wind.

The acute angle of the tiled roof was happily calculated to avert the danger to which buildings of a different shape would have been exposed from the heavy falls of snow which were prevalent at that early period. On the gable-front, so often mentioned, were displayed four large iron figures, designating the year in which the building was erected, and at the same time serving the purpose of what modern builders call anchors, irons which secure the walls to the floor-timbers.

As regards the interior of these buildings, the stories were low, and the apartments seldom ceiled over head; but massy oak beams, either whitewashed with lime, or highly polished by frequent applications of the scrubbing-brush, gave strong indications of strength and durability. The windows were composed of three distinct sashes; two of them hung on hinges, and opening on the inside, like little folding doors; while the third, of more narrow dimensions, was fixed horizontally across the top, where it remained stationary. The glass, which was cut into small panes of about two inches by four, was set in lead. Few specimens, however, of this style of glazing can now be found in the city, as the windows of the ancient Dutch houses have all been modernized, by which a principal feature in the real Knickerbocker style of architecture has become extinct. The windows were usually secured by outside shutters, which were hung by hinges at the bottom, and every morning let down to a horizontal position, thus forming a convenient platform for the display of such articles as were offered for sale by the occupant. The fire-places were surrounded with blue and white tiles, on which were rude pictures intended to illustrate some important scripture narratives, or the most striking incidents in *Æsop's* fables. Here "Tobit and his dog" figured to great advantage, Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like harlequin through a barrel of fire."

The ascent to the second floor was by a spiral staircase, either directly behind the street door, or else behind the back door. In the language of Washington Irving, (from whom we have quoted above) "the house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor." The entrance most used, however, was a side door, opening from the yard or alley, which was secured by a gate. "The front door," says the facetious writer just mentioned, "was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new-year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker curiously wrought, sometimes in the devise of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation."

The above engraving, which has elicited these remarks, represents a building still standing on the east side of Broad-street, No 41, now occupied as a grocery by Mr. H. N. Ferris. Of its history we know nothing, except that it is a *hundred and thirty-two years old*, and is one of the few, in that neighbourhood, which escaped the great conflagration of 1776. But whether it was erected by a Stuyvesant, a Hardenbrook, a Schermerhorn, a Roosevelt, or a Kipp, or by one of the numerous Vans of that period, tradition does not inform us. Neither are we able to gratify the reader's curiosity so far as to enumerate the various uses and purposes to which this venerable edifice has been successively devoted. "Could its old walls tell tales," there is no knowing what heart-thrilling secrets of "love and murder" might be collected by a good stenographer. As it is, however, it must suffice that its present occupant is a good citizen, who "keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of first-rate groceries, cheap for cash." Mr. Ferris rents the premises, we understand, from the heirs of a Mr. Quick, who is *quick* no more, being now numbered among the dead.

As above intimated, it was deemed a duty, (before the footsteps of time had rendered the design impracticable) to rescue from oblivion a few memorials of the architectural taste of our Dutch ancestors, a race eminent for that personal neatness and domestic cleanliness which characterize many of their direct descendants. And if the latter excel them in the advantages of superior education, and a more enlightened system of policy, may they also emulate their simple virtues of frugality, probity, and piety.

Three or four subjects of a similar description with the above, will appear in the Mirror in regular succession. In the mean time, we trust that the reader will not be displeased if we conclude this article with the following appropriate extract from Knickerbocker's History of New-York:

"As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-place was truly of a patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw*, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth, for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New-England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, hair-breadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Poetical Sketch Book. Including a third edition of Australia. By Thomas K. Hervey. London: 12mo. 1 vol. pp. 286.

THE London press teems with a class of publications which are by no means common with us. We refer to the collections of light articles in the various walks of literature; and which are so eagerly sought after by those who prefer dallying an hour with the lyrist or the essayist, to the graver communion with the historian or the classic. There is a pleasing variety in the works we speak of calculated for all "moods of the mind." Passion and pathos, feeling and fancy, are invoked by turns, and he must indeed be among his "misanthropic hours," who cannot find somewhat "i' the vein."

There is something too in the manner, as well as the matter, of these exhalations (we mean to be poetical in the use of the word, good reader) from the hot-beds of the London press, that is wonderfully taking to the eye, and pleasing to the fancy of the epicurean in literature. One takes up a work of this kind, with its beautifully engraved vignette and title—and its jet black letters, reposing gracefully upon the hot-pressed and silky paper—with the true relish of the gourmand; and from the first application of the ivory folder, until the "finis" page is turned, there is a delicious languor upon the mind. Whether it is the poetry or sentiment—the delightful sensation of the soft, low, whispering breeze, gently insinuating itself through the Venetian lattice—an atmosphere of elysium in these caloric days—or the exquisite flavour of that last flask of claret, still lingering upon the lip—one knows not; the book is closed—the left foot rests upon the ottoman—the exclamation "beautiful!" escapes one ere one is aware exactly to what it is applied.

A work of the class referred to, and the sight of which has led us thus strangely from our usual vein of sober prose, lies open upon our table. It is a collection of poems by one of the most fashionable of the numerous poets who enlighten the English metropolis at the present day. Many of the pieces have appeared in the English annuals, and of course were transplanted thence into our periodicals. Some are very pretty—a few beautiful—and all are above the mediocre grade of lyrics. We cannot say to you, gentle reader, buy the book, and be amused as we have been. It has not been republished

in this country—but we will give you a "taste of its quality" in a few extracts.

There is great richness of language, and splendour of imagery in the following stanzas. They are from a poem entitled "Cleopatra," and are illustrative of a picture by Danby of the Egyptian queen embarking on the Cyndus.

Flutes in the sunny air!
And harps in the porphyry halls!
And a low, deep hum, like a people's prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and falls!
And an echo, like the desert's call,
Flung back to the shouting shores!
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars!
The sky is a gleam of gold!
And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of—but never told,
Around the dancing boat!
She has stepped on the burning sand!
And the thousand tongues are mute!
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
The strings of his gilded lute!
And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,
Beneath his white sash,
And the Libyan kneels, as he meets her eye,
Like the flash of an eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots—like a bright-plumed bird—
Away—down the golden river!
Away by the lofty mount!
And away by the lonely shore!
And away by the gushing of many a fount,
Where fountains gush no more!
Oh! for some warning vision, there,
Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
And glad, young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
And hope and beauty blasted!
That scenes so fair, and hearts so gay,
Should be so early wasted!

There is a touch of feeling in the following lines which we are sure will recommend them to our fair readers—

I think on thee, in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill!
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies!
I think on thee, by day,
Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud!
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
And thy young, sweet smile I see;
My heart—my heart were all alone,
But for its dreams of thee!
Oh! like those fairy things,
Those insects of the east,
That have their beauty in their wings,
And shroud it, while at rest;
That fold their colours of the sky,
When earthward they alight,
And flash their splendours on the eye,
Only to take their flight;
I never knew how dear thou wert,
Till thou wert borne away!
I have it yet about my heart,
Thy beauty of that day!
As if the robe thou wert to wear,
Beyond the stars, were given
That I might learn to know it there,
And seek thee out, in heaven!

We conclude our extracts from this enticing volume with a poem different in manner from either of the preceding—it is rich in poetic beauty and classical allusion.

CARTHAGE.

Is it some vision of the elder day,
Won from the dead-sea waters, by a spell
Like hers who waked the prophet?—or a dream
Of burning Egypt—ere the Libyan sand
Had flung its pall above a perished world—
Dreamt on its dreary grave, that has no flowers?
Is it the eastern orphan's ocean-home!
The southern queen! the city of the sea,
Ere Venice was a name! the lofty heart
That battled for the empire of the world,
And all but won—yet perished in the strife!
Now, in her young, proud beauty—the blue waves,
Like vasaals, bending low to kiss her feet,
Or dancing to their own sweet minstrelsy!
The olives hanging round her crested front,
Like laurel-crowns upon a victor's brow—
Beneath her palms, and mid her climbing bowers,
Darts, like a sunny flash, the antelope!
And bound the wild deer, where the severing boughs
Wave forth a goddess!—in her hunter-guise,
She wakes the perfumes of the Tyrian's groves,
To welcome from the waves her pilgrim boy,
And point his tangled pathway to the towers
That to his homeless spirit speak of home!
Alas! the stately city! is it here,
Here, mid this palace pomp and leafy store,
(Bright as some landscape which the poet sees
Faintly, by sunset, on a summer sky,
In hues the dolphin borrows, when he dies!)
Mid all this clustering loveliness and life,
Where treads the Trojan, that in after years
A lonelier exile and a loftier chief,
Sat amid ruins!

We have received the July number of the *North American Review*; Falkland, Bulwer's first novel, never before published in this country, and several other works, but are compelled to defer any remarks upon them until next week.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE TWO GRAVES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A NEAT and flourishing village, containing two churches, a court-house, a bank, and a number of spacious brick dwelling houses, now occupies the romantic spot on the bank of the Ohio river, where twenty years ago stood only the cottage of George Davis, surrounded by the small plantation which his own hand had cultivated in the midst of the forest. Twelve years have wrought wonderful changes in many parts of our country; but no where have they witnessed such rapid and extensive improvements as have taken place along the course of the Ohio river. The progress of that portion of territory now known as the state of Ohio, in particular, has been astonishing. Although not many years have elapsed since the sound of the axe first broke the stillness of the vast forests which spread their almost "boundless contiguity of shade" over that luxuriant region; yet he who passes through that section of our country at the present day will find few things to remind him of the recency of its settlement. "The land is full of harvests and green meads." The mighty, and seemingly interminable woods, whose mingled branches covered the immense territory with a sea of foliage, almost excluding the sun from the soil that now so bountifully repays its smile, have in many places disappeared entirely from the ground which they had shadowed since the beginning of time. The hardy yeomen of the eastern states have poured in upon the footsteps of the receding savages, and the wide land over which but a few years since deep silence brooded, except when broken by the howl of the wolf, or the more appalling yell of the Indian—is now vocal with the thousand happy sounds of a numerous and prosperous population. Where the solitary smoke of the red man's wigwag curled its thin wreath among the trees, a hundred spires are glittering in the sun; and, instead of the frail canoe which, sometimes emerging from a dark inlet, would shoot across the mighty river that watered that beautiful wilderness in vain—the glassy surface of the Ohio mirrors whole navies, bearing to the remotest parts of the valley of the Mississippi the interchanged commodities of every clime. Steamboats, of a size commensurate with the majesty of the stream they traverse, are continually passing to and fro, their glistening paddles breaking the smooth water into the only billows with which it is ever ruffled, and their long column of revolving vapour oftentimes constituting the only cloud in the whole expanse of the clear blue sky. The stranger, as he glides along that liquid highway of nature, and beholds on either side, cities, towns, and villages, almost without number, occupying the green margin—who every where sees evidences of populousness and abundance, of activity and happiness, of refinement and taste—can with difficulty believe that he is really traversing a region just redeemed from utter savageness and solitude. To those of other lands who have not viewed for themselves the gay panorama—the moving, living picture of prosperity and plenty, which the banks of the Ohio present, the details of the merest statistical writer appear like the rhapsodies of romance, and the speculations of one who should attempt to reason from the past to the future, would seem scarcely more entitled to attention than the extravagances of eastern fable.

But twenty years ago, although then "toil linked with art" had begun to explore each savage wild, the shores of the Ohio river presented a very different appearance from that which now greets the traveller through that luxuriant region. For many miles on either side of the little plantation of George Davis, an unbroken forest lined the banks, and the stream before it, instead of being dotted as now, with a gay succession of all kinds of vessels, from the slow-moving and clumsy ark of the emigrant, to the swift and graceful steamboat, but seldom exhibited the handywork of man upon its surface. It is to the introduction of steamboats, indeed, that the fertile region of the west owes a great part of its present advancement. There is, in truth, no portion of our country where the advantages resulting from that great improvement of modern times are not seen and felt. Admirably designed as our country is by nature for internal communication, intersected in every direction by navigable streams which

"—through all its members run
Like mighty arteries binding them in one,"

the genius of Fulton could not have been employed on any subject so well calculated to result in immense and general benefit, as that which happily attracted his attention. It is now about twenty-six years since the wondering people first gathered in crowds along the banks of the Hudson to behold the strange spectacle of a vessel—apparently by its own volition—"walking the waters like a thing of life," and moving

hither and thither with the rapidity of a shooting star, without asking leave of the winds and waves. In the short interval since that period, what has been already effected by the means of that great invention appears like the result of magic. The eastern story of the palace and gardens conveyed through the air by means of a talismanic lamp, seems scarcely any longer a fable. The firm and thick-set earth has not, to be sure, lost any of "its immutable fixedness," nor do our dwellings rise and float upon the air like so many fibres of gossamer; but by the intermediation of steamboats, whole cities and districts of countries, from being separated by nearly impassable mountains and immeasurable distances, are brought, in effect, into almost immediate juxtaposition. The different extremities of our vast empire are made familiarly acquainted with each other; and already one of the kindly fruits of this extended intercourse has been to awaken feelings of brotherhood and goodwill in place of many of those sectional prejudices and jealousies, which are naturally entertained by strangers, of conflicting interests and pursuits.

This however is digression. Steamboats at the period of this narrative, were of very recent invention, and the echoes of the forests of the Ohio had never been awakened by their now familiar sound. The country, for the most part, lay in the uninterrupted solitude of nature. At Pittsburg, Marietta, and one or two other places on the river, a handful of adventurous men had gathered together in the wilderness, and erected a cluster of habitations. Away from these settlements, the stroke of some hardy adventurer's axe might here and there be heard in the midst of the interminable woods; and in a few intermediate places, along the margin of the stream, a solitary smoke might be seen, and near by a patch of yellow grain, glistening in the midst of a grove of girdled trees, which, deprived of their limbs and blackened by fire, seemed to frown on the attempt at innovation.

It has been already said that the cabin of George Davis stood entirely alone. No other human habitation was within several miles of it, and to the nearest village was a weary day's ride. George was one of those hardy adventurers who are ever to be found on the outskirts of population, a race of men whose characters seem equi-distant from those of the whites and the Indians, and yet partake of the principal features of both. Like the latter, he was migratory in his habits, familiar with all sights and sounds that appertain to wood-craft, and subsisted chiefly by hunting the deer and the elk. He could not bear to dwell near his white brethren; he had heard of cities, but his ideas in relation to them were only gathered from the imperfect accounts of boatmen returning from New-Orleans, and he could not conceive how men could exist thus cooped up together, when they might have the fair woods to wander in, and all that nature provides for her children at their command.

Although society was thus disagreeable to him, and "the hum of human cities torture," yet it was from no want of love of his kind that George Davis shunned his fellows, and kept upon the outward verge of population. Beneath his swarthy skin, almost black from the constant exposure of his way of life, there beat as warm and naturally as gentle a heart as ever tenanted a human bosom. He loved solitude, for solitude had been unto him as a companion from his earliest years; yet now and then, when a party of traders to New-Orleans, or the crew of a returning keelboat, chanced to stop at his lowly cabin, they had ample reason to know that it was habit, not misanthropy, which occasioned the seclusion of George Davis. At the time our narrative commences, he had been several years the occupant of a little hut, which his own hand had reared on the bank of the Ohio. Occasional emigrants, led by that irresistible spirit of enterprise which forms so marked a characteristic of the eastern states, began, few and far between, to break in upon the stillness of the western woods, incited by the reports of the travellers who had penetrated that region concerning the amazing fertility of its soil and the variety of its products. Several times had George's eye of late, as he sat on the edge of the bank which overlooks the glassy and majestic Ohio, beheld the grotesque and then unusual structure, which, under the name of *ark* or *moving boat*, has since become so common on the western waters. As they glided along, the questions with which the adventurous and curious emigrants assailed him, were by no means relished by the solitary woodman, in whose breast these signs of approaching population began to create a nameless sensation of uneasiness, lest he should once more be obliged to abandon his home, where he had dwelt so long that he began to love it, and strike still deeper into the forest. Thoughts of this kind were passing through his mind one fine evening in autumn, as he sat on the green brow that impended the

margin of the stream, his eye fixed on one of those uncouth vessels that have been named. The shadows of the night began to settle on the forests which covered the banks on either side, imparting their own dark hue to the stream that glided between them. The boat approached the shore near the spot where George Davis was sitting; its inmates sprang upon the beach, and were instantly busied in different ways, some securing their frail vessel, others collecting fagots to kindle a fire, and one who apparently had nothing in common with the rest, straggling along the shore, with a slow and melancholy step, like one whose mind heeded not the objects which were around. A group of children had also issued from the boat, and were already engaged in noisy sports upon the white sandy beach. George Davis paused for a few moments and looked with no pleased eye on this unusual scene; then throwing his rifle over his arm, and calling to his dog in a low voice, he turned with a sigh towards his cabin.

MUSIC.

THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

There is one objection to the science of music very grievous to those who make it a serious study, and sufficient to cause persons of an irritable turn of mind entirely to eschew the art. We allude to the melancholy fact, that almost every body who has acquired the least practical knowledge of a musical instrument, no matter what, or has contrived to master the hundredth psalm, "Bonnets of Blue," or any other equally difficult piece of music, straightway believes himself or herself gifted with a sufficient quantum of theory, not only to decide upon all musical points, but to dictate to others. It is really amazing to see the *maximum* of importance and display of opinion which follows this unhappy *minimum* of knowledge, and we do not know any other art or science of which the professors are so vexed and troubled. However, they have their occasional consolation under this state of suffering, in the felicity of sometimes witnessing the lucubrations of these illuminati committed to print. "*Litera scripta manet*," say they, and we are free to confess, that, on such occasions, our spirit doth leap within us, and we fully enjoy the completion of Job's bitter wish—"Oh that mine enemy would write a book."

This it is that renders bad taste prevalent, and gives the impudent and empirical tyro advantages over the learned but more modest professor who has studied the science and proved its depth. In no city is the danger of this unfortunate state of things more apparent than in New-York.—The very aptness and inclination which we manifest for that delightful art, which has suddenly burst upon us in an avalanche of harmony and melody, instead of being instilled into our minds gradually by the habit of hearing it from our youth, furnish arms against ourselves, and cause an evident desire to grasp at, and pretend to, the refinements of the science before we are acquainted with its rudiments. What, for instance, is more ridiculous than to hear persons prate about Pucitta, Mercandante, Carafa and Rossini, who (Rossini excepted) will scarcely outlive their brief hour, when such masters as Sacchini, Pergolesi, Paisiello, and Cimarosa, who can never die, are literally unknown to them!—What, we ask, is more ludicrous than to hear people list admiration of Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, Auber, nay, Mozart, (for Garcia did act Don Giovanni in this city) when Joseph and Michael Haydn, Gluck, Graun, Purcell and Handel are scarcely thought of, and three of them, at least, unknown? What would be said of a schoolmaster who should place Tacitus and Xenophon before a pupil who had not read Cæsar and the Greek Testament?—We rather opine that we should "write him down an ass." The same will strictly apply to an attempt at comprehending and trying to execute the elaborate compositions of the present day without a competent knowledge of the works on which they are founded. Parents, we are sorry to observe, are generally delighted to witness their offspring lunched upon the mysterious combinations and perplexed modulations of such writers as Weber and Beethoven, and smothered in a sea of Rossinian demi-semi-quavers, before their ideas are sufficiently trained to comprehend music which is much more simple. The consequence is obvious, they may, parrot-like, play the notes of these fashionable authors, and they may be made to sing a number of words, included in a bar, all within a given time—but as for taste and expression, they are not to be acquired by such means. On the other hand, had these young persons been first taught the use of the *soffeggio*; then to understand the music of the old masters, who have adorned the church and the drawing-room for centuries with their simple grandeur of style; from thence

progressing to the beautiful melodies of Arne and Mornington, of Sacchini and Paisiello, of Handel and Haydn, how very differently would the authors of the present day be handled by amateurs? The same applies to the pianoforte. Let a scholar, after the elementary studies are completed, commence with authors whose bass is firm, and its progression strongly marked, as is the case with the compositions of the old school, and for which there is no stronger example than Corelli—let Handel, with his equally fine ground-work and glorious fugues follow—Sebastian Bach is the next step. When the works of the above mentioned writers are well impressed on the scholar, the ornamental compositions of the present day; those for instance, of Dussek, Latour, Kalkbrenner and Moschelles stand a chance of being executed with mind and expression. Such was the education of John Cramer, the most expressive of all pianists; and such a course of education as we have described, has produced all the best vocalists and pianists, whether professional or amateur, of the present time. If to this we recommend the constant habit of hearing good music in public, especially in the company of persons capable of pointing out beauties and defects in style, we shall in so doing only follow the example of Velluti, Liverati and Lanza, Welch and T. Cooke, whose professional scholars are sent to operas and concerts as part of their education, and whose amateur pupils are recommended constantly to witness such performances.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. FREDERIC ALBERT WINSOR.

DIED at Paris, on the eighth of May, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, Mr. Frederic Albert Winsor, with whom originated the application of gas to the lighting of streets and cities. He was the founder of the gas-light and coke company in London, and, of the first gas company which was established in Paris: from his public and persevering efforts arose these and every other gas-light establishment which has since been founded.

It will be recollected, that in 1803, Mr. Winsor demonstrated the use to which his discovery of gas-lighting might be publicly applied, though many men of high scientific reputation denied its practicability. His first public experiments were shown at the Lyceum, in the Strand: he afterwards lighted with gas the walks of Carlton Palace gardens in St. James's Park on the king's birth-day in 1807; and during 1809 and 1810, one side of Pall Mall, from the house which he then occupied in that street. His house was for many years openly shown, fitted up with gas-lights throughout, to exhibit to the legislature and the country the practicability of his plans.

The memorial to his late majesty George the third, for a charter, and the evidence taken in parliament and before the privy council, bear testimony to the indefatigable and unremitting zeal with which he persevered until he overcame the obstacles which prejudice had raised against his efforts, and which threatened to prevent the general adoption of his discoveries and improvements.

In 1812, however, a charter of incorporation for a gas-light and coke company was obtained, and success crowned his labours; but his mind having been wholly possessed with the prosecution of an object of such public importance, he was too regardless of his own pecuniary interests, and omitted to retain a legal power over the advantages which resulted from his exertions: he unfortunately trusted too much for his reward to the honour of the parties with whom he was engaged. To the great object which he pursued he devoted the best years of his life, and sacrificed his fortune; and while he bequeathed an important benefit to posterity, the just recompense of his services escaped from his own hands: thus he created the fortunes of others, whilst he ruined his own and those of his family.

In 1815, he extended to France the advantages which had attended his efforts in England. There, too, he was the first to establish a company and erect gas-works: but rival interests created other companies, in defiance of patent privileges: and these associations, with large capitals, undermined his interests, and he again gave fortunes to others which ought to have been his own reward.

It is thus that a life, which, it may truly be said, has been an honour to England, has been embittered, if not abridged, by cares and ingratitude. After all the services which he rendered to his country and to the world, and the gains which individuals have realized by his discoveries, the founder of gas-lighting has left no other legacy to his family than the remembrance of his virtues, and of those talents by which the present and future generations have been and will be benefited.

Sic vos non revivis

VARIETIES.

The benefits at Drury-lane, says the Literary Gazette, have been glorious—Farren immense, and Harley extravagant; the latter had some pleasant novelties in the way of comic songs and parodies; amongst the pleasantest of which we rank the following laughable version of "Love's Ritonella." We think if Harley had dressed a little more at Wallace, and magnified his Massaroni tuft, it would have told better. However, it took excellently well; and we doubt not, "Real Havana" will be as popular as its agreeable prototype: it is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Ainsworth.

Real Havana!
Precious cigar!
Gentle as manna,
Bright as a star—
Pleasant at fireside,
Cheery on road—
Best of all perfumes
At home or abroad.
Real Havana!
Puff away care—
Blow my misfortunes
Into thin air.
Real Havana!
O who would dare
Meerschchaum or hookah
With thee compare?
When thy bright tip
Any mortal may see,

Thou art his choice,
And a smoker is he.
Real Havana!
Puff away care—
Blow my misfortunes
Into thin air.
Real Havana!
Primest of stuff,
Sell me no humbug,
Vender of snuff—
Think not on me
You can cut any jokes,
'Tis Toper Thomas
Himself who now smokes:
Real Havana!
Puff away care—
Blow my misfortunes
Into thin air.

The village of Saratoga has become much enlivened by the arrival of numerous strangers within the last few days. Some of the private boarding-houses are quite full, and the larger establishments are beginning to assume their accustomed gaiety.

In washing jewelry, or any thing ornamented with gold, it is a great improvement to pour a few drops of sal-volatile into the suds prepared for that purpose.

The Indian chief, Tuskin, who stopped the mail some time since, in Georgia, has been tried and discharged on paying a fine of one hundred dollars.

The Glasgow Chronicle notices a case of droopy in a boy, which was cured by eating raw onions.

Letter paper is made in New Jersey, scented with rose and geranium. The scent will last for years, and is safely warranted to outlast half the love inscribed upon it.

To preserve currants, gather them when green, separate them from stems, and put them in junk bottles; cork the bottles closely, and place them in a cool part of the cellar. Currants may be kept fresh and green in this manner for twelve months or more, and will make excellent pies in the winter and spring.

A woman purchasing cups and saucers was asked what colour she would have. "Why I ain't very particular," said she, "any colour that wont show dirt!"

The following is from the Niagara Courier: As Mr. Crandal was standing in the street, a few yards from our office, a swarm of bees lit on his hat, covering it completely! At the moment of our writing this he is on his way home with his odd head gear. It would puzzle the ladies, we guess, to "follow the fashion."

Dr. Casper, in an article in the Revue Britannique, states that there existed some time ago in Prussia a club of suicides, composed of six persons, who not only vowed to destroy themselves, but also to make proselytes. They did not succeed in the latter respect, but all gave proofs of their own sincerity. The last of them blew out his brains in 1817. The same writer states that a similar club is reputed to have existed not long ago in Paris. This was composed of twelve members, one of whom was to be selected every year for self-destruction.

A letter from Paris states that the German company, now performing at the Italian theatre there, meet with good success. The receipts have sometimes reached seven thousand francs; an enormous sum for a French theatre.

The Neapolitan papers state that two new openings have just appeared in the crater of mount Vesuvius. For several preceding days loud detonations were heard in the interior, and the two new mouths have poured forth a large quantity of burning and bituminous matter.

Several experiments have lately been made in France with the day and-night telegraph, which is destined for the use of the French fleet in the invasion of Algiers. It was found to answer perfectly. The invention, however, is not new, it was first introduced by Admiral St. Haouen in 1823.

A society of hunters has recently been formed in Sweden, extending from one end of the kingdom to the other, the members of which have agreed to collect and to communicate to one another all the observations which they may be enabled to make with respect to the lives, manners, and habits of animals.

M. Couverchel read a paper at the Paris Academy of Sciences on the ripening (*maturation*) of fruits. He marks two distinct periods. In the first, which comprehends the formation of the principles of the fruit, the direct influence of the plant on the fruit is indispensable. In the second, which comprehends the ripening of the fruit, the acids, favoured by the heat, transform the gelatine into saccharine matter. The phenomena, in this case, are purely chemical; they are independent of vegetative life, and what proves this is that most fruits will ripen when taken from the tree. M. Couverchel has made many experiments with the juices of fruits, from which it appears that wines of inferior quality may be ameliorated without the addition of substances foreign to their nature, and prejudicial to health.

An instrument called "Der Musicalische Improvisator," has been performing for the last two or three days in Piccadilly. By means of revolving barrels with lateral movements, it seems to originate endless variations *ad libitum*. We have calculating machines, and now a machine which executes fantasies and voluntaries like a master of mind. Men must, ere long, yield to machines! The Improvisator is altogether a curiosity; and, though its imitation of various instruments is, like most imitations, inferior to the originals, it does discourse very pretty music.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES.—NO. XVII.

THEY talk much of Italian skies. We are bound to believe them beautiful. The scenery, too, which they tell of in the old world; the mouldering castles, the stately palaces, the over-arching bridges—I have often regretted that I must travel through the contracted routine of life, and pass away from the earth, without once feasting my eyes and my imagination among those glorious creations. It is provoking to think that the want of a few paltry dollars can shut out the soul from so many high enjoyments. To exist in the midst of splendour—to behold thousands lavished by the ignorant upon worthless gratifications—to feel the millions that are floating around you in society, so trifling a share of which would make you almost wild with happiness, and yet to go on year after year picking up the scanty crumbs like a vile slave, doomed to cast off his galling chains only in the grave!

I could not overcome these regrets as I visited a friend, with whom I had spent many a pleasant hour, on board the ship which was to bear him away. She lay at anchor in the river. I went to bid him farewell. They were all ready for sea—a fresh breeze sprung up—one by one the sails were unfurled—the heavy anchor was weighed—the mighty mass began to move as the sun's disk touched the horizon—a firm grasp of the hand, prolonged a moment—repeated, again prolonged. "These are the moments which men remember," I thought, while, as the golden orb had set, I leaned over the side of our little boat gazing after the huge vessel as her indistinct form passed away among the thickening shadows.

I turned my eyes towards the city. The dark mass of buildings stretched for miles along the shore, studded with lights. Castle Garden was illumined—brilliant rockets rose high in the air, and broke in dazzling fragments, which floated down the azure sea like fishes of gold. There was a burst of music, too, which came softly along the bay, mingling with the sound of dashing oars. As our slight bark broke the sleep of the glassy water, its dark ripples disclosed a rich and snowy whiteness, or sparkled with flashes of harmless fire, and ever and anon meteors passed along the silent heaven.

However accustomed a man may be to mingle with the crowd, the sight of a great city stretched before him is not devoid of interest. Two hundred thousand beings, I thought, are busy beneath yonder shadows, rioting in abundance—pining in poverty—glowing in the warm dance—panting on the bed of death. Our boat touched the shore, and I wandered alone up Broadway. Music again from the open windows, and happy voices. The street was thronged. Every thing wore the aspect of pleasure. Carriages rattled on, bearing home parties of the young and gay: then a wretched cripple crawled slowly along, wrinkled with age, ragged, silent, and solitary. Music again of the mellow flute, melting in with the tones of a rich harp, and a sweet female voice. I paused and listened. She sang of love—everlasting love. A band of riotous young men now crowded by with segars, and broke rudely in upon the melody with hoarse laughter and execrable oaths. I turned away disappointed, and my eyes fell upon the dark abandoned yard of Trinity church, with its half visible, melancholy, and broken monuments, its ancient mounds—its forgotten tenants. I was about to moralize—but, a bright young girl came by, leaning on the arm of a handsome man. As the light from a window suddenly fell on her face, I perceived she was blushing, but not embarrassed; and a quiet smile, a smile of exquisite happiness, rested on her lips, as if it were the very dearest moment of her life. I wonder what her companion was whispering to her!

On I went among the throng. A thousand feet were shuffling over the pavements; and other forms came by with that lingering step, with which the young—the lovely—and the beloved, know how to protract the bliss of a stolen moonlight ramble.

A man stalked by with folded arms, and hat drawn down over his eyes. His face was pale—his lips compressed. He sighed as he passed on. Poor fellow. A rejected lover, I thought; perhaps a stranger, brooding over recollections of his distant home; or some fine high-minded gentleman, struggling hopelessly against the current of the world, and wishing his tedious existence was closed. He entered a hotel. I stopped to observe. He called for brandy and water; swallowed a deep draught; lighted a segar; then screening his dark eyes from the glare of the lamp, and issuing forth again in moody silence, he stalked on.

A crowd had collected. Two men were fighting. Blood

gushed from their faces. Their fellow-beings formed a circle and cried out for fair play. A heavy blow laid one senseless upon the stones. I passed on. The fairy theatre shone on my right. In the distance the white walls of the City-hall, where so many ruined wretches had heard their last doom—the dark jail—the disgusting bridewell. What must be the thoughts of its unhappy inmates! The band from Peale's museum struck up a lively air—crowds of strange, queer faces shone in the light, as they gathered to listen. A man arrayed in deep mourning, with a long crape hanging from his hat, walked by without pausing; and a watchman with his club paced his rounds.

I stood leaning against a lamp-post listening to the music with its strain "of linked sweetness long drawn out." The crowd went on in every direction; but although I was in the very centre of this vast and magnificent city, yet a feeling of loneliness crept over my spirit.

Suddenly the various sounds grew more distant, and seemed melting away. A dimness came over the houses and crowd. Then it cleared away, as clouds break in fleecy fragments admitting the soft reviving light. I heard the dash of water—the stirring of many branches—the cries of the crows as they wheeled above me in the air. I stood in a forest; wild, deep, and lonely, as if the foot of man had never violated its green and holy haunts. The lamp-post opposite the museum, against which I had leaned, was a knotted and overgrown oak, which stretched abroad its venerable and gigantic limbs, the monarch of the wood. Around the base of the grassy hill on which I stood, a transparent stream was winding, the noise of whose bubbling waters filled the air. In the distance, I could distinguish the silver bosom of the bay—the swift tide of the East river, and the mouth of the Hudson, as its billows chased each other on towards the Atlantic. A sudden rustling of the bushes attracted my attention. A large and slender deer dashed by me, tossing his wide-branching antlers in the air. His eye was wild with terror. He was in the act of plunging into a thicket, when a winged arrow flew by me and quivered in his bosom, stretching him prostrate upon the grass. A tall athletic Indian sprang from the copse, and with a yell which resounded through the forest, buried his tomahawk in his brain. The Genius suddenly appeared.

"You behold what, on this very spot, I have seen ages before you boasted and magnificent city rose into existence. Before the pale white man cut down the trees, and affrighted the proud savage and the fleet deer back from their busy haunts. Mark yonder barbarian. His eyes are flashing with joyful fire. His bronzed cheek—his brawny shape—his broad expanded chest, speak strength and health. We might converse with this lofty and untaught hunter, with his unbent pride and piercing eye—we might reveal to him those events concerning his tribe, which revolving years have brought to light. But it is my object rather to enlighten thee. Yonder form, which seems to be in thy presence, has long ago been resolved into dust. But if we should display to his sight thy city, even as but now its varied and melancholy splendours broke upon thy sight, he would be lost in wonder, and thou wouldst enjoy his surprise. But this scene shall pass away."

Again I leaned against the lamp-post, with the music and the crowd, the laughter, and the many footsteps.

"Thou hast looked back into the regions of the past," said the voice of the Genius, "let me now anticipate the course of time, when a few more ages shall have rolled away."

The multitude were all gone. There was shadow and silence around. Then a noise like the rushing of the distant sea. The light came. The lamp-post had now grown into a tall column, upon whose summit stood an equestrian statue. The City-hall had given place to a temple of vast dimensions. The old hospital was metamorphosed into a spacious store, and along the street, as far as the eye could reach, were blocks of high buildings. Instead of the few people who had before passed without inconvenience along the way, there were dense crowds in strange garments, with weapons now unknown. I wandered on for miles. Still the same mass of buildings, and dense and ceaseless tide of human beings. Monuments, arches, gardens, fountains, squares and canals—then marble palaces, half hidden by trees, appeared—graveyards with names which I had never heard. Statues of heroes, statesmen, poets yet unborn, and paintings of lovely women now among the things to be. Still there was music and laughter—still the gay and the graceful crowded by. Mourners, cripples and mendicants, were yet mingled with the affluent and the happy.

"And will it go on thus for ever?" said I.

As I spoke, I was alone. The scene had changed. I had wandered on to the suburbs of the city. The starry heavens

were over me, and the fresh evening breeze was playing upon my cheek.

"At least," thought I, as I paused beneath the window of a remembered girl, to catch the well known tones of a song which had often pleased me before—"At least I will enjoy the present, whatever gorgeous and romantic things there may be in foreign climes, which I am destined never to behold, and however the world may run on in future ages." F.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

AMERICAN FORESTS.

Nature here
Wentoned as in her prime; and played at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art.—Milton.

In his gayer moments, man is a social being. His heart has a thousand delicate chords whose vibrations are not limited to itself, but pass on with an electric influence, awakening the slumbering sensibilities of other bosoms. Thus is the music of sympathy awakened, and its tones of sadness or of mirth responded with all the truth and precision of an echo. This reciprocation of feeling is the golden chain that links heart to heart, and the only one which the rust of years, and the canker of corroding passions, can neither sully nor dispart. Yet there are seasons in the life of every individual, however social he may be, in which he wishes the chain were broken—hours when his wearied spirit longs to turn away from the idle pursuits, the gilded vanities, the hollow delusive gratifications of humanity—to escape from

"The din and discord of a jarring world,"

and, like a hermit, retire to the solitude of his own bosom. The soul, in the consciousness of her high endowments, is assured that here is a sovereignty independent of all earthly alliances. She surveys the wide extent of her resources, and proudly imagines that she can dwell apart from the common brotherhood, un beholden to its ministrations for aught of the means of enjoyment.

With this assurance, she is willing for a season to forego the endearments and the animating scenes of human society, for a closer intimacy with herself. She loves to withdraw alone from the bustling and crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, to still places beyond the sound or the sympathies of its busy multitudes; where no evil passions intrude, and where earth still wears the charm, the peace, the unsullied beauty of its first creation. We rejoice that such congenial places are abundant in our yet youthful country. We rejoice, that though we have no ivied ruins, nor spectred towers, nor monastic grottoes for the haunts of contemplation, there are not wanting, even around the suburbs of our largest cities, a fit retreat for her peaceful votaries. Aye, here are deeper and more congenial seclusions than art hath ever fashioned for meditation—even the far-reaching and magnificent forests, throughout whose green aisles there reigns a stillness, a tranquillity and a refreshing purity, vainly sought for in the hackneyed resorts of civilized life. Without envy, we leave to other lands their artificial parks and fountains, their gothic abbeys and eternal pyramids, since the revolution of years has left uninjured, within our borders, so much of the primeval beauty and sublimity of nature. While they point with exultation to their delightful gardens, where imagination and taste have united their enchantments, and where every art has lavished its perfections, we may direct their glance to our wide forests—nature's gardens, laid out on her own magnificent scale, whose green alleys are embellished with living statues and flying pictures, and skirted by clear waters, upon whose tranquil bosoms sleep the images of every form of vegetation, from the tiny harebell to the giant oak of an hundred cubits.

The hardy industry of two centuries, however, has gone far to erase this striking feature from the landscapes of the older states, where its place is often supplied with neat villages, golden harvest-fields, luxuriant meadows, and sunny pastures dotted with flocks and herds. This is particularly the fact with regard to New-England. The wilderness, to whose lonely depths the Mayflower committed her stern adventures, has passed away with the red men who welcomed the pilgrim to their wigwam; and, like that fated and down-trodden race, scarce a relic remains of its former grandeur. The axe has let in the pleasant sunlight upon the hill-slope and fertile interval, and the shadows which had there slumbered for centuries upon centuries, are gone for ever. Here and there an Anak of the forest, in the form of a giant elm or oak, has escaped the devastation of the woodman; but even these are not spared, and after the lapse of a few years, the places that now know them will know them no longer.

But he who would behold vegetation in its most varied and astonishing productions, must turn to our western forests, where human industry has not yet trenched on the lonely and wild grandeur of unviolated nature. The scene is worth a pilgrimage to the lover of the beautiful and sublime as here exhibited. After having ascended some commanding height, what a glorious spectacle is presented to his view! On every side nothing is to be seen but one wide expanse of woods—one vast ocean of living verdure, unbounded, and unbroken, except here and there by a lake or river, whose silvery waters are just visible through the clustering foliage. If the winds are abroad, his heart bounds within him as he traces their hurried course from knoll to knoll, and listens to the unearthly and deep music which fills the solitude as with the sound of many waters. But should the gale freshen to a hurricane, as is not unfrequently the case, no scene, not even the ocean in its wildest commotions, can exceed in majesty the prospect around him. Within the whole compass of his horizon not a leaf, not a bough is still—all is one wild surge of vegetation. Ten thousand times ten thousand trees are swaying to the invisible impulse, and tossing their innumerable branches aloft as if exulting in the gift of existence, the thrill of some joyous perception. As the tempest sweeps on, huge oaks are twisted from their gnarled trunks, and pines, at whose "mast head" the sailor boy would grow dizzy, are torn from their rooted moorings and snatched away as by some mighty and mysterious power. Crash follows crash in hurried succession, as the tornado, like the pioneer of desolation, marks its terrible career for leagues through the massed foliage, with a roar that would drown the huzza of an assembled nation. What are the glories of the tournament, the triumph, and the battlefield—what the power of arts—what all human pageants, compared with such a scene? They dwindle to insignificance, and are lost in the sublimity with which nature robes herself to humble the ambition of man.

At all seasons and for all hearts, forest scenery has a charm. Even in winter, when its aspect is least attractive, I have known those who would leave the cheerful fireside and the last novel, for a "communion with the visible forms" of a sylvan and snow-clad landscape. If the day is serene, a ramble at such a season is not devoid of pleasure to a susceptible mind. The air is then like liquid crystal; the earth, paved with the most brilliant diamonds, and the trees, studded to their smallest twigs with frost gems and icicles, present one of the most beautiful appearances that can be imagined. Clumps of evergreen crown the upland path with the verdure of summer; and as the little snowbird chirps cheerily amid the branches, all the pleasant associations of that better season pass gaily before the mind. And then too the deep baying of the fox-hound, and the mellow winding of the hunter's horn, and the wild song of the wood-chopper, as they ring through the echoing glens, are worth all the piano music that has ever saddened a winter parlour since the days of Orpheus. And when the gentle southwest has come back at the voice of spring, it is still more delightful to go forth to the sunny woods. Then he who has wept over the graves of the beloved, and to whom the falling and sear leaf was an omen of his own sad lot, may rejoice in hope as he marks the budding branch and the resurrection of the flowers. Yea, he may rejoice; for shall the leafless bough and the frail forest-flower awake to renewed existence, and the high in heart, the good, the excellent of earth, whose memory is a blessing, sleep on for ever? Answer me, thou booster of annihilation, who wouldst blot out the last star of the future! Shall the winter of inanimate nature be like a lingering and chastened spring, and the winter of the tomb chill, verdureless, and eternal? Still more beautiful is the forest scenery of summer, when the box-wood and magnolia have put forth their blossoms, and the sequestered haunts of faun and dryad are filled with perfume and song. Here you may ramble under the full effulgence of a noonday sun, through shadowy paths and cool retreats, over which the woods have hung their emerald curtain. But autumn—bright, mellow, blushing autumn—is the season in which to visit our forest landscapes. The "russet mantle" which invests the scenery of England during the last months of the year, is here supplied by a bright and many-tinted robe. It seems as if the sun-set clouds of Italy had been transferred by some mighty magician to the sylvan solitudes of the west. The spectator may take his survey from the loftiest eminence, and yet around and far on beyond the limit of his vision, all is one vast assemblage of painted beauty. Every leaf is a prism, and every tree the personification of a rainbow. No scene in nature can present to the imagination a fairer image of Paradise, where

While gazing on such a scene, I have not wondered that the fascination of cultivated society has been found too weak to hold many even of its most polished members, within the sphere of its influence. At that hour, the tales of the roving and half-tamed Indian, pining under the restraints of civilization, and looking wistfully back to the simple joys of his native wilds, are no longer a marvel. I can enter into his stirring feelings as fancy snatches him away to the remembered woods, and sends him bounding on the trail of the panther, or joyously skimming over the sylvan lake. I can hear with him the scream of the mountain eagle, and join in the chase-song, or hymn to the Great Spirit who, as he believes, shall guide him to a yet brighter clime, whose game is nobler and more abundant, and whose leaves are for ever green. Like him too, during the mastery of such feelings, I could, without a sigh, bid farewell to cot or palace, hamlet or city, for the deep recesses of the pathless and uncontaminated forests. Ay, I could forego the endearments and the heart-boarded associations of home itself, to indulge, for a season, in the reveries of the hermit. Yet start not, reader, I am not unsociable or misanthropic. The desire is natural, and we are often willing to gratify it, despite of the pleasures of companionship, and the multiplied allurements with which the world solicits our allegiance. The feeling of solitariness which one experiences in the hushed sanctuaries of the forest, though melancholy, is not unpleasant. The soul is stirred and expanded by the consciousness of being alone with nature in her chosen and untrodden seclusions. Surely the ancients did not err in placing their temples and their altars in the loftiest and most retired groves; for where should the reverence of the worshipper be more sincere than in those awful shades, which superstition taught him were the most fitting abodes of the divinities he propitiated.

Whether the desire and enjoyment of solitude would be permanent to a cultivated mind that had tasted the gratifications of society, is not for me to determine. I once thought they would. It was some two or three years since, during a sojourn at one of the border hamlets of the remote west. While on a hunting excursion at that time, having rambled some miles into the forest, I came unexpectedly upon a sheltered spring neatly walled round with white limestone, from which a beaten footpath led away towards the upland, at a short distance from where I stood. Striking into the path, I soon came to a little opening, in the middle of which I was surprised to discover a small neat cottage almost infolded in the pendant branches of a large elm, in whose shade, on a turf seat, sat an apparently young man engaged in reading. At his side lay a beautiful spaniel, and at his feet a tame deer. Curiosity was excited, and I ventured to intrude upon the stranger's retirement. He received me with the air of a gentleman, and kindly invited me to partake of his sylvan cheer of wild fruits and milk. While enjoying his hospitality, I could not but manifest a desire to know the cause of his singular seclusion.

"The tale is short," replied the stranger, "but it may not be uninteresting. I was the only child of distinguished parents, who gave me every advantage which wealth can command, of becoming learned and accomplished. I studied at our first institutions, and in the universities of Europe my education was completed. My parents' death left me without a single relative, and the master of a princely fortune. Young, inexperienced and aspiring, I came forth into the world; I moved in the highest circles of the metropolis, honoured by the honourable, and surrounded by flatterers. Gold is a wonderful magnifier of genius, and like charity it glides over a multitude of imperfections. But like Aladdin, I was destined to lose the talisman which gave me power. The treachery of a friend made me a bankrupt; the falsity of a woman, a bachelor. My acquaintances grew distant—the sycophant forgot his obsequiousness, and he who had lived upon my bounty, was no longer grateful. I stood alone. With my acquisitions I might have re-established my fortune, but I esteemed the object not worth the sacrifice. I could not descend to the petty and low cunning with which avarice seeks to multiply her accumulations. I could not stoop to the debasing artifices of the miser, that I might win back by affluence the calculating servility of the hollow-hearted.

"Therefore I turned away from the world, and have found quiet and enjoyment in these peaceful solitudes. The trees around my cottage have become as brothers—my books are my society, and my deer and spaniel are companions that never flatter or deceive. Pause ere you condemn my seclusion. Though the world might have profited somewhat by my service, yet the loss of one indigent and incapacitated member, is more than compensated by the removal of a possibly bad example."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

MY COUSIN ISABEL.

BY GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

ISABEL was a poetess—one of those strange sweet beings that sometimes meet us here, and seem like stars wandered away to earth from their own beautiful spheres. I knew her not till she was fifteen, and she was then all I knew or could fancy of loveliness. She was ever a glad creature, and the young blossoms that shone like gems on the midnight of her tresses, were not more bright and shadowless than the sweet brow that arched beneath them. Hers was indeed a spiritual existence. She loved the glorious things of earth as an angel loves his own paradise, and her soul would often blend with them, till the fulness of her ecstasy could find utterance but in tears. Poetry was, to her, a familiar dream—a vision of floating loveliness—and she moved abroad in the light of its inspired divinity. I have strayed by her side on a summer evening, and listened with her to the mysterious pine-lutes of the forest, or the deep murmur of the mountain streams, and gazed upon the moonlight as it was tinting the mists, the waves, and the wooded hills, with the bright colouring of dreams, and looked abroad upon the great ocean heaving perpetually as if it were the throbbing heart of the universe, and then her thoughts would have utterance, and her language came like the low music of a twilight wave—the breathing forth of the soul of poetry, that had floated into her spirit from the sky, the flowers, the waters, and all the thousand objects among which she was wandering—and I yielded to the enchantment, till I could have knelt to her in worship as to a glorious vision sent down from a perfect sphere.

Isabel knew little of society. Her home was where she could gaze at will on the lovely and the sublime, the first opening of the blossoms of spring beneath the budding tree, and the stately steppings of the Almighty amid the thunder crags and roaring forests of the mountain. When her thoughts strayed beyond these, it was to hold communion, not with the allurements of society, but with the shining orbs, the bright and spiritual worlds above her. Her thoughts went upward, like incense gushing from a broken urn. The following hymn, which I found in her favourite arbour after a night of peculiar stillness and beauty, is a specimen of her habits of contemplation.

Those burning stars!—What are they?—I have dreamed.

That they were blossoms on the tree of life—
Or glory flung back from the mighty wings
Of God's archangels—or that you blue sky,
With all its gorgeous blazonry of stars,
Was but a banner waving on the winds
From the far wall of heaven!—And I have sat
And drank their gush of glory, till I felt
Their flash electric trembling with a deep
And strong vibration down the living wire
Of chainless passion—and my every pulse
Was beating high, as if a spring were there
To lift me up where I might ever roam
Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky,
And dwell with those high stars, and see their light
Poured down upon the blessed earth, like dew
From the bright urns of naiads!

Beautiful stars!

What are ye?—There is in my heart of hearts
A fount, that heaves beneath you like the deep
Beneath the glories of the midnight moon!
And list!—your music-tones are floating now
Around me like an element—so low,
So wildly beautiful, I almost deem
That ye are there the living harp of God,
O'er which the incense winds of Eden stray,
And wake such tones of mystic minstrelsy,
As well might wander down to this dim world
To fashion dreams of heaven!—Peal on—peal on—
Nature's high anthem!—for my life has caught
A portion of your purity and power,
And seems but as a sweet and holy tone
Of wild star-music.

Blessed—blessed things!

Ye are in heaven, and I on earth!—my soul,
Even with a whirlwind's rush, may wander off
To your immortal realms, but it must fall,
Like your own ancient psalm, from its height,
To dim its new-caught glories in the dust!—
This earth is very beautiful—I love
Its wilderness of spring-flowers—its bright clouds—
The majesty of mountains—and the wild
Magnificence of ocean—for they come,
Like visions, o'er my heart—but when I look
On your unflinching loveliness, I feel
Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
And weep to die, and come where ye repose
Upon your boundless heaven, like parted souls
On an eternity of blessedness!

"This wonderful what changes may be wrought by a few fleeting years in a sensitive spirit. I was alone with Isabel in her arbour on a calm evening of her twentieth spring; and when she chanted, as usual, a sweet and tender air, I could not but contrast the passionate melancholy of her voice with the tone of joyousness with which she had so often delighted me in her girlhood. Isabel was sinking into the grave. Passion had not visited her in any of its fiercer forms, but her heart had sunk down from its starry height, and, like an autumn flower, was casting its life-breath upon the winds. I looked upon her, and her eyes were raised to heaven, and

as the moonbeams came down and slumbered in their depths, she shook aside her long tresses that seemed to have caught their wildness and darkness from the storm, and a gush of tears, such as come when the heart yearns for language, bathed her cheek, and she sobbed long and loud. At length, her tone and look were changed to their wonted calmness. "I have been thinking," said she, "that I am about to die—about to go away from this cold world, where every thing is chilled in its blossoming. It should be so. I was once a happy creature—my thoughts were Eden birds, that fluttered and sung in the bright air of heaven, but died when their tender plumage was touched by the earth. A child of dreams, I sought the world—but I am wearied now—and I will break my poor lute and die. Oh, whence are the bright visions, that have shed their broken and momentary gleams upon my spirit, and led me on to seek in vain their beautiful realities amid all the changes of existence! I have often dreamed that we must have lived in some other and more glorious state of being, and that the mysterious glimpses that here linger round our souls are the broken remembrances of that better realm. They are brightest in childhood—they picture a rainbow in every tear—and, in our infant thoughtlessness we imagine them the shadow of the glories that await us in life; but, as we journey onward, they begin to dissolve away; the music with which they come over us, swells faintly and more faintly upon the blast, till at length we awake, and find that all is but a cold and bitter mockery."

In a few days we laid Isabel in her grave. She slumbers in a retired spot, and it has often been my consolation to go and muse alone over her silent resting place. During my last visit, I penciled an unworthy tribute to the memory of the child of song.

Dear Isabel, again I come to linger and to weep
Upon the spot where wild-flow'rs spring to mark thy place of sleep,
And, as I kneel beside thy urn, thy spirit from afar
Comes o'er my memory like the tone, the music of a star

Thou wert the roselight of my morn—the idol of my dreams—
And life, with thee, was like the fall of summer's quiet streams;
And, if a dark cloud ever came upon my visions fair,
Thy love shone o'er the gathering shade, and left the rainbow there.

Thy breezy step is seen no more upon the blue hill's brow,
And beauty's early light has left my darkened day dreams now—
But my lone spirit brightens yet, like that immortal flower,
That sends abroad at eve the rays it drank at morn's first hour.

Dear minstrel-girl—thine was the high, the holy gift of fire,
And beautiful its flashes played around thy glowing lyre,
But it consumed thy heart, for there its centred brightness fell,
And thou art now a thing of dust, my own loved Isabel!

CLERICAL CHIVALRY.

Some years ago the Rev. Mr. C. (of the secession church) having received a number of appointments from his synod to preach the gospel in England, left this country for the purpose of fulfilling them. After taking his seat in one of the stage coaches, he found himself, among others, in company with two military officers, who were indulging by the way in that vice of serjeant-majors—profane swearing. Having a natural, as well as professional, antipathy to such conversation, he, after bearing with them for a while, at length took the liberty of asking them what usage he would receive at their hands, were he to speak against his majesty, their master? They instantly replied that they would turn him out of their company, and the coach together, without ceremony. "And what do you think should be your fate," rejoined the undaunted preacher, "for blaspheming the Master whom I have the honour to serve?" To this no answer was returned; nor were any more words exchanged between the parties, till the coach reached an inn on the road, where the passengers had to stop for a short time. When Mr. C. entered the house, he requested to be shown into a room by himself; which circumstance his two military companions having observed, they sent him by the waiter a written challenge; which, having received and read, he immediately threw into the fire, and told the bearer to inform the gentlemen that he was a minister, and not at liberty to comply with their request. The man having delivered this answer, shortly returned with another message to the same effect as the first, which was treated in a similar manner. Mr. C.'s would-be antagonists now finding that there was little probability of attaining their object without coming into personal contact with him, entered his room with a brace of pistols and swords, desiring him to choose his weapon or be branded as a coward. Little, however, did the military gentlemen know with whom they had to deal. Mr. C., while pursuing his professional studies at Edinburgh, had given diligent (though clandestine) attendance at the Military Academy at the University; and, in consequence, became as great a proficient at handling the broadsword as at elucidating a text. Not caring, therefore, to let his good be any further evil spoken of, he coolly took up one of the swords, and called

upon his antagonists to defend themselves. One of them, of course, immediately entered the lists, but was soon most reluctantly compelled to surrender his weapon. Mr. C. now challenged the other to come forward; which, having done, he soon shared the same inglorious fate as his brother. Mr. C.'s adversaries being thus put *hors-de-combat*, he next seized their swords, and placing their points under his toes, snapped them in pieces one after the other; and then desired the owners to leave his presence, which the urgency of the case compelled them to do; not, however, without manifesting feelings of disagreeable mortification at their own defeat, and of some astonishment at the unexpected science and readiness of their clerical acquaintance.

Fife Herald.

JAMES NACK THE DEAF AND DUMB POET.

Among the most remarkable instances of precocious talents and acquirements is James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet of the city of New-York. He is now not far from twenty years of age, but as young as he is, he has written more voluminously than any poet among all those I have named. But only one volume of his works is as yet printed, though he has many manuscripts on hand which will probably see the light when he has become more known. This young man's growth has been most wonderful. He was born with perfect organs of hearing and of speech, and retained them until he was nine years old, when by an accident his head was so crushed as to have destroyed his auditory nerves, and by degrees his faculty of speech was lost—a very natural consequence of his misfortune. His father had been unfortunate in business as a merchant in Nack's infancy, and he had no advantages of schooling but what he picked up from his sisters, yet was considered a good reader at four years of age, and he had a passion, a very common one in forward children, of preaching—that is, in a solemn way, muttering over their fancies. A bright and observing child sees the great attention and reverence that is paid to the services of the clergyman, not only by his parents and his brothers and sisters, but by all in the church. He is taught that the speaker is a good man, and in the first awakenings of his mind he attempts to imitate him. Nack had heard the singers in the church, and had caught something of the chiming of words, and once, being without a hymn book, he framed a couplet, for which he was applauded, and this encouraged him to make a few lines every day, and before he was in his ninth year he had a good knowledge of rhythm from a cultivated ear. This he has so completely kept in his memory, that I question very much whether there is any poet living who has a better knowledge of rhyming words in the English language than Nack.

As soon as he recovered from the injury done to his head, as far as he ever recovered, he was sent to the asylum for the deaf and dumb. But it is quite questionable whether the instructors of that excellent institution ever precisely understood the bent and the extent of his genius.

At about twelve years of age Nack wrote a tragedy; this he destroyed; but his mind at that time was in one constant dramatic effort; it was an expedient he resorted to, to get rid of the deep wretchedness he felt at being, as it were, left alone with himself to contemplate his misfortune in losing his hearing and speech. In the regions of imagination he was soothed, and warmed with all the dreamy delights to be found in such fairy land; an expedient that riper minds have resorted to, to soften the agencies of the heart.

The productions of his fourteenth year were numerous, but to use his own words "most of these have perished except two or three small pieces inserted in my published volume. Most of the minor pieces in that volume were written in my fifteenth year, among which, those I am proudest of, are *Blue eyed Maid*, the *Grave of Mary*, and the *Gallant Highland Rover*."

In his fifteenth year he wrote another tragedy. It was written under peculiar circumstances, at the early dawn of morning in the winter season, in the garret where he lodged, without a spark of fire, and only a stump of a pen, and without a table; he stole the moments to write a long tragedy on his knees. He had no sooner finished than he concealed it, and has never suffered it to be seen.

In his sixteenth year he wrote, with many other poems, that beautiful effort of genius, the *Minstrel Boy*. This came from his heart, and it reaches the heart of every reader. It has a deep tone of feeling, a sweetness of language, and ease of versification, that will secure its immortality.

Until his sixteenth year he had never found any one who was capable of understanding his character, and of giving him advice and encouragement united to friendship. It was then he began to feel the balmy soothings of kindness that

came with advice and patronage. It was not until this period that he had found books, except by accident. He now was in the library of a gentleman of taste, who was as kind to him as a father. This situation opened a new world to him. He revelled in fresh delights; devoured books upon poetry, history, philosophy, fiction, mathematics, politics, ethics, criticism, and theology; formed a thousand theories and tore them up, root and branch, for new creations; and these again shared the same fate. He wrote, as well as read on all these subjects, and piled manuscript upon manuscript, which he sometimes viewed with all the rapture of genius, and then with freakish untowardness turned from his numerous progeny with loathing. With all the irritation of wounded sensibility, he grows feverish over his reminiscences, and then again hurries on to perform some new task. He seems to have no dread of any labour, however severe it may be, if it will please a friend, or come to any account for himself or others.

His acquirements, at his early age, in the languages and all the branches of knowledge, ordinary and extraordinary, is superior to that of any young man's of the same age I have ever met with. There are a strength and maturity about his mind not to be found in one who has had the use of his ears and tongue. His criticisms have a sagacity and shrewdness unequalled by those who were critics long before he was born. He acquires a language with the most astonishing facility. No one I ever knew, could do it with the same readiness, except the late learned orientalist, George Bethune English. Nack unites in a most astonishing degree those two seemingly inconsistent qualities, *restlessness* and *perseverance*. He reads, writes, and does all things as though he had just breathed the Delphi vapour, and perseveres as though he were chained to the spot by some talismanic power. He is a bunch of delicate fibres, too susceptible for composure; or rather of nerves, jarred to agony, if struck by a rude hand. Poetical beings are often too sensitive when in possession of every natural property and gift; but when deprived of the charms of hearing and speaking, the pulses of the heart seem to beat in our own sight, without even the thinnest skin to hide them; open to every blast of a cold and cruel world. But in a few years he will find things changing around him, and these youthful labors now viewed as useless, will become in his opinion, as the foundation stones of a goodly edifice, in the fashioning of which he has learnt the skill of a literary architect, and acquired the strength to raise a temple of imperishable fame, for his own and his country's glory. Knapp.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The attempt would be interesting to ascertain how far this current phrase is correct with reference to the present times. An elaborate disquisition might lead to conclusions which would startle the great number of persons, who acquiesce implicitly in set terms often repeated, and sententious opinions generally received. There is, assuredly, a quick and broad march of the mechanical arts and processes:—*steam* accomplishes daily wonders and miracles; locomotive engines, whether in the shape of cars or boats, have prodigiously compressed space and time; physical expedition and productive power, have, of late, vastly and astonishingly increased, and are likely to advance still more.

In our country, along with the success of physical industry and mechanical ingenuity, there is a considerable improvement in the condition and spirit of the classes to which they belong; and in consequence education is more widely sought, intelligence further developed, and the *soul* elevated and enlarged. The mechanical and inventive philosophy, too, has been stimulated; and genius in that department quickened:—the human faculties are more extensively and efficaciously applied to refine and multiply the conveniences and luxuries of social life; and wherever there is an enhancement of physical comfort and power, there will be some addition of moral force and enjoyment.

In the particulars thus slightly indicated in our second paragraph, we find, indeed, what may be styled a march of *intellect*: mind and heart gain in vigour and efficiency; and we cannot doubt that when the physical career has been run—(for it must have its limits of velocity and contrivance)—greater facilities and scope would have been created for superior instruction and exertion of the intellectual man as a moral and political philosopher, a writer, an orator, a poet, a scholar, a jurist, a religious being, or a Christian. But so far as the famous grand *march* relates to those characters, and to the practical morals of mankind,—enlarge the inquiry, and you discover room for skepticism. *Education* has become more common; but it is really improved in itself! With the exception of the Lancasterian method—which merely renders it

cheaper, and opens it to greater numbers,—what has been devised, recently, which betters or perfects the thing? Dictionaries and grammars, upon new plans, are issued weekly: Are they truly superior to those which were studied and consulted at the beginning of the century? Novels and journals are substituted for the former classical books of elegant and popular literature, and Encyclopedias for original and ample treatises: *Reference* and *gustation* are now the modes of acquiring knowledge, not application and digestion, as in days of yore. What has been gained? The best universities, colleges, and schools of which we read, or with which we are directly acquainted, are conducted upon the old systems of instruction and discipline;—with some ingrafted subjects of learning, perhaps, and some new manuals, embracing the gradual or sudden accessions to science. The variation of forms, the boasted simplification of methods, the comprehension of topics, the connexion of *practical* or mechanical with purely literary training, may all be questioned as to their influence on the real *march of intellect*, though they may befit and gratify the peculiar pretensions and exigencies of the age.

In all the principal kingdoms of Europe, the official records of *crime* and *vice* show an increase, beyond that of population. We fear that the case is the same in this republic,—judging from the police reports and the recitals in the newspapers. We would not be supposed to understate the agency of the innumerable societies for the propagation of knowledge and religion, and the prevention or reform of guilt. It may be believed that if they do not occasion morals to be generally better than they were, they avert a far greater deterioration,—they serve in the social world, like the pumps in a leaky ship; they keep down the waters of bitterness, which may gain upon them, but yet cannot mount to the fatal height.

We are more confident as to real advancement of intellect, in the points of political information and sagacity, throughout Europe and America. On these, also, there are grounds of incredulity, and many sensible and benevolent skeptics; but human rights and sound political theory, and national welfare, are, doubtless, more widely and clearly understood and duly appreciated than at any antecedent period: and notwithstanding the repeated convulsions in Mexico and South America, and the continuance of old dynasties and institutions in the other hemisphere, we can distinguish light, energy, and amelioration in details, which must be progressive, and ere very long remove formidable impediments and work the most salutary changes. The *schoolmaster* may not be abroad to so much purpose as is imagined and proclaimed,—but the potent genius or contagious spirit of republicanism, now moving over the nations, cannot fail to be beneficially operative beyond all common augury or calculation. Intellect will be sternly roused, and fully released from shackles of different kinds, which rendered impossible any rapid or material advance and refinement.

FASHIONABLE BOOKS.

The author of Paul Clifford mentions, in a note, that the poetess L. E. L. (Miss Landon) is composing a novel for the press, the success of which he confidently predicts. The traveller Madden has published a romance entitled *The Mussulman*, and the traveller Macfarlane, a tale of Constantinople called *The Armenians*. Thus it is, that when a writer gains public favour in the department of poetry, history or travels, a novel from the same pen is the consequence—a tribute to the peculiar taste or appetite of the times,—a competition for the golden apple. The successful mathematicians and naturalists may soon be tempted to adopt the same plan. In his dedicatory epistle, the author of Paul Clifford asks—“Politics, essays, travels, biography, history—are these subjects on which one is more likely to obtain a decent, a tolerably durable reputation, than by the composition of novels? I fear not.” He adds in a note—

“While ‘The Sketch Book’ is found in every young lady’s dressing room; and ‘Bracebridge Hall’ is still in high request in every country book-club; ‘The Life of Columbus,’ invaluable, if only from the subject so felicitously chosen; ‘The Wars of Grenada,’ scarcely less valuable from the subject so consummately adorned, and so stirringly painted; are the one slowly passing into forgetfulness, and the other slumbering, with uncut leaves upon the shelf? Compare the momentary sensation produced by the first appearance of Lord King’s ‘Life of Locke,’ with the sensation, durable and intense, which, replete, as it is, with the treasure of Locke’s familiar thoughts, it would have produced twenty years ago! ‘Godwin’s History of the Commonwealth,’ one of the most manly and impartial records ever written, lives less upon the memory than ‘Almacks,’ and ‘Cyril Thornton,’ produced

some four years since, is in more immediate vogue than the admirable history by the same author—published but the other day. True, that among a succeeding generation, there may possibly be a re-action—lethargic octaves be awakened from their untimely trance, and enlivened quartos ‘take up their beds and walk!’”

The editor of an evening paper observes—“That books have made few knaves, we are ready to acknowledge.” This strikes us as a singular error. Books have made knaves, libertines and hypocrites without number. The examples furnished, the lessons taught, the excitement for the passions abounding in them, are incalculably operative. Literature, or printing, in its broadest application, is, perhaps, the most powerful of agents upon human character and conduct. It most exalts and purifies; or corrupts and destroys. Hence, the importance of the ingredients and complexion of books, particularly the popular or favourite species such as tales and romances.—Hence, we may presume, the zeal of contemporary Christians and philanthropists in spreading the Bible and moral or religious tracts. A deep observer thought the privilege of making the ballads of a nation, the surest means of plastic power.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

Paris, May 4, 1830.

A new historical novel, in two volumes, has just made its appearance here, under the title of *les Mauvais Garçons*. It displays an animated, and, according to the French critics, a faithful picture of Paris during the captivity of Francis I. in 1525. At that time the metropolis of the *grande nation* was infested by a tribe of nondescript adventurers, broken gamblers, cut-purses, beggars, students, Bohemians, and other marauders, known under the general and characteristic appellation of *mauvais garçons*. The archers of the watch, like modern charlies, frequently participated in the depredations of these midnight plunderers, whose war-cry was, *Vive Bourgogne! à sac! à sac!* Such are the data which have furnished the materials of a work possessing much local interest, and some dramatic sketches.

The *dilettanti* will scarcely credit the fact, that Mademoiselle Sontag has been—(in what vocabulary shall I find a phrase to soften the appalling intelligence?)—that Mlle. Sontag has been absolutely hissed at Berlin! Such, however, is the dismal truth. After a series of successful appearances in the characters of *Desdemona*, *Rosina*, and *Edile*, in the comic opera of *Jocunde*, the divine Sontag was hissed in the part of Anna, in Mozart’s *Don Juan*. And this too from a Berlin audience! *Horresco referens!* The prima donna, little accustomed to such unmelodious sounds, is said to have swooned away at the first intimation of public displeasure. On her recovery, she again ventured to brave the scarcely appeased fury of the storm; and after singing a quatuor in the second act, was so affected by the recollection of the cruel affront, that she again fainted. Another prima donna, who happened to be in the theatre, “quite by accident, as a body might say,” was obliged to finish the part.

“Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?”

The concert season is fast approaching towards its close. The Parisian *dilettanti*, unlike their more tonish London brethren, are not sufficiently advanced in civilization to protrude their winter into the dust of June or July, and in a few weeks, the *roulades* of our drawing-room nightingales will be abandoned for the song, *ou naturel*, of the lark and the linnet.

Paganini is still at Frankfort, where he continues to give public concerts. His last took place on the 11th ult. A superb medal of Beethoven is now on sale in Paris. On one side is the head of the celebrated composer, with the words “Louis Von Beethoven;” on the other a lyre, surrounded by the following inscription:—“Né le 27 Decembre, 1770, a Bonn; mort le 26 Mars, 1827.”

The greatest beauty in female dress is that which is most simple, and at the same time gracefully adapted to exhibit the natural beauty of the female form. This simplicity should be observed, even in colour; a profusion of tawdry and glaring colours bespeaks a tasteless and vulgar mind, even if the wearer were a duchess. Colour should also always be adapted to complexion. Ladies with delicate rosy complexions bear white and light blue better than dark colours, while on the contrary, sallow hues of complexion will not bear these colours near them, and imperatively require dark quiet colours to give them beauty: yellow is the most trying and dangerous of all, and can only be worn by the rich-toned healthy looking brunette.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Mechanics’ and Farmers’ Magazine of Useful Knowledge.—At the present time, when such an unexampled hue and cry are raised about the education of the operative classes, it is particularly important that well-instructed teachers and competent writers devote their time and energy to the solid improvement and moral safety of this most extensive and interesting portion of our fellow-citizens. Wolves are every where stalking about in sheep’s clothing, seeking whom they may devour, and render a prey to their iniquitous and deep-laid schemes. Freedom, independence, equality, and knowledge are the magic words adopted to influence the minds of the deluded multitude, to render them hostile to the existing condition of society, and thus to open a way for the aggrandizement and supremacy of a few artful and designing demagogues, who are ambitious of fortunes, and see their only forlorn hope in the destruction of the very elements of morality, religion, and order. These words are beautiful in sound, and are identified with the prosperity and perfection of man, but the ideas with which they are in reality, and by the many associated, are far from being those intended by the juggling reformers to whom we now allude. As a proof of what we advance, the following fact may be adduced as evidence. Education is the ever-recurring theme on which these would-be regenerators decant in all their speeches and writings. Without knowledge they maintain that a people are incompetent to govern themselves. And this truism who ever questioned? What, *then*, propose then to achieve? They should, if sincerely attached to the avowed objects, educate the people first, and then incite them to demand their full share of political rights, which they assert is now withheld from them. This plan, however, is not at all to their liking; it is too slow and tedious in its operation, and they would be reduced to the nothingness to which they are wedded before it could be completed. Power, wealth, and influence would then revert to other hands, hands far different from theirs. What then is to be done? Gain power at all hazards. Inflame the people to assume all that they can get by brutal violence, and then education will come afterwards; and if it does not, what matters it? Their object will have been attained. Every benevolent man must shrink with horror from a sight of the evils which would attend the consummation of such reform, and view with pleasure every effort made to administer real knowledge and useful light to the ignorant. Such an attempt is the one by Mr. Sargent, and we sincerely hope that it will prove successful. There exists no greater foe to political disorder than science. Her panoply is all-potent against the cunning wiles and sophistical declamations of seditious knaves and disorganizers; and is, withal, the most ready source of attraction to all social and moral improvement. “Get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding;” so sayeth the appropriate motto of this neat periodical; and so should every honest lover of the people and the people’s rights say. To no class of men is the acquisition of knowledge more important than to the working classes—not the superficial idle knowledge which can be communicated by female fanatic adventurers and her parasites; but the knowledge of nature, and of nature’s laws, the knowledge of which elevated Franklin, Rittenhouse, Sherman, Arkwright, and Fulton from the humblest sphere of life to be the benefactors of mankind.

The late Adjutant General of this State.—In the death of General Nicholas F. Beck, society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the public service been despoiled of one of its ablest and most faithful officers. Respected by all for his unassuming and affable deportment, his incorruptible integrity, his strict attention to the duties of his office, and for the ability and success with which he prosecuted an arduous profession, yet it was more especially by the few, to whom his retiring modesty allowed his merits to be more intimately known, that he was admired for his numerous attainments in literature and general knowledge, his skill and talent as a writer, and his polished conversation and generous disposition as a gentleman and a friend. He had long suffered under the slow and lingering inflictions of that terrible disease, which proves so unsparring and frequent a scourge to the talent, the worth, the beauty, and the youth of our country. He bore his sufferings with characteristic fortitude, and resigned, without a murmur, the most brilliant prospects of life, and the most endearing attachments which could rivet man’s affections to earth. The highest honours were paid to his remains by the civil and military authorities in the Capital, and his memory will long live green in the minds of those who loved his virtues and respected his talents.

My Cousin Isabel.—There will be found in this number a highly pathetic though just sketch, entitled “My Cousin Isabel.” It is from the pen of the editor of the New-England Review. There is a freshness, brilliancy, depth, and vigour of style about the compositions of this gentleman, which rank him deservedly among the first of our poets. It is true that but few of his poetical effusions have fallen under our notice, but those few have riveted our attention, and elicited our involuntary and heartfelt praise. His prose is more familiar to us; and its purity, its singular originality, and its occasionally biting sarcasm, have rendered it universally popular. We boldly predict, that the time is not far distant when this gentleman will assume a most conspicuous station among the writers of our country, which can only be attained by commanding talents and unrelaxing industry.

Female Wages.—A printed circular has been sent to us from Philadelphia, conveying additional information in relation to this important and interesting subject. It is impossible that the efforts of the community, and of the female portion in particular, should not be aroused to action by these repeated and irresistible appeals to their sympathies. The dark gloom which now broods over so fair and large a portion of the operative classes of this country must be removed, and light and comfort administered to their long afflicted hearts. Perseverance will ensure success.

Celebration of the fifty-fourth anniversary of American Independence.—Our anticipations have been realized—our faith in the sobriety, the decorum, and the dignified virtue of our citizens confirmed. The fifth of July was celebrated with pomp and splendour befitting the occasion, and without the occurrence, as we learn, of a solitary event which could call a blush on the cheek of an inhabitant of this thronged and rejoicing city.

FAREWELL, SINCE WE MUST PART.

CON EXPRESSIONE.

Fare-well, fare - well, since we must part, But oft a tear I'll shed for thee, Thy name shall cling a - round my heart, To light the waste of me - mo - ry. To light the waste of me - mo - ry.

2d—Oh! when amidst the gay you rove,
When pleading eyes around you shine
Think of the one who dared to love,
Whose ev'ry pulse was thine—was thine.

2d—Adieu! adieu! perhaps that tear,
Which, trembling, plays upon thy cheek,
Proclaims my name to thee still dear,
And speaks more truth than tongue could speak.

4th—Oh! then if I am still thine own,
Why should my heart with anguish swell?
Alas! from thee for e'er I turn,
We meet no more—farewell—farewell!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HEBREW.

Jerusalem mourneth.—Jeremiah.

Oh, Judah! thy dwellings are sad,
Thy children are weeping around,
In sackcloth their bosoms are clad
As they look on the famishing ground;
In the deserts they make them a home,
And the mountains awake to their cry;
For the frown of Jehovah hath come,
And his anger is red in the sky.
Thy tender ones throng at the brink,
But the waters are gone from the well;
They gaze on the rock, and they think
Of the gush of the stream from its cell;
How they came to its margin before,
And drank in their innocent mirth;
Away! it is sealed, and no more
Shall the fountain give freshness to earth.
The hearts of the mighty are bowed,
And the lowly are baggard with care;
The voices of mothers are loud,
As they shriek the wild note of despair:
Oh, Jerusalem! mourn through thy halls,
And bend to the dust in thy shame,
For the doom that thy spirit appals
Is famine, the sword, and the flame!

STANZAS.

Written in the common-place book of Miss Margaret
L. M. Derrien, of Georgia.

"Elle se promenait sur les gazons fleuris d'un printemps
éternel."—Tennyson.

When the earliest birds of the pleasant spring
Are dancing on golden and purple wing,
When the air, music-laden, is blue and bright,
And the new-born blossoms are bathed in light,
When the gale in its freshness goes fanning by,
And its sweet breath floats through the sunny sky,
How the heart, though deep in its prison bound,
Doth leap as if stirred by the tabor's sound!

And who, in the redolent flush of morn,
When a bliss untold in the soul is born,
When the cloud floats on through the fields of air,
Like a spirit's robe in its brightness there—
Oh who, but would feel, in that peaceful hour,
A love in his heart, for that opening flower?
Who would check the flight of the bird or bee,
On their wings of capricious revelry?
Fair visitant! thus, with an earnest heart,
I would this lay to thy page in part:

It is, that the blossom of life is thine,
That thy offerings are laid upon pleasure's shrine!
For thy pathway is sprinkled with pictures bright,
And thy young eye swims in its pure delight;
And as time looks down on thy being now, [brow!
There are pearls on his plume—there is light on his
And oh! if my prayer might avail, to bring
One brighter hue to the radiant spring
That gladdens the young and the fair like thee,
I would pour a voice on my bended knee,
A suppliant voice, that each ardent thought
Which girlhood's promise in glory brought,
Might endure till life's evening had waned away
Into heaven's ethereal and endless day! W. G. C.

THE INDIAN CHIEF RED BIRD,

A distinguished Winnebago sachem, who died in
prison at Prairie Du Chien.

Lonely and low in his dungeon cell
The captive chief was lying,
While the mourner-wind, like a spirit's voice,
Mid the grated bars was sighing.
The full bright beams of the midnight moon
From his wampum belt were gleaming,
But keener the glance of the warrior's eye,
In its fitful wildness gleaming.
No kindly friend at that fearful hour,
By his dying couch was kneeling,
To whisper of that far sunny clime,
Whither his spirit was silently stealing
Pale was the hue of his faded cheek,
As it leaned on its damp cold pillow;
And deep the heave of his troubled breast,
As the lift of the ocean billow:
For he thought of the days when his restless foot
Through the pathless forest bounded,
And the festive throng by the hunting-fire,
Where the chase-song joyously sounded.
And he thought of his distant hut the while,
By the bending hemlock shaded;
And the frowning ghosts of his awful sires,
By his own sad doom degraded.
But ah! the thought of his Indian boy
In his wind-rocked cradle sleeping,
And the wail forlorn of his bosom one,
At his fated absence weeping!
He heard, too, the voice of the shadowy woods
O'er the night-bird's music swelling,
And the jocund note of the laughing brook
As it danced by his lonely dwelling.
He heard those sounds—to his bosom dear
As the dreams of friendship parted,

While a gleam of joy o'er his withered cheek,
Like a flash of sunlight darted.

It fled—for the chill of the white man's chain
O'er its lightning trace came stealing,
And his phrenzied spirit in darkness passed
In the rush of that conquering feeling.

He had stood in the deadly ambuscade,
While his warriors were falling around him;
He had stood unmoved at the torturing stake,
Where the foe in his wrath had bound him;
He had mocked at pain in every form—
Had joyed in the post of danger;
But his spirit was crushed by the dungeon's gloom,
And the chain of the ruthless stranger.

LOVE'S QUARREL.

Upon her lid one tear-drop trembled,
One moment to its fringes clung,
While on her lip, in scorn dissembled,
The indignant answer proudly hung:

"Vain is thy boasting threat to leave me,
"And vain thy taunting words," she said;
"Think'st thou thine absence now can grieve me?
"Love lives not when esteem is dead!"

"Go! far as winds and waves may bear thee!
"To torrid suns, or polar snows,
"Tis easy from a heart to tear thee,
"Which now, at length, thy falsehood knows.

"Go! and when other scenes surround thee,
"Thy sighs to other bosoms borne,
"Forget the idle chain that bound thee,
"As I forget the vows I scorn.

"Why thus thy vaunted flight delaying?
"Thy threat has broke the charm of years?
"No softer wish my heart betraying,
"Will let thee triumph in my tears."

"I go," the lover cries, "in sorrow;
"Thy mandate, lady, is obeyed;
"Far o'er the bounding waves, to-morrow,
"I'll mourn the idle words I said.

"And when in exile, sad and lonely,
"My heart, as ever, turns to thee,
"Its first dear idol, last, and only,
"Thine may, perchance, relent for me.

"Yet, ere I go, if unforgiven,
"Beam from those eyes one gentler ray,
"That, like the guiding star of heaven,
"May cheer me on my desert way.

"Thy tears, no idle triumph lending,
"Might well besem this parting hour,

"And deep repentance for offending,
"Might claim for me their pitying power.

"Thy face averted bids me sever,
"Bereft of hope to exile driven,
"Farewell!" The lady turns, "Ah, never!
"Repented sin may be forgiven.

"Yet proud of speech, bethink thee, ever
"The love which time could never shake,
"Nor peril daunt, nor fortune sever,
"One chilling breath at once may break.

"The loftiest soul is aye sincerest,
"Yet love by no rude chain is led;
"A silken band best suits him, dearest,
"For love and pride are often wed."

ISIDORA

COME TO ME.

Oh come to me, beloved one,
When vexing cares annoy—
And let me also share the sun
That lights thine hours of joy.

The simple joys, the trifles gay,
That have a charm for thee,
And soothe awhile life's weary way.
Are they not dear to me?

The shade of care must often rest
Upon my thoughtful brow,
And happiness, a stranger guest,
But seldom courts me now.

But when I see a joyous beam
Reflected in thine eye,
My anxious thoughts less weary seem,
And dark forebodings fly.

Thy gladsome thoughts and spirit bright,
Which grief as yet hath spared,
Shed round the only ray of light,
Which I with thee have shared.

Then come to me, beloved one,
In life's bewildering maze,
Thou art my only spot of sun,
The blue sky of my days.

H. M.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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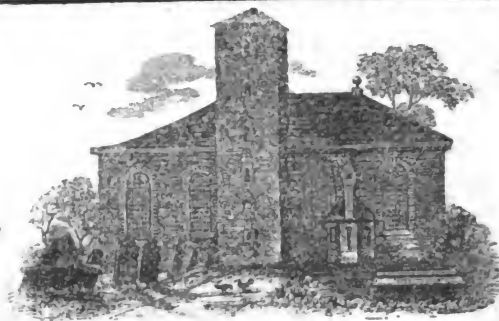
THE NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1830.

NUMBER 2.



Drawn by Davis—Engraved by Moran.

FRENCH CHURCH DU ST. ESPRIT.

THIS antiquated building, which is the oldest religious edifice now in the city, was erected in 1704, by the Huguenots, or French protestants, who fled from their country after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. But as some of our readers may never have heard of that famous edict, and must consequently be ignorant of the effects of its revocation—a few words on that subject may not be deemed inappropriate.

The doctrines of the reformation had made much progress in France as early as the year 1545, during the reign of Francis I. Calvin was a native of Noyon, in Picardy, was protected by Margaret of Navarre, sister of Francis, and his "*Christian Institutes*" were dedicated to that king. But those who embraced the doctrines soon became the objects of persecution. Francis himself, at one period, was desirous of uniting himself with the protestant princes of Germany, against the emperor Charles; but fearful of awakening the indignation of the Roman pontiff, and the prejudices of his people, by his negotiations with avowed heretics, he seized the first opportunity to prove the soundness of his faith, by ordering six of his subjects who had embraced the protestant religion to be publicly burnt! The king himself was present at the execution; and declared with his usual and characteristic vehemence, that if one of his hands were infected with heresy, he would cut it off with the other; and would not spare even his own children, if found guilty of that crime. The spirit of the new religion, however, was increased and invigorated by every act of persecution; and the numbers who professed it were greatly augmented by the massacre of Cabrières and Merindol, and by the executions which were imprudently multiplied by Henry II. Thus at the accession of Francis II. in 1559, Calvinism had gained a firm and wide footing, and could count among its professors several men of great talents and influence. Persecutions, however, still continued until goaded on to resistance, the protestants only waited for a fit opportunity and season to protect themselves by force of arms. They accordingly united with a party attached to the prince of Condé, in the unsuccessful conspiracy of Amboise, which preceded the civil wars in France, and continued with various success until 1755, when Henry III. found himself under the necessity of concluding a treaty with the protestants, by which they obtained the public exercise of their religion, except within two leagues of the court. Party chambers, composed of an equal number of protestants and Catholics, were established in all the parliaments of the kingdom; all attainders were reversed, and eight cautionary towns were put into their possession.

This treaty, as might have been expected, was highly displeasing to the Catholics, and the consequence was that hostilities again broke out in 1581, and France was a scene of strife and confusion until 1589, when Henry was assassinated by a Dominican friar, named James Clement.

Henry IV. commonly called the great, a prince of the house of Bourbon, ascended the throne in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and eight years afterwards caused the famous edict of Nantz to be passed in favour of the protestants. This edict confirmed to them all the rights and privileges which had been granted to them by former princes, and it added a free admission to all employments of trust, profit, and honour; an establishment of chambers of justice, in which the members of the two religions were equal; and gave liberty to educate their children, without restraint, in any of their universities. This decree was passed in 1598, and continued in force eighty-seven years.

In 1684, under the reign of Louis XIV. the protestants were again exposed to a series of persecutions, at once unjust and impolitic, but which did not reach their climax until the revocation of the edict of Nantz, by which liberty of conscience was abolished; all the protestant churches were destroyed; and an order was issued even to take their children from them, and put them into the hands of their Catholic relations. The ministers were banished; and the others were prohibited from leaving that kingdom, in which the law inflicted on them such unjust and cruel persecution. All the terrors of military execution were employed to make them profess the Catholic religion; and such as had relapsed were exposed to the most dreadful punishments. A twentieth part of their whole number were put to death in a short time; and a price was set on the heads of the rest, who were hunted like wild beasts. Above five hundred thousand of the most industrious inhabitants of France were driven into exile by the revocation of the edict of Nantz; and thus the staple manufactures of that country not only declined at home, but were transferred to other nations by these exiles. Many of them fled to America; and those who arrived at New-York, purchased a tract of ground in the county of Westchester, and settled on a spot they called New-Rochelle.

About thirty or forty years previous to the arrival of these persecuted emigrants, the whole of that beautiful and romantic region, now known by the name of Westchester county, had been purchased of the Indians, by an individual named Thomas Pell. This bargain, which was made in the year 1654, gave great dissatisfaction to the Dutch settlers, but was finally confirmed to the "heirs and assigns of the aforesaid Thomas Pell," from whom the exiled Huguenots obtained their grant.

From authentic records, which we have examined, it appears that from their first settlement at New-Rochelle, they regularly attended public worship in the city of New-York! They had taken their land on terms which required the utmost exertions of all the men, women, and children among them, to clear and prepare for tillage, &c. They were, therefore, in the habit of toiling hard all the week, until Saturday night; and then resting themselves, by trudging twenty miles on foot to the city, to attend religious worship the next day! On Sunday evening, they retraced their steps, and were ready to recommence their labours on Monday morning! Amidst all these hardships and privations, they wrote to their friends in France, expressing, in the warmest terms, their gratitude to heaven for the great privileges they enjoyed in this free and happy country! Can our modern skeptics and self-styled philosophers furnish any adequate substitute for such an enviable feeling?

Such were the men who erected the venerable edifice, of which the above engraving is a correct representation. It is built in the plainest style, being constructed of stone, and plastered on the outside, with a very steep roof, and a monastic-looking tower, from which the plaster has fallen in several places. The building, which is seventy feet in length and fifty in breadth, has a southwest aspect, fronting on Pine-street, just below Nassau-street, and the tower is in the rear towards Cedar-street, where a few mouldering tomb-stones are still to be seen in the cemetery, behind the law buildings.

At the time this church was erected, in 1704, the celebrated wall from which our "street of banks and brokers" derived its name, was partially demolished, and the stones of which its bastions were constructed, had been applied to the erection of the *new City-hall*, just finished, at the corner of Nassau-street, fronting Broad-street, in which ferry-boats came up as far as Garden-street. In the same year, for the first time, "Wall-street was paved, on the south side, from Smith-street [now William] to the English church," in Broadway; the latter not being paved until three years afterwards. The number of inhabitants was now rising *six thousand*, to whom the luxuries of tea and coffee were entirely unknown. Dull times for scandal parties! At this period the docks and slips rented for twenty-five pounds per annum; and two hundred acres of land were sold by the corporation for twenty shillings the acre! The inhabitants of Harlem were permitted to erect *one mill*, and no more, provided they did not "hinder the passage of sloops or boats round Manhattan island!" At this time the city was lighted, "in the dark time of the moon

in the winter season," by lanterns hung upon poles, projected from the windows of every seventh house—each of the seven paying an equal proportion of the expense; and the city watch consisted of "four sober men." How many have we now?

The church of St. Esprit is opened every Sunday, where divine service is performed in the French language, according to the episcopal form.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. In Eleven Volumes. Vol. IX. Part I. Essays on Ballad Poetry, and Introductions. Edinburgh, 1830, Cadell & Co.; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

AN animated literary auto-biography, and by Sir Walter Scott. What a mass of interest lies in those few words! from the country book-club, that hurries its bookseller with orders for the last volume of *Memoirs*, to the London drawing-room, crowding to gaze on the lion of the night, the same passion of individualizing our previous idea of a great man predominates. Whether it is that curiosity inherent in our nature, or to subtilize a little, that levelling spirit which would fain believe that a display of the same weaknesses, passions, hopes, and fears, makes our idol one with ourselves—we have not time to analyze; but certain it is, that the diorama which brings before us actual scenes of the author's life, is one of our most popular exhibitions. Denon's talents for telling a story are said to have been such, that Napoleon was wont to interrupt an unhappy narrator with, "*Ah, Denon, contez nous cela!*" This peculiar talent—this natural honey-dropping from the lip—Scott possesses in perfection; and the history of his poetical career, as developed in a series of introductions to his various works, makes this a truly delightful volume. But his own account confirms what was always our opinion—that he only (like Wordsworth) wanted some strong passion to have given his pages the last touch of poetical perfection: he has been the *Lucullus* of literature—he conquered, and then enjoyed; he has led a life of pleasant study and social intercourse; and if his heroes are scarcely ever terrible in the conflict of passionate feelings, it is because these feelings found no original cause, no answering tone, in his own mind. But in all other qualities, how large is his portion! His descriptions are fairy wands, that call up the scene before you; his narrative is dramatic in its power, and—but who ever took up a volume of his without reading, or read without remembering? Like *Prospero*, we bury our book, and break our rod of criticism, in his favour: let him speak for himself.

Sir Walter Scott's early life.

"My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the profession to which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in a situation to be embarrassed by the *res angusta domi*, which might have otherwise interrupted my progress in a profession in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were, doubtless, much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. Although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny that I owe to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age, to whom I might not otherwise have made my way; it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favour, either for my position in society, or the means of supporting it with decency—matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject which is, after all, of very little consequence to any one but myself. I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits. During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived admired and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and he of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was dead; and even while alive, the hypochondria, which was his mental malady, impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known

and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned; and, unless among the small number of persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could shew a legitimate title of sovereignty."

An interesting view of German literature follows, and he proceeds to its influence on himself.

German Literature.

"In Edinburgh, where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scotch encouraged young men to approach this newly discovered spring of literature, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this new study was felt as a great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, averse to the necessary toil of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, and, of course, frequently committed blunders, which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement was the despair of the teacher, on finding it impossible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and were ambitious of perusing Goethe and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded by MacKenzie. Dr. Willich, (a medical gentleman,) who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, and prescribed to us 'The Death of Abel,' as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The puerile style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathize with the overstrained sentimentality of Adam and his family, than we could have had a fellow-feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug, and then made a song on it, which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr. Willich, we, with one consent, voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the pre-eminence, in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. When these jests, which arose out of the sickly monotony and affected ecstasies of the poet, failed to amuse us, we had for our entertainment the innumerable sounds manufactured by a Frenchman, our fellow-student, who, with the economical purpose of learning two languages at once, was endeavouring to acquire German, of which he knew nothing, by means of English, concerning which he was nearly as ignorant. Heaven only knows the notes which he uttered, in attempting, with unpractised organs, to imitate the gutturals of these two intractable languages. At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, specimens more to our taste than 'The Death of Abel.'"

His friendship with Lewis is another link in his progress: we cannot omit the following extract.

Sir Walter Scott and the Apothecary's Wife.

"I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High school. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the metre, in which the task was performed; and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my schoolboy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of verses on a thunder-storm, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife, who affirmed that my sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my brooms ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right, that there was not an original word or thought in the whole six lines. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of daw-plucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though 'with a swelling heart.' In short, excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eyebrow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love and dove*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame."

Glenfinlas and the *Eve of St. John* were written about this time.

Sir Walter and his Critics.

"Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon; and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, shewing my precious wares and requesting criticism; a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed, that, in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves, hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of authors; and justly, no doubt, to a certain degree; for the merits of composition produced for the express purpose of pleasing the world at large, can only be judged of by the opinion of individuals; and perhaps, as in the case of Molière's old woman, the less sophisticated the person consulted, so much the better. But I was ignorant at the time I speak of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is not so safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals, when each, in turn, having seated himself in the censor's chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude, and delivered his opinion sententiously and *ex cathedra*. General applause was in almost every case freely tendered; but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author, listening with becoming modesty, and with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads—every one in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced;—every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made to his co-assessors, and the author was blamed by some one, in almost every case, for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one. At last, after thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy (of *Glenfinlas*, I think,) and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole, I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line; and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism were such as neither could be termed good or bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a more common-place character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advice told me, that a manuscript was worth

nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to consult me. I am convinced that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind, the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be that which is most valuable in the production. About the time that I shook hands with criticism, and reduced my ballads back to their original form, stripping them without remorse of those 'lendings' which I had adopted at the suggestion of friends, an opportunity unexpectedly offered of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of 'Tales of Terror,' and afterwards 'Tales of Wonder,' which last was finally adopted."

The following is the account how he finally decided on pursuing the career of literature.

Law and Literature.

"It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose every where else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

Sil nullus erit pulvis, tamen exerceat nullo.

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors, who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence, the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular; an eminent example of which has been shown in the case of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age, with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their dean of faculty, or president, being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered loss, that jurisprudence might be enriched. Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest slender consoled himself with having established with Mistress Anne Page; 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance.' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the 'toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delights of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course. I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been decry by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalized by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned, that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had become exceedingly robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most equestrian sports, also, with some success, and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a juriconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry, which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many, who, like myself, consulted rather their will than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects the squadron was a fine one, consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession. On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead; so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily reduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that in 1800 I had obtained the preferment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, about three hundred pounds a year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated, without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood. In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the irritable race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the dunces of his period could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from musquitos, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times. Upon the whole, as I

had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in these mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors. With this view, it was my first resolution to keep, as far as was in my power, abreast of society; continuing to maintain my place in general company without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or other ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits; as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Goliath, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast; and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library. My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep. It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties. I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may, nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded; namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch; and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honours. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly over-rate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them."

The Lady of the Lake.

"I remember that about the same time a friend started in to 'heeze up my hope,' like the minstrel in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field sports, which we often pursued together. As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashiesteel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was not too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed, that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale."

We shall conclude by collecting in a paragraph the various receipts of his poems:

The various receipts of his Poems.

"The work brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for five hundred pounds, to which Messrs. Longman & Co. afterwards added one hundred pounds in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the author was riding with one of the worthy publishers. The publishers of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for *Marmion*. The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his satire, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise—I had never juggled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hoghead of excellent claret."

We find, in spite of our columns, we must extract the account of his own change from poetry to prose—*Rokeby*.

Sir Walter Scott's change from Poetry to Prose.

"The cause of my failure had, however, a deeper root. The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophised the authc. in the language of Parnell's Edwin:

'And here reverse the charm,' he cries,
'And let it fairly now suffice;
The gambol has been shown.'

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Actæon fell under his own dogs. The present author, like Bobadil, had taught his trick of

fence to a hundred gentlemen (and ladies) who could fence very nearly or quite as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour. What has been said of the metre only must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the poem and the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at least lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a burlesque instead of a serious copy. In either way, the effect of it is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author's reputation are at least as fatal as those which befall a composer, when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer. Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author's style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by showing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the school, as it was called, was now fast decaying. Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when *Rocky* appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little violation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the first canto of *Childe Harold*. He was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the *Hours of Idleness*, nor the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, had prepared me to expect from his author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work that he may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience to those subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition:

How happily the days of Thalaba went by.

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief employment. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known or concealed, do something of more importance. My inmost thoughts were those of the Trojan captain in the galley race:—

Non iam prima peto Mæstheus, neque vincere cæto:
Quædam O.—Sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti;
Extremæ pudeat rediisse; hoc vincite, elices,
Et prohibete nefas.

Perhaps the most curious and marked traits in these memoirs of Sir Walter Scott are the total want of enthusiasm in his character, and the strong sense, the clear, worldly spirit of calculation displayed; he was the very man to get on in life. Our copious extracts will be their own excuse; and we can only say, amid our author's many delightful works, this is one of his most delightful. Who is there but will be happy in this admission behind the inner veil of his private life?

Literary Gazette.

The Barony. By Miss Anna Maria Porter. Three volumes, 12mo. London, 1830. Longman.

We never think of criticising, in the common acceptance of the term, any work of the Misses Porter: they come with so many pleasant memories of long summer mornings past under some tent-like tree; of long winter evenings, when our grand annoyance was, that the lamp would need trimming just in the midst of some interesting part; of old romantic fancies, and gentler, but not less touching excitement; that even before we open the book, our good will is conciliated, and our favour ready. The volumes before us, however, might well stand on their own merits, and we are glad to meet Miss Porter on her old ground of historic romance; the time is that of James II., and the principal characters, as usual, stand out the very beau ideals of fictitious perfection; while the attention is attracted and sustained by a most interesting narrative. In the *Barony* the heroines are particularly well contrasted; and the descriptions are picturesque, even to poetry; a very sweet picture might be painted from the following:

"Never had a day in May been more beautiful than the one now devoted to pastoral pleasure. The breath of actual summer was in the still, glowing air; and its glittering heralds—numerable butterflies—were on the wing, among the flowers of the verandah, and the bouquets of oleander and Spanish jasmine which ornamented the marble walk under that verdant roof. A little removed from that, and arranged as if growing there in native beds, were rich groups of exquisite exotics, loading the air with sweetness, even to lusciousness, and dazzling the sight by the brilliancy and variety of their colours. Still further on, where the moss-green turf sparkled in the sun, as if inlaid with emeralds, stood a single pink thorn, a scarlet chestnut, or a Siberian crab-tree, covered with their carnation blossoms. Under these little tents were pitched, or silken awnings stretched, to protect groups of the maskers; or to cover tables, laid out with refreshments, suited in character to the supposed frequenters of tent, canopy, or hut. Seeing a party of hired minstrels advancing towards one of these, Miss Hungerford turned into a close walk, quite embowered with lilac, hastening to gain one of the paths where the dressed walks

ended. Winding after winding of this fragrant labyrinth at length brought her into one; there she slackened her pace awhile to draw breath; then resumed her progress, better pleased the further she got from the sounds of the house. Now and then, however, the nimble bound of a squirrel above her head, rustling the boughs, or the glance of his diamond bright eyes as he darted across her path, stayed her hasty passage, as if to let herself be tempted into delicious sleep by the lulling hum of insects under these deep shades, and the silvery chirping of grasshoppers through the high grass. In one part the trees receded, and opened out a view of a broad and sequestered glade, which, judiciously left to its own silence and beauty, struck Evelyn with that sweet surprise with which we see a lovely landscape for the first time. This green solitude terminated in a beautiful sheet of most transparent water, in which willows, weeping birch, larches, and pendent wild flowers, glassed themselves; and crowding over its extreme point, left it doubtful whether the water were a lakelet or a stream. Miss Hungerford lingered to note the graceful fringes of its miniature banks and promontories, whence her eye ascended to the nobler groves rising behind. There the silver-shafted beech and oak mixed with the dark-channelled stems of alder and the porphyry-like trunks of many an ancient yew, spared less for its age than for its effect. The sad olive of this venerable tree contrasted admirably with the sunny green of livelier foliage. If the lights in this spring-shade were too spangly, the shadows without sufficient breadth, and the tone of colour not of depth enough to suit a mortal's pencil, the gazer felt that one great hand can give harmonious results to every discord; and she looked long at the picture, therefore, without imagining it in summer or autumnal fulness. Meanwhile, the cool air from the water seemed blowing back from her seated sense the richer breath of what was called the myrtle garden and the orange-erie—a breath which fancy indeed only retained; and she stood now, thinking how much fresher, air purer, and exhilarating, was the clear untinged air of heaven than when cumbered unceasingly by accumulations of scents meant only for our passing regale. A solitary swan, white as the dazzling clouds above her head, was alternately plunging under, and as it rising from the clear water in the distance. A nymph bathing, in a landscape by Claude Lorraine, naturally followed, in idea, a moment's admiration of this single little object; and as Evelyn stood musing, she felt that Roshia was beautiful, and might be made a home of happiness."

In conclusion we cannot but commend the beautiful and healthy spirit of that best of morality, the morality grounded on religious feeling, which thoroughly pervades these graceful pages: our only excuse for not illustrating which at much greater length, is the difficulty, amounting to an impossibility, of detaching any accommodable portion from the continuous narrative, to afford an idea of its propriety and attractions. It is sufficient to say, that the work does credit even to the high name it bears.

William and Uncle Ben.—Alicia and her Aunt.—The Blind Farmer and his children.

These are the titles of three additional contributions to the benefit of the rising generation from the effective pen of that amiable and successful author, Mrs. Hofand. The mention of her name is an indisputable passport to success.

THE TOILET.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

BALL DRESS.—A dress of rose-coloured gauze over a *gros de Naples* slip to correspond. **Corsette straps.**—Sleeves of the *beret* form, but shorter than usual. The trimming of the skirt consists of two gauze flounces, which are placed one immediately above the other. They are cut at the edge in lozenges; one end is brought round in the drapery style, above the left knee. A wreath of white roses, with their foliage, is attached to the bottom of the waist on the right side, under the *coiffure*, and it descends in a bias direction to the flounce, to which it forms a heading. A *bouquet*, composed of a single white rose, with buds and foliage, is placed on the left side of the bosom. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and dressed in full curls. The hind hair is arranged in bows, which are full, but not high. A *bandeau* of pearls is placed rather far back on the head, and fastened by a clasp of gold and emeralds. Two long, flat, white ostrich feathers are placed immediately under the clasp in different directions, and three others, arranged *en bouquet* behind, fall gracefully over the bows of hair. Pearl necklace and ear-rings, the latter composed of several rows, with an emerald clasp. Rose-coloured *gros de Naples* slippers, *en sandales*.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of white watered *gros de Naples*; the *corsette*, cut extremely low, is ornamented with an embroidery in white flounce silk, *en garbe*, and trimmed round the bust, *a l'enfant*, with *blonde de Cambray*, set on very full. *Beret* sleeves, finished with a trimming of the same lace. A very rich and deep flounce, also of *blonde de Cambray*, goes round the border of the skirt, and is surmounted by a wreath of honeysuckle, embroidered in white silk, and very highly raised. The hair is parted so as to display the whole of the forehead, and dressed in light loose ringlets at the sides of the face. It is twisted up behind in a large *nœud* at the back of the head; a profusion of ringlets issuing from the *nœud*, fall as low as the neck. A double *bandeau* of forget-me-nots, composed of coloured gems, is tastefully arranged among the colours in front and round the back of the head. There is much originality, as well as simple elegance, in the *coiffure*. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls and sapphires. Carved ivory fan.

DINNER DRESS.—A dress of *gros d'été*; the colour *gros lavande*; the *corsette* cut low behind, but rather high in front of the bust, and partially displaying a white satin *corsette* worn under it; that of the dress is arranged in folds, which form the shape in a singularly graceful manner. Long sleeves; the extreme fulness of the upper part disposed *en beret* by a *nœud* of mingled green and rose coloured ribbon; two *nœuds*, corresponding with the first, fasten the lower part of the sleeve; one at the wrist, the other about half way to the elbow. The openings of the sleeve show the white satin sleeve of the under *corsette*. White crape hat, ornamented on the inside of the brim with a *coque* of white gauze ribbon, bordered with white lace. The trimming of the crown consists of an intermixture of white and black draperies, and white roses. Necklace and

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

IN spite of the warm weather, the theatre has been tolerably well attended. Miss Kelly, one of the latest stars of the season, has played her usual round of characters. On Tuesday we were attracted to the house by the announcement of Mrs. S. Wheatley's appearance after an absence of ten years; and, as we never had the fortune to behold the lady in her early days, we were induced to witness throughout, the performance of play and farce—no small undertaking during this "hot season." The elder Coleman's comedy of the "Jealous Wife," and the musical farce, called the "Prize," were the pieces selected; but as they are both well known to most readers, our business at present is only with the *débütante*. Mrs. S. Wheatley is that kind of person, and of that time of life, which are often described by the union of the three words "fat, fair, and forty"—in this case we may perhaps omit the adjective in the middle. She appears perfectly to understand the business of the stage, and evidently to have acquired great self-possession. Her portraiture of the tormenting and mischievous passion of jealousy was generally very forcible; in truth, we have seldom seen that unhappy malady better represented, and Mrs. S. Wheatley frequently called to our recollection Mrs. Davison, of Drury-lane theatre, whose jealous wife is the best in our remembrance. Having thus given our meed of praise, as far as we conscientiously can, it remains to add, that Mrs. S. W. failed in blending the high-bred gentlewoman with the impassioned female, in which, we humbly opine, consists the difficulty of the character, and in the last scene, where the opposition of her roused husband causes her to pretend an hysterical fit, she screamed, kicked, and stamped in a most unseemly manner, although much to the pleasure of that portion of the audience which generally awards to noise the applause it denies to sense. Now we cannot dismiss our observations on this part of the performance without remarking, that a frequent recurrence of such a vulgar and ostentatious fit as Mrs. S. W. indulges in, instead of working upon the feelings of a high-minded but somewhat hen-pecked husband, must inevitably disgust him; and we trust that on a second representation of the comedy, she will take into consideration that Coleman's Mr. Oakley was under the dominion of a misguided gentlewoman, and not of a turbulent fish-wife. In the second piece Mrs. S. W. acted the part of Caroline, and with that ease and gaiety which would have pleased twenty years ago; but, alas! that enemy to all vanities, particularly that of the person, old Time, has laid his hand too markedly on Mrs. S. W. to allow her to attempt, with prudence, to personate girls scarcely out of their teens. The song she acted very well, without the necessary quantum of voice to make it effective. On the whole, by a judicious selection of characters, we think Mrs. S. W. will be an acquisition to the theatre.

VARIETIES.

In order to admit a variety of highly interesting articles, put in type last week—such as the admirable auto-biography of Walter Scott, the Barony, a Chapter on Gloves, &c.—we are again compelled to defer the publication of several original communications intended for this number.

A celebrated French improvisatore, M. Eugene de Prodel, is now exhibiting his wonderful talents at Brussels, and has just produced his *two hundred and ninth* extemporaneous tragedy.

An advertising confectioner announces that he has for sale, "A great variety of superior cakes, suitable for the following stages of life, birth-day, christening, school, wedding, and funeral." The good man's rhetoric surely loses its end, when he terms the *funeral* a stage of life.

Mad. de Genlis is involved in a dispute with her bookseller, arising out of an imputation by the latter, that instead of composing a new and original work under the title of a Manual for Youth, she had palmed on him a compilation of hacknied matter.

The Geographical Society of Paris has offered its gold medal, value one thousand francs, to the author of the best memoir upon the origin of the race of Asiatic negroes.

A Paris paper contains some interesting details relative to the Polytechnic School of Copenhagen. This account of the establishment states, that it is on the most extensive scale and in a flourishing condition. It is under the superintendence of the celebrated CErsted, and five professors. The students are obliged to have a thorough knowledge of German and French, and are

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE CITY.

New-York, July 10, 1830.

DEAR C.—I presume sufficient time has elapsed since your departure from New-York to render "private advices" agreeable; yet I have nothing in the world to say which would be interesting to you except the old *hum-drum* assurances that "I am very well and hope you are the same," for which valuable piece of information and expression of love, people have been content to pay postage for a very long time. We have had here for a few weeks past a succession of the most pleasant days and nights you ever saw—just sufficiently varied with showers to keep the ground moist, the air fresh and clear, and the grass green. And as for the moon, I vow I believe she has stopped going round the earth, for as far as I can recollect she has been full, clear, and round for three weeks back. The hackney-coachmen are starving, and shoemakers are in a very flourishing condition. Our friend lawyer M. has had a ducking since you left us. He and I sailed out into the bay—he acted as the captain, I as the crew. As long as the wind did not blow much, and while the tide was in our favour, captain M.'s nautical abilities showed to very great advantage. He put "his hand upon the ocean's mane," as poor Byron said, with the greatest confidence and familiarity, but the bay of New-York, like the great sea of human life, is crossed with many changing and obstinate currents, which play the deuce with your young city sailors. Our captain got among some of these, where he was compelled to take short notice of trial, and where errors could not be amended on payment of costs; and though, with the best intention in the world, he put the bow of the boat straight for Staten-Island, he made a point of Long-Island, near the navy-yard, about a mile above that from which he had started. Fortunately being deeply skilled in navigation, he resolved to "tack," which he accomplished in a very scientific manner. I observed, however, by-the-by, that instead of making any headway we had drifted another half mile from the point which we were anxious to reach. Theory and practice, you see, are very different things. Finding all his science thrown away upon these foolish tides, the captain resolved to take down the mast and resort to oars; with this intention he sprang from his seat, the current all the time drifting us up, at the rate of four knots, but in his eagerness to precipitate the operation, he injudiciously trod upon the side of the boat, which nearly overturned. This produced two consequences worthy of notice. Firstly—the oar splashed into the river on one side. Secondly—the captain plumped in on the other, with an expression upon his face as he was falling which induced me to believe he had adopted that course with great reluctance. He had not been long, however, under the water, when, with much ingenuity and presence of mind he made for the surface, a choice which I will venture to assert the most mature deliberation could not fail to applaud. Having reached a situation where he enjoyed the additional convenience of air, he exhibited a decided resolution to resume his place in the boat—a very sensible idea, which he proceeded forthwith to carry into effect, leaving, however, divers bail-pieces, subpoenas, and the like, floating calmly on the waves, and a water-proof hat slowly descending (happily without a head in it) to the graceful sea-weeds and beautiful coral groves which, as I have neither the opportunity nor the intention of investigating the subject, may or may not decorate the bottom of the stream.

He came into the boat dripping like a Newfoundland dog, but rather more out of spirits than one of that latter class of "our fellow mortals" would appear after a similar circumstance. Indeed, on the whole, the captain made for land with a degree of perseverance not extraordinary considering his condition, and, on disembarking from the treacherous element, although he said nothing, he looked as if he were engaged in his own mind in solemnly renouncing all species of practical navigation for the future, and in resolving to devote himself exclusively to his profession.

Your venerable friend K. has also had a dreadful fall. Not out of a third story window, nor off the top of St. Paul's church-steeple, nor into the river—worse! much worse! Poor gentleman, he has fallen—in love. And with whom, think you? You know he "is written down old with all the characters of age. He hath a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, and a decreasing leg. His voice is broken, his chin is double, his wit single, and every part about him blasted with antiquity." And yet hath he fallen in love! Now run over in your imagination all the damsels on the wrong side of forty, who would be content to take the old gentleman in consideration of his amiable disposition and his hundred thousand dollars, and then understand that it

is with dear little—you know who! whom we admired so much one night at B.'s. Would you not as soon expect to see the old reprobate reaching forth his withered and tremulous hand to catch the evening star, as dreaming of that young, fresh, and happy being? I have seen more of her since you went away—she is perfectly beautiful. She has all the charm of firm and glowing health, in addition to the most graceful features in the world. While serious, you deem "nature's own sweet and cunning hand" could not form a mouth more rich and expressive—when she smiles, it surpasses itself. If she rests her eyes upon you, they absolutely make you tremble. If time, and thought, and gloomy disappointment, and weary and protracted care had not given me a kind of reckless contempt for anything on earth that seems like happiness, I should have sunk into a very Benedict. Ten years ago if I had met such a Hebe, perhaps—but no matter. As it is, she is little more to me than a fair landscape—a rose in the morning just burst from its bud—or a beautiful shell—or a piece of sweet music—or a rainbow. She is too old for a child, and yet she is scarcely woman. She knows nothing of the world—its awful scenes—its dark, deep crimes—its wearing and blasting anguish. When I look into her face, I wonder that any thing in nature could be so beautiful, and then I wonder why I waste my time in contemplating it. Sometimes I wish she would take flight—"east, west—I care not whither," so she may no more disturb my sober schemes of business—but then, when I remember the influences of human life upon all things innocent, fragile, and fair, I would have her near me—I would catch her and keep her in a cage, like a rare summer bird, and protect her from the tempests and pestilence which range abroad.

I should like to have seen old K. when he broke his tender secret—and would it not have been worth while to have watched her, when the crimson came over her face at the idea of being bought like a slave "for cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold," and her deeply shaded eyes looked up flashingly, partly with scorn, partly with mirth? By yea and nay, I would not have been in his place to have saved myself from hanging.

Well, enough of this nonsense; let me hear from you soon. I am tied down to the city, and fairly sick to hear something about "green fields." The town is getting dreadfully dull. The heat is coming, the belles are going. All around me are forming the gayest parties to visit Niagara, the Springs, &c. My widest wanderings are to the Battery, and, on grand occasions, to Brooklyn or Hoboken; and yet these are sometimes very agreeable. Much pleasure can be bought for a shilling, if it be properly laid out. We never know how little will content us till necessity has compelled us to the trial. F.

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY,

To the Editor of the Mirror.

N—, July 6, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR—You know my peripatetic propensities. I left you with the intention of making a personal acquaintance with the "stupendous Niagara," and of improving my intimacy with the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence; "but nature will prevail." In all my peregrinations, I have even visited those places directly contrary to my originally proposed plans in starting, and I did so in this instance.

What has occasioned this sudden change in your plans?—Patience, my good sir—I am writing with the thermometer ranging at 82°, and the effects of potent libations, drained yesterday in honour of our happy independence, still floating in my brain. No man should be hurried under such excitements.

To commence my narrative. I called on our friend R. on my way to Albany. I found him on the wing to some (to me) unknown place in the back settlements of our state. R. spoke in raptures of its location, and roused my curiosity by details of the odd collection of characters, who were there congregated—perfect specimens of originality. I eagerly embraced the offer of a spare seat in his gig—found the roads confoundingly bad, and the heat intolerably oppressive. We passed through N—in our journey—the place took my fancy. I ordered my valise to be left at the head hotel—A sorry place by-the-by—Made the acquaintance of the chief magnate of the village, and at length became domesticated in his house, and am now as much at home as if I had been raised in the family. In this transposition of my person lies the "cream" of my adventures. I have, by the merest accident, fallen in with a set of originals, which only the graphic pen of our own Irving, or the satirical crayon of Paulding could adequately describe. "Mine host" is a fat, burly, thick-headed old gentleman, a happy mixture of *bon homie* and testiness, proceeding from the effects of a naturally excellent heart, occasionally soured by the virago-like disposition of his "ladyo

wife." He is a man of consequence in the neighborhood as you may suppose, when I inform you that he has served one session in the state legislature, and has been once nominated a *stump* member for congress. He is moreover the richest man in the village, possessing an hereditary property of his own, and the undivided wealth of the father of his aforesaid virago, who was the only child of an old Dutch patron reputed to have been a second Croesus, which wealth now gilds the many "bitter pills" my worthy friend is daily condemned to swallow in his matrimonial character. Yet still the lady has her redeeming points—her *ménage* is regulated admirably—her table liberally provided—well served and better cooked—she is charitable, although somewhat ostentatious in its display—and above all she is the mother of one of the loveliest and best tempered girls you would wish to meet with on a summer's day—a perfect rose in the wilderness. But more of this anon. Madame H—is an aristocrat in her principles, at once amusing and novel. She claims a direct descent from one of the high mightinesses, who, in olden times, ruled the destinies of New-Amsterdam; and I am daily, nay, hourly, indulged with the collateral consanguinity she holds with the most distinguished Vans who are so thickly planted in our parent state. She has two daughters. Elmira, the eldest, is an epitome of mamma's foibles, without her counteracting virtues. A yearly visit to New-York, returns her to her native village laden with fantasies and kick-shaws, (to borrow the idiom of her plain spoken papa) that entirely disqualifies her for domestic life. She is slightly *blucish*—tags rhymes à la Byron and L. E. L.—makes all kinds of unnameable and useless knick-knacks—keeps albums and scrap-boxes innumerable—fills herbariums that would puzzle Linnaeus to arrange and classify—and has driven the village *Æsculapius* nearly mad with her endless dissertations on alkalies and gases. At present theology and politics are her main studies, the consequence of her last visit to the city, where she attended the lectures of a famous female philosopher. A worthy clergyman who visits in the family is daily astounded by her bold and daring doubts on all received articles of faith, and as frequently insulted by her openly expressed contempt of the order of priesthood, the inutility of which she is constantly asserting. She overturns all her father's notions of system and propriety, by diatribes on the equal rights of women, and a general community of property. The worthy gentleman groans inwardly at all this folly; but Miss is her mother's especial favorite, he therefore is compelled to digest his venom by a general lashing of liberal principles, and anathematizing the boasted march of intellect, which he designates as the "quick-step" of vice and folly in our free and happy country, and invariably consoles himself with the certainty that his youngest daughter is uncontaminated by these new fangled doctrines. Indeed he may well be proud of this his favourite child. Rosa (for that is her pastoral appellation) possesses a light-hearted innocence, which effectually prevents her from imbibing the principles of her sister—quick and intelligent—she laughs at Elmira's visionary notions of reform, ridicules her follies, and is provokingly sarcastic on her pretensions to science and *bas blueism*. The maiden aunt is a fine specimen of the antique, whom I should like to transcribe for your amusement, but my paper fails me. You shall hear from me soon with some further sketches of my present associates, for the stock is not half exhausted in this detail. In the mean time, I am yours, &c.

H. I.

P. R.—I open my letter to inform you that my scheme of passing the summer here, bids fair to be overturned. Miss Elmira has received a copy from the city of the last fashionable "Guide to the Springs," and has set her mind upon astonishing the natives there with her acquirements. The laughing Rosa has just broke on my privacy to announce the fact that all is settled for the projected tour, and insists upon my accompanying them. She is quite in the imperative mood on the subject, and I fear will succeed in making me one of the party. The mail is just starting—If I determine upon joining them, you shall hear from me previous to our departure.

Dr. James Wilson, in a paper upon "Affections of the Heart," read some weeks since before the Royal College of Physicians, indulged in the following sweet strain in speaking of an infant's sleep:—"So motionless is its slumber, that in watching it, we tremble, and become impatient for some stir or sound that may assure us of its life; yet is the fancy of the little sleeper busy, and every artery and every pulse of its frame engaged in the work of growth and secretion, though his breath would not stir the smallest insect that sported on his lip—though his pulse would not lift the flower-leaf of which he dreamed from his bosom:—yet following this emblem of tranquillity into after life, we see him exposed to every climate—contending with every obstacle—agitated by every passion; and under these various circumstances how different is the power and degree of the heart's action, which has not only to beat, but to 'beat time' through every moment of a long and troubled life."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE TONGUE.

Thou art a mighty leveler in sooth,
And in the twinkling of an eye, canst slay
More marshalled foes with thy two-edged sweep,
Than Sampson in a century could fall.—*Æneid*.

THERE seems to be an inveterate propensity in all the animate creation to be always making a noise during their waking hours. And verily a good portion of said creation cannot remain quiet even in sleep, but in their dreams keep snoring and babbling at such a rate, that a blind man would find it difficult in their society to tell when it was time to go to bed. Whether this continued infringement on the sober propriety of silence be the result of habit, or some mysterious influence operating on the passions, it is not easy to determine. It is not improbable, however, that such a principle exists. We know that gravitation controls and approximates every particle of matter however remote or dissimilar; and why may not the principle of sympathy have a like influence upon every individual mind throughout the universe? Now, on the supposition that this is so, and that the theory of the ancients with regard to spheremusic is correct, which tells us that every orb has its individual and appropriate melody, which, blending with the music of all the others, forms the harmony of creation, we can plausibly account for the said propensity among the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. For man being an imitative animal, and very susceptible of outward impressions, cannot remain silent while all nature is lifting up its voice around him. On the same principle we account for that singular and beautiful accompaniment which we invariably hear at the theatre during an opera. No sooner does the orchestra commence, than presto! every foot of man, woman, and child, whether invested in prunella or imprisoned in three-fold cow-hide, thick set with villanous nails, is drawn up and thrust down again to the floor with all the regularity and emphasis of a triphammer. This is vulgarly called beating time; and I have no doubt that were it not for a sense of propriety, every tongue would be let loose on the occasion in one grand concert, to the utter annihilation of all harmony, and the complete discomfiture and rout of the musicians.

In fact, with respect to sound, there is a sort of *ecceitnes imitandi* which infests the tongue of every living thing. It is not confined to man alone, but to the lower animals also, and you may notice it whenever you please in the country. It is really delightful to go out into the fields of a summer morning just as the day is breaking. At first all is still except the low dreamy sound of unfolding vegetation, which is for ever stealing forth even in the deepest retirement of nature. By-and-by as the dawn advances, the voice of some wakeful chanticleer breaks in upon the stillness with a clear and silvery cadence, like the first note of a clarinet heard at evening far away upon the waters, and before its last echo has expired, a response comes ringing back from every "harem" in the valley. Presently the robin commences her plaintive but eccentric song, to be answered by her mate in the neighbouring coppice. Bird after bird breaks in, till every grove is vocal with the mingled matin. Crow calls to crow from the distant pine tops, and eagle screams to eagle from opposite mountain peaks. As the east brightens, the flocks collect on the knolls and greet each other from different pastures, while loo answers loo, and neigh responds to neigh on every side, as herd and steed exchange their morning salutations. And then if perchance, two rival trainbands should commence their evolutions with the "march to Boston," or "yankee doodle," accompanied by the merry whistlings of all the rantipole urchins in the village, the concert will be complete.

Now the prime instrument in this grand diapason is the tongue, that apparently most insignificant of all organizations. Place thy mirror before thee, gentle reader, and examine it attentively. Is it not a puny part and parcel of humanity? Verily there appertains to it nothing of the *os hominis rublime*. It hath neither the rose-tint of the lip, nor the fair beauty of the cheek, nor the fearless bearing of the nose, nor the soul-speaking expression of the eye, nor the princely grandeur of the lifted brow. It is a little squab, brandy-coloured, unsymmetrical and unpoetical personage, without either dignity or comeliness. The novelist gives you page after page about the silken lashes, the radiant orbs, the glossy locks, and the polished forehead of his heroine, but never does he waste a syllable on the form or feature of her tongue. The fact is, it is too prosaic for the dalliance of his imagination; and besides, he is aware that should he throw about it all the charms which fancy can accumulate, the world would set him down as a visionary, and assert outright that though her face may be as beautiful as a peri's, her tongue can be no better

than it should be. Being one of those common-place objects which experience has always found insignificant, it cannot be dignified by tropes, nor exalted by high-sounding epithets. Indeed a simile would be utterly lost upon it, if used to illustrate its shape rather than its abilities; for I know of nothing within the whole circle of existence, to which it can be compared with the least shadow of resemblance. In form it is a physical anomaly, a material nondescript, without "kith or kin;" and whoever should attempt to classify it with any known species of objects, would manifest as much reason in the undertaking as the idiot displayed when he set about climbing a sapling to get a better view of the stars. It seems as if nature were ashamed of her work, or why has she taken such pains to hide it from observation? For what other possible purpose than as a concealed place of banishment for this unsightly member could she have formed the mouth, that horrible excavation in the "human face divine," whose abyss has gulphed more fortunes than the Norwegian maelstrom? There she has secreted it, "aqua like a toad," within a double bastion of teeth, and a two-fold curtain of lips; and there, like the sibil of Delphos, invisible and in darkness, it fashions its intrigues and utters its varied oracles. With all these defenses, however, it is the most consummate coward in the world. Though the prime mover of all contentions, it is never found in the van of the battle. Like a puny yet quarrelsome companion, it is ever bringing its fellow-members into jeopardy by its bickering propensities; but the moment they are attacked, it seeks its own safety, and leaves them to get off as they can. Oh, how aggravated will be its reckoning with the nose, for the multiplied mishaps it has occasioned that august personage! How greatly is it indebted to that magnanimous go-between for the claret and carbuncular protuberances, lost and won in its defence! And how striking is the contrast between the bold manly bearing of the one, and the shameful pusillanimity of the other? If the nose offend by a scornful contemptuous corrugation, there is no skulking, no manoeuvring to elude consequences; all is fair, open, dignified. It stands forth undaunted, schooled to suffer with the fortitude and equanimity of a martyr. Not so the tongue. It seems to consider that the glory of a warrior does not consist in the accumulation of scars, but in the multitude of retreats he has effected; and therefore it always makes the most of an opportunity to escape. In this it reminds me of a school-mate of mine, a peevish, impudent, brawling little stripling, who was continually abusing his fellows, but was never known to fight; for if they attempted to chastise his insolence, he flew to his father's door-step, and whenever any of them approached, he whipt in, turned the bolt, and remained secure till the storm had subsided.

Though deficient in the endowment of personal beauty and genuine courage, the tongue is not wanting in utility, the characteristic virtue of the age. It possesses all the essentials of a steam-engine, with infinitely more power to the square inch, and at the same time requires no expense to keep it always in repair. There is no loss by friction; no wear and tear of material. Year after year it runs on uninjured, (would that I might add uninjuring!) with the most reckless and untiring perseverance. The hand and foot, the eye and ear become wearied by continual action, and require rest to recover their exhausted energies; but the tongue never falters or faints from the longest exertion—the most overtasked performance of its functions. It appears to be free from the physical weaknesses of the other members, and to gain strength and suppleness in proportion to the severity of its use. Without this diminutive and apparently insignificant organ, life would be nothing but a pantomime, civilization would retrograde, and in the lapse of a century, I have little doubt but that Lord Monboddo's theory of a tailed humanity would be literally realized. Annihilate the tongue, and sonnets and serenades, novels and tragedies would be forgotten; the memory of glorious Shakespeare would pass away; and instead of real thorough-going sentimental courtships, mankind, like the birds, would have their "pairing time," their St. Valentine's day.

The activity of the tongue is truly astonishing—the rapid flash of the eye cannot be compared with it. If you do not believe me, just listen to the pronunciation of a fluent Frenchman. The words fall from his lips like the quick drops of a shower; so swift and continuous that it is an impossibility to count them. Yet these are all modulated, in some measure, by the tongue; and in Spanish, where almost every letter is sounded, the celerity of movement which this organ evinces, must surpass that of any other muscular action with which we are acquainted. It is related of one of Decatur's battles, that some of his guns were discharged a dozen times during a

minute, yet what is this to the glossal ordnance of an offended woman? It is like the snail-pace of the sloth to the lightning speed of the antelope, when compared with the hurried volleys of such a battery. Why, I should rather have been in the front rank at Lodi, than stand in the point-blank of an angry Xantippe's facial artillery.

As an instrument of taste, the tongue stands unrivalled. In this consists its true glory, and on this alone is the immortality of Dr. Kitchiner based. All the French cooks in the world were not worth a farthing, but for this little divinity that sits in judgment upon their incomparable productions. It is the epicure's fortune for which, in his estimation, there is no possible *quid pro quo* in the universe; and I have no doubt but that he would rather part with the four cardinal limbs of his body—ay, or the four other senses themselves, than with a hair's breadth of his tongue. And what, O shade of the mighty McGrawler, were thy powers of discrimination, "thy perspicacity of goût," when compared with the abilities of this sublimest of critics! As an instance of its delicate acumen, I have heard the following anecdote: Two German gourmands once met over a flaggon of wine. The eldest just tasted the beverage, smacked his lips, and declared there was iron in the demijohn from whence it had been drawn. The other tasted, and gravely asserted that his friend was mistaken, and that instead of iron being in the vessel, it must be silver. A dispute arose and mine host was called; and it was agreed that the demijohn should be emptied for their mutual satisfaction. This was accordingly done, and at the bottom was found an iron corkscrew with a silver handle!

PROTEUS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Translated from the French for the New-York Mirror.

THE RETURN TO VENICE.

FEDERIGO had retired to a saloon of his palace, whose windows overlooked the sea. The apartment was decorated with a profusion of splendour. The gold which glittered on silk and tapestry, the antique but richly wrought chains, and the magnificent Venetian mirrors, which covered the whole length of the walls, all bore witness to the immense wealth of the heir of the counts of Bundelli.

He strode up and down the apartment with fixed look and folded arms, speaking to himself like one labouring with deep thought. "At Venice! In the palace of the Bundelli, and myself Count Bundelli! when but yesterday I was ever doomed to live far from my country, in obscurity, perhaps in wretchedness! What degradation in the two years I have spent out of Italy! And shall I not avenge myself? Yes, by heaven, and that terribly! Now that I am rich and powerful, I no longer fear that villain Strozzi. My uncle! he my uncle! my father's brother—a Bundelli! I will slay him, that he may disgrace the name no longer. Yes, I will slay this Strozzi." And as he uttered the hated name, he clasped his hands on his breast in rage, and stamped fiercely on the magnificent carpet on which he trod.

At last he paused, and drawing near the window to gaze on the sea, he gave himself up to gentler emotions, "O tranquil bay!" exclaimed he, "O waves of the Adriatic, and thou, bright Venetian sky! O my native land! I see ye once again; once more regain a name, a rank, a country!" He was still leaning over the balcony, indulging these pleasing thoughts, when the door suddenly opened, and a young man entered the apartment.

"Will the Count Bundelli permit the humblest of his servants to offer him his congratulations?"

"Rodrigo!" exclaimed the other, and they embraced cordially.

"My dear Rodrigo!" said the count, clasping his hand, "I was sure I should see you ere long. Be ever welcome! he who was true in misfortune should ever be welcome to prosperity."

"Psha! 'tis nothing. I did but what you or any other would have done in my place. When a friend is in need of me, he finds me ready; when I have need of him, I go to seek him."

"No, Rodrigo, all would not have acted like thee. Witness the day when I was forced to fly from Venice, how many of my false friends shunned me like a contagion. Witness that when I knocked at the doors of Colati and Foscarini, they refused to shelter me. May the threat of St. Mark's lion devour them! I shall hardly peril myself to snatch them from it."

"Be persuaded by me, Federigo; think only of enjoying the present, or remember the past only to rejoice at searching the end of your misfortunes. Now that you are safe returned, success to Venice! and away with England, with her wintry

heaven and pestilential mists. Behold that clear sky, and those quiet waves which reflect the parting rays of sunset, and tell me if you ever saw a country that could compare with our own!" And in his enthusiasm he led Federigo to the window, and there made him observe the placid beauty of the lake, the gondolas which now began to emerge from the canal in greater numbers, little dark-sided boats gliding over the waves, filled with music, and with fair ladies reposing under tents adorned with silken curtains and magnificent mirrors, and soft cushions, and luxuries of every sort piled on tables of fragrant wood.

"What a lovely evening!" said Federigo, sharing his friend's enthusiasm; "how beautiful that sky! and then those harmonious voices! Who would not be proud of being a Venetian!" He ordered his gondola, and the two friends were rowed across the bay.

Venice is indeed a charming city. What delicious excursions on the water in the long summer evenings, when the light sea-breeze refreshes the languid frame, and the measured stroke of the oar invites to pleasing melancholy, and groups of ladies, coquettishly veiled, flit past us, and the sweet music and rich voices of the gondoliers repeat in turns the noble strains of Tasso; and when all these unite with the mysterious influence of the light that trembles on the water to steep the contemplative spirit in silent voluptuous delight! But Federigo, plunged in gloomy thought, saw nothing of all this loveliness, or rather, as often happens, the contrast offered by nature's peace and beauty served to increase, rather than to soothe, the feverish irritation of his mind.

Rodrigo tried in vain to dispel his gloom. "I must be avenged on the villain Strozzi," was the answer to every question—"Strozzi—thy uncle?"—"What? and was it not he who caused all my sufferings? he who made me a beggar—he who condemned me to exile, and drew down on my head my father's curse? Fool that I am! What now avail me all the wealth and honours that are once more mine? What now avail my marble palace, and the fair Venetian dames, and the doge's festivals, and my seat in the senate? That curse is still heavy on me—what am I but an accursed Cain as long as Strozzi,—that fiend Strozzi,—that cloven-footed devil that sits on my breast in my dreams,—that hideous spectre whose fleshless form haunts my restless nights, lives—lives happy—lives insulting my misery, and flattering with honied words him whom he stabs in secret?"

The two friends were conversing more tranquilly when an elegant barge floated near them, and a voice from within called Federigo by name. "Strozzi!" cried he, gnashing his teeth; "my uncle," he added more mildly. The gondolas stopped; the uncle and nephew embraced affectionately, and Rodrigo scarcely seemed to wonder at it.

"We will doubtless meet at the doge's festival," said Strozzi, as he left them.

"My dear Rodrigo, I have changed my mind. I will go with him to the doge's."

The doge gave a festival, a royal festival, a masked ball, with festoons as it were of lovely women round the ball-room and brilliant cavaliers at their feet, with graceful dances, and illuminations in gardens embalmed in the perfumes of their flowers, and ravishing harmonies of voices and instruments, and in the midst of the fairy scene a mysterious troop of dominos, who came and went and glided like spectres through the joyous groups. A thousand young nobles, senators, and patricians of Venice, crowded with their congratulations round the young Count Strozzi. Federigo was gay, animated, brilliant; the smile of pleasure played round his lips and lit up his eyes. Oh, could those who saw him then but have counted the uncertain, hurried, anxious throbings of his heart!

The ball lasted late into the night, and just before the first dawn of morning a gondola left the gardens of the ducal palace, and flew swiftly along beneath the guidance of a single boatman. Three masks were at one end of the boat, two standing, while the third seated at their feet with guitar in hand, accompanied himself with the words of a pretty little song which the Venetian girls sing at evening when the day's labours are over, and they dance in a round before their dwellings. The singer was unmasked, and the fading light of the moon shone on the features of Rodrigo. His two companions talked of the ball, of the ladies, of the lovely evening on the water, and one would have supposed to hear them that they were two giddy, careless youths, returning from the doge's festival full of the joyous ideas inspired by the honied accents and winning smiles of the fair. But one of them, at least, was a man of ripe age. He spoke with Federigo in the tone of friendship, and could not, he said, be weary of congratulating him on his fortunate return to Venice, for no one had desired it more than he. 'Twas a happy day, and he would soon give a festival to celebrate the joyful event. "My kind uncle!" cried Federigo, seizing his hand, "My kind uncle!"—while with his other arm he struck so deep that the kind uncle whirled round, and sunk at once to the bottom with the dagger buried in his heart! At the same moment, Federigo's manly voice united with the light tones of Rodrigo, and the gondola glided in the shadows of night over the waves, now ruffled by the fresh morning breeze, as gently as though it wafted onward two young and innocent lovers.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

THE following Indian tradition of the first landing of Europeans near New-York, is extracted from Heckwelder's history.

"A long time ago, before men with a white skin had ever been seen, some Indians, fishing at a place where the sea widens, espied something at a distance moving upon the water. They hurried ashore, collected their neighbours, who together returned and viewed intensely this astonishing phenomenon. What it could be baffled all conjecture. Some supposed it a large fish or animal, others that it was a very big house floating on the sea. Perceiving it move towards land, the spectators concluded that it would be proper to send runners in different directions to carry the news to their scattered chiefs, that they might send off for the immediate attendance of their warriors. These arriving in numbers to behold the sight, and perceiving that it was actually moving towards them, (i. e. coming into the river or bay,) they conjectured that it must be a remarkable large house, in which the Manitto (or Great Spirit) was coming to visit them. They were much afraid, and yet under no apprehension that the Great Spirit would injure them. They worshipped him. The chiefs now assembled at York Island, and consulted in what manner they should receive their Manitto: meat was prepared for a sacrifice. The women were directed to prepare the best of victuals. Idols or images were examined and put in order. A grand dance they thought would be pleasing, and in addition to the sacrifice, might appease him if angry. The conjurors were also set to work to determine what this phenomenon portended, and what the result would be. To these, men, women, and children looked up for advice and protection. Utterly at a loss what to do, and distracted alternately by hope and fear, in this confusion a grand dance commenced. Mean time fresh runners arrived, declaring it to be a great house of various colours, and full of living creatures. It now appeared certain that it was their Manitto, probably bringing some new kind of game. Others arriving, declared it positively to be full of people, of different colour and dress from theirs, and that one in particular appeared altogether red.* This then must be the Manitto. They were lost in admiration, could not imagine what the vessel was, whence it came, or what all this portended. They are now hailed from the vessel in a language they could not understand. They answer by a shout or yell in their way. The house (or large canoe, as some render it) stops. A smaller canoe comes on shore with the *man of red* in it: some stay by his canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men form a circle, into which the *man of red* and two attendants approach. He salutes them with friendly countenance, and they return the salute after their manner. They are amazed at their colour and dress, particularly with him who, glittering in red, wore something (perhaps lace and buttons) they could not comprehend. He must be the great Manitto, they thought, but why should he have a *white skin*? A large elegant *hockhack* (gourd, i. e. bottle, decanter, &c.) is brought by one of the supposed Manitto's servants, from which a substance is poured into a small cup or glass, and handed to the Manitto. He drinks, has the glass refilled, and handed to the chief near him. He takes it, smells it, and passes it to the next, who does the same. The glass in this manner is passed round the circle, and is about to be returned to the red-clothed man, when one of them, a great warrior, harangues them on the impropriety of returning the cup unemptied. It was handed to them, he said, by the Manitto, to drink out of as he had. To follow his example would please him—to reject it might provoke his wrath. And if no one else would, he would drink it himself, let what would follow; for it were better for one even to die, than a whole nation to be destroyed. He then took the glass, smelled at it, again addressing them, bidding adieu, and drank

* Hudson clothed in red the savages he took on board near Sandy Hook bay. This shows that he had red clothes on board, when he or his mate landed. Hudson himself might have been thus clothed.

the contents. All eyes were now fixed (on the first Indian in New-York who had tasted the poison which has since effected so signal a revolution in the condition of the native Americans.) He soon began to stagger. The women cried, supposing him in fits. He rolled on the ground. They bemoan his fate. They thought him dying. He fell asleep. They at first thought he had expired, but soon perceived that he still breathed. He awoke, jumped up, and declared he never felt more happy. He asked for more, and the whole assembly, imitating him, became intoxicated. After this intoxication ceased, they say, that while it lasted the whites confined themselves to their vessel, the man with red clothes returned, and distributed beads, axes, hoes, and stockings. They soon became familiar, and conversed by signs. The whites made them understand that they would now return home, but the next year they would visit them again with presents, and stay with them awhile: but as they could not live without eating, they should then want a little land to sow seeds, in order to raise herbs to put into their broth. Accordingly a vessel arrived the season following, when they were much rejoiced to see each other; but the whites laughed when they saw the axes and hoes hanging as ornaments to their breasts, and the stockings used as tobacco pouches. The whites now put handles (or helves) in the former, and cut down trees before their eyes, and dug the ground, and showed them the use of the stockings. Here they say a general laughter ensued, to think they had remained ignorant of the use of these things, and had borne so long such heavy metal suspended around their necks. Familiarity daily increasing between them and the whites, the latter now proposed to stay with them, asking them only for so much land as the hide of a bullock spread before them would cover or encompass. They granted the request. The whites took a knife, and beginning at one place on this hide, cut it up to a rope not thicker than the finger of a little child. They then took the rope and drew it gently along in a circular form, and took in a large piece of ground; the Indians were surprised at their superior wit, but did not contend with them for a little ground, as they had enough.† They lived contentedly together for a long time, but the new comers from time to time asked for more land, which was readily obtained. And thus they gradually proceeded higher up the Mahicannituck, (Hudson river,) until they began to believe they would want all their country, which proved eventually the case."

A CHAPTER ON GLOVES.

I envy the man who invented gloves, but I have no such feeling towards him who invented shoes. A glove is an object of luxury, elegance, and refinement; a shoe is merely a concealment, a defence, an absolute necessary of life; and I never could sympathise with those who are reduced to the ebb of inventing mere necessities. In ancient writ, however, much confusion exists between shoes and gloves; for the expressions, "a shoe for the hand or foot," or "a glove for the foot or hand," were convertible phrases. David says, "I will cast my shoe over Edom;" and in the book of Ruth we are told, that men took off their shoes and exchanged them as pledges of faith, and as a testimony in contracts. The Chaldee Paraphrast translates the word into glove, instead of shoe; and Talmud explains the word as "the clothing of the hand." From this explanation the learned Casauban draws the acute inference, that the Chaldees wore gloves. And who can doubt him? Even the patriarchs wore gloves; for Isaac knew his son Esau by touching his hand, and finding it hairy, or, in other terms, Esau wore the skins of beasts for gloves,—"Rebekah put the skins of the kids of the goats on the hands of Jacob." Xenophon reproaches the Persians for their effeminacy in wearing thick gloves to keep their fingers from the cold; but, considering the climate of Persia, we must say of Xenophon, that he was not happy in tracing causes and effects. Cowper says

"I would not number on my list of friends
The man who sets his foot upon a worm."

Nor would I, if he did not wear shoes. The first open declaration of war between man and the reptile insect races, was the wearing of shoes. Sterne tells us, that his Maria travelled over all the flinty roads of Southern France and Italy without shoes or stockings; but I never liked her the better for it. I do not think that *homo* ever had a local habitation, a domicile,—in short, a seat,—till shoes were invented, and threatened a contact. The Spectator tells us, that the young ladies of fashion of that day always retained in their service

* It is certain that the Dutch sent one ship the year after Hudson's discovery, and it is highly probable that a part of the crew who had been with him, returned with this vessel.
† These Dutchmen (says Mr. Heckwelder,) turned their classical knowledge of Queen Dido to a profitable account.

a set of insignificant *beaux*, whom they called "shoeing-horns," and who, we suppose, must have known the length of their feet.

But a truce to digressions—*a nos moutons*—Gloves.

The earliest mention of gloves is by Homer, who tells us, that Laertes wore gloves, that his implements of husbandry might not blister his hands. The most appalling description of gloves is in Virgil, where he describes the boldest hearts quailing at the mere sight of the gloves of Eryx, composed of seven folds of the thickest bull's hide, sewed and stiffened with knots of lead and iron:—

"Obstupuerunt animi: tantorum ingentia septem,
Terga bouum plumbo inserto, ferroque rigebant."

Nothing can be more distinct than "putting on the gloves," in the ring of modern pugilists, and putting on such gloves as these. We have seen the mailed gloves of chivalry, "where great iron pikes protect the knuckles," and who has not seen, at the Ashmolean Museum, the famed glove or gauntlet of Guy of Warwick, with its welled scales and studs of metal, trespassing from the legitimate region of the glove to the very elbow. No wonder this glove, when thrown into the ring, was so seldom taken up, for the very idea of lifting such a glove, without a portable steam-engine, would frighten any knight in these degenerate days, not excepting those of city creation.

But the gloves of Eryx, of Guy of Warwick, and of all Homer's and Virgil's heroes, and of King Arthur's to boot, sink into absolute insignificance compared to the monstrous glove of Charles V., who, being born at Ghent, (Gand) declared, in contempt of Paris, that he could put the whole city in his glove (Gand). In contrast to the hands that could wear such terrific coverings, let us take Cleaveland's idea of a lady's palm, made delicate by wearing gloves.

So soft, 'tis air but once removed;
Tender, as 'twere a jelly glove.

Athenæus describes a great *gastromome* of his day, who dishonestly came to feasts with gloves on, that he might eat his food hotter, and take up more at once than any other guest. If a dish were too hot for the naked fingers, this gourmand would have his Benjamin's portion before any body else dared to touch it; after which, he would *coolly* say, "now, gentlemen, let's start fair." This reminds us of the late Emperor of Morocco, who, when he did not indulge in the expense of gloves in eating his pilaw and other nondescript messes, kept a negro boy with a fine head of hair at his elbow, in whose locks he was constantly wiping his fingers. Varro maintains that olives gathered with the naked hands were more delicate than those gathered with gloves; but this, we suppose, depended on the relative cleanliness of the hands and gloves. Pliny speaks of his father's secretary writing in gloves, to keep his hands from the cold, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, although the lava cinders and smoke were annoying all around him, and killing his master.

Reverting to Esau, we are reminded of Musonius, who in the first century complains bitterly of the most unchristian degeneracy of persons, not invalids, wearing gloves, "clothing their hands and feet with soft hairy coverings." Seven centuries after this, the church anathematized glove-wearers, and the council of Aix, in the reign of Louis le Debonaire, prohibited, by an edict, the monks wearing any gloves but of sheep-skin. But all the powers of the councils, popes, and cardinals, could not accomplish this object, and glove-wearing by the monks and other ecclesiastics, is a subject of frequent complaint by ascetics. The council of Poitiers confined the use of "sandals, rings, and gloves, to bishops;" and we find that the abbots took the mere order in high dudgeon.

In different parts of Europe, when "the wisdom of our ancestors" flourished, the transfer of lands, of feudal rights, of the sees of bishops, &c. was by giving a glove, and the form of privation was by taking the gloves off. The earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward II. was deprived, *inter alia*, of his gloves, for corresponding with the Scots.

At the coronation of the kings of France, the ceremony of blessing the glove is still continued, as is that of the champion throwing the glove in the ring at the coronation of England. It is well known, that at the coronation of George II. this was not treated altogether as a mere ceremony, for an unknown gentleman took up the glove, as the champion of the Pretender, accepting thereby the challenge of the champion in defence of the right of the house of Hanover to the throne.

Our judges used to be prohibited wearing gloves on the bench; and it was only in case of a maiden assize that the sheriffs were allowed to present a judge with a pair of gloves. Witnesses at present must not touch the book with the glove on, although some books presented to them are sufficiently soiled to need such a protection.

It was an old English gambol to win a pair of gloves by

kissing a lady who was caught asleep, or sitting on the table in company; and it was an ancient custom in France and Germany, to forfeit the gloves if a person entered the stables of a prince or peer without previously pulling them off. These gloves were to be redeemed by a fee to the grooms. In the reign of our Henry II. Simon de Martin gave a grant of his lands for fifteen shillings, one pair of white gloves at Easter, and one pound of cinnamon—an odd association.

We are told that Anne Boleyn was "marvelous dayntie" about her gloves. She had a nail which turned up at the side, and it was the delight of Queen Catharine to make her play at cards, without her gloves, in order that the deformity might disgust the king—the result of her experiment is too well known. There was, on one occasion, much talk at court about a pair of splendid gloves given to Mary, Henry's sister, by Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, that superb champion of England, and successful knight against all combatants, English and foreign, who dared to take up his gauntlet.

Queen Elizabeth, mercenary in other respects, was extravagant, fastidious, and capricious in the extreme about her gloves. She used to display them to advantage in playing the Virginelle, though she put them off when she wished to display her art to excess, as was the case when she took care that the Scotch ambassador should overhear her, and whom she afterwards asked if his mistress, Mary Stuart, could play or sing as well.

In 1759, Lord Arran's goods were sold in London, by auction, and Sir Thomas Denny, of Ireland, the lineal descendant of Sir Anthony Denny, the executor of Henry VII., made the following purchases, at the prices opposite:

	£.	s.	d.
A pair of gloves, given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny.....	38	17	9
A pair given by James I. to Edward Denny.....	22	4	0
A pair of mittens given by Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady.....	25	4	0

After these mighty relics of the mighty dead, we can scarcely condescend to notice the kids of our modern dandies.

Let us observe that Napoleon took all decent occasions to be without his gloves. He had in the palm of his hand, that complaint which infested poor Abelard, and which Voltaire said our Shakespeare attributed to Cassius. Napoleon's however, was not the *cacoethes auri*, the itch of gold; for, by his own account, it was caught of a gunner, whose ramrod he snatched up as the man was torn to pieces by a cannon-ball at his side. A punster might say "*palmam qui meruit ferat*," but let us merely observe, that whatever was the matter with the palm of Napoleon's hands, the outer side was exceedingly white, compact, and well-formed, and he was fond of pulling off and leaving off his gloves, that people might witness "this good point" about him. He was not in the habit of boasting colloquially, but he used very often to say that he had "an aristocratic hand."

Immediately prior to that great revolution which overturned thrones, kingdoms, dynasties, and all distinctions of dress, gloves worn by gentlemen were spangled and very richly worked. But with the throne fell laced clothes, bag-wigs, hair-powder, ruffles, swords, and embroidered gloves; nay, the little muffs worn by all Frenchmen in the streets disappeared with the monarchy.

When the volunteer mania pervaded Ireland, and the whole country had an enthusiasm of nationality—amidst the absolute *furor patriæ* that pervaded all classes, the spirited little bishop of Derry, (Lord Bristol) obtained as much celebrity for his embroidered white gloves with their gold fringe, long gold laces and tassels, as he did among the ladies by his six plump little ponies, or among the gentlemen by his radical, *bonnet-rouge* politics. When will such eras be seen again?

We must conclude this chapter with an anecdote which brings the history of gloves down to our own day. When the present B—l H—s was in the glory of his dandyism, he had a room in his town domicile entirely devoted to gloves, where a table was always laid out with "all the delicacies of the season" in the way of gloves, and where his friends were at liberty to help themselves. He himself never used to put on a pair of gloves twice.

Court Journal.

AN EXTRACT.

How fearful is the very life which we hold! We have our being beneath a cloud, and are a marvel even to ourselves. There is not a single thought which has its affixed limits. Like circles in the water, our researches weaken as they extend, and vanish at last into the immeasurable and unfathomable space of the vast unknown. We are like children in the dark; we tremble in a shadowy and terrible void, peopled with our fancies! Life is our real night, and the first gleam of the morning, which brings us certainty, is death.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Falkland.—Much censure has been cast upon the publishers of this novel on account of its supposed immoral tendencies, and it has been decried with a fierceness and a zeal which might almost prove the immaculate purity of the critic, and the unredeemed impiety of Bulwer. This charge has often been alleged against this singularly-gifted writer, and matter-of-fact people are constantly identifying him with the villains and the rousés, the robbers and unprincipled men of fashion whom he so graphically and justly depicts. This is unjust. We do not intend to indicate the absolute propriety of presenting to the public too accurate images of vice, and its seductive scenes and thrilling incidents; but we do contend that the representation of human nature, when accurate, which must always possess interest, is not necessarily productive of the extreme evil in the minds of those admitted to its examination which is so gratuitously assumed; and that it by no means implies the residence of vice and corruption in the breast of the painter. With respect to *Falkland*, we acknowledge that its publication might have as well been let alone—it was not needed to fill up the sum of Bulwer's fame; and on some weak minds it may, perchance, produce no very favourable impression.

Atlantic Souvenir.—We are happy to learn that the proprietors of this interesting annual feel so well pleased with the encouragement they have received in its sale, that they intend to continue the series, and to get up the next volume in a style even superior to its predecessors. C. Rolls, of London, has been engaged to furnish a superb frontispiece; and twenty other engravings will embellish the work. The contributions of native talent are solicited; and as the highest compensation is afforded for literary labour, they will undoubtedly be furnished. The mere statement of these facts will ensure the attention of literary men.

Our Village.—Looking over our late files of the London Literary Gazette we perceive that a further volume of this series of popular sketches has appeared in England. It must, of course, be re-printed by some one or other of our numerous enterprising publishers. It is thus announced in terms peculiarly appropriate to the expression of praise for its most fascinating author:

"We welcome Miss Mitford as we would welcome the golden rain-fall of the laburnum; the opening of the thousand small flowers that form the fragrant *clouster* of the lilac; the first gooseberry tart, that happiest union of sweet and sour; or, as we would welcome violets, happiest union of sweet and sour; or, as we would welcome as we cream, cheese, &c.; in short, we give her the same welcome as we would to all the sweet signs that tell of present spring and coming summer. This little volume is the fourth of a very delightful series; and it has all the arch humour, the exquisite bits of landscape, the light but true touches of character, that made its predecessors so popular."

The Jail.—The question respecting the jail appears to have been at length decided in a way directly contrary to the wishes of our citizens. It is to be fitted up "in a fire-proof manner for the purpose of keeping the public records!" There seems to be a settled determination on the part of the Common Council totally to disregard the desires of their constituents. The public have long since voted the *nuisance* down, but we fear it will remain for their posterity to demolish, unless they take the law in their own hands, and tumble it about the ears of our city sages. We should be sorry to recommend such a course; but if a public meeting should be called for the purpose, we would not answer for the consequences.

Strangers.—We are requested to state, and we do so with much pleasure, as the object entirely meets our approbation, that a *free emigrant office* has been established in this city, in the Sixth Avenue near Sixth-street, for the purpose of affording intelligence, advice, and employment to all foreigners coming to this country. The advantages of this must be obvious. In a metropolis like New-York, where almost every fresh arrival adds hundreds to our already dense population, it is of the utmost importance that there should be some place where strangers may rely upon receiving correct information. The gentleman who is thus exerting himself appears to be influenced solely by benevolent considerations, as his services and advice will be dispensed gratuitously.

New Music.—We call the attention of our musical readers to the much admired song, "*Mi Pizzica mi Stimola*," published by Bourne. The piece is got up with much care and attention, and ornamented by a vignette of Mrs. Austin in the character of Marian, in the popular opera of Rokeby. The costume, figure, and scene—a gothic chamber—are finely delineated, but the general effect is more striking than the likeness.

The Two Graves.—The author of this tale not having furnished us with the second and concluding chapter in time for the present number, we are obliged to defer it until our next.

Bulwer.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

AS SUNG BY MISS GEORGE, AT THE PARK THEATRE, WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN.

ALLEGRETTO.

SECOND VERSE.
The roses of life all their sweetness have shed,
Well-a-day! well-a-day! well-a-day!

From the sunshine of hope all the brightness has fled,
And grief on my path her dark shadows has spread.
The roses, &c.

THIRD VERSE.
Farewell—my last song to its close hastens on,
Well-a-day! well-a-day! well-a-day!

Yet it cheers my lone spirit to think there is one
Who will fondly remember the bard when he's gone.
Farewell, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO AN ORPHAN.

LAST scion of a withered tree!
Left early desolate;
Tears fill mine eyes, as mournfully
I think upon thy fate:
Thou—thou perchance unconscious art
Of all which yet may wring thy heart.
Sweet bud! though many a storm of grief
Hath visited thy bower,
Thou wear'st the freshness of the leaf,
The beauty of the flower,
Though many a blossom from the bough
Which shelters thee, hath vanished now.
No fears thy bosom yet molest,
Thou art not yet aware
How much a mother's tenderness,
A father's guardian care,
Are needed in a world like this,
Oh! blest is thine unconsciousness!
But yet methinks that sweet face wears
A shade of pensiveness,
And not the joy of childhood's years
Thy frequent smiles express:
A heart made prematurely wise
Speaks in thy mildly mournful eyes.
The very beauty of thy face,
Thy cheek so purely fair,
Where scarce the rose has left its trace,
Thy light and silken hair,
The veins on thy transparent brow,
Like violets buried under snow—
Doth not this fragile loveliness
Hint at thy parents' doom,
And even in its rich excess
Speak darkly of the tomb?
Yet hope, fond dreamer, vain would see
A vista of bright years for thee.
The spirit of thy gifted sire,
Thy mother's truth of heart,
The light that flashed but to expire,
The love that could impart
A joy to death—shall we not see
Them shadowed forth again in thee?

Yes! from the depths of those blue eyes
Thy father's soul looks forth,
And in thy smile a promise lies
Of all thy mother's worth;
Even now the germ of thought appears
In thee beyond thy tender years.
Sweet child! sole relic of the dead!
Link of a broken chain!
The looks, the smiles from earth long fled
In thee revive again:
And there are those who ever see
An image of the past in thee. THEYSA.

TO A SPANISH LADY,

On hearing her express an intention of re-entering a convent.

Young heart without a stain!
Why mid the convent's melancholy gloom,
Wilt thou, forgetful of the world, again
Thy blessed wealth entomb?
It is no fitting place
For one to whom so much of worth is given,
And dark-eyed beauty, and the winning grace
Of thoughts which tell of heaven.
Ye, o'er whom virtue's spell
Has been a thread of gossamer—a hair—
Whose haunted breast remorse has made a hell,
Ruled by the fiend despair:
Ye, who have felt the frown
Of disappointment blight what promise gave,
Have seen the last, best bosom friend go down
Unto the voiceless grave:
Ye, in whose future sky
No cheering star of kindly hope appears;
Along whose desert path all springs are dry,
Save those, alas! of tears,—
Fly from the world apart
To mercy's shrine—the habitation of prayer,
And, with a humble and repentant heart,
Seek rest and refuge there.
But thou, whose buried years
No shade of guilt, no spectre-thought attends,
With every charm that virtue's smile endears,
Glad home and circling friends—
Why court the cloistered shade
Where undeplored love's richest blossoms fall?
Thou, whose bright spirit was in kindness made
To grace the courtly hall!

Are thy heart's wounds so sore,
So deeply laid, so fully fraught with harm,
That Hope hath not within her healthful store
For them a healing balm?
And heaven-born Hope replies,
"Child of the stricken soul, believe it not:
I have a solace for its deepest sighs,
Peace for its darkest lot."
"Though clouds are o'er thee now,
And down thy pale, fair cheek unbidden steal
Gushes of secret tears, and on thy brow
Stern care hath set his seal,
Clear skies shall yet be thine,
Serene and bright as beamed on Eden's bowers,
And chastened joys from feeling's holiest shrine,
Shall cheer thy coming hours.
"Sweet words from friendship's tongue
Shall round thy heart like seraph-music play,
And many a flower from pure affection sprung,
Breathe fragrance on thy way;
And many a beacon light
Far o'er thy future path shall cheering dawn,
And guardian ministers, by day and night,
Unseen, shall lead thee on."
O then, fair future maid,
Wilt thou not list affection's, pleaded prayer?
And seek not in the convent's withering shade
Peace, vainly sought for there!
Stay for the social hearth,
The festal hall, where woman's charms regale;
She that hath smiles to make a heaven of earth,
Should wear no shrouding veil!

MORNING.

I know not whence the emotions come
That thrill like sunbeams in my heart,
When night folds up her shadowy plume,
And bids her sombre train depart:
But, when the morning's rosy glance
Comes flashing through the orient skies,
I feel a blest inheritance
As dreams within my spirit rise.
How like a throng of living flowers
Gay thoughts spring up and float away,
As morn unfolds her golden hours,
And bids their streaming splendours play
Each field, and grove, and stream, and tree,
Is deck'd in beauty from above,

And rich in viewless melody,
The air is redolent with love!
At such an hour earth's heartless throngs
Are like the ephemera of a day;
I hear the birds' rejoicing songs
And feel as glad and free as they!
I mark the blue suspended dome
In its uncolumned grandeur rise;
The outspread earth is made their home,
Theirs the wide palace of the skies!
Give me the welcome smile of morn,
The evening's starry coronet,
Within whose kindling spells are born
The gems in fancy's garland set!
These are the treasures—priceless, rare,
Beyond barbaric pearl or gold
That ever flashed upon the air,
Or glittered where old ocean rolled.
And link'd with these unsullied spells
In high mysterious union,
Within the inmost spirit dwells
A ray unsullied—a pearl unwon!
Oh, how the poor delusive show
Of sublimity love or power,
Withers before the radiant glow
Of morning's smile, or sunset's hour!
Ask not the frivolous, the vain,
Thou child of thought, to share with thee
The kindling raptures that pertain
Unto thy glorious destiny!
It is enough that thou canst find
A charm surpassing gold or love:
The transport of the undying mind,
The soaring of the soul above!

Above!—there's magic in that word!
It speaks the free, unfettered thought;
The seraph-voice of fancy, heard
When grovelling spirits are forgot!
It is a proud boon thus to be
Indifferent to the plodding train:
To list aerial melody
In nature's wide and pure domain! EVERARD.

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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1880.

NUMBER 9.



Drawn by A. J. Davis—Engraved by A. J. Mason.

THE TILED COTTAGE.

THE romantic reader who may feel a desire to visit the antiquated establishment, of which the above is a faithful representation, need not be deterred from his or her purpose by the dread of fatigue or the fear of expense. The "Tiled Cottage" is neither in Westchester, New-Jersey, nor on Long-Island. Even the highly-favoured mortals who live in the vicinity of the Battery and the Bowling-Green can walk to it in less than *two minutes*! One hundred years ago it was in the heart of the city. It still forms the north-east corner of Broad and Beaver streets.

Like most modern corners in these degenerate times, it is occupied as a grocery, by Mr. J. W. Carpenter, who hires the premises of Thomas Gardner. The projecting windows, on the extreme left, in Broad-street, light the shoe-store of Philip Daily, and the foliage in the rear is the top of a luxuriant vine, which is creeping up the gable-end of an adjoining house of modern construction.

Of the history of the "Tiled Cottage" we are profoundly ignorant, not even knowing whether it was ever the temporary residence of Charlotte Temple, or some more recent heroine, immortalized by Brown; but several respectable house-keepers in the neighbourhood assure us, that it is at present famed for tea, sugar, and liquors, of superior quality.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THIS successful pioneer in American periodical literature promises, under its "new administration," (it is that of the Everetts,) to preserve its high character for sound doctrine in morals, liberal and enlarged feeling in politics, and correct taste in criticism. We always regard the history of this quarterly journal with pride and satisfaction. It was commenced at a period which was by no means propitious to the success of so arduous an undertaking in this young republic. We were then at war with Great Britain, which held in her iron grasp the dominion of letters, with a power and a might second only to that with which she rode on the mountain wave, and proudly claimed it for her home. On the continent of Europe, where the great struggle against her dominion was carried on, the very name of the United States was little more than a fairy vision which might haunt the reveries of a disciple of Plato, or warm the heart of a secret worshipper of Tell or Brutus. In our own country there was little enthusiasm cherished for letters. The all-absorbing theme, the engrossing interest was politics. Napoleon and the British navy—democracy and federalism—these were the subjects which agitated the minds and thrilled the hearts of every American. To attempt a quarterly review at such a crisis—to aim at promulgating doctrines, and propounding the law on matters connected with men and books, when all opinions were unsettled, and all deference was conventionally and undisputedly paid to transatlantic authority, was indeed a difficult, a doubtful, and a bold enterprise. Its success reflects equal honour on the sagacity of its projectors, and on the spirit and truly magnanimous patriotism of the people of this country. Notwithstanding the established reputation of the two great quarterlies of London and Edinburgh, which were regularly reprinted here, notwithstanding their sneers at the literary capabilities of this degenerate commonwealth, the North American Review at once, and without serious opposi-

tion, rose into influence and favour. And this influence and this favour have gone on increasing, in spite of occasional errors and lapses which had better been avoided. Its character is now fixed—and foreign civil or domestic enmity will in vain seek to lessen its popularity or cripple its power.

The last number for July contains a number of excellent and well written articles, all of which will reward perusal. The political condition of Mexico is ably and *knowingly* handled. The notices of Byron are well written and happily conceived. But there are two points on which we are sorry to see this excellent journal volunteer its powerful aid. We allude to the American system, as it has been called, a political question, about which the less a literary journal is concerned the better. The other is a useless and idle warfare with British periodicals, about the literary eminence of our writers. Their own reputation is their best defence, and will outlive all foreign envy and domestic neglect.

TALES AND SKETCHES.*

We have been favoured by the publisher with a few sheets of a work bearing the above title, and which is now in press in this city. The writer is evidently one who has travelled much, and noted with an observant eye the "form and pressure" of the passing scene. The tales comprised in the first volume are mostly illustrative of Scottish life, and in descriptive power and correct delineation of character may challenge a comparison with many of those works which have made the "Mountain Clime" a classic land. We have been much pleased with a perusal of "The Dapper Gentleman's Story," it is a picture true to nature, and will find its prototype in every community. We rank this tale upon a par with the best of Mr. Galt's, and regret that our limited space prevents us from more than alluding to it. The extract which we make below is an episode in a sketch entitled the "Tent." Our readers will agree with us that it possesses a great deal of that tenderness of thought and expression—of subdued and holy passion—so touchingly depicted in "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." The traveller is wandering listlessly in a graveyard, listening to many a village legend from the lips of a casual companion. In reply to the remark, "Here is a grave, so new, that the grass is not yet green above it; whose tomb is this?" he receives the following narration:

"Do you observe that youth, with pale and melancholy look, standing a few steps from it, and gazing so intently, yet, with such a heart-blinded look, as if his eye could penetrate the clod, as doubtless in imagination it does? O! he could tell of the lovely flower so early faded, and so lowly laid."

"It is a young girl's grave then, and that fair-haired, hapless one, her brother?"

"No, sir, her lover."

"Was there anything peculiar in the circumstances of her death?"

"To those who knew her, every thing connected with her was interesting—she was a poor peasant girl; bonny Marion Gaham! I remember her well: she was the prettiest lass in the parish."

"I know not why it is, but the fate of a young and beautiful girl is always interesting; every heart is delighted in her joy or touched with her grief; but let any chance befall those who are either ugly or old, and we are more apt to be amused at their misfortunes, than to feel for them—we scarcely admit that the homely can have feeling. Beauty is indeed a powerful spell."

"I will merely glance at the story of bonny Marion, for by that name she was universally known. On a pleasant gloaming of last autumn the villagers were assembled on the beach. The maidens sang with artless note their favourite melodies, and the hardy men tuned the droning bagpipes—their untutored music floated along the surface of the sea, and echo, borne on the wings of the zephyr, returned a sweet and mellow tone. Bonny Marion was the most conspicuous in the groupe, both for loveliness and worth; she was the especial favourite of the pious minister; if other proof than her artless and innocent demeanour were wanting to commend her to general esteem, that insured her the respect of the whole parish. She was regular in her attendance at church, she listened with undivided attention to the words of truth, and in her private hours no one was more devout than bonny Marion. Two wherries were expected to return that evening from Glasgow, whither they had sailed a few days before, laden with fish. While the villagers were thus engaged, a bark-stained sail was seen far in the distance, impelling gently over the scarcely ruffled wave, one of the expected boats. Each villager hoped that the approaching wherry contained the one dearest to her heart: the wife longed to embrace her cherished husband, the mother to kiss her loving son, and the blushing maiden, to steal a glance from the bright eyes of her faithful lover. Bonny Marion sat in breathless anxiety, expecting every moment to greet the kindly look of Dugald Cameron; they had been reared from infancy together, and but a few weeks before had plighted their vows of eternal love. This voyage was the last that Dugald contemplated to make, before, at the altar, his heart and Marion's were linked in one. The wherry approached the shore; all hurried to the beach to welcome the comers, save bonny Marion, whose heart was throbbing in her bosom, as she kept her place on the green banks, her eye eagerly searching, but in vain, to catch the welcome glance of Dugald Cameron; it was not his wherry that had just arrived. On that gloaming I stood by her side, but conscious of her anxiety, I spoke not a word. I gazed on the meeting of friends, I saw

the embrace, the kiss—the hearty shake of hand and hand, and I heard the loud and happy tones of congratulation. Suddenly the scene of joy was changed to one of grief. I heard the sobs of the women, I saw the weather-beaten hands of the men, wrung as if their hearts were overflowing with sorrow, and every eye at intervals turned a pitiful glance on bonny Marion. I also gazed upon her lovely face; what a look she cast upon me. I shall never forget that look! Her heart seemed over-fraught with the anticipation of some dreadful event. Her cheek flushed redder than the rose, and in a moment grew paler than the lily. She spoke not, but gazed intently, watching each motion of the groupe that was still lingering on the beach. I felt all impatience to know the truth at once, and hurried to the water's edge. I soon learned the cause of that sorrow, which to me had before been a mystery. Dugald Cameron was drowned! His wherry was boarded in the Clyde by 'the press-gang,' and Dugald, in hopes of escaping the strong arm of power, which would have doomed him to a life worse than that of a galley slave, plunged into the river; he gallantly buffeted the waves for a while, and at length sank, but no eye saw him rise again! How was this melancholy news to be communicated to bonny Marion! Fearful that some of the villagers would too rudely break it to her, I resolved on the instant to be myself the bearer. I spoke not my intentions aloud, but made a motion to all; they understood me, and alone, slowly I advanced to the place where bonny Marion still sat mute and motionless, more like a piece of excellent sculpture than a living being. Her eyes were fixed on me, but not a tear was in them—her lips were firm, but not a sound escaped from them. My heart melted at the mournful sight! I had not the power of utterance to tell the tale. I believe I must have looked all that I would have said, for in a moment bonny Marion exclaimed, in a frantic tone, 'drowned?' I murmured, 'yes.' I wish a painter could have seen the look that I saw then: it was agony personified. She now covered her face with her hands, and her head bowed down as it were by the weight of her sufferings, seemed buried in her lap. The villagers at a signal from me approached. A young maiden took hold of either arm of bonny Marion; they raised her on her feet, and at their motion, passive as a very child, she moved onwards to her dwelling; still neither moan nor tear betrayed her agony of mind. Her eye was fixed on vacancy, and each feature of her lovely face was motionless as marble. How deeply every heart was pierced with this appalling spectacle of woe!

In an arm-chair, that graced her father's 'ben,' bonny Marion was placed. The silent sorrow of her gray-haired sire, and the violent outbreaks of her doating mother's grief, added so heavily to the load on my heart, that I could not refrain from tears. I know it is unmanly to shed a tear, but if the masterdom of the world had been offered to me, I could not at that moment have controlled my feelings.

"I know not exactly how long it was after this—hours perhaps—that a gentle tap was heard at the cottage door, and in a moment after, with a joyous step, Dugald Cameron bounded amongst us; bonny Marion uttered a piercing shriek, and fell prostrate on the floor; her streaming eyes and sobbing bosom gave us assurance not only that she lived, but also hope, that the violence of her grief would shortly pass away. Her own eyes had seen him, who but a moment before, she thought was divided from her for ever, by the impassable gulph of death. Dugald knew not then what could have occasioned this heart-rending scene. I begged her parents to put bonny Marion on her pillow, and I entreated Dugald to follow me from the cottage. 'I was obeyed. We strove to the beach together—it must have been near midnight; not a star twinkled in the heavens—dark clouds overhung the face of nature like a pall. I told Dugald as we paced alone, yet in the midst of terms, all that had transpired. I begged him to have no fears for his betrothed, and assured him, that in the morning she would greet him with as kind and healthy a look as ever. His feelings were calmed. I now asked him to relate by what chance he had so unexpectedly re-appeared. His story was to this effect:—When, to avoid impressment, he plunged into the river, a thought struck him that he would be pursued and overtaken; he therefore feigned to be exhausted, and sank as if struggling for life. The moment he was beneath the surface, he swam swiftly under the keel of a smack, which at the time was passing down the river, and rose, unperceived by the 'press-gang,' on the larboard side. He was immediately taken on deck, treated kindly, and at his request, when opposite the Hill of Ardmore, was safely landed—whence he walked to his native village."

"The clouds of that night found vent in rain, the morning sun came forth in a clear unshadown sky—and all nature seemed refreshed. Bonny Marion rose that morn: the flood of tears which the evening before presaged would have dissipated the gloom that hung over her mind, gave not the expected relief—she was a maniac. The sun of reason never more dawned upon her mind. O, that was indeed a sad day for her parents, but a sadder for Dugald Cameron."

I once saw Hamlet acted in a theatre; a pretty maiden in that play, I think they called her Ophelia, becomes deranged; she looked for all the world so like bonny Marion, that I could not help thinking of it. Bonny Marion would sit for hours upon the beach, at the same place and with the same look, as on that hapless evening. If she saw a sail approaching, she would laugh with very joy, and cry that Dugald was coming—the sail passed, then she would sigh, and half upbraid her lover's tardiness. It was a pitiful sight to see. She had a thousand fancies; at times she would roam about the fields, singing snatches of old songs, sometimes to a gay, sometimes to a melancholy air. She had a sweet and silver voice. Again she would wander through the woods, or bound over the lawns, gathering each pretty flower that met her eye—the sweet-brier rose, the daisy, the rowan-blossom, the hawthorn bloom, and the prickly thistle; sometimes the dock, the fern, the brechan, the nettle, and the heather, and with these would she fantastically decorate her long auburn tresses, or twine them around her humble apparel. There were an innocence and simplicity in all she did, that even in her dark moments was charming. Every heart hoped she would recover! though days sped fleetly on, and no outward token denoted a change, still the villagers hoped that the cloud which overshadowed her reason would yet pass away. She never knew Dugald Cameron, though he was very kind to her, and watched her as though she were a child. O how he wept, as he gazed upon the ruin of his cherished Marion:

"A few weeks ago she was found dead; it was upon the beach at her usual watching place. There is her grave, and that youth is Dugald Cameron."

We have seen this work ascribed to the pen of James Lawson, Esq.; whether justly or not we do not know; and the author forbids us to inquire, in the following quaint motto from Burton:—"So that the contents please thee, what concerns it if the man in the moon be author. I would not willingly be known."

Mr. Bliss has also in press the new volume of "Our Village," by Miss Mitford.

* By a Cosmopolite. Two volumes. E. Bliss. New-York, 1880.

MADDEN'S TRAVELS.*

It were needless for us to enter upon a formal review of these delightful and picturesque notices of the eastern world. The newspapers have teemed with extracts, which are not sufficiently satisfactory, because they did not embody the whole work. Dr. Madden is a man of accurate observation, impartial judgment, fearless intrepidity, and agreeable powers of description. The regions which he has visited possess uncommon interest at the present juncture. The book will form a standard work on the subject of which it treats.

THE OXONIANS.†

Another novel from the pen of the author of "The Roué," has just made its appearance in England. We concur so heartily in the following abstract sentiment, suggested by this work, that we hope we shall be spared the pain of indulging our own criticisms against it by its republication here. We have had too much trash of this sort palmed off upon us already.

"We remember a story of an Italian priest, who, while confessing an ostler, questioned him closely whether he ever greased his horse's teeth to prevent their eating their due allotment of oats; the man assured him he never had; and absolution was granted. But when the period of confession again came round, this fault was the very first to which the ostler pleaded guilty. 'I thought,' exclaimed the surprised priest, 'you told me, that of this fraud at least you had never been guilty?' 'I never had,' replied the man, 'till you put it in my head.' Much upon this ground do we object to the volumes now before us; we object to them as introducing scenes, persons, &c. whose very existence it is matter of prudence and even virtue to keep out of sight; matter of prudence certainly, for it is to be more than doubted whether the description of luxurious enjoyment will be more likely to attract than the late after-consequence to deter; and the common-place bits of morality—those gratuities of cant to propriety—which are every now and then thrown in, seem something like peace-offerings, which enable the author to say—'How can you call a book in which there are such excellent sentiments immoral?' The writer has mistaken his forte; it is not that of deep insight either into man or woman's character. It is a common but most mistaken idea, that knowledge of vice is knowledge of human nature, and that to depict crime is to be profound. It would be ridiculous to bid the novelist avoid the darker picture of vice—the bad as well as the good are his property; but we see no great moral advantage in having the words libertine, passion, seduction, always before us, while a warning is held out in the shape of sudden death or violent repentance, which, in nine cases out of ten, never happens in real life. In a literary point of view these volumes do not call for severe criticism; they are made up of the remains of the *Roué*, who again figures on the scene; story there is none, and the *dénouement* is not such as we can approve."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

JURY TRIALS.

THERE is a positive absurdity in demanding of a man whether he is guilty or not, when the court is assembled to try that very fact, and when, if he deny his guilt, he is not believed, but the trial proceeds just the same. I remember being present, some years ago, at the *assizes* in a city in the west of England, where a simple looking fellow was put to the bar, upon an indictment for sheep-stealing. The usual question was addressed to him, and his answer convulsed the court with laughter. "I am not going to tell you any thing about it, gentlemen; you must find it out, if you want to know." It was from pure simplicity he made this reply, thinking, no doubt, it was a hard case he should be a witness against himself; and hesitating, I suppose, to declare a falsehood by denying his guilt; for when he was instructed how he should plead, and did so plead, there was sufficient proof for his conviction. But if it be, as I contend it is, absurd to require of a man that he should say he is not guilty, as a sort of legal defiance to his accusers, to prove him so, what can be urged in defence of the tenfold greater absurdity of compelling him to deny his guilt? Or, if not absolutely compelling, at least exhorting and persuading him? And this, too, for the avowed purpose of inducing him to take his chances of escape in the lottery of justice. Let us consider for a moment the relative position of the parties in such a scene as frequently occurs in our courts.

We will suppose a man indicted for forgery. He knows he has committed it, and that the proofs of his guilt are irrefragable. Or we will discard the latter circumstance altogether, as a motive. We will assume only, that being conscious of his crime, he either disdains to deny it, or is reluctant to burden his conscience with the additional crime of falsehood. In fact, it is of no consequence for my argument what are the reasons which impel him, when arraigned, to plead guilty. It is enough for me that he does so plead, to show all the monstrous perversions of law and morality that follow. The judge no sooner hears his plea than he employs every argument and entreaty to prevail upon him to retract it. In other words, he earnestly beseeches him to tell a direct and deliberate lie;

and if the prisoner (as was actually the case at the last summer *assizes*, on the northern circuit) ventures to remonstrate against these entreaties, upon the ground that he cannot deny his guilt *without telling a lie*, the judge feels it his duty to explain, by a species of forensic casuistry not very edifying, that it is telling no lie at all, in a moral point of view, to say he is not guilty of the crime laid to his charge, though he knows he is! And for what purpose is all this machinery put in motion? Not to save an innocent man, for the man himself says he is not innocent; but to give a guilty man, a criminal by his own confession, the benefit of that "glorious uncertainty of the law," which is its opprobrium; to enable him, as I have already said, to take his chance of drawing a prize in the lottery of the law; to secure him advantages which ought not to exist, the contingent probability that evidence may fail in some technical point, that some technical flaw may be discovered in the proceedings, or that a capricious jury may disbelieve him, and upon their oaths declare he is innocent in spite of himself! Ay, and be it remembered, these chances are not altogether illusory. One case I distinctly remember, (and I have heard of others) which occurred at the Old Bailey about fifteen years ago. A man who was actually indicted for forgery, pleaded guilty, was induced to retract his plea, stood his trial, and was acquitted, owing to some informality! Now, all this was very agreeable to the poor wretch who thus unexpectedly slipped his neck out of the halter; but what a burlesque was it upon our criminal jurisprudence, and what a mockery of the principles of equal justice! English paper.

DIURNAL DUTIES.

Under the title of *Sure Rules for obtaining and securing the preservation of Health, the enjoyment of life, and the attainment of a good old age*, we are presented by a contemporary writer with the following admirable directions for the occupations of a day. By a large class of the community they are capable of being strictly complied with; and we are fully persuaded, that whoever will put them in practice will very soon experience their effects in an augmented amount of health and cheerfulness.

From March to October rise with the sun; in this there should be no deviation or interruption; no morning must be missed on any consideration. Immediately after leaving your bed, and washing with pure spring water, get into the open air, and, if residing in the city, make your way on foot or on horseback, as far into the surrounding country as your time will permit. The purity and invigorating quality of the air early in the morning greatly exceeds that of any other part of the day. Breakfast about eight o'clock, and as your appetite will be created solely by exercise and pure air, you will experience an eager desire for the first meal of the day, which you may indulge in freely, taking care, however, that it be not to excess. This meal should consist of light wholesome food. After breakfast you will of course devote yourself to the business of the day, but if you have no direct occupation, employ yourself in exercise in the open air. Upon the time selected for dinner, will entirely depend the necessity of refreshment previous to the second meal. If the dinner-hour be any time before two o'clock, luncheon is not required, it would be even hurtful. If, however, it be protracted until four, five, or six o'clock, some nourishment ought to be taken at an equal distance between breakfast and dinner; but nothing substantial—a cracker, a crust of bread, a draught of milk, or a custard, is all that nature requires. If your employment be sedentary, it is almost as essential to the preservation of health that before you sit down to your dinner you should again take exercise, as it is that you should take any dinner at all; if your time, therefore, will allow ample opportunity for walking, be as particular in taking it as if you depended upon it for your subsistence.

Thus prepared by air and exercise, you need not fear to yield to the natural impulse of the appetite in the enjoyment of your dinner, taking care, however, that you do not approach to excess, much less indulge in it. For dinner, any thing may be eaten that is in season and not rendered pernicious by the refinements of modern cookery. Water is the most wholesome beverage to be taken at this meal; to wine in the extent of two or three glasses, we know of no very forcible objections, but more than this is decidedly injurious; malt liquors should also be drunk very sparingly, and distilled spirits should be entirely abstained from. It may be here observed, as we have hinted on a former occasion, that persons in sound robust health, procured by exercise and general temperance, require a greater amount of food, and a more nutritious quality than those who live a life of indolence and indulgence. Common sense will point out to them the pro-

priety of selecting such kinds of aliment which experience has taught them best agrees with them—and reason, guided by their own feelings, ought to indicate the bounds which nature has fixed as to its quantity.

In three or four hours after dinner, exercise in the open air should again be taken, provided time will allow; afterwards you may take tea, but as you value your health and a peaceful night's rest, do not take *green tea*, neither let it be strong. Should you dine early, with the amount of exercise here directed, you may perhaps require a little supper; in general it is better, however, to omit this meal entirely—when taken, it is all-important that it be perfectly light, and very limited in quantity. Retire to bed by ten or half-past ten o'clock at the very latest; sleep on a hair mattress, in a room with a chimney in it, or otherwise well ventilated, without fire, or curtains to the bed. A striking difference will be experienced by any one going out of the fresh air into a close bed-room early in the morning, which clearly demonstrates that the atmosphere of the room becomes during the night impregnated with unwholesome exhalations. The only way in which the injurious effects of such an atmosphere can be obviated is by keeping up a free ventilation in the room, and by the strictest cleanliness.

Journal of Health.

A LESSON ON GOOD MANNERS.

The regulations of the steamboats on the Mississippi forbid gentlemen from entering the ladies' cabin. On his voyage up the Mississippi river, Captain Basil Hall, having accompanied his wife into the ladies' cabin, was apprised of the regulation, and requested to retire. To this hint (although a sense of decorum ought to have sufficed without any hint) the captain paid no attention, and continued to repeat his visits to the ladies' cabin. At the request of the husbands of the other ladies, the captain of the steamboat at length interfered, and coolly, but positively, ordered Captain Hall not to go into the ladies' cabin, intimating at the same time that the order must and should be obeyed. Captain Hall probably thought it necessary to show that a post-captain in the British navy did not take orders from a backwoods captain of a steamboat, and accordingly repeated his visit to the ladies' cabin. As it was late at night, nothing farther was then done. At sunrise the next morning Captain Hall appeared on deck, and was summoned by the captain of the steamboat to get his baggage ready to go on shore. The steamboat was then somewhere between the mouth of the Red river and the Chickasaw bluff, with a very pleasant canebreak on each bank, and from two to five hundred miles from any settlement. Under these circumstances, going on shore is no joke. Captain Hall could scarcely believe the intimation serious, but soon heard the orders given to one of the hands, to "bring forward the English gentleman's trunks, as he was going to be left when the boat stopped to wood." A Kentuckian immediately stepped out from the engine room, very little over six feet three inches high, of a complexion considerably lighter than sole leather, and with a pair of fists closely resembling, in all their properties, the vice at which he had been working, and moved along about seven feet at a stride (as he was obliged to mince his steps among the bales and casks on the deck) towards the pile of Captain Hall's trunks. Not a word was said, but in two seconds half a truck load of baggage was on the Kentuckian's shoulders, and all ready for Captain Hall to be left at the next wood yard; where, as there were no hospitals, schools, nor navy yards to visit, the captain would not be pestered with having sights and shows "crammed down his throat." Notwithstanding this, Captain Hall (strangely enough) was rather unpleasantly affected with the appearance of things. He tried to argue, coax, and wheedle, but all to no effect. He did not happen, on this occasion, to talk loud nor bustle, which was fortunate for him, and at the last moment, on the intercession of the husbands of the ladies, on whose retirement Captain Hall had intruded, the captain of the steamboat relented, on condition that Captain Hall should "learn better manners for the future."

Boston Courier

BROADWAY.

The day has its successive scenes, as life its seven ages. The morning opens with servants sweeping the pavements—the pale seamstress hastening to her daily toil—the tormented dyspeptic sallying forth to his joyless morning ride—the cry of the brisk milkman—the jolly baker—and the sonorous sweep—the shop-boy fantastically arranging the tempting show, that is to present to the second sight of many a belle her own sweet person, arrayed in Flandrian's garnitures, Marquand's jewels, Goguet's flowers, and (oh tempora, oh mores!) Manuel's "ornamental hair work of every description."

* Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824–5–6—and 7. By R. R. Madden, Esq. M. R. C. S. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 220–238. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea.

† By the author of the "Roué." Three vols. 12mo. London, 1830.

Then comes the business hour—the merchant, full of projects, hopes, and fears, hastening to his counting-house—the clerk to his desk—the lawyer to the courts—the children to their schools, and country ladies to their shopping.

Then comes forth the gay and idle, and Broadway presents a scene as bustling, as varied, and as brilliant, as an oriental fair. There are graceful belles, arrayed in the light costume of Paris, playing off their coquetties on their attendant beaux—accurately appareled Quakers—a knot of dandies, walking pattern-cards, faithful living personifications of their prototypes in the tailor's window—dignified, self-complacent matrons—idle starers at beauties, and beauties willing to be stared at—blanketed Indian chiefs from the Winnebagoes, Choctaws, and Cherokees, walking straight forward, as if they were following an enemy's trail in their own forests—girls and boys escaped from school thralldom—young students with their backs turned on college and professors—merry children clustering round a toy-shop—servants loaded with luxuries for the evening party, jostling milliners' girls with bandboxes—a bareheaded Greek boy, with a troop of shouting urchins at his heels—a party of jocund sailors from the "farthest Ind"—a family groupe of Alsace peasants—and, not the least jolly or enviable of all this multifarious multitude, the company of Irish orangemen stationed before St. Paul's, their attention divided between the passers-by, their possible customers, and the national jibes and jokes of their associates.

Clarence; or a Tale of our own Times.

DRESS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

To the attractions of a noble figure, Raleigh studied to combine those of a graceful and splendid attire. Many of his garments were adorned with jewels, according to the richest fashions of the day, and his armour was so costly and curious that it was preserved, for its rarity, in the Tower. In one of his portraits he is represented in this armour, which was of silver richly ornamented, and his sword and belt studded with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. In another he chose to be depicted in a white satin pinked vest, surrounded with a brown doublet, flowered, and embroidered with pearls; and on his head a little black feather, with a large ruby and pearl drop to confine the loop in place of a button. These, it may be said, were no extraordinary proofs of costly expenditure in dress, in days when it was the boast of Villiers duke of Buckingham, to be "yoked and manacled" in ropes of pearl, and to carry on his cloak and suit alone diamonds to the value of eighty thousand pounds.

London Literary Gazette.

LAUGHING TURKS.

A gentleman who loves a laugh himself tells a good story about Turks laughing. He was at the town of the Dardanelles with another English traveller; while loitering about, he all at once lost his English servant, a humorous creature, worthy of such a master. After some search, H— was found in the bazars, dancing a minuet with a tall tame pelican; no ways disconcerted at their approach, he finished his dance, and then with a ball-room bow, he took his partner by the wing, and, with a mincing gait, led her to take refreshments at a neighbouring kibaub shop. The solemn Turks almost died of laughter, and the roar that arose from the bazar could be inferior only to that of the Dardanelles battery, when Baron de Tott fired his great gun!

English Magazine.

A DISAPPOINTED SUITOR.

A certain titled gentleman is said to have lately refused a young lady (his junior by about twenty-four years) under the following circumstances:—The parents of the lady in question not having an idea, from the gentleman's superiority of years, that an attachment subsisted between them, very naturally and very innocently, encouraged his visits to their house as an agreeable friend. At length he made his proposals, which were accepted, as it is averred; but Sir E— D—, after having put the first important query to the lady of his choice, thought proper to put a second, and, as it will be seen, to him an equally important one, to her father, which in plain English amounted to this:—"How much is your daughter to have?" "Ten thousand pounds now," replied the gentleman, "and ten thousand more upon my demise." "Is that all?" cried the elderly inamorato, with a look in which astonishment and disappointment struggled strongly for pre-eminence. "All, I assure you," said the father—"I can give her no more." "Well, then," replied Sir E—, "that being the case, I have only to say, that we can proceed no further in this affair; for a girl with only twenty thousand pounds will never suit me!" The friends of the young lady inveigh bitterly against the disappointed gentleman; who, it is said, recrim-

nates by "wondering" amongst his male acquaintance "how the girl could presume to encourage him, knowing her fortune to be no more twenty thousand pounds, and his own—nothing."

Court Journal.

GUITAR PLAYING.

The guitar seems, at present, as favourite and fashionable an instrument with British amateur vocalists of all ranks and ages, as with the Spaniards. It is fair to presume that the Peninsular war has brought into vogue, of late years, this continental instrument, as well as the beautiful melodies adapted to it. Many officers in the army patronize the guitar, both in their own persons and in their families; and, amongst these, Lord S—n is, we understand, a distinguished performer on this instrument.

1b.

LARGE FORTUNES.

Sir Robert Peel has been elected high steward for the borough of Tamworth, in the place of his late father. It is said that the late Baronet allowed his eldest son twelve thousand pounds sterling per annum, his second son six thousand, his other sons three thousand pounds each, and his daughters one thousand five hundred each, and this immense property is to be divided in these proportions. He is said to have died worth two million five hundred thousand pounds. The will was proved on Friday in Doctors' Commons, and sworn to exceed one million, which bears the highest probate-duty (fifteen thousand pounds). The present Baronet is said to have come into possession of six hundred thousand pounds in landed property by the death of his father.

1b.

LADY SOUTHAMPTON'S JEWELS.

These jewels which were stolen about three months ago, have been discovered and returned to her ladyship in a singular manner. One day last week, Lord Southampton's gardener was digging in the shrubbery, and his spade struck against some hard substance. He carefully took up the mould, and actually found the whole of the valuable stolen property, with the exception of two finger rings of no considerable value.

1b.

DIAMONDS.

It is expected that diamonds, especially small ones, will shortly become less scarce, and consequently proportionably less valuable, since the late Burmese war has, it is said, put into British possession some rich mines of these gems, equal in hardness and water, and superior in size, to any that have yet graced the public or private collections of *bijouterie* in the kingdom.

1b.

LENDING JEWELS.

Some idea may be formed of the prevalence of the custom of letting out, or lending jewels for hire, and of the profit accruing from this mode of proceeding, by the following fact:—A lady, viewing a few days since the magnificent display of plate and jewellery appertaining to one of our principal metropolitan jewellers, observed, amongst other splendid articles, a diamond necklace worth seventy-five thousand pounds sterling. On inquiring whether a purchaser was likely to be found for this extensive trinket, the person who shewed the jewellery, replied: "No, madam; we cannot hope for such a thing; but our money is returned to us, and with interest too, and by merely letting out articles like these, which the first nobility in the kingdom cannot be ashamed to hire, because their purchase would employ, for almost each, a fortune!" 1b.

GAITIES OF THE COURT OF GEORGE III.

The consort of George III. had an almost insatiable love of diamonds and lace. I remember that for years after the court given upon her wedding day, nothing was talked of but her majesty's diamond tiara and her diamond stomacher. A tiara at that day required almost a mine to ornament it; for ladies then wore toupets and "systems," or a frame work of hair, compared to which a grenadier's cap, in point of size, is as a wart to Ossa! On the Monday following, their majesties, in chairs, a splendid cavalcade, went to the theatre. The queen wore this much celebrated stomacher, the diamonds of which had cost fifty thousand pounds, and the centre brilliant alone had cost ten thousand pounds; an enormous sum considering the relative value of money at that period.

Then came the splendid *fête* given in the park by Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the too-famous duchess of Kingston, and the duke of Richmond's masquerade, and the illuminated *fête* of prodigious cost, with which the queen so suddenly surprised the king, that it was not until two scenes were

thrown back at ten at night, and exhibited the illuminated gardens, bridge, and temple, that he had any idea but that of passing a domestic evening. But the grand *coup* that evening was an illuminated dessert, which appeared almost like magic after the supper.

When the king recovered from his first mental disorder in 1766, the queen's favourite, the countess of Northumberland, gave a *fête* at the Mansion, at Charing Cross, beyond what modern times can imagine. Pyramids and columns of spiral flames rose among the trees, and there was a diamond necklace of lamps suspended from two lace columns, or obelisks of flame, whilst little bands of music, dressed in every species of costume, were fantastically interspersed in every direction. Count de Guernsey, the French ambassador, tried to rival this exhibition, and his plan was to stud the whole front of his spacious mansion in Soho Square as thickly as possible with lamps.

I faintly recollect the great ball given by the queen to the king of Denmark, when her majesty "kept it up" to four in the morning, and the king frolicked with us lads and lasses with a heart revelling in young delight. And then, only a fortnight after, the king of Denmark gave a splendid masquerade to "the nobility and gentry of England" at the Opera House. The queen had a prejudice against masquerades, and would not be present, nor would she suffer her royal consort to go; but the king was gay of heart, and cunning, and he contrived to accompany his two brothers and sister, and by sitting in a box enclosed with shutters, he enjoyed the scene to his heart's content without his presence being known. How he accounted to the queen for this breach of discipline and obedience I know not, but it occasioned many quizzical jokes amongst us "youngsters." This juvenile *fête* was the happy prelude to many more at the palaces, and to many imitations of them by the nobility.

It was, I think, (for I am growing old, and my memory begins to fail me,) but I think it was in 1789, that her majesty gave a grand gala in honour of the king's recovery. The cards to the young sporting nobility prescribed that they were to be dressed in the Windsor uniform; but some hoaxer persuaded the grave Lords Camden, Mansfield, Loughborough, and other old and learned lords, that the Windsor uniform was indispensable to all; and when their majesties saw Lord Camden enter with a dress so *outré* for his age and learned profession, they could scarcely contain themselves. "What, what, what! Camden, Camden, leave the law and turn Nimrod!" cried his majesty, joking the old lord. Lord Thurlow was not to be hoaxed, and he appeared in his old brown coat and wig, and speckled stockings.

The king and queen visited the nobility familiarly, and were at the grand *fête* given by the French Ambassador in Portman Square, and at the still more superb gala given by the Ambassador of Spain at Ranelagh. At this entertainment, the Rotunda was lighted by magic flames issuing out of innumerable gold filigree baskets, whilst two hundred footmen, superbly dressed, waited on the company. The world spoke much of her majesty's diamonds. Many magnificent presents of them had been made to her, particularly by the Turkish Ambassador; and the celebrated present of diamonds to the king by the Nizam, exceeded any thing known in Europe. These were the days of *parure*. Dresses were more varied and elaborate, and better adapted for the display of costly jewellery. Her majesty, on some occasions, seemed a stream of liquid light, dazzling all beholders.

But the devices of the table were then more ingenious and beautiful. There was a mode of making running streams of pellucid jelly, with coruscations of light from the bottom, reflected by floating objects, that was very beautiful, though it has been laid aside.

The last, or nearly the last royal *fête* I was ever at, was the memorable and splendid one given by his late majesty in 1806, on his taking up his permanent residence at Windsor. There was the new service of plate, which had just cost thirty thousand pounds sterling; and there were the curious silver candellabras and chandeliers, with the silver tables, which had been saved from Hanover at the invasion of the French; and, to match these, were the silver tables of William III. and Queen Anne, and a great deal of the old plate of Henry VIII. About five hundred persons were present. The king's table used nothing but gold plate, whilst only silver was permitted at the side tables. Between two hundred and fifty and two hundred and sixty dozen of silver plates were used on this occasion.

SILENCE.—To learn how to speak, you must sometimes practise silence—loudness and garrulity are infallible signs of impotence.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

NIGHT.

Day follows night; and night
The dying day.—Young.

THERE is a beauty, a marked benevolence of design in the alternations of the seasons. If man's years were all summer, all sunshine, all flowers, his mind would become languid and enervate, and the energies which spring from his nobler passions, would no longer set him apart as the lord of creation. If the desolation of a lasting winter prevailed, he would grow gloomy and unsocial; his sympathies would become less active and endearing, and the sweet buds of affection would rarely, if ever, put forth their blossoms. The monotony which would accompany the continuance of any one season, would render life more a burden than a blessing. So singular is the constitution of humanity, its strange blending of contrasts, the union of material inertness with the ever-restless activity of mind, that an enduring state of tempest or tranquillity would be insupportable. In the one case we should sink down from listlessness, in the other from excitement. Another kind provision in the revolution of the seasons is the guarded and preparatory change which takes place in their succession. In this there is no abruptness. Nature is not taken unawares in any of her departments. So nicely graduated is their approach that the transition from one to the other is almost imperceptible. Spring turns from the winter like an affectionate child from the arms of a stern, yet endeared parent, lingering and looking back with tears and smiles, till at last she is folded from sight in the embraces of summer. In the lapse of a few weeks the leafy gorgeousness of the latter season attains its perfection, and then a change as of decline steals over the voluptuous paradise, till at length its blossomed beauties are gently supplanted by the more substantial decorations of autumn. These, in their turn, are destined to wax and wane and pass away; and winter shall fill their places with his rude, yet not unpleasant creations. Still in all this variation from one extreme to another, there is, as I have before hinted, no broad line of demarcation. The months, as it were, run into one another, and their union forms an unbroken circle, within whose boundary the "busy hours" reveal their magic and their spells. In fact it would be impossible to draw such a line, for we cannot precisely determine when one season terminates and another commences; and therefore their divisions must be rather arbitrary than natural. But suppose the year were divided into four uniform periods—suppose that upon the tender and half-opened buds of April the sunshine of August should descend in all its withering effulgence, or that the chilling blasts of February should follow immediately on the warm serenity of one of our Indian-summer afternoons—and how melancholy would be the result!

The same regularity of concurrence accompanies the interchange of day and night. First darkness, then the gray dawn, then the rosy-tinted morning, and by-and-by, succeeds the full rich radiance of noon; then, as the sun declines, the light lessens in intensity, till the crimson twilight, the shadowy evening, and, at last, the over-brooding night again reveal their individual glories as they pass in review before us. Beautiful, very beautiful is the "coming on" of day and night! But though there is a similarity in the imagery they present, the feelings they awaken in the spectator are widely different. As he looks to the brightening east, a thrill as of gladness comes over him; for there is something animating in the reflection that around him a world is rising from its slumbers to renew its multifold and varied tasks—something stirring in the thought that presently he has to rush to its thronged arena to struggle with the bold and the haughty, the crafty and the powerful, for whatever prize ambition shall proffer as the recompense of the victorious. So reckless is the pride of his nature, that he can rejoice in the prospect, and exult in the approach of the tumult in which he is about to mingle. Not such, however, are his sensations when the day's commotions are ended, and he watches the setting sun as he sinks down like a dying monarch upon his couch of crimson and gold. The excitement of the morning has vanished, and, perhaps, his heart is now drooping from disappointment and the sickness of "hope deferred." He beholds in the gorgeous and fading clouds the likeness of those visions which at dawn showed so winningly, and whose brightness, experience now teaches him, shone but to mock his credulity. Yet he withdraws not his gaze, for the melancholy which accompanies it is not unpleasant, and the memories awakened by those passing glories, like dreams of recovered treasures, are not without their solace.

I have read of the beauties of Italian skies, but I cannot believe that they surpass our own. What, for instance, could

be more charming than the sunset which we here witnessed about a year since, when, for nearly an hour, the whole western half of the horizon was one arch of the brightest crimson? Though such a scene is rather rare in our immediate vicinity, yet in the interior, and particularly in the mountainous districts of New England, it occurs almost every day. At Williamstown, the Chamouni of Massachusetts, scarcely an evening sets in without the most beautiful accompaniment of rainbow-tinted clouds. I never marked the changes of their forms or colouring without calling to mind the following lines which I have somewhere seen, and which, though fanciful, are nevertheless descriptive of those beautiful creations:

Bright are its skies and waters, rich its clouds
In all the tints of light, superbly rich;
And oft in trance of thought by fancy charmed,
While gazing on their gorgeous minarets,
I've deemed that dimly through the blue serene
Heaven's radiant palaces of glory shone;
Or that angelic architects, to please
The good with visions of their future home,
Those mansions emblematical had reared.

There is a tranquillizing influence in the scenes which usher in the approach of evening. The vesper notes of the birds exhibit less of the vivacity of joyousness, and fall upon the ear with a plaintive and sweeter cadence. The flowers fold up their delicate petals—the clouds lie listlessly along the horizon, and the air, which the bustle of day has filled with strange noises, becomes hushed as if for sleep. Now and then a sound interrupts the general quiet of the scene as the milk-maid or the homeward-bound reaper strikes into some familiar household song, or the zephyr rustles the leafy branches, or freights his wing with the low music of the distant water-fall; but the continuance is momentary, and serves as a pleasing contrast to the deepening stillness. At such an hour it seems as if universal nature were drawing her curtains for a dreamy and deep rest. Then is the season for contemplation—the time to turn aside from the haunts of mirth, for those purifying enjoyments which solitude alone can minister. Ye in whose bosoms still linger the stormy and unhallowed passions which day has excited, come forth to the shadowy twilight, and a portion of its serenity shall fall like a heavenly influence upon your spirits. The stern necessities of your lot shall for awhile be forgotten amid the soothing images which evening gathers around you. Ye shall no longer feel the weariness of toil—no longer groan under the stern tasks of morning or mid-day—no longer remember the harrowings of scorn, or contumely, or oppression, for evening bath an "oblivious antidote" for all your sufferings. Yea, come forth to the moonlit lawns and the forest dells, and the tranquillity which reigns throughout their seclusions shall again be yours.

For myself, the night has more charms than all other seasons united. Immure me in a dungeon—shut from my view the beauties of morning—the "pomp and circumstance" which attend the glorious sun through all his course; but do not, oh! do not deny me the free enjoyments of the blessed night. Starry and stilly night! for me thou hast a solace and a spell, and I welcome thy return as the weary and heart-sick slave hails the return of the Sabbath, whose hallowed recurrence frees him for a season from the scourge, and bondage, and loathsome presence of his task-master. Would that I had the wings of a spirit, that I might circle with thee the revolving earth, and dwell for ever in its far-reaching and "shadowy cone." Thy presence hath for me a Lethæan influence, and as I gaze upon the mysterious decorations of thy peaceful domain, the anxieties which the bustle and turmoil of day have gathered to my bosom are banished as by the visitation of an angel. The peacefulness of life's morning hour steals over me again while musing on thy magnificent, thy sublime presentations. The spirit forgets her humiliating alliance with the sordid and inert dust, as imagination snatches it aloft, and on, far on

"Beyond the planets and remoter spheres,
And orbs that in their blue abysses gleam,
Like ocean diamonds brightly, yet unseen,
Till earth's wide globe gleams out, a little star,
And, in the deep'ning azure, fades away.
There on ethereal plains, mid mingled hosts
Of cherubim and seraphim that strike
Their golden harps around th' Eternal's throne,
She bends in silent awe, till half assured,
She catches the high strain and asks a lyre." PROTEUS.

WHAT IS LAW LIKE?—Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too, they that take the least of it are best off. It is like a homely gentleman, "very well to follow;" and like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it, "and like bad weather," most people are glad to get out of it.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY,

To the Editor of the Mirror.

July 10, 1830.

DEAR SIR—The unusual heat of the weather, during the last week, having put my ideas somewhat in confusion, I concluded to exchange the dreary associations of my closet for the purer air and sublimer scenery of Schooley's Mountain. Bundling up, therefore, a scanty wardrobe, sufficient for the excursion, I was soon on my way.

It was late in the afternoon of a sultry day when I arrived, by the usual rout, at "Belmont Hall," which stands by itself upon the very summit of the mountain. Having determined to remain a few days, I ordered a room and some refreshments, and after the sun had abated somewhat of his fervour, took a stroll towards "Budd's lake," to enjoy the freshness and cloudless beauty of the evening. It was an old and favourite spot; and when a man is thrown, either by chance or design, into solitude, he loves to choose his trees and shades; and even the stones upon which he reclines become objects of emotion to him, and contribute to his enjoyment. The last rays of the sun yet lingered upon the mountain top. At intervals there was a faint yellow light upon the bosom of the waters, but it was rapidly dying away; and in the distance, the winding shore began to be lost in the gathering twilight. There was something strikingly beautiful in the thin veil in which nature had shrouded her boldest works, enhancing, by the very obscurity in which she had wrapped them, the value of their attributes. Suddenly the measured sound of an oar fell on my ear, but it was long heard in the stillness before I could determine from whence it proceeded. At length a little boat entered the cove, and came alongside the rudely constructed pier upon which I stood, when those whom it had brought leaped joyously ashore. Some trifling civilities which it was in my power to render them, soon made us acquainted, and we proceeded together to the hall. The party consisted of a lady and two gentlemen, the former being sister of one of the latter. They were natives of the south, and were, for the first time, enjoying the wild and untamed scenes of nature which abound in these regions. Their conversation soon enabled me to perceive that fortune and respectable birth were to be considered as among their least valuable possessions. But the lady! "she was a thing of morn," sparkling with all the light and life of early spring. Seldom have I seen a step so elastic, a form so beautiful, and a face so radiant with the uninterrupted play of soul. It is needless to talk of all "the lesser graces" of a lovely woman; these may constitute parts of beauty, but we could as easily form a conception of the appearance of a watch by looking at its wheels, as of the human countenance from a description of its individual features. I "have long loved pretty women with a poet's feeling;" and it is enough for me to say that Caroline W. was the first being who ever taught me to suspect that the colourings of romance—the gay picturings of a sunny imagination, might not always be too highly overwrought. If, by chance, this letter should ever fall under her eye, she will, perhaps, for a moment recall the stranger who was so accidentally thrown in her way, though I am sure she will not thank him for the portrait he has here drawn of her.

My new friends had intended to visit the excavations which are going on upon the line of the Morris Canal (taking a peep at the bones of the mammoth, on the way) the next morning; but hearing of my resolution to see the sun rise upon a romantic cascade in the neighbourhood, and witness the beautiful rainbows which are formed in its spray, they entered largely into the same views, and after an early supper we retired to rest, having previously settled that we should set out together by daybreak. We slept soundly, notwithstanding the sultriness of the weather, until awakened by the servant, upon whom it had been enjoined to call us at four. Rising immediately, I hastened to the breakfast parlour. Caroline was already there, and it was not long before her brother and his friend joined us, and the guides, who were to accompany us, were waiting without.

"We have a pony for the lady," said the landlord of Belmont Hall, bowing, as we descended the stairs, "if she would like to ride down the hill. The road is somewhat rough, but Kate is sure-footed as a dog."

"Had you not better accept his offer," said her brother. "Oh! fie on you, Charles! you will positively spoil all. Can you really suppose I have so little of the heroine about me as to be carried over this glorious mountain on the unpoetical back of Kate? See! the sky is brightening in the east, and we delay too long: we shall miss the sight."

It was in vain to urge her further, and we left Kate in the stable, to dream of green grass and butter-cups, unmolested.

and were soon on our way with buoyant steps and merry hearts. We rested only twice in our progress—once at the spring, whose clear water gushed out from a fissure in the rock, and again upon a natural seat, which is made by the branch of a half uprooted tree. As we proceeded, the rapture of my southern friends knew no bounds. The morning was remarkably favourable, and we could see every thing in its clear and mellow light. Until we reached the summit "where the proud rush of waters meets the sky," the dashing of the stream formed the principal object of attention, except that now and then we were able to catch a glimpse at the valley of the Muscongonk, studded with hamlets farm-houses, and the substantial evidences of comfort and independence. Indeed we pity the man who can

"—on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land."

But when we gained the eminence, the omnipotence of nature burst at once upon the enraptured soul! How can my pen describe that unutterably sublime amphitheatre of towering and terraced mountains, rising, one behind another, in endless perspective, till the eye, by resting upon them, becomes bewildered and confused with a reverential awe of the majesty of nature—or by gazing on the dashing of the water-fall, shuts out the material universe from the mind to make room for the vast and mighty conceptions of "Him who weigheth the mountains in a balance," and "measurcth the waters in the hollow of his hand?"

We returned to the hall, and in a few more hours we parted, as if we never had met. I saw the beautiful girl and her young lover enter the carriage together. She waived her hand to me as I stood upon the piazza, and I watched the vehicle till it wound round a point which concealed it and the fair lady from my view, perhaps for ever. I thought, though it might be only fancy, that a shade of melancholy occasionally gathered on her brow; but she had mingled much with the world, and why should I wonder that sorrow had visited her bosom? I am alike ignorant of her story and her fate; and I think of her only as an image of loveliness which has crossed my path, and which, having seen, I shall never forget.

In closing this letter, I am in duty bound to say to such of your friends as contemplate an excursion this summer, that I know of no place of amusement preferable to Schooley's Mountain. Health and recreation are to be enjoyed there to the fullest extent; and it is due to Mr. Bowne, of Belmont Hall, to observe that his guests were greatly pleased with the order and attention which predominated at his mansion, and the assiduous attention of Mrs. Bowne to her female boarders. At Belmont Hall, as early in the season as it is, I found the throng of fashion fast gathering, and I was not long in recognising the bright eyes of many a fair belle to whom my willing heart had erst paid obeisance in Broadway; and there too were several of your gayest bucks, and the choice spirits of the day. And no wonder, if good society, a generous table, choice wines, fishing, and sporting of every kind, spacious and airy rooms, and a studious desire to satisfy one's wishes and pleasures, superadded to magnificent and romantic scenery, pure and elastic air, and the chalybeate waters of the spring at Schooley's Mountain, are appreciated.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE TWO GRAVES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE cabin of George Davis was constructed in the rudest style of back-woods architecture. It was composed of unhewn logs, placed together at the ends, after the manner in which children build their houses of jackstraws. The door consisted of a few oaken shingles, or clap-boards, fastened together with wooden pins, and suspended on hinges of the same material; and the roof, composed of similar clap-boards, was kept in its place by long and heavy logs, placed lengthwise of the building, and at short intervals from each other. The inhabitant of the more stately and convenient edifices of cities, who has never witnessed the privations and discomforts of the modes of frontier life, may smile at our brief description of George Davis's abode; but in such rude and simple dwellings thousands of their fellow-creatures in the western states reside, and find their narrow and unartificial habitations amply sufficient for the great purpose of existence—happiness. The truth of the hacknied line of Goldsmith, "Man wants but little here below," is beautifully illustrated by the lives of many of those back-woodmen, who show how very little may suffice to administer to the real necessities of "unaccommodated man."

The family of George Davis consisted of a wife and an only

child, a girl now verging on her eighteenth year. The latter, without being positively beautiful, possessed a rare combination of charms. Her unsophisticated and artless manners, which plainly indicated the seclusion in which she had lived, were formed from nature's teaching, and were not the less attractive on that account. The tinge which her cheeks, originally very fair, had received from exposure to the sun, rather enhanced than diminished her beauty; and her large black eyes, which usually glowed with that kind of brightness which has been aptly termed the sunshine of the heart, gave great animation to features of otherwise rather a pensive cast.

George Davis, on the evening to which our story alludes, had been sometime returned to his cabin, and his thoughts had wandered into a more agreeable channel than that which was occasioned by the sight of the arrival of emigrants near his secluded abode, when he was suddenly startled by a low tapping at his door, which directly after opened, and disclosed to him one of the party he had lately seen upon the beach. The stranger was the same whom he had noticed wandering apart from the others, and there was something in his appearance and deportment which drove back the scowl that had begun to settle on George Davis's brow. He was a young man, apparently not more than twenty-four or twenty-five years old. His countenance was prepossessing, and except that it was darkened by an expression of deep melancholy, was of a high character of manly beauty. His dress, to a more practised eye than the backwood-man's, would have denoted him to be a nautical man; and from his erect carriage, a certain air of command, and other indications, it might have been inferred that he was an officer of the navy. On throwing open the door he apologised for his intrusion, and in a few words explained its cause.

"In yonder boat at the beach," said he in a low tone, and with a voice in which a nice ear might have detected a faltering, notwithstanding that he evidently strove to speak with calmness and composure—"In yonder boat a young female, in whom I have the deepest interest, lies at the point of death. I came to crave from you the shelter of your cottage for her, that means may more effectually be applied to restore her, or, at least, that she may die in a place of greater quietness than yonder boat with its noisy crew affords."

Before the stranger had half finished his appeals George Davis was on his feet, and ready to accompany him.

"It's a poor sort of shelter this cabin of mine," said he, "and I'm fearful you will find Alice and Mary but poor nurses, for, thank heaven, they haven't been necessitated to have much experience in that way; but if kindness can do the poor woman any good, she will not lack it at their hands, and, at any rate, you are right welcome to what you ask. So let us to the beach, and see what way we can bring the sick lady here."

The female, concerning whom the stranger appeared thus anxious, was a young creature, scarcely more than nineteen, though sickness had already so worn her lovely countenance that even that estimate might have been too great. She had been seized with a fever descending the Ohio river, and the disease had been accelerated and augmented by the exposure to which she was subject in the miserable vessel. A heavy rain had occurred in the previous night, from which the roof of the moving boat afforded but a very inadequate defence, and the water had dripped through its crevices, and found its way, despite of all the anxious care of her companion, into her birth. From the time that she was first taken sick, the stranger had never left her bed-side, except occasionally to look along the banks of the river, in the hope of seeing a habitation, to which she might be transferred. The persons with whom she was descending the Ohio river were rude emigrants, who had nothing in common with himself; he had merely taken passage with them, and they already began to tire of the bargain, which subjected them to the inconveniences and restraints necessarily incident to their having a sick female in their cabin. It was with pleasure, therefore, that they had heard the stranger announce his intention of leaving them at the first habitation they should reach, and their eyes as well as his dwelt often on the banks of the river, in the hope of decrying some human abode. The smoke of George Davis's cabin was the first that had saluted their sight. The discovery was quickly communicated to the stranger, who was wandering, in a state of mind but little to be envied, along the beach; and, on hearing it, he immediately hastened to the door, to make the application which we have recorded.

The suffering female was conveyed with all possible care to the lowly abode, and placed on a bed in an inner apartment of the hut, which had hitherto been occupied by the daughter, whom we have faintly described. Mary hovered about her couch, and assiduously administered all those little and valua-

ble attentions which are naturally suggested by the delicacy of a female mind. She wiped the flushed cheek and high pale forehead of the patient, whom fever had rendered delirious; shaded her large blue eyes, bright with unnatural lustre, from the light of the lamp which had been placed in the apartment, and strove, by every method in her power, to alleviate her situation. George Davis himself, throwing his rifle, his constant companion wherever he went, over his shoulder, and whistling to his dog, set off on a narrow trail through the woods towards the cabin of his nearest neighbour, where he proposed getting a horse, and riding to the distant village for medical aid. But medical aid in the case of the delirious female was destined to be of no avail. Through the whole of the night her fever continued with unabated fury, and, from time to time, low whisperings, half murmured sentences, and once or twice a slight laugh, followed by weeping and broken speech, as of one earnestly imploring some boon, indicated that the mind of the sufferer was wandering far away from the realities of her situation. Towards morning her fever subsided, and she fell into a short and quiet sleep. Her dreams, if any she had, seemed of a happy nature, for a sweet smile played on her wan lips, and just before she awoke one of those softly-modulated sighs, which sometimes escape from a heart overfraught with felicity, stole from her bosom. As she lay thus, in the feeble light which the lamp threw over her pale countenance, the rich clusters of her dark hair rendering her cheeks still more pale by contrast, and her delicate form already much attenuated by the wasting sickness which was consuming her, she scarcely seemed like a being of earth, but rather an inhabitant of that spiritual world, on the very confines of which in truth she stood. The stranger sat all night by her bed-side, and gazed upon her with an eye that never wandered from her features for a single instant. By one skilled in reading the human countenance unutterable things might have been traced in the workings of his features; but by no word or sigh or sign did he betray to those around him the character of his emotions. It had been taken for granted that his relation to the sufferer was such as to warrant his remaining continually at her side; but whether he was her husband or brother, had not been asked. The western country people have but a small portion of that curiosity concerning the personal affairs of others, which so strongly distinguishes the inhabitants of the eastern states, and which, indeed, is one of the causes of that dislike to those whom they denominate Yankees, that even at the early period of our narrative had begun to display itself. It was seen that the fate of the female, in whatever relation she stood to the stranger, was a matter of the deepest interest to him; and, in the wanderings of her mind, the word most frequently on her lips, sometimes coupled with endearing epithets, was evidently the name of him who remained so anxiously by her couch.

The light of the rising sun was on the tops of the highest trees, and the ten thousand birds of the forest were hailing his approach with their matin song, when the female awoke. The delirium had passed away with her slumber, and as her eyes now wandered around the cabin, and rested for a brief moment on each of its inmates, she seemed at once to comprehend the circumstances of her situation. To Mrs. Davis, who with motherly solicitude was smoothing her pillow, she extended her wan hand, and by a faint smile communicated the thanks she was too weak to utter; and Mary, the interesting daughter of the back-woodman, also read in a glance the acknowledgment that was due to her kindness. With the quick eyes of female delicacy she saw, or thought she saw, likewise, in the look that then rested on the stranger, a desire to be alone with him, and withdrawing her mother from the apartment, they both busied themselves for a considerable time in the outer room of the cottage. During a great portion of this period a low murmuring sound, as of the faint voice of the female, and an equally low but shriller voice in reply, as if of the stranger answering in whispers, met their ears. After a while total silence succeeded, which was in a few moments interrupted by a deep groan. They both hurried into the apartment. The sight which then presented itself was distressing in the extreme. The female stranger was no more. Her spirit had apparently exhaled without a sigh, for her features were as composed as an infant's in slumber, and a sweet smile still lingered on her wan lips, which were slightly parted, as if life had passed while some word of love was just leaving her tongue. Her companion, who had been kneeling by her bed-side, seemed wholly unconscious of the intrusion of the family of the honest back-woodman. His cheek was ashy pale; his eyes, distended and tearless, were riveted on the breathless object before him, whose hand was strongly clasped in his; and his whole appearance denoted the most absorbing mental agony. The good matron

and her daughter stood for some moments silent spectators of the scene, not daring to interrupt the awful silence with what they felt would be their vain attempt to comfort the bereaved individual, who had probably lost the dearest, perhaps the only dear object in the world. At length the stranger, apparently restored to consciousness, started to his feet, and made a strong effort to regain composure. He turned with a mild look to the two females, who, with a mingled feeling of awe and grief, stood aloof, and seemed afraid or unwilling to approach more nearly; and in a subdued and gentle voice, which still, however, quivered with irrepressible emotion, bade them draw near, and behold the lifeless form of one who, while living, had no equal in the world.

"Cold, cold already," said he, as he wrung the attenuated hand which now, for the first time, returned no answering pressure; "cold, cold already; and in a few brief hours the form which I have so loved to clasp, the eyes on which my eyes have gazed, as if they could look through them into her very heart; and they could, for her soul was ever in her face. The lips on which my lips have been pressed so oft and so fondly, all will be laid to rest within the bosom of the earth. Oh, while I had thee by my side—thy voice to cheer, thy counsel to guide, thy happiness to care for, the world, bleak and barren as it is, had charms enough. What was poverty to me? Thy lips uttered no complaint. What was disgrace? Thou still confided in my honour. What was the scorn of the proud and the hate of the prejudiced, while thy smile always greeted me, and thy unchanging love more than compensated for the enmity of the world. What art thou now?" (And, as he spoke, the hand which he had hitherto continued to hold dropped heavily down.) "Nothing, nothing! The earth-worm will soon banquet on those dear features—the clod soon press those delicate limbs, and the rank grass of this lonely and vainly luxuriant region wave above thy narrow bed. Approach," said the stranger, turning again to Alice and Mary, who comprehended him rather by his tone than his incoherent language, and who still stood somewhat aloof, intimidated by his glaring eye and quivering lip; "approach, and do the last offices of kindness for the most peerless of her sex." As he spoke thus he rushed out of the cabin, and striking deep into the woods, was soon lost to sight.

LIGHT READING.

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.

We give the following characteristic note, with the accompanying document, exactly as we received them; for, even if disposed to "demur" at the broadness of some of Mr. Pettigrew's partner's jokes,—as the lady says in Vivian Grey,—"how can one refine, when the thermometer is at ninety?"

Editor of the New-York American.—Sir—Upon turning over a piece of foolscap this morning, upon one side of which I was drafting a *war*, I found that my partner had drawn up the enclosed *bill of particulars* on the other. By way of punishing such a departure from legal usages, I send you the draft without giving him an opportunity of engrossing a fair copy. So, if there should happen to be any thing in it to which your fastidious taste demurs, you must even amend it for yourself. I am sir, your obedient servant,
VALENTINE PETTIGREW.

DIARY OF A HEATED ATTORNEY.

MONDAY MORNING, FIVE O'CLOCK A. M.—Half awake—some inclination to get up; bed feeling as if it were warmed like Will Waddle's, by a baker's oven; endured the genial warmth an hour longer in spite of milkman, baker and patent-sweeper, who were performing a trio in the street under my window.

SIX O'CLOCK.—Hotter and hotter. Agreeably entertained by the buzzing of a score of blue-bottles, and most amazingly titillated by their lighting ever and anon upon my nose. Tried desperately to annihilate one or two, succeeded in blacking my own eye. Mortal could no longer stand or rather lie it, forced to be up betimes, rose, with a ——— at the insects and phe—w, felt as if I had been dribbled through a pipe-stem.

SEVEN.—About half dressed, awful work. Mem.—I have to make a call this morning; looked for a collar with double starch, found one which a man might have broke his shin over—determined that it would, at all events, last out the morning.

EIGHT.—Breakfast—toast and salmon—coffee, steam and flies. Mem.—Butter all gravy and flies not cooked—queer, which is worst, the pestering insects or the labour of whisking them?—finished half a cup—sat half an hour to cool—pulling on boots terrible. Mem.—to buy boot-hooks with long handles—ready to go out—all out of the window looking like the inside of a steam boiler—made my mind up to the attempt—last peep in the looking glass. O Venus! my collar all dicky, pendant over my stock like a wet towel hung over a fence to dry.

NINE.—Arrived at my office—windows shut—atmosphere gives a very good idea of the interior of the crater of Vesuvius—let out a little of the heat and darkness, as Pat says—quills, wafers, dust, parchment, and pigeon holes—pretty prospect, but not quite so refreshing as that from Cattakill mountain—at least just now. Three letters to write and a bill in chancery to finish—letters to be carried two miles to the gentleman who has undertaken to forward them—partner out of town, and no postponement possible—rare anticipation—gives one some idea of the feelings of a heretic on the eve of an auto-da-fé.

ELEVEN.—Hotter and hotter—peeped at thermometer, ninety-two—tried portwine and water as a cooler—unsuccessful, came through the pores of my skin as if I had been a canvass bag. Bar-room crowded, steam rising in more ways than one. Standing near the post-office, felt an unusual warmth in my left shoulder, turned to ascertain the cause, and found myself almost in contact with an old gentleman whose nose was redshot—removed from such an inflammable neighbourhood in all haste.

TWELVE.—Set out on my walk. Vulcan protect me—thought of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and compared myself to Bonaparte in Moscow. Saw a scorched bird's wing lying in the gutter—poor creature, no doubt it had been consumed in its own element, and perished on its rapid course like a moth in a candle. Felt my hat crisping into a cinder, and watched my shoes smoking like slow-matches.

ONE.—Found my friend at home—Sorry I had endured so much trouble; had changed his mind, and was not going—Knew a friend who was; lived only a mile off—pleasant consummation: no remedy, however—comfortable reflection. On my return, saw several people gazing at a large puddle of water; inquired and learned that three young ladies and their fat mamma had just melted away: how lamentable—Thought of Arethusa and the sisters of Pheton—Mean to compose a sonnet on the subject when the weather cools.

TWO.—Thermometer ninety-two and a half. Spent an hour in trying to find the coolest corner of the office—couldn't find it. Took off coat and stock; found my collar all gone: curious effect of heat. Looked out of the window, and saw two little boys fighting for a fan. Wondered if it were any cooler on the water; wished I dare venture out to try. Tried to cool myself by thinking of Alpine scenery, islands of ice, sleigh riding, the North Pole, and Miss ———, whose presence would now be a desirable thing; I never would have believed it before; for she would be an excellent refrigerator: but "who can hold fire in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus!"

THREE.—Dinner: horrible idea. Sat down to the task like Hercules to his labours: meat too rare: took a slice, and found before I could eat it, that it was thoroughly done. Like to died of thirst, not being able to drink as the liquid turned to steam before I could swallow it. Every body at table looking as if they as well as the joint, had just come out of the pot. Asked to wine by ———: inadvertently took brandy: never discovered the mistake except by the smell—found my corporeal substances so thoroughly imbued with caloric, that the mustard and pepper lost all taste to me. Dedent, an attempt at ice-cream, vastly like a raw custard—custards of the consistency of crumbled cheese, the liquid part having evaporated. Tried to say a civil thing to Miss ———; couldn't do it; broke down in the middle—reception of my compliment the first cool thing I had felt all day.

FIVE.—Nap—dreamed I was a great snow-ball in a thaw; awaked by a gentleman wanting to see me—gentleman proved to be a dealer in old coats; ——— him out of the house; tried to sleep again—wouldn't do. Thermometer down to eighty-eight—finding the weather grow cool, changed dress, "went out a walking;" visited Blood—found the female part of his household fanning themselves—told me that they had used up fifteen fans a-piece during the day.

SEVEN.—Tea did the business for my second shirt collar. Chat, scandal, and claret and water—thermometer falling—found the end of my nose dry and growing pale—good sign.

NINE.—Hour of love—felt as if no additional flames were necessary—kept civil and cool.

TEN.—Thermometer down to eighty—found myself gradually drying—ventured a tiff of Bramin, and an idea of water, and went home, wondering whether or no the devil had not been during the day making one of his permitted peregrinations to and fro on the face of the earth, or whether the expected comet's tail had not been sweeping over us like a fly-broom, or whether the sun had not caught fire, or Captain Symmes's internal world been consumed—and whether to-morrow would be any cooler.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AMERICAN CUTLERY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the sneers of invidious foreign critics, the artists and mechanics of the United States may be safely pronounced equal if not superior to those of all other countries in the ingenuity of their inventions, the usefulness of their designs, and the excellence of their manufactures. Daily proofs of this are furnished, and many more would be forthcoming, were it not for the peculiar condition of our scattered population. An instance of this lately occurred in the development of the fact, that the Roskell watches, which have gained so much reputation and wealth for the English manufacturer with whose name they are identified, were actually the invention of an American, who accompanied Perkins, and who had not the means to succeed in making use of his own designs. Roskell accidentally saw the specimen of the American's manufacture, copied it, and has made his fortune by it. This, we hope, will not always be the case. We have lately seen some of the most perfect and ingenious products of the art of cutlery ever before exhibited in this country. They are the contrivance of Mr. Samuel J. Pooley, a native of this city. A small glass case contained a box, measuring four inches in length, two and a quarter in breadth, and one and a half in depth, in which were deposited about two hundred pieces, tastefully arranged, consisting of two complete dinner sets of knives and forks, one-third of a set with patent knife-sharpeners, a great variety of miscellaneous articles—a pen-knife, having ten different parts, and yet weighing only three-tenths of a grain—scissors, razors, and surgical instruments, &c. with pearl handles. There is a silver plate on the box, representing an eagle protecting the arts, commerce, and agriculture, enriched with thirteen stars, and bearing the following inscription:—"The pleasure I took to honour and advance my country."—Pliny. "If sceptic Europe is not lost to shame, the blush will be apparent." The whole is valued at twelve hundred dollars. Mr. Pooley leaves this city for Boston in a few days, and intends to establish his business there. He will, we are happy to hear, offer a public exhibition of his ingenious manufacture before his departure.

MUSIC.

In presenting to our musical readers the beautiful melody with which the Mirror of to-day is adorned, we have the pleasure to add the following remarks, by a friend well read in such lore:—Purcell, the British Orpheus, as he has been called, was a contemporary of Locke, who set the music of Macbeth. In Pepy's Memoirs—an admirable work, which throws much light on the times in which it was written—that gentleman, in his usual quaint manner, makes mention of a delightful evening spent in the society of Purcell, Locke, and other musicians of celebrity, in which he had the pleasure of hearing a variety of charming music executed in several different languages. How one longs for some kind "Little Genius," to usher him to the presence of such a *soirée*! Purcell has adorned the cathedral service of the church of England with music of the most sublime character; and his works of a dramatic description—for instance, his "Indian Queen," "Arthur and Emmeline," "The Tempest," &c.—are all extremely beautiful. His songs and cantatas are not less so—three pieces of the latter description are as fine as any compositions ever attempted at any period. I allude to those which describe the wanderings of insanity; one, entitled "Mad Bees," for a soprano voice; another, called "Mad Tom," for a bass voice; and "From Rosy Bowers," for a soprano. The last was written during the illness which ushered Purcell to the grave; and, like poor Weber and Mozart, or the fabled swan, his dying notes were the sweetest. He died young. The melody selected for this number of the Mirror, "Come unto these Yellow Sands," is perhaps as fine a specimen of the "multum in parvo," as any composer ever invented. The modulation is of the most simple kind, being little more than a change from the harmony of the tonic to that of the dominant and back; but a more beautiful invitation to parta e of song and dance was never conceived—and it is an invitation such as "the gentle Ariel" alone could offer to his mates; it precludes all possibility of pirouettes, jigs, jumps, or any species of tarantula-like motion; it demands a dance of Vestris-like attitude and refinement. In the London theatres during this song certain graceful sprites are introduced in the back ground of the scene, but at the Park theatre the stage-manager has, with excellent taste, left to the imagination that which he could not supply to the eye, preferring to give Ariel sole possession of the stage, chorused by invisible spirits, to the introduction of two or three hopping children, or cow-like Coriippes, who would be certain to mar all effect.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

Mrs. S. WHEATLEY has been acting and singing frequently since our last notice of theatricals. *Romeo and Juliet* has likewise been produced. The characters of *Romeo* and *Mercutio* by a Mr. Field and an amateur!

We decline criticism: on this occasion it would be much too warm work, with the thermometer at ninety. If young gentlemen have not the fear of offended propriety before their eyes, and if the lesson so admirably given by our predecessor C. has lost its effect, what can we add? But we are threatened with another "gentleman's first appearance on any stage," &c. This is too much. We must give Mr. Simpson a hint on the subject.

The Park theatre we consider our own proper place of recreation and amusement. There we expect sometimes to be excited to mirth, and occasionally to melancholy, by excellent representations of comedy and tragedy, for the worthy manager has an excellent company.

In the name of indignant Thespia, then, why allow his theatre, sanctified as it is by talent and taste, to be made the arena for every infatuated young man who wishes to expose himself? Can he find an example in either of the great patent theatres in London for such proceedings? We believe not. About three or four years ago there was an instance of a "gentleman" being so lost in admiration of himself, and so satisfied that he could do that on his first appearance which men of real talent strive to attain by the labour of years, that he gave to Mr. Price, the lessee of Drury-lane, several hundreds of pounds sterling, to bribe him, to allow an assault to be made on the English audience. Behold, the night arrived, the "gentleman" proved himself no actor, and after a fair trial he was lamentably, but properly, hissed off the stage. The affair did not rest there. The stage-manager, Mr. Wallack, was cited before the enraged people, and ordered to make an apology for the insult offered to the public; this Mr. Wallack in a manly manner refused to do, as calculated to injure the feelings of the individual, but he pledged himself that the public should not be so vexed again. Now be it understood, that out of consideration to the individuals we abstain from criticism, but our duty to the public calls upon us to point out to the manager the necessity for confining the first appearance of adventurous and stage-struck young gentlemen to proper places, where their studies and exhibitions may not usurp the place of the regular drama. The Bowery is without a tenant, let them take that house, and practise for their own amusement and the pleasure of those who may desire to witness their performance, but at least give the public one theatre in which they may be certain of a well acted play.

The philosophic Barnes took his benefit on Monday, and collected a more numerous audience than has been seen for some time. He did not make his appearance on a goose's back, as before; but still it is apparent that his great mind dwells on aquatic subjects, for he erected a fountain in the pit, thus providing for the cooling of his warm friends. We understand he contemplated at one moment an entire aquatic entertainment. In the first scene he was to have appeared swimming his goose to Handel's water music, in the last he proposed to appear in the character of Neptune, mounted and splashing on the great Newfoundland quadruped which belongs to the theatre. But it is necessary to be provident even in pleasure, for the most refined and intellectual amusements will weary the most intelligent and classical audience by repetition—however, we doubt not to see Barnes well rewarded at a future time, for a series of well-executed aquatic gambols.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Preface to Rokeby.—We have lately enjoyed a laugh with some of our friends of the sock and buskin, at the preface attached to the opera of *Rokeby* upon its first delivery to the manager of the Park theatre. We unexpectedly came across it in overlooking some old papers, and, recognising the hand of our favoured correspondent C., we devoured it without delay. It discovers the same original turn for drollery, the same dry humour and happy familiarity with language, which have characterized the rest of his productions. We present it to our readers as a little morceau, calculated to call up a smile; and they who are personally acquainted with the author will find in it much to bring him to their recollections. We may add that the slight value which he sets upon his own works will not lessen them in the public opinion. By the very richness of his materials he has been rendered often

negligent of their arrangement and careless of their fate.—Notwithstanding Mr. C.'s estimation of *Rokeby*, and although it was thrown off without much effort, it is a piece of great merit.

"Encouraged by the number of good decent dramas that have at various times been 'damned,' and by the countless quantity of execrable ones that have succeeded, to believe that the public are no very profound judges of these matters, the author has committed the following pages. The plot, at least, (not being his own) he hopes is interesting, being taken from the celebrated poem of *Rokeby*, by Sir Walter Scott, (the great furnisher of the raw material for the present race of dramatic manufacturers.) The author has interspersed the piece with a few songs, in the shape of new words to old popular melodies, after the fashion of Rob Roy, Guy Mannering, &c.; though in this respect he has been rather sparing in his efforts, well knowing that should this drama ever be performed, and good singers appear in it, they will introduce just such songs as suit their taste and voice, without any regard to plot, dialogue, or propriety. On this head, however, he is not at all sensitive, and, should the lady who plays Matilda happen to be a favourite with the public, she may, if she pleases, introduce 'Nid, nid, noddin' as a prelude to her papa's execution. In other respects he is equally liberal, and if the piece can be carried through with success by the aid of scenery, machinery, bustle, singing, or any thing else, he professes the utmost indifference to the means so that the end be gained. And seriously, (allowing of course for the partiality of a parent towards his first born) he really thinks he has seen worse pieces, with the help of similar adventitious aid, go off with considerable eclat. Wherever the dialogue flags, a little fashionable swearing can be introduced *ad libitum* by the gentlemen of the sock and buskin, who have great judgment and experience in such matters."

Howard.—We do not intend to speak of the illustrious philanthropist who threaded the mazes of prison and lazar houses in Europe, nor of his namesake with a green coat, personated by the witty and facetious surveyor of this port, nor of him who owns the flour mills at Baltimore, nor yet him of the Howard House in Broadway—but simply of our old favourite vocalist of the Park and Chatham theatres. If success in the composition of a single piece of poetry can immortalize a writer, why should not Howard's inimitable and unique execution of that exquisite melody, "Oft in the still night," render his name and name permanent? His success in this pathetic song is beyond all competition, and those who doubt it may be agreeably undeceived by a visit to Castle Garden.

New-York Religious and Literary Reading Room.—Mr. William Down proposes to establish, in a central part of this city, an institution in which may be found all religious newspapers and periodicals of note, published by various denominations, in every part of the Union, as well as in Europe; together with specimens of tracts and Sunday school books, scripture maps, and maps to designate the location of missionary stations. The object is evidently to concentrate all possible information in relation to the effort making by bible, education, tract, Sunday-school, missionary, temperance, prison-discipline, colonization, and other societies of a similar nature. When the population of this city, and the peculiar zeal manifested by many for the advancement of the objects embraced in the proposed library, are taken into consideration, we can scarcely doubt that the expense which must necessarily be incurred in its creation, will be amply refunded.

Portrait of Dewitt Clinton.—We have been politely presented with a copy of the most, if not the only, accurate likeness of this distinguished statesman ever yet published. It is a lithographic performance of C. Childs, from a portrait by H. Inman—who deserves credit for his taste and his masterly execution and fidelity to nature. The picture should adorn the parlour and study of every American proud of the virtues, the talents, and the fame of one of the greatest men of his age.

Medical Society of the City and County of New-York.—At the anniversary meeting of this society, held on the twelfth instant, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Daniel L. M. Peixotto, M. D.	President.
Richard K. Hoffman, M. D.	Vice President.
Nicol H. Dering, M. D.	Corresponding Secretary.
Dr. William Rockwell,	Treasurer.
John James Graves, M. D.	
Lewis Belden, M. D.	
William Hubbard, Junr. M. D.	Censors.
D. L. Rogers, M. D.	
John B. Rhinelander, M. D.	Delegate.

Seventh Volume.—A few copies of the last volume of this periodical, embellished with all the plates ever published for the work, and very neatly bound, may be had at this office.

Daily Sentinel.—The editors of this evening paper affect not to understand our remarks in relation to "would-be regenerators." All we have to say in reply is simply this: "none are so blind as those who will not see."

The Springs.—The *Saratoga Sentinel* says: "The number of strangers who arrived here during the week, ending on Sunday evening, was four hundred and eighty-two."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

"For as much as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me."

It has afforded me much pleasure to find you have volunteered your services, and devoted a portion of your valuable publication, to the very important project of improving the condition of necessitous but industrious women. I do not believe there exists an evil which calls more loudly for a thorough and radical reformation; nor do I believe there is one that has awakened less attention or inquiry among reflecting people. Even the most exemplary and virtuous matrons, those who are deservedly regarded as objects of the highest earthly adoration and affection; even those, many of whom revel in the sunshine of prosperity, and possess all the means of making liberal contributions, and of infusing life and spirit into plans calculated to aid their sex, have passed by on the other side of the way, not regarding the sufferings of their afflicted sisters. But it is too much the disposition of people who are placed above want, to be heedless of the claims of others; forgetting that the great majority of both sexes are subjected to a life of toil, that many who appear to be in decent circumstances are barely able to keep their families above dependence, and that multitudes, from various causes, drink the bitter dregs of humiliation and poverty. That much of this will originate in the oppressive and perverted habits of society, in vicious propensities, and in the indulgence of base and sordid passions we cannot for a moment doubt. That persons who are conspicuous for their enlarged possessions, and whose vanity is gratified in having it known and repeated, many of whom would wish to be thought in the way of their duty, and who would be stung at the slightest reproach in this respect; that such persons should be daily witnesses of sufferings and misfortunes which are in their power greatly to mitigate, if not to remove, is indeed not a little marvellous. But after all, I consider nothing more wonderful than the fact that large contributions are often made to aid extravagant schemes of conferring pretended benefits on distant countries, while our own blood and kindred are subjected to countless privations. Can any thing more strikingly illustrate the maxim, that by doing this we grasp at the shadow whilst we lose the substance? Every dictate of wisdom and justice requires of us that we should protect the members of our own great family in place of squandering our means on those of other nations, of whom we know nothing, and who will scarcely thank us for our pains.

It must not be forgotten that modesty and delicacy are the prominent traits in the breasts of females, and that where they feel themselves dependant either for employment or for support, they seldom raise their voice by way of remonstrance, even when conscious of gross impositions. They submit to habitual wrongs from necessity, and that necessity frequently opens the door to temptation, and the result is ruin. That infinite mischiefs might be prevented by the timely interpositions of kindness and relief, must be evident to every person who has any pretensions to a knowledge of the springs of human action. In reflecting seriously on the subject, my surprise, as well as my indignation, has been greatly excited, and I have come irresistibly to the conclusion that females have much higher claims to the virtues of self-denial, fortitude, and nobleness of spirit, than the rougher sex are willing to concede to them.

But allow me once more to advert to the habitual wrongs and impositions practised upon them. Whenever necessity drives them to exposure, they too often become the dupes of unfeeling knaves and the jest of scoundrels. Diagrage, ruin, and premature death are daily occurrences among those who, had they been seasonably protected by worthy friends, and shielded from enticing offers, might have been not less distinguished ornaments of society than those mothers, wives, and daughters, on whom it would be highly perilous to cast the slightest suspicion. Hence the inference is plain, that of the numerous misfortunes of which we have to complain, a large portion are the legitimate offspring of insolent pride, sordid avarice, and a most reprehensible indifference to the just demands and the unrequited services of the friendless and the helpless.

EXAMINER.

Correspondents must have a little patience. They shall be attended to with all possible despatch.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

AS SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN, IN THE CHARACTER OF ARIEL, IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF THE TEMPEST—MUSIC BY THE CELEBRATED OLD MASTER, PURCELL.

[Now first published from the original score, as performed at the Park Theatre.]

1st 2d

Come un - to these yel low sands, and there take hands; there take hands; Foot it feat-ly here and there, and let the rest the

Chorus.

bur - then bear. Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark: Hark! hark! I hear the strain of chan-ti-clear. Hark! hark! I hear the strain of chan-ti-clear.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TIES.

This earth is full of hidden spells,
To weave around the soul;
The sunny skies—old ocean's cells,
And the waves that o'er them roll;
While every zephyr whispering tells
Of nature's deep control.

And every living, breathing thing
Hath a tie of Gordian power,
Which often o'er the heart doth fling
Bright sunshine or a shower;
And time doth give a colouring
To every passing hour.

The soul hath ties in the mountain breeze,
In the charms of a summer sky;
In wandering along 'neath budding trees
By the light of a laughing eye;
Or living in isles of Indian seas,
Where perfumes wanton by.

And ties it hath in each lonely grove,
In the rage of an angry wave;
It hath ties in the magic spells of love;
It hath ties in the dreary grave—
The grave, to which all downward move,
The beautiful, the brave.

Rove sits upon an ivory brow,
And sleeps in a wreathing tress,
Looks out from an eye with a diamond's glow,
In holy joyousness;
Which charms away the pang of woe,
The canker of distress.

'Tis the deepest tie—for it chains the mind,
Like a fairy's charmed wand;
It holds e'en giant forms confined,
Hath worlds at its command,
And in its silken folds doth bind
The bright of every land.

T. S.

TO ELOISA.

Thou, then, all-charming as thou art,
To many a bosom justly dear,
Lofty in soul, and pure in heart,
Earth's common lot must bear.

These cannot shield thee from the ills
That cross life's weary pilgrimage;
Grief which the young heart sadly chills,
And mars the peace of age.

Thou too hast mourn'd thy blessings fled,
Even in life's glowing pride and bloom;
Thy tears of deep regret are shed
Above an idol's tomb.

Thou too hast missed the smile, the tone,
The kindred glance, to thee so dear;
Thou too hast mourn'd the loved—*thine own*,
And earth seems sad and drear.

Though boasted time can never heal
The bleeding wounds such grief has given,
Yet from his flight the power we steal
To hope relief from heaven.

Such hope a healing balm can shed
Upon the hearts that only bleed;
Such hope may raise the drooping head,
And bind the "bruised reed."

And memory, from her deep recess,
Though many a secret pang she brings,
Will also bring the thoughts which bless—
Thought which a halo flings

Around each dear familiar scene,
Each fond, regretted, halcyon hour;
And purely bright, and freshly green,
They live in memory's bower.

Lady, with conflict, pain, and toil,
We strive on life's wild billows tost;
'Tis but a space, a little while,
We mourn the loved and lost.

ISIDORA.

COMMON-PLACE.

And is my humble lyre to be
The first that wakes a lay,
To dedicate a book to thee,
Design'd for wit and poetry?

Dear lady, I obey.
For like this fair unsullied leaf,
Was once thy infant mind;
Save, when alternate joy and grief
Flitted across with stay so brief,
They left no trace behind.

But genius, wit, and taste refined
With knowledge, science, art;
Saw the bright tablet of thy mind
A spotless blank—and all combined
To fill so fair a chart.

And long, I trust, this volume will
Of thee an emblem prove;
While wit and taste its pages fill,
Be every precept they instill
Such as the virtuous love.

GOD IS THERE.

I view the daisy's opening flower,
That blooms so bright in every vale,
And seek in joy through field and bower,
The red wild rose and lily pale;
And while the glittering dew is hung
On bud and leaf surpassing fair,
Their sweets on every gale are flung,
And prove the hand of God is there.

And in the silent noon of night,
When every living thing is still;
But the murmur'ing waters glancing bright—
The mournful music of the rill;
When not a single leaf is stirred,
Nor lives a wand'ring breath of air,
A tone in this still hour is heard,
Which tells the soul that God is there.

Yon world of stars! how pure it seems—
How wonderful its bright array;
The rising moon—how mild her beams
Upon the misty waters play.
The mind may soar—may take its flight,
Far as the soul of man can dare,
Through worlds on worlds of endless light,
And still will find that God is there.

When from the west some mighty cloud
Comes on with tempest-darkened plume,
The sunbeams play beneath its shroud,
And earth is wrapp'd in gath'ring gloom!
The thunder's peal—the tempest's fray—
The vivid flash and meteor glare,
Are only heralding His way,
And show Almighty presence there.

Unloose wild thought—o'er earth and sea
Give boundless scope to chainless mind;
'Twill soon resolve each mystery—
A source divine for all things find!
Spring's budding flowers—the shrouded night,
The soft—sublime—the rich, the rare,
Point upwards to yon realms of light,
And tell each heart that God is there.

L.

STANZAS.

Among the flowers of sentiment
Which form this bright bouquet,
The humble tribute I present
May claim a place—for it is meant
My friendship to portray.
But be it not, I pray, united
With hyacinth or yew,
Emblems, alas! of friendship slighted.

Of pure affection unrequited,
And cold indifference too.

But let my offering bloom beside
The muses' eglantine,
Between the lilac's purple pride
And one more delicately dyed,
The fragrant jessamine;
For we in these the emblems trace
Of poetry and youth,
And that inestimable grace
Which guards the heart and lights the face
Of modesty and truth.

The constant myrtle may be near,
The timid violet too;
The amaranth, to virtue dear,
And the sweet rose, which all revere,
An emblem, girl, of you.
But let no cold Narcissus bloom,
Dear maid, to blight the rest,
For oh! self-love is sure to doom
Our virtues to an early tomb,
If cherish'd in the breast.

SAVOYARD'S SONG.

Far, far away,
By Geneva's blue waters in gladness we dwell:
Kind friends then caressed us,
Sweet voices then blessed us,
As low at our vesper's devotion we knelt,
Far, far away.

Far, far away,
One morn' saw our father's light vessel in pride.
But the storm gathered o'er,
And his bark came no more—
Our father's bones sleep in Geneva's blue tide,
Far, far away!

Far, far away,
Our heart-broken mother look'd out on the wave.
For her children she sigh'd,
For her husband she died—
On Geneva's green bank is our mother's cold grave
Far, far away!

Far, far away,
The poor Savoyard orphans to-morrow must go:
Then pity, kind strangers,
The world's friendless rangers,
And bless with your bounty our journey of woe,
Far, far away!

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NUMBER 4.

VILLAGE TALES.

LOUISA.

BY MARY E. MITFORD.

It was on Monday last that I had the double pleasure of attending the nuptials of an old friend, and of giving in my resignation of the post of confidante, which I had filled with great credit and honour for twenty years and upwards. A married woman no longer needs the sympathy and consolation of a listening and pitying love-friend. Her story, according to all the laws of romance, is fairly over. So is my occupation. I shall miss it at first, just as one living in a church-yard would miss an entire cessation of those bells, which yet from habit is scarcely heard. I shall miss poor Louisa's sighs and blushes, written or spoken, especially when the post comes in, and she will miss me, perhaps, the most of the two; for I cannot help thinking that by the time the honey-moon is over, the necessity for a discreet confidante may be as pressing as ever. I cannot disguise from myself, that a damsel who has been used to fall in love with a new object at the end of every two or three months for the last twenty years, more or less, may, from mere habit, and without the slightest intentional infraction of the nuptial vow, fairly forget that she is married, and relapse into her old custom; more especially as her husband appears to be the only young man she has ever known with whom she has never even fancied herself in love.

Louisa L. and myself were old schoolfellows. Her father is a West Indian planter of some property, who, having lost many children in the pestiferous climate of Barbadoes, did not choose to carry thither his only remaining daughter, and left her at school during a long residence on his estate, not as a parlour-boarder but as a common pupil. She was a fine-looking girl with a tall, showy figure, and a face amazingly like what one sees in those old family portraits, which bear so great a resemblance to each other, whatever they might do to the originals. Like them, our heroine was distinguished by regular features, a high, narrow forehead, black sleepy eyes, long dark hair, a clear complexion, and a general languid composure of aspect.

Now this sounds like the description of a beautiful woman as well as of a beautiful picture; and so it would be, only that unluckily, whilst content that the portrait should keep one look and one expression, we are apt to expect the real woman to vary occasionally, and are so unreasonable as to be disappointed when we find her countenance, however handsome, (for the handsomer it is the more we expect from it) fixed in the same mould of comely silliness from year's end to year's end. In such a case almost any change would be felt as a relief, and a little ugliness would tell exceedingly.

Her conversation was quite in keeping with her style of person; much of the sort (making due allowance for the interval of a century) that one might expect from Sir Peter Lely's portrait of one's great grandmother seated on a bank, attired in a robe of blue satin, with a crook in her hand, a rose in her bosom, and two or three sheep at her feet.

Simile apart, Louisa was a thoroughly well-meaning young woman, with little wit and much good-nature, with a mind no more adapted to contain knowledge than a sieve to hold water, and a capacity of unlearning, a faculty of forgetting, most happily suited to the double and triple course of instruction which her father's protracted absence doomed her to undergo. She had been in the first class for five years to my certain knowledge; there I found her and there I left her, going over the same ground with each successive set, and regularly overtaken and outstripped by every girl of common talent. The only thing in which she ever made any real proficiency was music; by dint of incredible application she sang tolerably, played well on the piano, and better on the harp. But she had no genuine love even for that, and began to weary, as well she might, of her incessant practice, and her interminable education. The chief effect of this natural weariness was a strong desire to be married, the only probable mode of release that occurred to her, for of her father's return she and every one had begun to despair. How to carry this wish into effect perplexed her not a little. If she had been blest with a manœuvring mamma, indeed, the business might soon have been done. But poor Louisa was not so lucky. She had only an old bachelor uncle and two maiden aunts, who, quite content to see to her comforts in a kind, quiet way, to have her at home in the holidays, to keep her well dressed and well

supplied with fruit and pocket-money, continued to think of her as a mere school-girl, and never dreamed of the grand object by which her whole soul was engrossed. So that the gentle damsel, left entirely to the resources of her own genius, could devise no better plan than to fix her own thoughts and attention, fall in love, as she called and perhaps thought it, with every man of suitable station who happened to fall in her way. The number of these successive, or alternate, or simultaneous preferences—for often she had two beaux who were laid aside and taken up in a sort of see-saw, as either happened to cross her path, and sometimes she had literally two at once—was really astonishing. So was her impartiality. Rich or poor, old or young, from seventeen to seventy, nothing came amiss. Equally amazing was the exceedingly small encouragement upon which her fancy could work; to dance with her, to sit next her at dinner, to ask her to play, one visit, one compliment, a look, a word, or half a word, was enough to send her sighing through the house, singing tender airs, and reading novels and love-ditties. The celebrated ballad in which Cowley gives a list of his mistresses—the "Chronicle," as he calls it—was but a type of the bead-roll of names that might have been strung up from her fancies. The common duration of a fit was about a month or six weeks, sometimes more, sometimes less, as one love-wedge drove out another; but generally the "decline and fall" of these attachments (I believe that is the phrase) began at the month's end.

It was astonishing how well these little dramas were gotten up; any body not in the secret would have thought her really a tender innamorata, she had so many pretty sentimentalities, would wear nothing but the favourite's favourite colour, or sigh out her soul over his favourite song, or hoard his notes or visiting tickets in her bosom. One of her vagaries cost me a bad cold. The reigning swain happened to be a German count, who, talking somewhat fantastically of the stars, expressed a sort of superstitious devotion to the beautiful constellation, Orion; he could not sleep, he said, till he had gazed on it. Now, our luckless damsel took this for a sort of covert assignation, a tender rendezvous of looks and thoughts, like the famous story of the two lovers in the Spectator; and the sky prospect from her apartment being rather limited, she used, to my unspeakable annoyance, to come star-gazing to mine. This *accès* being encouraged by more attention than usual on the part of the gentleman—or rather she being unused to foreign manners, and mistaking the continental courtesy to a fair lady for a particular devotion—lasted three whole months. Of course she fell into other mistakes beside the general one of fancying all men in love with her. One winter, for instance, she fancied that a sickly gentleman, who used to sun himself on the pavement on our side of the square, walked there to listen to her music; so she obligingly moved her harp close to an open window (in December! N.B. she caught as bad a cold by these noon-day serenades, as ever her midnight assignations with the belted Orion gave me) and played and sang during the whole time of his promenade. A little while after we discovered that the poor gentleman was deaf.

Nor were her own mistakes, though they were bad enough, the worst she had to encounter. A propensity so ridiculous could not escape undetected amongst such a tribe of tricky and mischievous spirits; nor could all the real regard attracted by the fair Louisa's many good qualities save her from the mal-practices of these little mockers. It was such fun to set her whirling heart a-spinning, to give her a fresh object—sometimes a venerable grandfather, sometimes a school-boy brother, sometimes a married cousin—any lover would answer her purpose, and the more absurd or impossible, the better for ours.

I will, however, do myself the justice to say, that partly from compassion, and partly from vanity at being elected to the post of confidante, I was not by many degrees so guilty as many of my compeers. To be sure one Valentine, a piece of original poetry, with about as much sense and meaning as the famous love-song by a person of quality, and a few flowery billets to match, purporting to come from the same quarter—that Valentine! I must plead guilty to that Valentine—but that was a venial offence, and besides she never found it out. So when I left school, and even when six months after her father unexpectedly returned and took her to reside with him in a country town, I still continued the favoured depository of her secrets and her sighs.

We lived in distant counties, and met so seldom that our intercourse was almost entirely epistolary. Intercourse did I say? My share of the correspondence, or of the dialogue, was little better than what a confidante on the French stage sustains with the *belle princesse*, from whom she is obliged to hear a hundred-times-told-tale. I was a mere woman of straw—a thing to direct to. She never cared for answers, luckily for me; for at first, whilst my young civility and conscientious sense of the duties of a polite letter-writer instigated me to reply point by point to her epistles, such blunders used to ensue as are sometimes produced in a game of cross purposes—a perpetual jostling of hopes and fears; condolence out of season; congratulation mistimed; praise misapplied; eternal confusion; never-ending mistakes. So, farther than half a dozen unmeaning affectionate words, I left off writing at all, perhaps with the lurking hope that she would follow my example. No such thing. The vent was necessary—I was the safety-valve to her heart, by which dangerous explosions were prevented. On she wrote—and oh such letters! crossed and re-crossed, and in such a hand! so pretty and so unreadable! Straight and far apart, with long tails meeting each other, and the shorter letters all alike, all m.'s and n.'s. In vain did I remonstrate against this fashionable but barbarous calligraphy, above all against the iniquitous chequer work; on she went from bad to worse, till at last, to my great comfort, her letters became altogether illegible, and my conscience was absolved from the necessity of even trying to read them. A frank made no difference; she went on with her double crossing, only there was double the quantity. Any thing like a regular perusal of these precious epistles was entirely out of the question; and yet I used to get at the meaning of most of them in the process of folding and unfolding, just as one sometimes catches the substance of an unreadable book by the mere act of cutting open the leaves. I knew her so well, that I could trace by a catch-word the progress of her history, and the particular object of her present regard—how she was herself in love with a lord, and how accusing a presumptuous linen-draper of being enamoured of her; now she had a young baronet at her feet, and how she could talk of nothing but an itinerant musician. Twice had she called on me to fulfil an old promise of attending her to the altar; and once, (I was young and silly then myself) once I had been so far taken in as actually to prepare a wedding suit. Of course, when the final summons came, I was utterly incredulous. It was something like the fable of the shepherd's boy and the wolf; not a soul believed her till the news arrived in a regular authentic document—a letter from her father—a worthy matter-of-fact man, whom poor Louisa's vagaries had actually kept in purgatory—to mine, who also held the fair damsel for mad. Mr. S. mentioned his intended son-in-law as belonging to the medical profession; and on looking back to Louisa's letters, which under the new stimulus of curiosity, as to the approaching *dénouement*, we contrived to decipher, we discovered that for upwards of two months Louisa had been deeply smitten with a young physician, newly arrived at L—, whom she called by the name of Henry, and of whose fine tall person, as well as his dark and manly beauty she gave a most flaming description. This, of course, was the gentleman. I hastened to repair my fault and prepare my dresses; wrote a letter of congratulation, packed my trunk, and set off. Imagine my astonishment, on arriving at L—, to find Louisa *tête-à-tête* with a little fair lad of eighteen or twenty, the head and shoulders shorter than herself, soft, delicate, and lady-like—the very image of one of Beaumont and Fletcher's girls, who dress themselves in boy's clothes for love—and to be introduced to him as Mr. Peter Sharp, surgeon, the happy *futur* of Miss Louisa! I was never in so much danger of laughing in my life.

I gathered, however, from her admissions, and her father's more rational account, that whilst our fair friend was, according to the vulgar phrase, "setting her cap" at the handsome physician, the young surgeon, who had just finished his education by walking the hospitals, returned to L—, was taken into partnership by his father, and advised by his friends to look about for a wife as a necessary appendage to his profession—perhaps he might also be advised as to the lady, for Louisa has a pretty fortune for a country apothecary. How-

* Of all the varieties of bad writing, this, which looks at first sight quite plain, whilst to decipher it would puzzle an *Cædipus*, is the most provoking.

ever that night be, he began, as he assures me, to pay suit and service; whilst the fair object of his devotion, whose heart, or rather whose fancy, was completely pre-occupied, and who thought of Mr. Peter, if she thought of him at all, as a mere boy, entirely overlooked himself and his attentions—they being, perhaps, the only attentions of a young man which she ever did overlook in the whole course of her life. She confesses that the first entire sentence she ever heard him utter was the offer—the actual offer of heart and hand. Most ladies in her situation would have been a little posed; but Louisa is not a woman to be taken unawares: she has thought too much on the subject; has too well-founded a reliance on her own changeability; besides, she had set her heart on the “pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious” bridal; the wedding was the thing—the wedding-day—the man was of little importance; Peter might do as well as Henry—so she said yes, and all was settled.

And a very splendid wedding it was; really, for those who like such things, almost worth the troubles and anxieties of a twenty year's love. The whole *cortège*, horses, carriages, friends, and bridesmaids, down to the very breakfast cake and gloves, were according to most approved usage of books or of life. It might have made a fine conclusion to a novel—it did make a splendid paragraph in a newspaper. Every detail was correct, except one—nobody cried. That did vex her. That was an omission. She tried hard to repair it herself, and flourished her cambric handkerchief; but not a tear could she shed; neither could we, the bridesmaids, nor the father, nor the nuptial father, nor the clergyman, nor the clerk—nobody cried. The bridegroom came nearest—he, the only one who ought not to cry; but luckily he became sensible that it would be a breach of etiquette, and turned the involuntary emotion into a smile. All else went well. May the omen be auspicious, and tears, and the source of tears, keep far away from the kind and gentle Louisa!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

PRINCIPLES OF HONOUR AMONG STUDENTS.

I HAD been about a month in Gottingen when I was sitting alone one evening, in that species of indolent humour in which we hail a friend's approach without possessing energy sufficient to seek for society abroad, when my friend Eisendaller entered; he resisted all my entreaties to remain, and briefly informed me that he came to request I would accompany him the following morning to Meissner, a distance of about five leagues, where he was to fight a duel, and told me, that to avoid suspicion in town, the horses should wait at my door, which was outside the ramparts, as early as five o'clock; having thus acquainted me with the object of his visit, and also told me not to forget he would breakfast with me before starting, he wished me good night, and departed. I remained awake the greater part of the night, conjecturing what might have been the reason of this extraordinary caution; for I well knew that several duels took place every day within the precincts of the university, without mention being made of them, or any inquiry being instituted by the protector or consul. Towards morning I fell into a kind of disturbed sleep, from which I was awakened by my friend entering, and hallooing, “Auf, auf, die sonne scheint heil!”—“up, up, the sun shines bright;” (the first line of a well-known student catch.) I rose and dressed myself, and having breakfasted, we mounted our nags and set off, at a sharp pace, to the place of meeting. For the first few miles not a word was spoken on either side; he was apparently wrapt in his thoughts, and I did not wish to intrude upon his feelings at such a moment; however, he at last broke silence, and informed me that the duel was to be fought with pistols, as he and his adversary had vainly endeavoured to decide the quarrel in several meetings with swords. The cause of this deadly animosity, for such it must have been to require a course rarely if ever pursued by a student, of resorting to pistols, he did not clearly explain, but merely gave me to understand that it originated concerning a relation of his opponent's, a very lovely girl, whom he had met at the court of Hanover. Having given this brief explanation, he again relapsed into silence, and we rode on for miles without saying a word. The morning was delightful, the country through which we passed highly picturesque, and there was an appearance of happy content and cheerfulness on the faces of the peasants, who all saluted us as they went forth to their morning labour, that stood in awful contrast to our feelings, hurrying forward, as we were, on the mission of death.

We at length arrived at Meissner, where several of my friend's party were expecting him, and having stabled our

horses, we left the town, and took a narrow path across the fields, which led to a mill about a mile off; this was the place of rendezvous. On our way we overtook the other party, who had all passed the preceding night at Meissner; and guess my surprise and horror to find that my friend's antagonist was one of my own intimate acquaintances, and the very student who had been the first to show me any attention on my arriving in Gottingen. He was a young Prussian, named Hautsell, whose mild manners and gentleman-like deportment had acquired for him the sobriquet of *der Zahme*, (the gentle) among his brother students. After saluting each other, the parties proceeded to the ground together. There was little time spent in arranging preliminaries; it was agreed, as both were well known marksmen, to throw dice for the first fire; the seconds then came forward, and Hautsell's friends announced that Eisendaller had won.

There was an instantaneous falling back of all but the two principals, who now took their position about fifteen paces from each other; I watched them both closely, and never did I see men more apparently unmoved than they were at that moment—not a muscle of their features betrayed the least emotion or any consciousness of the awful situation in which they were placed—the pistol was handed to Eisendaller, with direction to fire before the lapse of a minute; he immediately levelled it, and remained in the attitude of covering his antagonist for some seconds, but at length finding his hand becoming unsteady, he deliberately lowered his arm to his side, stiffening and stretching it to his utmost length, and remaining thus for an instant, he appeared to be gaining resolution for his deadly purpose. It was a moment of awful suspense; I felt my heart sicken at the blood-thirsty coolness of the whole proceeding, and had to turn away my head in disgust; when I again looked round, he had raised his pistol, and was taking a long and steady aim; he at length fired; the ball whizzed through Hautsell's hair, and as it grazed he wheeled half round by an involuntary motion, and raised his hand to see if there were blood. I now looked anxiously at Eisendaller, but he stood firm and motionless as a statue. I thought at one moment I saw his lip curl, and a half scowl of disappointment and impatience cross his features, but in an instant it passed away, and he remained as passionless as before.

It was now Hautsell's turn, he lost no time in presenting his weapon; there was a small red spot burning on the cheek that had been grazed, which seemed to bespeak the fiery rage that had taken possession of his soul, for he felt that his antagonist had done his best to take away his life. I shuddered to think that I was looking on my friend for the last time, for from the situation in which I stood I could distinctly see that his heart was covered, and that the moment Hautsell drew the trigger would be his last. Maddened with an agonizing thrill of horror, I felt an irresistible impulse to rush forward, and arrest the arm that was about to deprive him of life; but while a sense of what was due to the established customs of society on such occasions restrained me, and I stood breathless with terrific expectation of the fatal flash; Hautsell, to my amazement, suddenly raising his pistol to a vertical position, fired it straight over his head, flung his weapon into the air, and rushing forward threw his arms round Eisendaller, burst into tears, exclaiming, “Mein Bruder!” and wept upon his neck like a child. We were wholly unprepared for such a scene, and although not easily unmanned, the overwrought feelings of all sought vent in a passion of tears. We soon left the ground, and mounted our horses to return to Gottingen. On our way homeward there was little said. It happened that once, and once only, I found myself at the side of Hautsell; he conversed with me for a short time in a low under tone, and on my asking how he felt at the moment of his adversary's missing him, he answered, “it was then my determined purpose to shoot him, and up to the last moment this determination remained unaltered, but at the instant of placing my finger on the trigger, I thought I saw an expression about his face that reminded me of earlier and happier days, when we studied and played together, and had but one heart, and I felt as if I were about to become the murderer of my brother. I could then more easily have turned the pistol against my own breast than have shot the friend of my childhood.” Dublin Lit. Gaz.

THE UGLY MAN.

A hero is nothing in these days if not handsome. But I must admit at once, in plain language, without shame or equivocation, that I am what the world calls—and particularly the feminine part of it—confounded ugly. There is not a feature in my face where it ought to be. I look as if I had just walked out of “Der Freyschutz.” You would fancy that I had been not created, or guessed at, or that I had been made

by mistake. I have been accused of picking up my countenance at a masquerade; and it has been stated that Mr. Farley invented me for a pantomime.

People are surprised that they do not see a line of italics in my forehead, “drawn and etched by George Cruikshank.” Liston has frequently expressed his admiration of my ugliness, and regards me with a kind of envious enthusiasm. I was once obliged to fight a duel with a friend, only for looking at his little girl, whose imagination had been excited by reading the history of an ogre; and was a short time after cast in an action, brought against me for stopping to admire a horse that happened at the same moment to take fright. I am a particular favourite with the author of Frankenstein, who thinks me philosophically frightful. I sat to her for the Monster. I have seen people stare at me as if they wondered how I escaped from St. George, or wished to know when I was last at Wantley. Frequently have I been puzzled to know how Narcissus could fall in love with himself; the thing seems to me impossible. When I have surveyed my face in a glass, I have been rather alarmed, lest instead of passing a pocket I should put my hand into it.

How sorry I have sometimes been when calling upon a friend, I have seen all the little children, as they stole a glance at me on my entrance, prefer going to bed to the proffered privilege of a game at forfeits. Shakspeare must have seen me in a vision when he drew Caliban. Spencer, also, has very nearly described me in several places. One day or other I shall be taken up for a triton that has strayed from its pedestal in a gentleman's pond. I should make a capital study for a knocker.

Mr. Nash wishes to take a cast of my face for that purpose. It is not long ago since mine host of the “Saracen's Head” offered me a share in the concern, on condition that I put up my portrait for the sign. He little suspected the possibility of painting it; it would be easier to personify a chaos. Fuseli could not have made me more frightful, nor could Lawrence have extracted a grace from me, even when the alchemy of his pencil found gold in all things. No painter, therefore, has yet had the courage to sketch me. Yet, as I stood the other day looking at a Hercules, and laughing at myself, I turned and caught a pale thin young man pencilling my contour in his pocket-book; and in a few days afterwards, while I was talking with some ladies in a carriage, what was my surprise at recognising my own features, in all the sublimity of ugliness, painted upon the pannel! I was in the character of a griffin!

What was worse, the ladies, who happened to be horribly handsome, observed the likeness, which they seemed to regard as a coincidence highly flattering to me. I fancied every moment that they would compliment me on the resemblance, and expect me to present them with their crest set in diamonds for my miniature. While leaning over they glanced, first at the green pannel, and then at me; comparing the grin of the griffin with the smile of unconsciousness that I assumed, and which must have looked very like a paroxysm of horror.

I grew more and more ghastly as I affected to look pleasant. In endeavouring to twist my mouth into something less disagreeable, I only resembled a fury playing on a fiddle. At last, finding that the griffin had decidedly the best of it, I left the ladies to their scent-bottles. I believe one of them fainted. As I retreated, they seemed a little surprised at my walking away in the usual manner like other people. They looked down and consulted together; they had counted my legs.

I shall not attempt to convey to the reader any definite notion of my features; as well might I endeavour to paint the sound of the bagpipes, or to turn a vinegar barrel into verse.

My nose—let it pass undescribed; a shape of shadow, a riddle to all ages. I bequeath its memory to mankind, and in after times, let it be said that there was at least one nose of which the human mind could form no conception; I will merely observe, that if it should acquire, either from time or the table, any other form or hue, it must inevitably be handsomer than it is. My feet very much resemble those that we meet with in modern poetry, being sadly deficient in quantity when compared with each other.

Yet I am one of the most popular men of the day; a party is hardly considered complete without me. I take precedence of the youthful and the elegant; you will always find me in the loveliest, the liveliest, and the least superficial circle in the room. I attract about me the gay and the romantic, the sentimental and the impassioned. Mind, I am not hired like a genius or a juggler, who is expected to amuse in proportion to the honours that are paid him; and yet I am hunted as a curiosity, and carried about like a new poet, or a new shawl.

But for what? I do not write songs, nor have I made any useless discovery in science.

To be able to dance well, says some old author, requires a

good understanding; it also requires legs, which the articles that assist me in walking cannot correctly be called.

Is there some secret, then, by which ugliness may be made fascinating? There is; it consists simply in this singular fact, that I never in my life happened to read any one of the Scotch novels! This forms my character. I am known as "the gentleman who never read *Waverley*!" I live upon the *nil admirari*—I flourish upon nothing. Every body is contending who shall get me into a corner to describe to me Amy Robsart or Mac Ivor.

I am like the new world—all are anxious to cultivate me. My ignorance is universally coveted; to know is to be nothing.

How I am envied! All leave me with an impression that I am exceedingly well informed, because they have communicated to me every thing that they happened to know up to that period.

There are some that take a pride to gird me, as men did at Falstaff; but my triumph is no less complete; I have captivated the loveliest of her sex. She writes romances, and I have promised to read none but hers. I am to furnish her with perpetual ideas for her corsairs and bandits; she will never want a demon while I live.

My hopes of happiness on this point had not yet received a confirmation. I was in hourly expectation of a decision, and flattered myself—except when I happened to be standing near a mirror—that it would be favourable. In five days an answer was to be returned.

My heart beat responses to the clock, and ticked as if it had been warranted. I watched every hour that came, as a debtor does a dun, and was thankful when it was gone. It would be on the fourteenth; memorable date! Now then for my letter; "Letitia," said I, (these girls get such fine names) "you may bring up my coffee, and mind, I expect a letter this morning; pray let me have it the moment it comes."

The girl started at first, and I believe almost tittered. "There has been one already, sir."

"Then never mind the coffee now, put it down and bring me the letter."

"O, I refused it, sir," said she, with an air of discretion.

"Refused it! when? why?"

"It came by the eight o'clock post, sir. I thought it was a valentine, and that of course you would not take it in."

She indulged me with another stare, and treated herself to another titter.

The post now came. *Hou mihi*, what an inundation of despatches; I forgot how many, some at twopence, some at threepence, none paid! Some were folded mysteriously and turned into geometrical forms—the seals were not less multi-form, and were graced with every impression from a sixpence to a key. There was, however, surprising unanimity in their contents, they all struck at me with some silly satire. But it was all in vain; nature had done so much for me, that my enemies could not, by any possibility, caricature me.

I felt an earthquake within me, but stood firm. I summoned my wits, and held a secret vestry in my mind. The result was inevitable. I was obliged to take in every letter that came till the right one arrived.

Many bore the insignia of a button, and more of a thimble: every one I came to increased my disappointment; I looked for South Audley-street at the top, and "yours sincerely" at the bottom, in vain. My mortification rose twenty per cent. I paced up and down the room, ruminating upon philosophy and the post-office, on ill-directed love, and mis-directed letters. I resolved to terminate my wretchedness at once, and wondering how Chabert could be so foolish as to refuse prussic acid, I rushed out in search of it. But I was not so lucky as Romeo: our apothecaries are too well off; all refused. At last I found a shop with a boy whistling behind the counter. I made a desperate effort to be agreeable, and pleaded some experiment in natural philosophy, but he denied me like the rest. I begged for a little laudanum for the tooth-ache, but he recommended tincture of myrrh. He wrapped up my change in paper, and I was again left in the world without a hope. I turned my head and saw that I was passing a cutler's shop.

I went in and selected a new set of razors; they were not polished, and I could not have them that night; they were to be sent in the morning, certainly not later than nine. I consented to live till that hour.

I retired to bed, but to broken slumbers. I beheld nothing but scarlet coats and leather bags—a legion of post-men. I was wandering in a hall lined with looking-glasses; I was committed for trial for placing my portrait in the Royal Academy; when I awoke it was very near nine; only a few minutes remained for me. My eyes fell upon the glass, and I gave the last shudder of disgust at the unhappy features that involved

me in ruin. The delay of the cutler rendered me impatient; I wondered what the papers would say the next morning, and whether they would have wood cuts. Unconsciously I took up the wet sheet before me to read my final debate. Underneath it lay—mysterious providence—a letter! It realized my fondest dream—at the same time Letty entered the room; "Your razors are come."

"Very well," said I, "then give me some hot water, for I must dress directly."

We were to be married the first of April. Reader, whoever you are, let this be at once your affliction and your balm—that you are less happy and less ugly. *New Monthly Magazine.*

PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE.

The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said, that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good humoured, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may be truly said, that he had a peculiar look for every thought that arose in his mind. Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands. When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of the right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated to me the most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback but on foot; he would sometimes walk five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it. When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it. *Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

BEAU NASH.

Beau Nash was born in 1764, at Swansea, in Glamorgan-shire, and was intended for the law, but entered the army; rank, taking disgust at the discipline and his subordinate rank, he soon forsook, and took chambers in the temple. Here he devoted himself entirely to pleasure and fashion; and when King William visited the inn, he was chosen as master of the pageant with which it was necessary to welcome the monarch. So pleased was William with the entertainment, that he offered him the honour of knighthood; but Nash refused, saying, "Please your majesty, if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least equal to support my title." In 1704 he was appointed master of the ceremonies at Bath; and immediately instituted a set of regulations as remarkable for their strictness as for their judicious adaptation to the wants and society of the place. While in the plenitude of his power and popularity, Nash lived in the most splendid style of elegance, supporting his expenses by a long run of success at the gaming table. His dress was covered with expensive lace, and he wore a large white cocked hat. The chariot in which he rode was drawn by six gray horses, and attended by a long cavalcade of servants, some on horses, others on foot; while his progress through the streets was made known by a band of French horns and other instruments. His common title was the king of Bath; and his reign continued with undiminished splendour for fifteen years. His health then began to decline, and his resources grew less plentiful. As the change in his spirits and circumstances became more evident, his former acquaintances gradually forsook him, and he died at the age of eighty-eight, in comparative indigence and solitude. His character was so estimated by the corporation of the city, that he was buried with great magnificence at its expense; and his epitaph, a neat tribute to his memory, was written by Dr. Harrington. *Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

HORNE TOOKER'S OPINION OF CERTAIN EDITORS.

"Nothing," says he, "is gained by a controversy with an ignorant, low-lived, low-bred, vulgar fellow. You get the better of him in a contest, and the fellow will immediately, as the dernier resort of meanness, enter into personalities. This is with him a cardinal virtue."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

THE practical results of the progress of physics, chemistry, and mechanics, are of the most marvellous kind, and to make them all distinct would require a comparison of ancient and modern dates; ships that were moved by human labour in the ancient world are transported by the winds; and a piece of steel, touched by the magnet, points to the mariner his unerring course from the old to the new world; and by the exertions of one man of genius, and by the resources of chemistry, a power which, by the old philosophers could hardly have been imagined, has been generated and applied to almost all the machinery of active life; the steam engine not only performs the labour of horses, but of man, by combinations which appear almost possessed of intelligence; wagons are moved by it, constructions made, vessels caused to perform voyages in opposition to wind and tide, and a power placed in human hands which seems almost unlimited. To these novel and still extending improvements may be added others, which, though of a secondary kind, yet materially affect the comforts of life—the collection from fossil materials of the elements of combustion, and applying them so as to illuminate, by a single operation, houses, streets, and even cities. If you look to the results of chemical arts, you will find new substances of the most extraordinary nature applied to various novel purposes; you will find a few experiments in electricity leading to the marvellous results of disarming the thunder cloud of its terrors, and you will see new instruments created by human ingenuity, possessing the same powers as the electrical organs of living animals. To whatever part of the vision of modern times you cast your eyes, you will find marks of superiority and improvement, and I wish to impress upon you the conviction, that the results of intellectual labour, or scientific genius, are permanent and incapable of being lost. Monarchs change their plans, governments their objects, a fleet or an army effect their purposes, and then pass away; but a piece of steel touched by the magnet preserves its character for ever, and secures to man the dominion of the trackless ocean. A new period of society may send armies from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Euxine, and the empire of the followers of Mahomet may be broken in pieces by a northern people, and the dominion of the Britons in Asia may share the same fate as that of Tamerlane or Zengiskhan: but the steam-boat which ascends the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence will be continued to be used, and will carry the civilization of an improved people into the deserts of North America, and into the wilds of Canada. *Sir Humphrey Davy*

HAIL-STORMS.

Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, accounts for hail-storms in the following manner:

Violent hail storms are always attended by black clouds, high winds, and thunder and lightnings; they are confined chiefly to the temperate zones; they occur most frequently in the hottest months; hail-stones are much smaller on the tops of mountains than in the neighbouring plains; they are often followed by cooler weather. The immediate cause of hail-storms is a sudden and extraordinary cold in the region of the clouds where the hailstones begin to form, but the great question is, what is the origin of this cold? An exceeding cold wind from the north, or from the high and cold regions of the atmosphere; this meets with a moist, warm current of air, and a hail-storm follows. In descriptions of hail-storms it is commonly mentioned that opposite and violent winds meet. When a cold current from the regions of perpetual frost meets with a warm current, the watery vapour of the latter is frozen, and hailstones are formed. In the torrid zone there are no hail-storms, except near lofty mountains, because there are no freezing currents of air to mix with the cold currents. The south of France is more remarkable for frequent hail-storms than any country in the world. This is owing to its situation between the Alps and Pyrennees; the cold blasts from these regions of snow and ice, mingling with the hot, damp air over the intervening country, produce violent hail-storms; the opposite currents of hot and cold air are set in motion when the heat of the sun is great. It is surprising that hailstones, descending as they do, through many thousand feet, fall with so little force. They are heavy enough to fall with a hundred times the force which they actually exhibit. The reason of this is the following: they are very small when first formed, and receive continual accessions in descending; these accessions are made from watery vapours at rest, and the taking one of these new lodges continually retards their speed. Hailstones are smaller on the tops of mountains than in the neighbouring plains, because they do not fall so far.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

MY UNCLE BEN.

"Keep thy lips buttoned, boy!"

My uncle Ben is one of your bona fide observers of the old school. From his youth he has been accustomed to look and reflect for himself, and now, at the age of forty-five, his mental storehouse is replete with a goodly accumulation of knowledge. That it is like the leaves of our autumn forests, of many colours, I am candid enough to confess; but maugre all that, the gleanings of two score years' observation, speculation, and ratiocination are not to be lightly esteemed, if acquired by a discriminating mind. Accordingly, my uncle Ben is regarded as a prodigy of perspicacity and sound judgment. It is, therefore, scarcely necessary to add that he is always chosen arbitrator of all collisions for miles around. From what I have said, some may esteem my uncle Ben a notorious twaddler; but he is not, although I will confess that he is a little pragmatical at times. In the main, however, he speaks and acts to the purpose, and is emphatically one of your business-bent, thorough-going men. In whatever cause he embarks, if he is assured of its rectitude and utility, he goes straight forward; like Balaam he puts to, whip and spur, oppose what may notwithstanding. It is evident, therefore, that he is none of your mauly-pauly, good-for-nothing items in the list of humanity. He exhibits, besides, a striking originality of phiz and phrase, which, had I time to develop them, might furnish some peculiar and valuable hints to the statuary and rhetorician.

My uncle Ben and his biographic nephew are as true friends as ever shook hands or eat salt together. I am unable to tell from what his regard for me arose; but as for myself, I will candidly acknowledge that I have felt a particular esteem for my worthy kin ever since he dandled me on his knee to the tune of "Wha'll be king but Charley," and filled my pockets with oranges, and gave me a Barlow knife, which was the miniature fac-simile of a saw. This esteem has since been occasionally enhanced by his bestowal of sundry other presents of greater moment. Nor have I been wanting in endeavours to perpetuate his kind-heartedness to myself; but, on the contrary, I have manifested much diligence in procuring for him various articles, such as Indian relics, rare shrubs, curious shells, antiquated shoe-buckles, and black-letter tones, the acquisition of which has afforded him unbounded gratification. You must know, by the way, that he is a great admirer of natural history, and that his enthusiastic attachment to this science partakes very much of the character of lunacy. I have known him descend for a full hour upon the configuration of a gnat, and talk some half a dozen hearers asleep while analyzing a buttercup. In fact, he loves nature as a man does his wife, because she is a part of himself, and redolent of sweet tones and pleasant associations, and fair to look upon withal. Consequently, his feelings not unfrequently betray him into the "fine-frenzy" mood, and then he drinks gin and water, and recklessly commits the sin of poetry, as if it were a light transgression and easily to be repented of. He delights in playing crambo, carries a rhyming dictionary in his pocket, and has written acrostics on all his neighbours, saving and excepting Miss Hetty Mudge, whose name he declares to be altogether unacrosticable, and Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Laurelworthy, upon whom he thinks seriously of perpetrating an epic. His table is continually haunted by three or four albums, those fashionable drag-nets for ever cast abroad in the current of modern society, to fish up for the longings of vanity whatever veracious compliments may be floating therein; yet he does not consider them a bore, but a means of recreation and an opportunity for poetic display. His scrap-book is a veritable literary curiosity, and his portefeuille is worth a score of Bodleian libraries. Apropos! reader, didst never have a glimpse of a poet's portfolio? Then thou hast not seen the eighth wonder of the world. I know of nothing to which to compare it. It presents to my mind, however, a better idea of a microcosm than any thing else with which I am acquainted. Intellectual landscapes, of every description, sketched by the fairy pencils of imagination, and replete with the graces of taste, are here spread out to the mind's eye of the favoured spectator. Here he may survey the Alps and Andes of intellect—the high and mighty monuments of genius, upreared in its hour of creative energy in silent mockery of the destroyer time. As the beholder turns away from these pinnacles of thought, other scenes less magnificent, but radiant with beauty, come thronging on his enraptured vision. As fancy introduces him to her varied creations, a thousand joyous emotions which the miseries of the world have pent up in his bosom, gush out like the waters of a full and deep

fountain. She points to the haunts of youth, and anon the golden sands of boyhood are again running their sunny lapse, as he mingles in the rush and about of holiday merriment, or sits scarce breathing in the fire-side ring, while the tales of the good genii go round. She points to the scenes of manhood, and he feels himself again girded with strength for whatever trials may await him by flood or field, and stands forth ready to grapple with wrong or temptation as with a bearded foe. She spreads around him the waste of age—dark, wintry, and verdureless—and he feels the death-damp gathering chillily upon his bosom—that the grasshopper is a burden, and that ere long life's silver cord will be loosed, and its golden bowl broken. Fancy can effect all this by the magic of a poet's portfolio. Yet must he be a genuine fondling of the muse, or we turn with disgust from the fairy land to which we have been transported; for, instead of the goodly creations which anticipation promised, and which we have a right to expect, we find we have been mocked with artificial flowers, devoid of fragrance. The mirage vanishes, and lo, in place of the fruits and fountains we have nothing to console us but barrenness and drought. I cannot at this time give my readers an introduction to the sanctum in which my redoubted uncle has enshrined the glories of his rhythmical lucubrations, but by and by I may have an opportunity to gratify all reasonable curiosity on this subject.

I always make it a point to visit my uncle Ben during the spring and autumn, ever sure of a hospitable reception, and a good store of amusement at his unassuming mansion, which he has with equal modesty and tact at nomenclature, yeclapt "Copee-cottage." It stands on a little eminence within the curvature of a beautiful stream, and is surrounded with almost every variety of tree and bush, from the lofty sycamore to the tiny rhododendron that scarcely shades the violets below. The house is of an octagonal form, and a large elm being situated at each angle, it is almost entirely hidden from view in the circumambient mass of leaves and branches, in which for years many a familiar and half-domesticated bird has built its nest and reared its young unmolested. In fact every living thing that finds entrance to the premises of my worthy relative is suffered to remain and participate of his bounty. For this reason he is always surrounded by a multitude of pets—tame robins, tame crows, tame squirrels, *et id omne genus*, which, though my utter abomination every where else, I can albeit endure at Copee-cottage with tolerable equanimity, since their presence affords its eccentric but warm-hearted proprietor a pleasing opportunity of gratifying his ostentatious benevolence.

I have said that my good uncle manifests a peculiar originality in expressing his thoughts—a sort of words that breathe emphasis, united with great sentimentality. It was on a late visit at his mansion that he uttered, among other memorabilia, the laconic sentence at the head of this article—"Keep thy lips buttoned, boy." There is a little anecdote connected with the apothegm, which may not prove uninteresting, and I will therefore presume on the reader's pardon for inserting it. It was on a charming May morning, while last at Copee-cottage, that my aunt Deborah requested me to accompany her, for the purpose of viewing some late improvement in her brother's garden. As we were returning, my aunt stopped at a little arbour, to arrange some truant vines. I walked on to a small clump of roses, in order to make a bouquet for the good-hearted dame, and while carelessly plucking the blossoms, I received a slight wound from a hidden thorn. I had just commenced a bitter exclamation against all Flora's favourites, when my uncle Ben, who overheard my anathema, gave me the button-on-lip advice. Now, happily, he dislikes all parade of fashion, and it so happened that just at this moment the stage-coach was passing, out of which a city belle was endeavouring to thrust her pretty face, in order to obtain a better view of the cottage. But her endeavours were in vain, for a vast expanse of bonnet absolutely precluded the possibility of the undertaking; so adjusting the discomposed dunstable as well as her long arms would permit, and receiving a kind assistance from a friend at the opposite end of the carriage, she resumed her former position. My uncle Ben witnessed the discomfiture of the fair damsel, and while his little gray eyes emitted a sort of fire-fly phosphorescence, he exclaimed, "Ah, fashion, fashion! thou idiot-born of pride and folly—thou destroyer of female loveliness—thou betrayer of nature's symmetry and simplicity—thou most villainous pioneer, and abettor of physicians—thou"—but just then my aunt Deborah, who had heard all, and, by the way, had that very morning despatched an order to Mrs. Cantelo for one of her latest and most exquisite inexpressibles, came up, and with a good-natured box on the ear, cried, "Keep thy lips buttoned, brother"—and my uncle Ben was silent. PROTEUS.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY,

To the Editor of the Mirror.

July 20, 1830.

DEAR SIR—Yours of the nineteenth instant, with the last numbers of your unrivalled miscellany, and the canister of No. 37, (for which receive my thanks) all arrived in due course of mail. But what in the name of every thing sacred in correspondence could have induced you to put my rambling epistle into print? You editors are sad fellows; and private confidence, I see, must succumb before your insatiate desire to minister for the public good "things new and old." I pardon you, however, in my case, as the transformation of names, and withholding the actual place of my sojourn, puts the parties concerned beyond the reach of detection; and I question much whether my clumsy portraits would even be recognised by the veritable originals for whom they were taken.

You ask me to continue my "sketches of character"—a request that I shall comply with more readily as it happens to suit my present humour—and I really consider the groups who are at my disposal, worthy the attempt, albeit they may be executed by an unskilful hand.

I slightly mentioned in my last "the maiden aunt" who forms a very prominent figure in our family collection. Gallantry and her own inestimable merits give her the precedence in this detail. Miss Experience H. is the only sister of my worthy entertainer. She belongs to that much traduced portion of the human family who retain the juvenile appellation of Miss, joined to their original patronymic, until age almost precludes the possibility of ever obtaining any change in their condition. Miss Experience, however, is not one of your "tart-tongued" spinsters, who wage universal war on their species, and whose sole employment is sipping hyson, mangling reputations, and rearing pet animals, as pugnacious as themselves. She, on the contrary, is the very essence of good-will and kindly feeling, and (bating a little feminine vanity, the result of once possessing a fine person, which, if report lies not, produced some havoc amongst the beaux of her youthful days) she is a well-informed, sensible woman. But it is in the universal good opinion she holds of all the world in which consists her peculiarity. Every mischievous urchin in the village is under her especial protection, and fearlessly plays off his pranks, being sure of escaping punishment through the intercession of "aunt Experience"—nay, even idlers and vagabonds find favour in her sight. "Poor misguided creatures," she will say, "they deserve our pity." The foibles and the follies of her friends, I really believe, only the more closely endear them to her. Of this I am certain, she can extract subjects for praise out of the self-importance of my friend H., the Xantippe qualities of her sister-in-law, and the eccentricities and pretensions of her eldest niece. The domestics of the family are all sheltered under her ample and protecting wing; and I believe are only kept together by her peace-making disposition, for they are all grey in their service, yet continually threatening to quit it, owing to the constant ill-humours of Madame H. One of these useful personages I must make you acquainted with, as belonging to a class now almost extinct. An old negro who acts in the complicated capacity of *valet* to his master—butler in the dining-room and cellar, and *factotum* in every other department of the household—his age is coeval with my friend H's. They have never been separated from childhood, and it is the boast of Mr. Cesar, that "massa could not do any thing without his helping hand." You may suppose he is an important personage in our domestic establishment. He even presumes to curb the harsh humours of his honoured mistress—the cunning rogue knows, however, that a salvo is always ready prepared by Miss Experience; and many a hard dollar passes from the said lady to the pouch of the apparently irritated blackee, when the outpourings of Madame H.'s wrath call forth the conciliatory interference of her more patient sister-in-law.

As our party to the springs is now made up, and we start on Monday next, I cannot close my letter without introducing you to a gentleman who is to form one of our *compagnons du voyage*; no less a personage than the celebrated Adonijah Ganduluch, par courtesy an M. D., whose fame as a medical practitioner is spread far and wide in this remote district. Report gives to the learned doctor a very humble commencement of his professional pursuits; he has, however, by dint of perseverance, and that happy faculty which stumbles at nothing difficult or dangerous in his art, contrived to gain the entire practice of the neighbourhood, and to fill his coffers with the fruits of his constantly exercised medical skill.

Of his talents I cannot speak in very high terms of praise,

for I do believe the sapient gentleman is in a most happy state of ignorance of the higher parts of his profession; and confess nothing has amused me more than to see him writhing in agony under the learned questions and harangues of Miss Elmir, who takes especial delight in testing the extent of his chemical and physiological attainments. Miss Experience is a powerful auxiliary to the learned man in these encounters. She has always an excuse for the evident ignorance he displays, by referring to the well-known axiom, that "doctors disagree," or, "that one discovery in chemistry only serves to falsify previous ones;" and then by citing some successful case in the doctor's course of practice, victory before doubtful generally terminates in favour of her favourite practitioner.

By the by, I am not surprised to perceive that some *god-fies* have been attacking you. *Courage, man and!* It only proves the excellence of your labours. Ignorance and inability stalk unheeded through the community; but let genius and originality prove successful, and the whole herd of carping critics and disappointed would-be "oracles" are on the *qui vive* to crush their efforts. Believe me yours,
H. I.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE TWO GRAVES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE LAST.

WHATEVER benevolence or delicacy could suggest to the two occupants of the secluded abode in which the lovely stranger had breathed her last, was alertly and quickly performed. During the hours which wore away while employed in the discharge of their melancholy office, the stranger continued absent; and, though the shades of evening had begun to descend, still he returned not. George Davis, accompanied by the physician of the distant village, had in the meanwhile reached his home, and at length, becoming alarmed on account of the protracted absence of his guest, sallied out in search of him. With that ready skill in wood-craft, and quick perception of indications not visible to unpractised eyes, which form a striking feature in the knowledge of our frontier settlers, George Davis for some time pursued the *trail* of the stranger through the grass, and among the decayed leaves of the forest, without difficulty. At length, however, owing to the changed nature of the soil, and the increasing darkness of the hour, the tracks became less and less distinct, and just at this time, as if to baffle and render ineffectual his benevolent intentions, the trail, which had hitherto pursued an onward direction, became perplexed, winding, and intricate, like that which would be made by one deeply intoxicated. George Davis stooped to the earth, from time to time, that he might more closely examine the appearance of the leaves; and as he proceeded from one fancied trace of a footprint to another, with a pace at each succeeding step slower and slower, his brow began to show the feelings that were working within, and at length exhibited so much doubt and anxiety, that the physician, who had accompanied him, had no difficulty in perceiving it, although naturally not one of the most acute and observant of men.

"Why do you pause, George?" said he at length, as his companion stood stock still, and showed in his countenance that he did not know which way to proceed.

"Why you see, doctor," answered the other, in the embarrassed tone of one who does not like to own the difficulty in which he finds himself placed, "why you see, doctor, I've done a smart chance of trailing in my time, and can follow on a blind trail as far and sure nor [as] any other man 'twixt this and the Big Bend; but this here trail's a little too much, even for old Kentuck'. You see, here I stood fernest that very gum-tree half an hour ago, and since we tied our horses down in the hollow, we have twice passed under yon very cotton-tree, that now looks as bright and gay among the dark leaves of these cypresses, in this confounded swamp, as if what little daylight there is would shine only on it."

The doctor cast his eyes around, and seemed himself to recollect that they had passed over the same ground before. He ventured an acknowledgment to that effect, to which George Davis hastily replied—

"Don't I know it, doctor; you can't learn me. There," said he, as he parted the grass and showed a *red dirt* in the soil beneath, "there's your own track, your *own* and wide spur-strap. I know it well. I could count every peg in your shoes. And here, you see, is my mockasin. It's the very ground we have been travelling over this half hour."

"But if the stranger has been thus going round and round," said the physician, "he cannot be far from us. What is this long streak in the grass, which goes off in the direction of yonder sycamore? May not this be his trail?"

"It looks more like the trail of a dying buffalo, as he staggers forward when the lead has entered his heart. And yet," said Davis, who had stooped to examine the appearance which he had already twice passed by as something not made by the foot of man—"and yet," said he, "it is a fresh track, and may lead to something. We will try it, at any rate. Follow, doctor."

The trail which the woodman had now struck in was, indeed, that of the unfortunate stranger. He had wandered forth into the woods unknowing whither he was going; and his anguished thoughts preying upon a frame already much reduced by anxiety and watching, produced a violent fever. While the paroxysm lasted he continued to penetrate the forest with a vigorous and rapid stride, thus only ensuring a greater degree of weakness when the diseased action of his blood should subside. His step at length began to falter, and his eyes to reel; but still he kept onward. The woods danced and turned before his dizzied sight; the heavens, with all their glorious masses of clouds crimsoned by the setting sun, whirled around, and the firm earth seemed actually to tremble beneath his step, and to be uneven and undulated, as if agitated by billows like those of the ocean. Still he kept staggering along, until at last his exhausted nature could endure the struggle of powerful and contending emotions no longer, and pitching violently forward, like the plunge of a falling steed, he fell suddenly to the ground. In this condition he was found by the benevolent individuals who had been in search of him, and borne back in a state of insensibility to the cabin. The physician, though he had arrived too late to afford any assistance to one of the unfortunate strangers, found yet a fit subject for his art in the other. Such aid as his skill suggested was immediately rendered, and so effectual were the means he resorted to, that on the succeeding day, by the time the preparations for the funeral were accomplished, his patient was not only restored to his senses, but so much improved as to insist, though much against the advice and remonstrances of the benevolent physician, on accompanying the body to the grave. He hastily arose, and dressing himself in his best garb with scrupulous nicety, accompanied the melancholy group to the place of interment. The spot chosen was on the summit of a natural mound, but a short distance from the cabin. The grave had been dug beneath the wide-spreading arms of a lordly sycamore, and the rude coffin was lowered into its place by the hands of the back-woodman and of his nearest neighbour, who had come ten miles on foot through the forest, to be present, and render what assistance he could on the melancholy occasion. A short and fervent prayer was offered up by the physician, which was listened to by every hearer with unaffected reverence. A slight shudder passed over the stranger, as the first clod fell upon the coffin, and a close observer might have noticed an involuntary motion, as if he had intended to spring into the grave, and be buried, the quick with the dead. But if any such thought passed through his mind, it was instantly checked; and raising his tall and manly form to its full height, and tightly compressing his lips, as if resolved that no expression of human weakness should escape him, he continued to the end of the agonising ceremony a calm, and to all outward appearance, the least moved spectator of the scene. When the doctor afterwards approached him, and expressed in brief and simple terms his condolence, and exhorted him to bear his bereavement with fortitude, he listened to him with composure and respectful attention; and by an eloquent pressure of his hand at the conclusion, returned his acknowledgments for the interest he had manifested. On the return of the group to the cabin of George Davis, he accompanied them with as firm a step as any; and one whose judgment of the heart is gathered solely from external circumstances, would have thought that the grief of the stranger had dissipated itself in its first violent burst. One better skilled to read the human character, however, would not have failed to perceive many evidences of a heart wounded beyond the power of even time—the great mediciner of minds diseased—to heal.

From the day that the being, in whose fate his own seemed inextricably interwoven, had been consigned to earth, although he indulged not in sighs, nor betrayed any of the usual indications of grief, yet he evidently wasted away, and without any specific disease was rapidly following her to the tomb. George Davis, who was touched by the situation of his young and heart-broken guest, readily acceded to a wish which he had expressed of remaining a dweller in his cabin for a considerable time; and notwithstanding the repugnance which he had all his life indulged to society, he yet became so attached to the stranger as not to feel well at ease except when in his company. The guest humoured him in his growing attachment so far, that he would even sometimes go out with him on his hunting excursions, and listened, or seemed to

listen, to his many curious tales of Indian warfare and border exploits. But the truth was, though the unhappy young man conformed himself in outward manners and conduct to the circumstances in which he was placed, there was one hoarded thought locked up in his heart, which was fast wasting the spring of existence. This was indeed,

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting."

Like Henry the first, of whom it is recorded that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile again; so the melancholy guest of George Davis was lost for ever to joy, and incapable of wearing its semblance. He was not moody, and not often abstracted. He mixed freely in the pursuits of the family, conversed on their own topics with the mother and daughter, and repaid the stories of the back-woodman with some tales of sea-adventures, of battle, storm, and wreck, in which, though he never named himself, it seemed evident that he had borne a part. But though he thus endeavoured to repay the attentions of his benevolent entertainers, and sedulously refrained from giving any vent to the sorrow that was consuming him, he was obviously growing, day by day, more attenuated and pale. Every morning and evening he was missed for a time from the cabin, and it was well known at what point the rambles in which he indulged at those hours terminated. During the remainder of the day he employed himself either in one of the ways that have been indicated, or in writing in a large volume, which he always carefully returned to his trunk. In this way several months glided away. The gloomy season of winter had passed by, and spring, with her happy call was beginning to awaken the earth from its long and dreary torpor. The goodwife of George Davis began to fancy that the heart of the stranger might be revived by the same sweet influences which had already brought back its smile to the cheerless face of nature; and even fancied that she saw indications of returning cheerfulness in his countenance. But if this was anything more than fancy, it was but as the hectic glow which precedes dissolution. He had gone forth one pleasant evening, according to his wont, and had proceeded on his accustomed route towards the grave of his lost companion. As he passed over the rude fence which inclosed the little plantation of George Davis, he was met by the honest back-woodman, who, at the same time happened to be returning from the forest. They saluted each other with a friendly greeting, and each passed on towards his object; but, though there was nothing unusual in this occurrence, it yet rested like a weight upon George Davis's mind. Whether there was something peculiar in the tone of his guest's voice, or in the expression of his eye, or in his general demeanour, he could not tell, but long after his return home he continued to ponder on the interview with a troubled spirit, and frequently walked out into the open air to listen for the returning footsteps of his lodger. The usual time of his absence at length expired, and still he returned not. The anxiety of George Davis now broke through the restraint which his sense of delicacy had hitherto imposed upon him, and he sallied forth, either to meet his guest, or to learn what had befallen him. As he receded further and further from his cabin, and still saw nothing of the other, his anxiety redoubled, and quickening his pace, he almost ran along the path which the stranger's frequent pilgrimages to the grave of his lost companion had made, till, reaching the spot, he there beheld him stretched upon the ground, partly across the hillock, beneath which his heart seemed to have been buried. It was in vain that George Davis called to him—that he shook him, and endeavoured to arouse him into consciousness. The life, which had long stood flickering on a point had gone out—the spirit had departed—and nothing but an unconscious, lifeless form was now left of the unhappy stranger.

It would be needless to dwell on the circumstances of the funeral. The body was interred in the spot where life had deserted it, and the two graves are yet pointed out to strangers who pass through the flourishing town which has since grown up around them. They have lately been encircled by a neat paling, and two headstones have been added to them, the one bearing the name of Henry, and the other Ellen. Beyond the mere fact that such were their names, nothing of the history of the two strangers ever transpired. The trunk which was left by Henry contained, besides a very small sum of money, only a few clothes, some of which seemed to mark their owner as having been a naval officer, and the manuscript volume which has already been mentioned. This volume exhibited evidences of considerable literary talent, and several of its descriptions of sea adventures, sketches of poetry, and other matters, are perhaps worthy of a place in a miscellany

like the one in which we have recorded this brief memorial of their author. We may hereafter open it for the amusement of the readers of the Mirror.

Of George Davis little remains to be said. After the death of Henry his fondness for hunting, and the other pursuits and modes of frontier life, gradually declined, and his aversion for society underwent a proportionate diminution. He soon began to see without discomfort the tide of emigration roll through the valley of the Mississippi, like its own mighty rivers; and he even evinced but little displeasure when the noise of the axe and the hammer, and other unusual sounds, broke in upon the stillness of his own immediate neighbourhood. A great land speculator bought a tract of land adjoining the patch which George occupied, and perceiving its eligibility as a site for a town, he endeavoured to add to it the plantation of the woodman. But George had become wedded to the spot, and perseveringly rejected all his offers. The consequence has been, that he has seen the forest disappear around him, and a flourishing town grow up in its place, while his own land has increased in value by the proximity, until it is now worth more by the foot than it once was by the acre. In the rapid and astonishing changes which he has witnessed, his own character has also undergone much alteration. He has lost almost every trace of the habits of the hunter and recluse, and there is scarcely one of the old inhabitants of the town, of which he is now one of the wealthiest citizens, more fond of the social circle than George Davis. His daughter, a fine, matronly and accomplished woman, (accomplished, at least, in the best sense—the housewife sense of the word,) was married several years ago to a lawyer, who had settled in that neighbourhood from one of the eastern states. Though he is a *yankee*, old George is very fond of his son-in-law, and fairly idolizes the curly-headed, rosy-cheeked grandchildren he has given to him. The son-in-law himself seems extremely happy, and well he may be; for he has an excellent wife, his business is as good as a western country lawyer could desire, and in a few years—though I hope the day is still distant—he will fall heir to George Davis's large estate. In the meanwhile he is very popular in the part of the country where he resides, and there is some talk of sending him to congress at the next election. Most of the particulars of this narrative, as well as the manuscript volume I have spoken of, I obtained from Mr. Davis himself, during a recent visit to Ohio; and the reader may depend on their accuracy, for there is no man in the whole western country whose veracity stands higher than that of old George Davis. L.

MUSIC.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

In the last number of the Mirror we furnished our readers with a beautiful melody from the Tempest. Having free access to the score of that work, we now present in continuation, another selection. The favourite song, "Where the bee sucks," is too well known, and too generally a favourite with the public, not to be a welcome guest on the piano-fortes of our fair amateurs, and a closer acquaintance will only enhance its value.

A few words may not be amiss on the subject of this unique composition. Many of our readers have seen the Tempest at the Park theatre, and all have read it. They will consequently recollect that in the last act Prospero bestows on his faithful spirit, Ariel, as a requital for service, the gift of liberty.

"*Ariel*. Was this well done, sir?
Prospero. Bravely, my Ariel. I shall miss thee much—yet, take thy liberty, my chick. Away! and to the elements be free!
Ariel. My ever gracious master, thanks."

The song which we now publish follows. A more joyous and light-hearted melody never gave force to more original and poetic words. Can any thing give such minute ideality to the ephemeral and gossamer-like qualities of the amiable spirit as his own description in this song, of his intended pleasures and enjoyments?

"Where the bee sucks there lurk I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch, when owls do cry,
 On a bat's back do I fly,
 After sun-set merrily:
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

The reader, or one who attends the representation of the Tempest, really pities Prospero for the loss of his "airy minister," and feels happy at Ariel's grateful assurance:

"And for the freedom I enjoy in air,
 I will be still your Ariel, &c."

Whatever may your happiness concern,
 From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn."

As a composition, this song is excellent. Sound and sense

throughout are inseparable. The modulation is not very extensive or peculiar, indeed the subject does not demand that it should be so. As a piece for orchestral accompaniment, the opportunity for beautiful and playful imitations by the wind instruments, is frequent, and the question and answer maintained between the voice and the band, tends greatly to the assistance of the melody without crowding it. The instrumentation, of course, at this time of day, is vastly improved and widely different from what it was nearly two centuries ago, when this air was written; but as played by the Park theatre band, no liberties have been taken with the harmony of Purcell. B.

SELECT POETRY.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST CAPTIVE.

SHE sat in silence on the floor,
 Her raven hair unbound
 Spread her pale cheek and bosom o'er,
 And swept the very ground:
 Her eye was dim and downward cast,
 And now and then a sigh,
 Within her heart till then locked fast,
 Heaved deep and bitterly.

It was a splendid palace-room,
 Around with tapestry spread,
 And, chasing back the twilight gloom,
 A lamp its radiance shed;
 Faintly it lit that pensive face,
 Where strong and still despair
 Had fixed its heavy darkening trace,
 Stiffening each feature fair.

A pencil was within her hand,
 And carelessly it moved,
 Scarce under her own will's command
 Along the floor it roved;
 At length the letters, slowly traced,
 Stood like a wizard's spell
 (Even yet they are not quite effaced)
 "Remember Isabelle!"

She sat awhile, then started up,
 To her cheek rushed back the blood;
 She dashed away the silver cup
 Of wine that near her stood;
 She leant beside the window high,
 She grasped its iron bars;
 Whilst, pitying her, from the azure sky,
 Looked down the silent stars.

It was in vain—her hands, too weak,
 Forced not those bars apart,
 And down she fell with one wild shriek,
 That seemed to burst her heart;
 Still she lay through the night hours mirk—
 They came at morning tide,
 And found that Death had done his work—
 So their first captive died.

Years passed away—they brought again
 A captive to the tower;
 Now many a dark and bloody stain
 Profaned the palace bower.
 The tapestry had fallen down,
 The golden lamp was quenched;
 From the cornice rich the silver crown
 Of mimic flowers was wrenched.

Their captive was an aged man,
 Grief on his forehead high,
 And on his lips, so thin and wan,
 Tales but of misery.
 His love, so beautiful and young,
 Years gone, from him was torn,
 And he had withered, yet thus long
 His load of life had borne.

They placed him in this prison strong—
 "Ay, be it so," he cried;
 "I care not—in yon heaven ere long
 I'll meet my murdered bride."
 He cast his eyes to heaven, and then
 Down on the floor they fell,
 And he read, while thrilled each aged vein—
 "Remember Isabelle!"

It was enough—the nerves that held
 Through all that life's decay,
 No longer by his pride compelled,
 Resigned at once their sway.
 He perished the last captive there;
 And still the peasants tell,
 At eve these words sound through the air—
 "Remember Isabelle!"

NEW SONGS.

THE PORTRAIT.

Ah! let me look upon thy face,
 Fling back thy clustering hair;
 It is a happiness to gaze
 On any thing so fair.

'Tis such spring-morning loveliness—
 The blushing and the bright—
 Beneath whose sway, unconsciously,
 The heaviest heart grows light.

The crimson flushing up the rose
 When some fresh wind has past,
 Parting the boughs—just such a hue
 Upon thy cheek is cast.

Thy golden curls, where sunshine dwells
 As in a summer home;
 The brow whose snow is pure and white
 As that of ocean foam.

For grief has thrown no shadow there,
 And worldliness no stain;
 It is as only flowers could grow
 In such a charmed domain.

I would thy fate were in my hands;
 I'd bid it but allow
 Thy future to be like thy past,
 And keep thee just as now.

THE COMPANIONS.

With thy step in the stirrup, one cup of bright wine,
 We'll drink the success of thy sabre and mine:
 When as boys we took down the bright arms from the wall,
 And rushed in mock combat, around the old hall,
 We longed in true warfare the weapons to wield:
 Now the foe is before us, and yonder the field.

We'll onward together, thy steed beside mine,
 Our blow be as one when we rush on the line;
 Should one fall, one only, the other will try
 A step for his vengeance, another to die—
 On the neck of the fallen yield up his last breath,
 And the vow of their boyhood be cancelled by death.

But rather this evening as victors we'll ride:
 O'er the field of our conquest, the place of our pride,
 With our names on each lip, but named only as one—
 'Tis the glory of either what each may have done.
 Now on for the harvest that darkens yon plain,
 We come back in honour, or come not again.

THE ABSENT.

There is no music on the strings
 Of her neglected lute;
 Her white hand wakes no more its chords—
 Her bird-like voice is mute.
 She wreathes no flowers for her vase,
 No roses for her hair—
 She lingers in her favourite grove,
 But her heart is not there.

The dancers gather in the hall—
 She is amid the band,
 With vacant smile and wandering glance
 For those who claim her hand.
 Her eyes fill with unbidden tears,
 Her cheek is pale with care—
 Lonely amid the festival,
 For her heart is not there.

She broods above her own dead thoughts,
 As o'er her nest the dove;
 Memory and hope own but one dream—
 Her first young dream of love.
 She hears a gallant trumpet sound,
 A banner sweeps the air;
 She sees a knight lead on the charge,
 And oh! her heart is there!

THE DEPARTED.

Set thy spur to thy steed, thy sail to the wind,
 You may leave the far vale and the mountain behind:
 Like the storm o'er the south in thy flight thou mayst be
 But where mayst thou fly from the memory of me?

The struggle, the pleasure, the toil, and the strife,
 May fill up thy days with the hurry of life;
 But night cometh lonely o'er land and o'er sea,
 And in silence and shadow I still am with thee.

With no rose on my cheek, with no rose in my hair,
 But cold as the love whose remembrance I bear,
 Breathing vows that are broken, and hopes that are fled,
 A voice breaks thy slumber—the voice of the dead.

Let thy loveliest slave lull thy sleep with her strain—
 Ay, drain the red wine-cup—it all is in vain;
 From the haunt of thy midnight I will not depart,
 For thy guilt is my power—my home is thy heart!

MEMORY.

A voice of gentle singing
 Went by upon the wind,
 And an echo sweet is ringing—
 The thought is left behind.

'Twas a song of other feelings
 That belonged to other days,
 Ere I marked the stern revelations
 Of the curtain time must raise.

When my heart and step were lighter
 Than they'll ever be again,
 And the dream of hope was brighter—
 For I believed it then.

That sweet song was of gladness,
 Yet it has left with me
 A shadow one half sadness,
 One half dear memory.

Though the darkness of November
 Around my heart be thrown,
 Yet how pleasant to remember
 The spring hours once its own!

LITERARY NOTICES.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerden, Esq. No. XIII. King's edition. London. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE great success of this work has induced the publishers to issue a quarto edition, with proof impressions of the plates, distinguished by the name of "the king's edition." We avail ourselves of the appearance of this thirteenth number to extract from the memoir of Mr. Canning the following anecdotes, which we think cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

The first is in illustration of the statement that it was chiefly attributable to Mr. Canning's persuasion that the princess of Wales was induced to quit England in 1813.

"The writer of this article one day happened to wait at Gloucester Lodge while the princess of Wales had an interview with Mr. Canning; and on her retiring, was shewn into the room which her royal highness had left. He found Mr. Canning standing by the fire-place, very deeply affected; and after some matters of less consequence, the conversation turned on the then engrossing topic of the day. In the course of this, to him so interesting scene, he accidentally leaned his arm upon the chimney-piece; when Mr. Canning (who was describing the forlorn situation of her royal highness as she had just painted it to him) exclaimed with great emotion—'Stop! your sleeve is now wet with a princess's tears.' It was true—her royal highness had been weeping there over her deserted condition; and we believe

that within a few hours of this time, Mr. Canning, moved by her distress, had applied for, and obtained, the frigate which bore her from the English shore."

The next relates to the appointment of Mr. Canning as premier.

"It can, alas, be no breach of etiquette or betrayed confidence now to record how powerfully Mr. Canning was affected by his majesty's behaviour on this exciting occasion. On the succeeding day, when he described it to the writer, he was almost overcome by the emotions called up by the bare recollection of the king's goodness. They were alone in St. James's; and the important subject of the resignation of Mr. Canning's late colleagues, the propositions for the choice of new members to the cabinet, the course of policy to be adopted on certain leading questions—had been considered in a manner worthy of the frank and manly natures of both the parties; when his majesty, who had a while leaned upon the arm of the chair on which Mr. Canning sat, held out the royal sign of his entire confidence, and gave him his hand to kiss, accompanied by expressions so sincere and gratifying, that the deeply touched minister could only drop on his knee and impress on it the silent oath of his utter devotedness and love. We could wish, if it were possible, to paint an historical picture of so interesting a scene, and one which ought never to be forgotten when the patriotic virtues of either the monarch or the subject are remembered."

The last anecdote that we shall quote shows the amiable and benevolent feelings of Mr. Canning in a very striking point of view.

"The writer was one day with him when either the newspapers or some private person gave an account of a woman with a family of children in mourning having watched the egress of Lord Eldmouth (then home secretary) from his official residence, and thrown herself, bathed in tears, at his feet, while the children clung to his dress, and implored, in the most melting tones, mercy for a husband and a father, who was under sentence of death, and about to be executed. The sentence, it appeared, was irrevocable, and the noble lord had literally to be torn from the despairing group. We well remember Mr. Canning's observation—"I would not be in that situation, exposed to such an affliction, for all the power and influence possessed by all the ministry."

The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck; a Romance. By the author of "Frankenstein." Three volumes. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Full of strange incident and mysterious interest, Perkin Warbeck, either as the last of the Plantagenets' ill-fated race, or else as the most pleasing picturesque of impostors, led a life admirably adapted for the novelist; and Mrs. Shelley, taking up the belief that he really was duke of York, flings over her subject all the attraction belonging to the innocent and unfortunate. The story is so ill calculated for extract, that we must content ourselves by commending the good use our fair author has made of her *materiel*, which she has invested with the grace and excitement of her own poetical imagination. The character of Monia is a conception as original as it is exquisite.

The True Plan of a Living Temple; or, Man considered in his proper Relation to the ordinary Occupations and Pursuits of Life. By the author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice," &c. &c. Three volumes, 12mo. Edinburgh, 1830, Oliver and Boyd. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

The author has acquired much popularity on religious subjects, which these volumes are well calculated to increase. They possess a good deal of enthusiasm, together with rational piety; and are eminently deserving of praise for their effort at dispersing those gloomy views which are entertained by certain sects, and which would convert this fair and natural world into a dungeon fit only for hypocrites and ascetics. The notes and illustrations, which occupy nearly all the third volume, are particularly interesting. *Literary Gazette.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

New Publications.—The press of this country teems with new publications. That they are all of equal value will not be contended; nay, it must be admitted, that as tares will spring up with the wheat, so many unprofitable and even noxious volumes will, at times, be issued. It may, however, be asserted with confidence and pride, that the proportion of the latter is incomparably smaller than it has been at any former period. The taste of the public has evidently undergone a marked improvement; and, even in the lighter departments of literature, seldom does a wholly useless, much more seldom an immoral composition, offend the judicious or anxious critic. A few examples, drawn from various specimens on our table, will, in part, evince the truth of this statement.

Prize Essay on Alcoholic and Narcotic Substances.—Professor Hitchcock is the author of this valuable and practical document, and great is his merit for having accomplished his undertaking in such a masterly and pertinent manner. No idle rhodomontade swells his sentences, to remind you of a schoolboy's declamation, or a furious bigot's ravings; no exaggeration starts up to disgust you with the overwrought zeal of blind enthusiasm or hypocritical cant. All is a plain unvarnished statement, such as is supported by the highest authorities of fact and reason. Philosophy is appealed to—prudence is invoked, and patriotism successfully roused to enlist jointly in direct and uncompromising hostility to the greatest

destroyer which ever yet assailed the intellect, or the heart, or the body of man. There is no distorted medium introduced to give undue force to existing objects; they are presented in their naked native outlines, and left to make their own impression, unassisted by external accessories of embellishment or amplification. And callous must be the sensibility and palsied the judgment of that reader who can withhold sensation of horror at perusing the results here clearly stated for his inspection. It is indeed a fearful sign of the progress which the great foe to the health, the morals, and the understanding of men has already made, to witness the too general apathy with which the records of his destructive triumphs are daily, nay hourly regarded. And that man who flies from a contemplation of the horrors presented by the spectacle of intoxication, may tremble for himself! He is on the verge—another step, and he is gone for ever. Professor Hitchcock views the subject in every point from which a knowledge of the past and present may be rendered subservient to the improvement of the future. He discusses the question as a man of science, as a moralist, as an economist, and as a lover of his species; and the same conclusion still reverts upon him, that *total abstinence is the only safeguard*. We hope that every father of a family, that every brother, and that every son, will attentively read this essay. It is full of instruction and improvement.

Essays on the Public Charities of Philadelphia, &c. By M. Carey.—We have received from the truly benevolent author several hundred copies of a pamphlet bearing this title, and intended for gratuitous distribution. Its object is to vindicate benevolent societies from the charge of encouraging idleness, and to place, in a strong light, before an enlightened public, the sufferings and oppression under which the greater part of the females labour, who depend on their own industry for a support for themselves and children. Is it not strange that this subject should fail to attract the attention it deserves? If a mission to the Jews of Palestine or the coppered idolaters of Polynesia were proposed, how soon would the purses of the rich be opened. But our own native female, starving with her helpless children, calls aloud for relief, and there is none to help her! Those who are desirous of possessing themselves of this invaluable pamphlet, may obtain a copy gratis, by applying at this office.

The Journal of Law.—This is the title of a new periodical commenced at Philadelphia by an association of the members of the bar. It is published semi-monthly, and promises to be eminently useful in diffusing uniformity of knowledge among legal gentlemen in the different states.

The American Lancet.—The Medical Inquirer has changed its former modest appellation for this more piquant and threatening title. We have not heard however of its having drawn blood yet. The first intimation we have of its sanguinary effects shall be duly noticed.

The Arts.—The displays of genius and the progress of improvements in the numberless valuable arts which every where minister to our daily comforts, not less than to our fame and reputation as a people, affording as they do an animating theme of gratifying and instructive comment, are yet too little heeded by our statesmen and lawgivers. Even splendid exhibitions of skill, such as would have been deemed honourable had they been produced in those foreign workshops which command the united ingenuity and experience of the ablest artists, have in many instances received no more than a passing notice. These things show at once the difficulty of subduing our prejudices, and the injurious ascendancy which has been so long maintained among us by Europeans.

It would be impossible to go into an enumeration of only a small portion of the numerous fabrics and specimens of the handicrafts, most of which are of the more useful kind; though many could be named of exquisite workmanship, designed merely for ornament. Our object in adverting to subjects in which are involved the glory, honour, and real independence of our country, is to point the attention of our readers to an article which falls more particularly within our province, that of *paper*. This article, now produced in surprising quantities, and in a state of perfection which has called forth our highest admiration, and the unqualified commendations of competent judges throughout the Union, seems to have sprung into existence almost without experiment or preconcert. The art itself is of the highest importance, since neither public events nor private transactions could be known or recorded without it. From the infant who studies the form of letters, and through every class of society till we reach the exalted statesman, and jurist, and the accomplished scholar, all have an immediate and deep concern in whatever relates

to the production of paper. And it is exceedingly gratifying to know, that no individual, however great may be the refinement of his taste, or however fastidious he may be in his notions, can fail to be suited. From the ample and magnificent sheet of elephant or columbian drawing, through the nameless grades and forms down to the delicate note paper, not larger than a lady's hand, richly perfumed and splendidly gilt and embellished, nothing is now wanting to complete the variety.

In addition to the strong recommendation which has been imparted to this valuable commodity, by the introduction of the most agreeable perfume in letter and note paper, the different samples now offered for sale exhibit all the variegated and charming colours of the rainbow, and are put up either in reams, half reams, or quarter reams, in a way at once the most tasteful and fanciful. Wove or laid, plain or hot-pressed, gilt, silvered, or mourning edged; white, cream, straw, (a light yellow) pink, skyblue, pale blue, with all the intervening shades, are at the command of the purchaser, and in parcels adapted to every convenience.

Our country has abundant cause to be proud of such improvements. Nor can it be necessary to say that all this is the effect of a praiseworthy spirit of enterprise and perseverance, combined with ample means, deep ingenuity, and profound skill, and to an extent that could scarcely have been anticipated. How can stronger claims to reward and encouragement be presented to an intelligent community? And what man will have the hardihood to declare that with such indisputable facts before his eyes we ought still to be tributary to Europeans for an article of such prime necessity? A commentary of this kind is worth a thousand idle speculations.

The Battery and Castle Garden.—Those who, like ourselves, are doomed to toil and moil in this pent up city, despite the hot weather and the alluring invitation of advertisements for excursions, have yet a source of consolation, and a refuge from despair, well worthy of praise and of general application. They have a promenade—of which the like may not be seen in other populous towns in this or the other hemisphere. They have the Battery, with its bowers and well gravelled walks, its beautiful prospects of land and water, of distant hills and cultivated vales, of castellated isles and romantic villas, of numerous vessels sailing to and fro, some bound, with broken and doubting hearts, on distant fearful voyages across the waste of waters; others returning, freighted with heavy cargoes and lightened spirits, to their native shore. There too in the silence, the ear may listen to the notes of martial drum and fife from each insulated fortalice, or fancy strain its creative powers to catch the sound which Knickerbocker so well describes, of the merry-making sable gentry of Communipaw, and hold communion with the days of old. Nor need the senses suffer or the limbs undergo fatigue in the open air. The garden opens its portals, and lowers its moated bridge to receive the welcome visitor; and many are the charms which await his presence within its once warlike walls. Music—song—flowers—exquisite refreshments, and the cool breezes of evening, wooed there as to an air tower, when not a breath stirs the atmosphere elsewhere—all these and more invite to a walk and a seat in this enchanting spot.

Castle Building.—However subversive this practice may be to a sober regulation of our lives, yet there is something inexpressibly fascinating in its indulgence, which none but your real castle-builder is capable of appreciating. How delightful is the feeling that with one wave of fancy's magic wand, riches, honours, happiness, and every good "that flesh is heir to" court your possession! How consolatory to the unfortunate wight who is

"Not worth a ducat,"

to be enabled to create a fancied bank for himself, in which thousands are deposited at his credit; and who, inhabiting an attic, elevated far in the airy regions, in which he moost delights to revel, can transform the miserable tenement into a sumptuous palace, with all its gay appurtenances, and people it with beings exactly suited to his own fastidious taste. Rest assured, ye overgrown capitalists, that the actual possession of your enormous wealth does not convey so much real satisfaction as the enjoyment of this ideal bliss affords to the poor castle-builder, while he indulges in his harmless reveries. To speak a sober truth, the possession of this faculty furnishes to many, whom fortune sports her malice on, the only consolation they experience under the miseries to which they are subjected.

Weekly report of deaths.—The mortality of last week, especially among infants, was very great. There was the unusual number of two hundred and four deaths, of which one hundred and six were of children under two years old! Eleven persons died from drinking cold water.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

Andante.

AS SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN, IN THE CHARACTER OF ARIEL, IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF THE TEMPEST.

Where the bee sucks there lurk I, In a cow-slip's bed I lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do cry. On the bat's back do I fly, Af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly; mer-ri-ly, af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live now, Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the bough, Mer-ri-ly mer-ri-ly shall I live now, Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the bough, Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CONTRASTS.

Why should the freeborn spirit, like a pearl
In ocean's caverns hid, for ever lie
Immured mid glooms of blighting ignorance?
It has all faculties for light, all power
To hurl its circling chains away, all right
To glory in its favoured birth, and call
Ethereal essences its kin. Yet sleeps it on
Through its dull life of torpitude, enervated,
Till on its vision breaks the kindly beams
Of intellectual light. Thrice blest the few,
The passing few, on whom that radiance falls!
Whate'er their lot, or poverty, or pain,
The world's base envy, or its baser scorn,
They are not wretched all, for known to them
The sacred bowers where happiness retires
To hold her court, and shower her bounteous gifts.

Lo, now the rustic to his toil goes forth
Sullen and sad, while 'neath his reckless foot
The blooms of summer die, the forest oak
Low bows its head, and in his strain uncouth
The song of birds is drowned. But different far
The son of science to his labour hies,
Whom stern subduing poverty compels
To wring his pittance from the stubborn clod.
The light of joy is on his open brow,
Though there the hand of toil has chronicled
The busy years in many a furrowed line.
The woodland bird, within his native bower,
Hath not a sprightlier air nor freer note,
Than he whom science for his rural task
Girds with a double strength. The humblest flower
That gems his pathway to the harvest field,
Fears not his frequent tread, but sweetly smiles
To catch one passing glance of his kind eye.
He has a sense for every charm around,
And while the sickle or the scythe he wields,

The mind is active in her secret cell
To note down each perception as it springs.
From the deep glens comes up the livelong day
His care-dispelling song, which echo loves,
In her wild haunts, to warble o'er and o'er,
Till every grove is eloquent with joy.
On the lone hills he is not all alone,
For there to him is sweet society
With birds and bubbling waters, and the sweep
Of harvests bending to the passing breeze;
And when the tempest spreads its banner folds
In darkness o'er the heavens, to him the voice
Of winds, and waves, and dying thunders speaks. P.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 5.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

BY IANTHE.

Thou hast left us, and for ever :
The light of those sweet eyes
Will beam upon us never
Till we meet above the skies.
Life's sunshine was around thee ;
The world looked glad and bright ;
And the ties of love that bound thee,
Might have checked thy spirit's flight.
But the bonds that earth entwined
Are all too weak to stay,
When the far-off heaven shineth,
The spirit's upward way.

Thou hast left us, and for ever :
Thy smile of quiet mirth,
Thy low sweet voice shall never
Sooth our aching hearts on earth.
The joys thy presence cherished,
Like morning dreams have fled ;
And many a fair hope perished
Upon thy narrow bed.

For the love that we have borne thee
Thy loss we needs must weep ;
Yet even while we mourn thee,
We envy thee thy sleep.

VIEWS IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

PARK ROW.

"Behold the picture—is it like?"

It is presumable that few readers are aware of the labour and difficulties attending our researches for facts connected with the subjects of the engravings which occasionally embellish the Mirror. Not only the dusty records of both "church and state," for nearly two centuries, are to be carefully examined, but also huge unwieldy folios of newspapers of more modern dates, together with old magazines and other antiquated periodicals, whose mouldering skeletons have partially survived the period of their ephemeral existence. In the chaste and classic language of the immortal Knickerbocker, "we have long beheld with great solicitude the early history of this venerable and ancient city, gradually slipping from our grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age, and, day by day, dropping piecemeal into the tomb." We are labouring to preserve some relics for the use and benefit of posterity.

Not only are the features of this city continually changing, but even its local appellations are constantly disappearing from the map. Where are now the streets which were once designated by terms of royalty, such as King, Queen, Crown, Princess, Duke, &c. ? Where are Smith-street, Kip-street, Golden-hill, Partition and Fair streets ? Where is Old Windmill-lane, and many other celebrated localities familiar to our forefathers ? Gone—vanished!—and, in many instances their former situations are as much involved in doubt and mystery as is the much disputed site of ancient Troy. The genius of improvement still stalks on with giant strides, and a future generation may be as much puzzled to ascertain the precise spots on which the Jail and Bridewell are now standing, as are some of the present inhabitants in providing ways and means for their speedy removal. Even Park-row itself may one day "cease to be," and the verdant promenade in its front be extended over the ground now occupied by the stately edifices represented in the picture. Magnificent elms and butternuts, of nature's own manufacture, may hereafter displace the present canvass groves with which the hand of art has embellished the temple of the muses, while its pit and stage shall be "floored over," not with deal boards for the dancers at a thousand-dollar masquerade, but with gravelled walks and triangular plots of clover, for the better accommodation of truant urchins who pitch coppers and play at marbles. But, whatever mutations await this great thoroughfare of the city, we have taken care to secure its portrait, graven with a pen of steel on imperishable copper ! so that posterity may "compare notes," and marvel at the simplicity of their ancestors.

The street which is now denominated "Park-row," was once a rough country road, the only one which led from the city to any other part of Manhattan Island. It was then called "*The High Road to Boston*," and when the adventurous traveller, whom business or pleasure called to the more eastern settlements, had left the noise and bustle of the town

far behind him, his way lay over a small rustic bridge, which crossed a sluggish stream of water, near the present junction of Chatham and Roosevelt streets. This water-course connected Swamp-meadow on the east with the Freshwater-pond in the centre, since known as the Collect.

On a moonless evening this was doubtless a dark, dreary, lonesome, comfortless road, with only three houses (if we except a windmill, which then occupied the present site of Blanchard's Amphitheatre) in the whole distance from the suburbs of the city to the bridge before mentioned, and perhaps half a mile further. There were, indeed, a few buildings in Kip-street, (now Nassau,) south of the Vineyard, as the present site of the Brick Meeting church-yard was then called. But these were situated at some distance from the "High Road;" one of them standing on the spot now occupied by the American Tract-house, and another on the opposite corner of George-street (now Spruce.) One of the three houses before mentioned stood on the present site of Tammany-hall, another nearly opposite our present Tryon-row, and the third where the new marble building is now being erected for the American Museum, corner of Ann-street—or more correctly, between that edifice and the Chemical Bank.

By a reference to Lyne's map, published in 1729, it will be seen that little improvement had been made in this quarter down to that period. Broadway then extended from the Battery, or rather Fort George, to the spot now occupied by St. Paul's church, where the "High Road to Boston" commenced, shooting off in an easterly direction, and leaving a long unseemly ropewalk on the left, in the line of Broadway, extending from Barclay to Murray street. The present Park was then a wild common, and all that region west of Broadway, between Courtlandt and Duane streets, extending to the Hudson, was called King's Farm. Near the spot where Warren and Greenwich streets now intersect each other, was a house of refreshment, with a garden and bowling-green; but no road led to that part of the island. The spot now occupied by the "Mineral Fountain" of Jacob-street was then the centre of Beekman's Swamp, where wild pigeons and blackberries could be taken in abundance.

At the period alluded to, neither Beekman nor Ann street extended west of Kip or Nassau street; so that the latter, together with Fair-street and the Boston-road, formed three sides of a triangular field, on which no building was erected, except the one in Broadway before mentioned. It was a field in the country; as properly out of town as the present junction of Broadway and the Bowery, the apex of the triangle forming the junction of Kip-street and the Boston-road.

The spot of ground which we have thus attempted to describe has since been cut up into smaller sections by the opening of Beekman-street, Ann-street, and Theatre-alley; and the whole is, of course, now crowded with buildings. That side of the triangle formed by the Boston-road is covered with houses, a view of which embellishes our present number; and, in consequence of its proximity to our judicial promenade, is known by the appellation of Park-row.

The view here presented is taken from a position in Broadway, near the head of Vesey-street, looking eastwardly along the south side of the Park. A small portion of the iron railing which encloses this beautiful lawn is seen on the left, together with a section of one of the four marble columns which support the iron gates at the south-west entrance, through which a lady and little boy are supposed to have just emerged from the Park. These columns were erected in 1821, when the imported iron railing was also put up, causing much ironical railing against our sapient corporation for giving John Bull so profitable a job, when it could have been done so much cheaper and better by our own native artists at home. But let that pass. In the centre of one of these marble columns, or gate-posts, is a large cavity, in which is deposited a capacious tin box, of cylindrical form, tightly sealed and soldered, containing many specimens of the coins, arts, and literature of the day. On this occasion our worthy friend, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell made, as usual, a scientific and highly interesting speech. Each of these pillars has since been surmounted with a Turkish cannon ball, made of Asiatic marble, which were brought from the Mediterranean, and presented to the corporation by Commodore Decatur.

The Park itself is a triangular lawn, comprising about eleven acres. It is bounded by Broadway on the north-west, Cham-

bers-street on the north-east, and Park-row on the south. At the period of the revolution, as before stated, it was an open common, denominated "The Fields," in which was the House of Correction, or Bridewell, and the New Jail, as it was then called, although it was nearly twenty years of age, having been erected in 1758, twenty-four years subsequent to the institution of the House of Correction. Several years after the extension of Broadway, and the laying out of Chambers-street, (the precise date we have not been able to ascertain,) the Park was enclosed with a wooden pale fence, which continually suffered from juvenile depredators; as the light pales, or narrow strips of boards, which formed the fence, were found very convenient by the lawless urchins in the construction of bats and other implements used in their gymnastic exercises. In 1794, an extensive edifice of brick was erected on the north-east side of the triangle, facing Chambers-street, for the purpose of a City Almshouse. This building, which is two hundred and sixty feet in length, and three stories in height, exclusive of the basement, with a wing at each extremity, was appropriated to the purposes for which it was erected, until the completion of the New Almshouse at Bellevue, in the spring of 1816, when the paupers were forthwith removed to that commodious building. The former building was then repaired, and called the "New-York Institute," and has since been occupied by the American Museum, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Historical Society, and several other similar societies. This section of the Park was then enclosed with an iron railing, of domestic manufacture, extending from the Bridewell to the corner of Chambers-street, and from thence to the west wing of the Institution.

Previous to these improvements, however, the new City-hall had been erected between the Bridewell and the Debtor's Jail. This edifice, which has formed the subject of a former engraving, was commenced in 1803, and finished in 1812, being nine years in building, and costing five hundred thousand dollars! Historians inform us that the magnificent temple of Solomon was completed in seven years from its commencement; but then it should be remembered that there was no board of aldermen at Jerusalem to impede the progress of the work, and that we had few Solomons in our New-York common council when the City-hall was projected at the estimated cost of two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

As our readers have already been furnished with a description of the City-hall, with the exception of an elevation of the steeple, a re-formed Justice, and an illuminated clock which is to be, we shall now proceed to notice a few of the objects which actually appear in the picture; our previous remarks referring solely to such as are not seen, being concealed by the left hand margin of the engraving. The reader is doubtless aware that all the foregoing sage observations have been elicited by a few feet of iron railing, a butternut tree, and half a section of a marble post!

On the south side of the Park, outside of the flagged foot-path, is the principal stand for the hackney-coaches; and, in looking at the picture, we really feel glad for the dandy and his fair companion, who have just escaped the cruel ordeal of impertinent importunity, which every one must undergo who has the temerity to pass that way. Their last persecutor is the fellow seated on the box of the foremost carriage, a compliance with the law which very few of them will imitate. His face is turned towards the exquisite, with a sardonic grin, which seems to say, "You are no gentleman, bad luck to ye, or ye'd give the female a sate in my carriage. No lady ever walks out in my country, unless she rides in a coach." The gigantic driver of the next hack, however, appears to have better fortune, and ten to one the two youngsters with whom he is chaffering will pay double the legal fare for their contemplated excursion.

Exactly over the top of the second carriage in the picture appears the upper story of Tammany-hall, with its white-washed front, reminding us of "an old acquaintance with a new face," while the driver and horses of the first carriage, with the aid of a friendly tree, have saved the artist the trouble of glazing some half dozen windows in the west wall of the Brick Meeting; which, whether visible or not, actually stands behind that very tree. Its elegant spire is sufficiently conspicuous over the roof-tree of Professor Chilton's four-story domicile; and it is but civil to add, that this gentleman is an operative chemist and druggist of no ordinary celebrity. Turner's grocery, at the corner of Beekman-street, being a little shan-

tee, not much larger than the body of a hackney coach, is totally concealed by the heads of the horses before mentioned; a very convenient screen by the by, to prevent our witnessing any accidental violation of the constitution and by-laws of the temperance society.

The narrow, dark-looking, three-story building on the right of Chilton's, is occupied by Mr. Walsworth, who keeps the "Chatham Hotel." On the right of this is a house of entertainment called "Bachelor's Hall," under the direction of Welcom D. Niles. The next is Morse's "City Coffee House." On the right of Morse's is a low, two-story building, half of which is occupied by Thomas Lewis, boot and shoe-maker, and the other half by James Sweeney. Then comes the lofty four-story "Theatre Hotel," now conducted by Mr. Waterbury. The next building in order is the "Park Theatre," with a description of which we shall close this article. On the right of the theatre, as respects the position of the artist, is an elegant hotel, originally established by Isaac Delamatre, and now conducted by James Holt, called the "Sock and Buskin House." Next is the apothecary-store of Messrs. Place & Souillard, adjoining which is the porter-house of M. & E. Cronly. A small section of Ira Clark's establishment terminates the picture on the right, where a fine load of hickory is just making its exit, destined no doubt, for some house-keeper in Ann-street.

Thirty human figures, besides one dog and several horses, impart much expression and animation to this interesting scene; and we think that our readers will agree with us, when we add, that the whole reflects no inconsiderable credit on the two artists, Messrs. Burton and Smith.

The most prominent edifice in the cluster, of which we have thus attempted a brief and imperfect description is the "Park Theatre," sometimes called the "Old Drury of America." Although there is nothing imposing or prepossessing in the external aspect of this establishment, there are still many interesting particulars connected with its history, which are not unworthy the attention of the curious reader. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few facts relating to this subject.

It is now nearly a century since the first attempt at dramatic performance was made in this city. An old maid-lady of our acquaintance, who at this moment enjoys good health and the full possession of all her mental and physical faculties, recollects witnessing or hearing of some performances of this description previous to the establishment of a regular theatre in 1750. A large store somewhere in the vicinity of Old-slip was appropriated to this purpose; and her impression is, that the whole was conducted in a rude, unpublish style, unworthy the patronage of refined society. We presume that these reminiscences of the good old lady refer to the fact mentioned by Mr. Noah, in an article on the subject which he published in 1821. He says: "the earliest theatrical performances in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants, were in a store on Cruger's wharf, near Old-slip, by a company of 'Thespians,' composed of 'choice spirits' of a certain order. They were roystering young men, full of tricks and mischief, who used to play cricket in the Fields, and who spent their nights at the boat-house in Broad-street, near where the United States' public stores now stand." It is probable that no one member of this company ever immortalized himself by his histrionic talents, as none of their names have been handed down to the present generation.

About the year 1750, the first regular theatre was built in New-York. "It was a stone building in the rear of the Dutch church in Nassau-street, near Maiden lane." We recollect a church in Nassau-street, called the "German Calvinistic Reformed," which has since been altered and devoted to secular employments, and is now occupied as a glass and crockery store by George Dummer & Co. The first theatre, then, must have stood in the rear of this building; but whether the entrance was from John-street or Maiden lane, we are not informed. The manager's name was Hallam, and he had a tolerable good company, recruited from the provincial theatres of England. In this theatre, our informant says, the sterling English tragedies and comedies were performed. After a time, however, Hallam received such flattering invitations from Jamaica, that he was induced to take his company thither, and the theatre was pulled down.

The next theatrical establishment mentioned in the annals of this city, was in Beekman-street, a few doors below Nassau-street, about the year 1770. This was a wooden building in poor condition, with paper scenery and a wretched wardrobe, under the management of one Miller. It was finally destroyed by some political mob in the year 1774.

Of the state of the drama in New-York during the revolutionary war, while the British had possession of the city, we

possess little or no information. A commodious theatre, we are told, was erected in John-street, where the British officers got up an amateur company, and performed the popular dramas of the day, together with some original satirical pieces from the pen of General Burgoyne. After the evacuation of the city by the British, which took place in 1783, the John-street theatre was opened by a regular company, who met with considerable encouragement. In the hard winter of 1785, the manager offered part of the proceeds of one night, one hundred pounds, to the common council for the relief of the distressed poor. The donation was declined, however, on the ground, that theatrical exhibitions had an immoral tendency. This theatre was destroyed by fire in 1795.

About the year 1797, a number of gentlemen united by subscription in the purchase of a lot, and commenced a new theatre fronting the Park, between Ann and Beekman streets. In this enterprise a considerable sum of money was expended, when, from embarrassments, mortgages, &c., it finally came into the hands of Messrs. Beekman and Astor, who completed the building and furnished it with every requisite appendage. It was opened for public performance in 1798, under the management of the celebrated Hodgkinson, formerly of the John-street theatre, with a most excellent company. After the death of this truly great actor, the establishment was successively under the management of Dunlap, Cooper, Price, and finally of Simpson.

On the twenty-fifth of May, 1820, the Park theatre was discovered to be on fire, and such was the rapidity of the conflagration, that scarcely an article was saved, and in a short time nothing remained but the bare and empty walls.

Previous to this disaster, a large wooden circus, which then stood in Anthony-street, on the spot now occupied by Christ church, had been fitted up for a summer theatre, by the Park managers. On the destruction of the Park establishment, the house in Anthony-street was opened for the remainder of the season, and was generally well attended. It was on this stage that Kean first presented himself to an American audience.

Months rolled on before any thing was done towards rebuilding the Park theatre. At length, however, the proprietors, Messrs. Beekman and Astor, embarked once more in the experiment; and as they possessed a golden talisman which could almost rival the lamp of Aladdin, in the performance of wonders, they found no difficulty in raising a new phoenix from the ashes of the old. The house was finished in August, 1821, and opened on the first Monday of September.

A particular and technical description of the Park theatre, at this late day, cannot be deemed necessary. "Its attractions are all within." Its exterior is before the reader; a plain, unsightly, "shabby-looking affair," lighting a blush in the cheek of every citizen who is called upon to act as cicerone to a stranger. The front, such as it is, measures eighty feet in width, and fifty feet in height. The building is one hundred and sixty feet deep; comprising three complete circles of boxes, two side tiers, a spacious gallery, and commodious pit.

With an enterprising manager and a good stock company, the Park theatre is always well attended; but while the proprietors continue to exact from the lessees such an exorbitant rent (sixteen thousand dollars per annum!) it is impossible for the establishment to prosper.

In conclusion, we are constrained to say that the present external appearance of the Park theatre is a disgrace to the city. Did the owners of the edifice possess one spark of that public spirit which renovates and beautifies every thing around them, they would cheerfully spare a few dollars from their hoarded millions for the embellishment of an establishment which has always been to them an unfailing fund of wealth. It is almost incredible that men, who have made immense fortunes among us, and who exact such an exorbitant, not to say iniquitous rent, for little more than the bare walls of a plastered barn, should refuse to appropriate a small portion of that revenue to such improvements as are absolutely necessary to impart some degree of respectability to the establishment, and which are so loudly called for by those who support it.

Had it not been for the indefatigable exertions and manly enterprise of the lessee, the Park theatre must long since have gone to ruin. And what has been the reward of Mr. Simpson's labours? A regular and constant increase of rent for every improvement which his genius and liberality have created. Under such circumstances it ought not, it cannot be expected that he will incur the expense of embellishing the exterior of the building. He has enough to do, and more than enough to suffer in creating properties for the interior.

It is an ungracious task to be compelled to make these remarks, but a sense of public duty will not permit us to remain silent on the subject at the present time. It must be confess-

ed, however, that our views are not totally free from selfishness; for had the front of the theatre possessed any degree of architectural beauty, in the same ratio would the engraving have been more worthy the public attention; as it is, the only thing we can offer in its favour is fidelity of design and felicity of execution.

THE FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THAT music has made rapid strides in America, is evident to the most uninterested and casual observer; but that it receives the encouragement necessary to make it thrive in all the refined luxuriance of which it is capable, I am not prepared to admit. America is still far behind Europe in that respect. No establishment has done so much for the improvement of the art as the Park theatre under the management of Mr. Simpson. The strength of his chorus; the excellence of his band; the engagements made with the first-rate artists he has from time to time assembled; the classical and delightful music he has given, and continues to give; the operas successfully brought out, and which have been unatempted, or failed in the hands of every other manager in the United States; the enormous expenses incurred in such a cause, altogether form a debtor and creditor account of no mean amount between Mr. Simpson and the public, the balance of which is very much in that gentleman's favour. In a late number of the Mirror, an allusion was made to the production of Weber's *Oberon*, and its cold reception. The music of this splendid opera is not even published in this country, and only known as having been performed twice or thrice in this city! When the fashionable world, as certain individuals term themselves, clamour for places at the box-office, on the first appearance of some Italian with a long name and a vowel at the end of it, or crowd to hear bad French singing, how strange and ridiculous does it appear, and what can be their motive? Certainly not the love of good music. I believe that it must be summed up and explained in that one vulgar, non-descript, merit-opposing word—fashion. In every country, the innovations of this curious monster are productive of contemptible effects, and in no country more so than in England; but although, in London, until Fanny Kemble somewhat resuscitated the drama, it was not fashionable to appear at theatres except in private boxes, yet, on the production of *Oberon*, the fashionable and musical world were not only the chief support of the opera, but actually we find all the names of persons distinguished by rank and talent recorded in the newspapers as having attended the last rehearsal. The sale of the music likewise was very general. Much has been said in palliation of the neglect sustained by this opera in New-York, got up as it was with care and attention, and executed admirably. The music has been accused of being very difficult, and not pleasing; and one most respectable editor actually said it was more incomprehensible to him than Greek. I was not astonished at the gentleman being no Grecian; but I thought within myself that it was strange he had no ear. Weber, when engaged to write an opera by the managers of Covent Garden, selected the subject of Wieland's poem called *Oberon*. Mr. Planché, who was employed to write the drama, concludes his preface in the following modest manner:

"At the Baron Von Weber's desire, the task has been again attempted; and I am indebted principally to Mr. Sotheby's elegant version for the plot of the piece; but the demerits of the *dialogue* and *lyrical* portions must be visited on my head: they are presented to the public but as the fragile threads on which a great composer has ventured to string his valuable pearls; and fully conscious of the influence that thought has had on my exertions, I feel that even as regards these threads,

"If aught like praise to me belong,
"With him I must divide it,
"I'm not the rose, says the Persian song,
"But I have dwelt beside it."

Five of these beautiful "pearls," with the highly poetic "threads" on which they are strung, I have, by permission, selected from the Park score, and now offer to the worthy editor of the New-York Mirror. The public will then be enabled fairly to judge, whether they ought or ought not to be better acquainted with the work. B.

NOTE.—We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the five exquisite songs alluded to above, as sung by Mr. Horn, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Sharpe, Miss Pearson, &c. We feel happy in offering to our readers compositions from such an unquestionable source, and self-complacency mingled with regret, that we are the first to publish them. Surely, this is a stigma on the professional teachers of music in this city, whose duty it is to make their scholars acquainted with the most classical works. Had a proper demand been made by these individuals for a supply of music of this description, the vendors would have been ready enough to meet the demands of the market. We have selected for the present number, the *Vision Song*, as sung by Reiza, who appears to Sir Huron of Bourdeaux, in a dream.—*Ed. N. Y. Mir*

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

THE curtain descended for the last time this summer on Tuesday; the entertainments of the evening being for the benefit of Mr. Simpson. Mrs. Austin appeared in the character of Polly, in the Beggar's Opera, and the first act of the Brigand was added.

The season altogether has been a successful one, and the manager has catered well for the public. In tragedy, we have had Forrest and Booth. In comedy, many fine old plays and good farces, effectively acted by an excellent stock company. The tragedians have occasionally been aided by Mrs. Barnes; the comedians by Miss Kelly. Several new comedies have been successfully brought out here, which in London are described as farces, in the play-bills. Their growth into comedies, we presume, is to be attributed to travelling.

Mrs. Austin has been exceedingly well supported in several new operas. Miss Laporte made a *debut* in a kind of Italian opera, with a set of strange looking people, the refuse of Garcia's troupe, who were no support at all. Miss George has appeared in English opera; and Miss C. Fisher has played her usual round of characters. Mr. Hackett, who stands alone in his representation of yankee peculiarities, has enacted a variety of new extravaganzas with success; and in Rip Van Winkle he has proved himself an excellent Dutchman. The last piece which he got up was the only failure; that, and the "fox-skin story" which it contains, are too bad to laugh at. A number of very successful melo-dramas have been brought out, together with a few execrable ones. By the by, there is a glee or chorus called "Mynheer Vandunck," which, with "Brother Sons of Jove," finds its way into every melo-drama. Now as these tunes are the glory and pride of the Park chorus singers, be it known to the manager, that in every garden in New-York and Brooklyn, they are nightly advertised and chanted by divisions of these indefatigable men; nay, armed with such weapons, they even make predatory attacks upon New-Jersey. The consequence is, that another standing chorus must be arranged for new melo-dramas next season, for the above mentioned well-worn tunes will be detected from gallery to pit. For ourselves, in the heat of the day we often reflect on the cool of the evening and the joys of a cigar in the open air; and invariably, by association, we whistle "Mynheer Vandunck," and we feel positive that next season we shall never witness Masaniello, nor the Knights of the Cross, nor many other melo-dramas, without recollecting the delights of "ice creams that are past," "pleasing but mournful to the soul."

Since the second or summer season commenced, this island has been frightened from its propriety by swarms of aspirants to Theatrical honours. Three gentlemen, with rural names, Field, Thorn, and Fountain, a whole landscape in themselves, have been nightly budding and spouting for their own amusement. We hope they will migrate to the country for practice, if they mean to make the drama a profession. Messrs. Thorn and Fountain can never rise above the stage occupations of setting a chair, handing a letter, or taking a prisoner off; and to do so much as this, they must be well drilled. Mr. Field reads his author with propriety, but has natural deficiencies which no study can obviate, and which must disqualify him from ever becoming more than a third or fourth-rate actor; and indeed to arrive at that point, he has much to learn, but more to get rid of. The manager evidently wishes to bring stars into disrepute, or he would never advertise these raw recruits under that denomination. We have also, during the hot weather, been favoured by the talents of a Mr. Dixon, who modestly terms himself "the celebrated American buffo singer," and has contrived to get this unassuming title put at the head of the Park bills. We do not exactly understand on what he founds his claim, unless it be impudence; and we are strongly urged to this conclusion, by a comparison between the gentleman and Mr. Placide, whose name is to be found in small letters on the nights when Mr. Dixon figures away in capitals! Sloman we disliked, but he had some drollery, and his Major Longbow was rather amusing than otherwise. Mr. Dixon swings about his limbs with the same vile motion which Mr. Sloman used to rejoice in; but he has neither Sloman's voice nor humour; and in his imitations of African character he is far inferior to Blakely. Such exhibitions, by the way, ought to be confined to the circus; for a person who can only grin and caper on the stage between play and farce, uttering abominable jokes to bad music, has no more right to a respectable grade in the profession, than the clown who attends upon horses, cracks Joe Miller jests, and rolls in the saw-dust. E.

LINES TO EMILIE.

BY EVERARD.

THOU wert not born to be
An aged wanderer o'er earth's varied scene,
Thou dreamer, in thy glee!
Thou whose gay path in garniture of green
And pictured radiance lies, enrobed in dazzling sheen.

Thine are the morning hours—
The music and the flush of being's spring—
The sunshine and the flowers
That hope and joy, gay phantoms! round thee fling,
As midst thy years they play on pinions glistening.

Thou wert not born to bleed
The friends that love thee, by thy lingering long
To share their fond cares;
For, when my heart grows rapturous in thy song,
As in its deep recess the tide of love is strong—
Then, with a sense of gloom,
Some thought comes whispering to my startled ear,
Like rush of eagle's plume—
"Love not too fondly or too deeply here,
Since in the days to come each dream must disappear!"

Then thy beguiling smile,
And the soft language of that calm blue eye,
Are lost and dim the while;
And mournful fancies rise, and visions high
Sink, like a wounded bird, from the mysterious sky!

Alas! I see it all!
How soon the blossoms of thy years will be
A blighted coronal!
Pale leaves will fall from pleasure's autumn-tree, [free!
When care hath thrall'd the heart, whose visions once were

Or it may be that death
With icy hand may press that placid brow,
And crush the braided wreath
It wears so calmly and so sweetly now,
While midst each painted leaf the airs of summer flow!

Oh, something to thy heart
Will come to check the transports nestling there,
And bid their spell depart!
Though glorious hope still paints the future fair,
Yet fate's funereal wing will cloud that distant air!

And thou wert doubly blest
If thy fond spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Could soar and be at rest!
Earth is no home for thee—and far above
The God who made thee pure may best deserve thy love!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PURE WINES.—Nothing is more conducive to health than a temperate indulgence in mild and pure wine, while even a moderate use of those which contain much alcohol is pernicious. Unfortunately most of the wines imported into the United States are of the latter description and therefore have been rationally proscribed by those who prefer health to the gratification of the palate. They have forgotten, however, to recommend the importation, or manufacture and general use of pure wines as a substitute. The best wines are not those which command the highest price. Some peculiar properties in Champagne and Tokay serve to enhance their value, but common table wine should be cheap to secure an extensive use. In Europe the average is five cents the bottle, and if we could manufacture it for the same price, all the mongrel Port and Madeira would soon be expelled from market. The writer of this article has tasted twenty-five different kinds of American wine—some of them were excellent, and possessed even an exquisite raspberry raciness. They can be made of all colours and flavours, by mixing the grapes. We should not seek to imitate Tokay or Champagne, but rest satisfied with the production of good table wines, which shall impart a vinous flavour to a large quantity of water, and thus render it, even when bad, a pleasant and harmless luxury to all.

SIMPLE METHOD OF MAKING GAS.—A machine has been recently invented in Paris, by which every family is enabled to supply itself with gas of the first kind for illumination. One of two feet square is sufficiently large for lighting up any private dwelling. The gas is manufactured from a cheap composition of oily and resinous substances, free from any disagreeable odour, or any injurious effect on furniture. It is so constructed that immediately on extinguishing the light the gas ceases to be produced, thus combining safety and economy. The price of the machine is about two hundred dollars. The committee of the "Academy upon chemical substances" have made a favourable report upon this apparatus, and the prefect of the police of Paris appears to be so well satisfied with its cleanliness and safety, that he has permitted it to be used without subjecting it to the formalities required in cases where unhealthy establishments are erected.

PROTECTION OF THE HUMAN BODY AGAINST FIRE.—We presume it is known to most of our readers that the late M. de Montyon, of Paris, bequeathed a prize of eight thousand francs to the author of the best invention for rendering the employment of any art or trade less unhealthy. This bequest has been awarded by the Academy of Sciences to M. Aldeni, the inventor of an apparatus which protects the human body against the action of fire.

AERONAUTICAL TRAVELLING.—We learn from a late Paris paper that a new hypothesis of aërostation has been brought before the scientific academy of that city. Ever since the discoveries of Montgolfier ingenuity has been busy in devising means to navigate the air; and, though all experiments have yet failed, there seems to be an opinion among many scientific men that the undertaking is practicable. It is believed that there is sufficient density in the lower stratum of the atmosphere to support a self-moving car, sustained in part by gas, if the mechanical power were applied on the same principle that a bird uses its wings. M. Dupuis Belcourt is the author of the hypothesis to which we have adverted. His machine is thus described:—"It is a lengthened balloon, cylindrical, with a mast like a ship, ending in front by a cone, near which are arranged the means of guiding, which consist of wheels with wings acting in a horizontal direction. At the end of the machine is a helm, and a prow is at the lower extremity."

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIFE OF NELSON.

THE life of Nelson, which the brothers J. & J. Harper have recently published, as the sixth volume of that valuable series of works of which we have several times had occasion to speak in commendation, is a production of that kind which no one who commences perusing it can bear to lay down until he has arrived at the conclusion. It is said of Dr. Johnson, that he never read a book through; but we think the old moralist would not have been able to have made this declaration with truth, had a work like Southey's history of England's greatest naval commander fallen into his hands. It is not the fashion of the present day to speak of the laureate author in very exalted terms as a poet, though those who deride him most will scarcely deny uncommon merit and beauty to his Roderic, the Last of the Goths, or great originality and power to those two wild and interesting epics, Thalaba and Madoc. In whatever light, however, he is to be viewed as a poet, but one opinion of him is entertained among critics as a biographer. There is not a single Waverley or Pelham novel possessing greater fascination than his true history of the unfortunate and gifted Kirke White; and we doubt much if there is, in the whole compass of personal memoirs of distinguished men, a single work which is perused with more sustained and eager interest than Southey's Life of Nelson. The gallant commander "lives o'er the scene" before the reader; and we do not envy the feelings of that individual who can peruse, dry-eyed, the account of his sufferings, his fortitude, and his inextinguishable patriotism, during the last moments of his life. But he died, though not full of years, yet full of fame; and, as his biographer beautifully observes, "if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory."

We should not omit to mention that the Harpers' edition of this excellent work is embellished with a copperplate portrait of its subject. It is a copy of a very admirable plate done on steel, taken from J. Hoppner's celebrated portrait.

STORIES OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

A work under this title is among the numerous reprints of English books which have been lately given to our public by the enterprise of the publishers named above. For the interesting tales comprised in this collection, we tender them our thanks. We know of few stories in the English language of more intense and better managed interest than the Smugglers, the Poachers, and the Fatalist. By the way, the latter tale puts us strongly in mind of an admirable sketch by the inimitable Paulding, called the Drunkard. The incidents of the two possess considerable similarity, and we scarcely know to which should be accorded the palm. The author of these stories of a Country Curate is a *bona fide* clergyman, and besides the present work, he has written two or three others that have found much favour with the English public. One of these, the Subaltern, has been republished here, and acquired considerable popularity. The stories which he tells are generally of a sombre cast, but their melancholy is of that soft, twilight kind which gives such fascination to the Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

COPYING PICTURES.

Most parents are anxious that their children should know a little of every thing connected with the fine arts. To gratify this laudable ambition, music, drawing, and painting, are taught in all our select schools; but nature never intended to make painters, musicians, or poets of every one whose parents can pay for a lesson in these arts. Learning may be acquired—genius is intuitive. But notwithstanding this fact, any child of ordinary capacity may be taught to copy pictures with a fidelity and accuracy that cannot fail of affording pleasure. This pleasing art is illustrated on a new plan in a little treatise just published by Matthew D. Finn, entitled "Theoretical System of Painting, or Modern Plan, fully explained in Six Lessons, and illustrated with eight engravings. To which are added the Theory and Practice of the Old School, in the Introduction of Landscape and Figure Painting; with many valuable receipts on the subject."

WOODWORTH'S MELODIES.

A second edition of this work was announced some months ago, but has been delayed for the purpose of making the selection more complete. Several pages of recent effusions, never before published, will be added to the volume, which will probably not appear before the month of October.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SUMMER.

The sultry summer days are come, the hottest of the year,
Of lemonade, and iced cream, and spruce and ginger beer;
Heaped in the wooden tea-gardens* the thirsty cits they drink,
Then from their pockets draw their hands and slowly pay the chink.
The cooling evening breeze comes not when the scorching sun has set,
And fat men wipe their face and cry—"the warmest day as yet!"

It was clearly shown by Hone, on his trial for parodying St. Athanasius's creed, that parodying any thing did not necessarily infer disrespect towards the thing parodied, and it is upon this ground that I take the above liberty with the beautiful lines of one of America's sweetest bards. Well, after a long, dull, hot and cold, equivocal spring—summer, fervid summer, has come in earnest. The minds of the citizens are at length relieved from the uncertainty which for two months pervaded them, namely, whether to fling the windows open, or order fire to be put into the grate; and the last slight lingering tinge of morning or evening chill has vanished away. Phœbus, for half the day, now glares fiercely and intensely upon Broadway, and the hot flag-stones, retaining and reflecting his beams, burn the soles and crack the upper-leathers of the many boots and shoes that pass over them. The tide of emigration has set strongly in from the south, and sultry-looking planters are obliged to walk in the vicinity of dandy negroes, which by no means tends to cool their tempers. As the year rolls on, things good and bad come mingled together—fruit and flowers and drouth and dust—cloudless days and sleepless nights—scorching suns and southern breezes—mosquitoes and Clara Fisher. A given quantity of prose and poetry, setting forth the good and bad qualities of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, is as periodical as the seasons. Spring seems to be the favourite of the poets, who themselves, for the most part, live upon hopes and promises rather than substantialities, and have therefore a very natural sympathy with this very promising season. There certainly is something delightful in the general awakening of nature from the long dead sleep of winter; and the first blossoming of the flowers, the first warbling of the birds, and the genial warmth and freshness of the first spring days bear an inexpressible charm along with them; but to a worldly and unromantic disposition, partial to palpable realities, the taste of fruit is more acceptable than the scent of flowers, and a promise of a good thing not so good as the good thing itself. In so far summer is better than spring; but, in truth, despite of a calm temper and a thin jacket, the weather, in good sooth, is horribly, I may say, awfully hot. Ladies are seen gliding down Broadway clad in garments of "woven winds," and gentlemen go perspiring and glistening along in white jean. Now are thick tufts of hair upon the cheeks found to be a serious inconvenience, and lo, the whiskerless rejoice! Now is the mercury in the sun at a fearful altitude, and the corporation are above fever heat in the shade. Now are the citizens bent upon imparting useful information, and, as they meet, each "shakes his fellow by the hand," and says unto him—"this is hot weather," to which the other responds—"it is so!" and they pass on their way. Now do people, contrary to all custom, wish for "cold comfort," desiring, like King John, to be "comforted with cold." Now do butcher's dogs repent of their unchecked indulgence in carnivorous diet, and greyhounds alone are in a good habit of body. Now do the engine-men on board of steam-boats think lightly of the feats of Monsieur Chabert, the fire-king: wistfully do they gaze upon the river, and if a hissing, fizzing, whizzing sound is heard in the water, the captain cries out, "there goes a man overboard!" Now do stout gentlemen, after a hearty dinner, look as if they were going through the process of distillation, "harding the lean earth as they walk along," and the unmarried portion of the extraordinarily fat fruit-and-vegetable women who sit in Fulton-market, have every prospect of continuing so. Now it is good to keep to the leeward of ice-carts, and to the windward of ladies of colour; and three impertinent questions in succession from any man is a legitimate excuse for assassination. Now is all kinds of fiery, passionate writing in disrepute, and Captain Parry's "Narrative of an Expedition to the North Pole" meets with a ready sale; and now does the worthy editor of this journal unfeelingly request his correspondents to put pen to paper and draw forth the fevered thoughts of their fermenting brains. Now may all people who persist in drinking unmixed brandy or Irish whiskey, be given up by the "Temperance Society;" and now do mariners in warm latitudes incur great dangers by steering as near stray ice-bergs as possible, and sensible fish

are scarce towards the tropics. Now do men in carbonated-mead and soda-water shops coin money without being touched by law, and their daughters are looked upon as desirable matrimonial speculations. Now are those who talk wrathful politics kicked out of society, and tragedy is eschewed as tending to heat the blood. Now do people prefer broiling at the springs to broiling in the city, and travel post-haste to keep themselves cool and comfortable, though, at the same time, an account in the newspapers of a man having voluntarily run a mile in ten minutes would be regarded as apocryphal. Now do editors cease to threaten to horsewhip each other, and a sedate drowsiness pervades their columns. And now young ladies who are obliged to behave decorously, and mind their p's and q's in the presence of old withered maiden aunts on whom heat makes no more impression than on an Arab of the desert, are in a very uncomfortable situation. Now are long stories unlistened to and cayenne pepper disused. Now do cooks blaspheme, and dealers in fish and other perishable commodities are troubled in spirit. And now, in short, do nearly all the ills that heat can engender, afflict the perspiring inhabitants of this republic. My advice to them is—be patient and winter will come; or what is equally to the purpose, though better expressed by some great moralist or other—"be virtuous and you will be happy!"

DUET FROM THE OPERA OF ROKEY.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

<p>HE. Away with care and sorrow, Let laughing hopes beguile, For every coming morrow May wear as bright a smile. While love, in playful measure, With chords that never jar, Awakes the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar.</p> <p>SHE. But hopes are quickly blighted, For love is apt to fly, And hearts today delighted, To-morrow often sigh; Then seize the fleeting treasure, 'Tis like a shooting star. And wake the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar.</p> <p>BOTH. If hope is but a bubble, 'Tis still a pleasing toy, And every passing trouble But gives a zest to joy; When love, in playful measure, With chords that never jar, Awakes the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar.</p> <p>HE. What though a cloud of sadness May fit across the mind, A thousand beams of gladness Are still concealed behind; And joy, in field of azure, Again shall light the star. And wake the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar.</p> <p>SHE. But should a night of sorrow, When dewy eyes are damp, Before the coming morrow, Extinguish Cupid's lamp;</p>	<p>Could aught relieve the treasure When peace is fled afar, Or wake the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar?</p> <p>BOTH. Tho' showers of grief should dim it, The torch of love will burn, For tenderness shall trim it; 'Till smiling peace return; When love, in playful measure, With chords that never jar, Awakes the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar.</p> <p>HE. A beamy smile of gladness, Like that which greets me now, Could chase the clouds of sadness From every manly brow; It lights the eye of azure Like love's delicious star, And wakes the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar.</p> <p>SHE. When music's notes are sounding, 'Tis joy that lights the eye; For hearts are gaily bounding— So sweet the melodies fly. While love, in playful measure, With chords that never jar, Awakes the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar.</p> <p>BOTH. Then hence with care and sorrow, Let laughing hopes beguile, For every coming morrow May wear as bright a smile; While love, in playful measure, With chords that never jar, Awakes the notes of pleasure Along the sweet guitar.</p>
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EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY,

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Saratoga, July 30, 1880.

DEAR SIR—We arrived here on Wednesday last, and have been so occupied since in viewing the "lions," in and about the neighbourhood, that it is with some difficulty I snatch a few moments to continue my rambling journal of our expedition. The extreme heat of the last fortnight appears to have driven the inhabitants of every city and village in the Union to these fashionable resorts for the idle rich and the pleasure-seeking tourist of every grade—and truly there is now congregated at the "rival springs" a mixed assemblage of these classes, sufficient to puzzle the deepest observer of human nature, were he to attempt their analization or description. We republicans are certainly treading fast on the heels of the ephemeral and fashion-loving aristocrats of the old world. We dress, we dance, we gamble, we drive, and race, and have our "exclusives" in all these several follies, equally with our transatlantic brethren. And, moreover, we do these things with a happy nonchalance of consequences, so peculiarly characteristic of the experienced *roués* of the metropolitan cities of Europe.

By the way, while speaking of "exclusives," I have a little anecdote to tell you, which has been the source of much pleasure here. A few days preceding our arrival, a gentleman made his debut at the Hall, and so perfectly fashionable was his dress, so dignified his bearing, that he immediately won the attention of all, even in this crowded "repository of elegant extracts." "Who is he?" asked a Philadelphia beau, with an envious glance at his *habit recherché*, which decidedly intimated a wish to become acquainted with his tailor. "Who

is he?" very inquisitively whispered a Boston mamma, with six marriageable and *reversionless* daughters at her disposal. "Ah, belle homme! He is so charming," sighed a little French heiress, as she surveyed his high forehead and unrivalled mustachios; "who can he be?" "N'importe," muttered a New-York exquisite, piqued at her want of attention to his honourable self, which he had until the appearance of the stranger successfully monopolized. Curiosity heightened every day; still all were in the dark with regard to the unknown. At length it was given out that he was a foreign nobleman, "rich and unmated," on a tour through the Canada and United States. Every one strove to make his acquaintance, and he was almost buried in cards and geranium-scented billet-doux. The next morning after our arrival, a party was made up for Lake George. It was very select, I assure you, scarcely one in a hundred receiving the honour of an invitation. The *ci-devant* nobleman was to gallant the French heiress; but just as he had handed the lady to her seat in his barouche, and was on the point of springing to her side, a gentleman drove up, and catching him by the hand, cried "Ah, Charley, is that you? How are you, my dear fellow? I left Utica yesterday—your wife and children are well, all well, and send an ocean of love." Here was a consummation—the heiress fainted away, the party dispersed like so many frightened pigeons, and the next morning the blood noble was no where to be seen.

You may well suppose that the fashion, the display, and the follies which surround us here have surprised a portion of my travelling companions in no small degree. Aunt Experience, who has not quitted the boundaries of her native village for the last thirty years, has been in one continued state of surprise and bewilderment since our arrival. At our first *entrée* to the ball-room of Congress Hall, (where we have taken up our quarters) it was ludicrous in the extreme to observe the venerable lady's amazement at the brilliant assemblage—radiant as it was, with all the beauty and fashion of the place. She could scarcely realize the fact that we were in America. "Surely, Mr. I," addressing me, (who undertook to be her cicerone for the evening) "all these people must be foreigners—they are dressed so extravagantly fine!" And when I undeceived her, she became impressed with the notion that only the richest portions of community formed the collection. You may conceive her surprise and chagrin when I pointed out to her several of the most gaudy dressed individuals in the assembly who had sang "*Adieu la boutique*," and were executing the complicated evolutions of a cotillion according to the latest imported Parisian mode. Her accustomed equanimity and kind-hearted feelings gave way at this information, and she indignantly deplored the departure from republican simplicity and habits, which characterized the days of her youth. Madame H. and Miss Elmira are very differently affected by the gaieties of the passing scene—they are in raptures with every thing, and with every body. The old lady has found out a *coterie* exactly suited to her taste, and in a few hours became deeply initiated in the mysteries of "exclusiveness." She professes already to distinguish the *parvenus* from the *veritable haut ton*, and has established a code of signals with her daughters, by which she can inform them who they are to honour with their hand in the dancing room, and who to reject. My little Rosa, however, has already disobeyed these injunctions, and pleads in her excuse, "that she never could be rude, or tell a falsehood, merely to please the caprices of fashion;" she consequently laughs with the gay, rattles with the witty, quizzes the affected and effeminate beaux who follow in her train, and in short, she indulges in all the innocent pleasures which present themselves, with a happy unconsciousness of the chilling rules which fashion prescribes to her devotees. Elmira, agreeably to mamma's prohibitions, is scrupulously select in her associates; she has renewed some of her city acquaintances, has become *bluer* than ever, and we are threatened with an epic, of at least forty-nine cantos, to celebrate the wonders of Saratoga, both ancient and modern. You will doubtless require some information respecting my friend H—. He is entirely out of his element; execrates the sandy and barren soil of the neighbourhood; wonders how people can leave their own quiet and well-conducted homes, to encounter the bustle and confusion of a public hotel; and votes all the pleasure parties *bored*, and the gaieties of the ball-room as leading to ruin, both of character, fortune, and health. Yesterday, however, brought him some relief from these complicated evils, in the arrival of an old college *chum*, and he consents to prolong his stay a few days, for the purpose of accompanying the said gentleman on a tour to Canada. I have agreed to join them, feeling no disposition to retrace my steps without my agreeable and amusing companions.

H. I.

* The term "wooden tea-gardens" may not be understood by some, out there are several such places in this city. The garden is composed of a number of small wooden boxes, in which all kinds of beverages are drunk excepting tea.

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.

BY THYRA.

How beautiful art thou, O night! with thy unclouded sky,
The low faint music of thy breeze like some lone spirit's sigh;
Thy mellow moonlight shedding round its radiance soft yet bright,
Till there is nought of dark or dim that smiles not in that light.

And thine is still a sweeter spell, O music! power divine!
How answers back the thrilling heart to every note of thine!
And every feeling of delight, though hushed and sleeping long,
Bounded into rapturous life again as wakes the soul of song.

Music and moonlight! what has life to match that fairy hour,
When o'er the young and buoyant heart are cast your spells of power?
When some glad spirit which hath known life's poetry alone,
Drinks the enchantment of the scene o'er which your charms are thrown?

Alas! your spells are vain to wake one throb of joy in me!
This drooping heart is lulled no more by your sweet witchery;
Ye bring but painful memories, sad whispers of the past,
When o'er my path a radiance beamed too beautiful to last!

Too deeply hath my spirit felt the magic of your way—
Alas! and must ye call no more sweet feelings into play?
Must all that gives a charm to life be henceforth unto me
Links of a chain which binds my heart to one sad memory?

There is a tone in music's voice which breathes of other days,
The moon's soft light brings other scenes to my reverted gaze,
And to the loveliest things of earth some dark remembrance clings,
Poisoning the purest founts of joy and chaining fancy's wings.

My heart is wrung with secret pain—my spirit droops beneath
The weary weight it must sustain with every moment's breath;
Each source of joy is closed for me, and all I hear and see
Seems dull and wearisome and vain, or idle mockery.

The doom is on me—all in vain the flowers of life may bloom;
Not for me doth their beauty smile, nor breathe their soft perfume;
My heart, a Tantalus, whose thirst no fount shall ever slake,
Hath nothing left but to endure till death the thralldom break.

A weary and a rugged path it is my lot to tread,
With nought upon its cheerless gloom a passing light to shed—
The heart which, turning sadly from all that this earth adorns,
Draws poison from life's sweetest flowers—how must it feel its thorns?

NAVAL SKETCHES.

MERRY TERRY,

OR AN OLD REEFER'S YARN.

"His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fallen Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that sealed his fate;
Surviving left his queenless hate:
And o'er him bends his foe, with brow
As dark as his that bled below."

"Come, spin us a yarn, Jack, my boy," said a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked young midshipman, to old Jack Palmer, one evening, as we were running down the Spanish Main, before as sweet a breeze as ever filled a to'gallant-sail. Jack Palmer was an old sea-dog, and a clever fellow, at least in the Yankee sense of the word. He had seen all sorts of service, and knew all sorts of stories, which were perhaps not the less amusing for their want of grammar, and their abundance of sea phrases. He was master's mate of the gun-deck; but when called upon for a story by Rosy Willy, (the name of the little reefer that had asked Jack for a yarn,) his business for the day was finished; the grog had been served, the bull stowed away in the spirit-room, and the key of the hatch returned to the master. It was a pleasant evening, too, and as it was only three bells of the second dog-watch, and of course too early to turn in, Jack sat down on the fo'castle chest, and signified his willingness to comply. He was immediately surrounded by a knot of midshipmen, eager to listen, and, after the usual preliminary of a fresh quid, he began as follows:

Merriville Terry, or as they used to call him for shortness, Merry Terry—and a right good name it was, for he was as gay a lark as ever gave life and animation to a steerage mess-table—was one of the noblest middies that I ever knew. He was as full of rigs and jokes as a French man-of-war is of music, and they were quite as harmless, too; for Merry never said any thing to hurt a shipmate's feelings, and no one ever thought of getting angry at his fun. There wasn't a reefer in the whole fleet that didn't love him like a brother; nor a luff, that when there was hard duty to do, didn't favour him all he could; for Merry had a delicate constitution, and couldn't stand the rough and tumble of the service as well as some. But he was no skulk, and, blow high or blow low, Merry never shrank from his watch. When the relief was called at night, whether it was calm or storm, all sail or a close-reefed top-sail and fore-sail, it made no difference, on deck he always was before the sound would be out of the bell. He didn't tumble up the hatchway either, as some of you reefers do, with your hands in your becketts, and your bow ports half shut, or fumbling at your button-holes, like a green-horn at a gasket; but up he sprang, wide awake, and rigged from clue to earring, as if all dressed to go ashore on liberty. As I said afore, every body from stem to stern, liked Merry Terry, or for the matter of that, from one end of the navy list to the other—all except one man. As for the sailors, it would have done your heart good to see how they watched his eye when he had charge of

the deck, as if they wanted to spell out his orders before he had time to speak 'em. They would do more for a single look of Merry, than for all the curses and damns of the skipper, though backed by the boatswain's mate, with the cats in his hand. It wasn't from any fear of him, you may be sure, for I don't b'lieve Merry ever stopped a man's grog, or as much as gave him a cross word, in his life; but it was from pure love and respect. When he spoke, to be sure, there was something in his tone and manner that seemed to say he must be obeyed; and when he looked at a man who had been cutting up rusties, though he didn't frown, or swell, or try to look big, as I have seen some officers do, yet there was that in his eye that made the stoutest quail. It was just so among the reefers at the mess-table. If two of them was sky-larking or quarrelling, or doing anything ungentlemanly, Merry would just look at them, and they would leave off at once, and droop their heads like a dog-vane in a calm. I said every body loved him: I remember once, when we were beating up the Straits with a Levanter dead-a-head, and blowing so heavy it almost took the very buttons off our jackets, that Merry, some how or other, happened to fall overboard. He had been standing on the taffrel, with his quadrant in his hand, trying to get a chance at a lunar, when all of a sudden the old hulk made a heavy lee-lurch, and away he went splash into the water. Though there was a sea running, like so many mountains chasing each other, yet before you could say Jack Robinson, no less than four stout fellows were overboard after him. It liked to have gone hard with the whole five, for it was more than the stoutest swimmer could do to keep his head above board, and before we could clear away the stern boat, though we didn't stop to cast off the gripes, but cut and slashed away, they was almost out of sight to leeward. Old Tom Bowman, the quarter-gunner, and Bill Williams, the captain of the fo'castle, made out to reach Merry just as he was going down the last time; and though it was as much as their own lives were worth, they held him up till the boat came to their assistance. I well remember the joy of all hands when the boat pulled up under the stern, near enough for 'em to see that Merry was in it; and when they hooked on the tackles, I don't b'lieve that ever a ship's crew ran away with the falls with as much good will, as ours did that evening in running up the jolly-boat that had saved Merry Terry.

The day Merry first came aboard our craft is as fresh in my mind as if it was yesterday, and a snug, trim-built little fellow he was, too, as ever broke a biscuit, or went coxswain of a captain's gig. He was then about as old as Rosy Willy here, and much such another; only he was taunterbuilt, and broader in the bows, and carried sail more man-of-war fashion. His eye was as blue as the sea in the tropics, and as bright as the tropic sea sometimes is at night, when it seems all on fire. His head was covered with dark hair, that lay as thick and close as the nap on this monkey-jacket; and his skin was so white and soft, that it always seemed a pity when I saw him standing his watch in the heat of the sun, and his plump little cheeks looking as red as if the blood was going to start right through them. However, he didn't mind it the value of a scupper nail, and I don't know but it did him good, for he grew handsomer as he got a little tanned, and seemed never happier than when he was on duty. He was a little green at first, of course, but there was no such thing as getting the weather-gage of Merry, for as sure as an older reefer tried to run a rig on him, he would just cock up his bright blue eye, and see what the other was up to in the turn of a glass.

It was a long cruise that we were together, and Merry got to be as much of a man in size and appearance as any of us, before it was over, though he couldn't have been more than eighteen then. On our arrival in New-York the most of the middies got their walking papers as soon as they could, and made sail each for his home. Merry's connections, who were of Irish descent, lived in Virginia, and it was that way he laid his course, you may be sure. I remember very well the morning when I had the third cutter called away and manned for him; and as we wrung each other's hand at the gangway, neither of us had voice enough to say good-by. My stomach felt all that day as empty as a midshipman's locker, and the ship seemed as lonesome to me as the old brig Nancy did once, when all hands died off of the yellow fever, and left me and the old tom-cat the only living souls aboard of her.

For about two years after Merriville and me parted, I lost the run of my old shipmate. He continued ashore, but I soon got tired of being cooped up in narrow streets, with no chance of seeing more of the sky than chose to shine between the tops of dingy houses. Happening to hear that some of my acquaintances were going aboard a ship then fitting out at Boston, I applied for orders myself, and was soon once more where I had a little sea-room to ware and haul upon. That

was a short cruise, and by the time twenty months were up we were all home again, the crew discharged, and I, with my hands in my becketts, spinning street-yarn, and having nothing in the world to do.

The next ship I was ordered to was my own name-sake, old Jack Adams, she was lying in Hampton-roads, ready for sea. The first man I met, as I went up the accommodation-ladder, was Merry Terry himself, who stood upon the gangway-sill to receive me. I knew him at a glance, though he was a good deal altered; and he knew me, too, as soon as his eye rested on my face. Merry was by this time about twenty years of age, or thereabouts, and a finer looking fellow never trod the quarter-deck. He had lately lost both his parents, and this had given a sort of sad expression to his countenance that made him appear handsomer than ever. I soon found that he was the general favourite on board the ship, as indeed he always was, go where he would; and it was expected that before we sailed he would get his parchment from Washington, and mount a swab. An elegant luff he would have made, too, for if ever man knew how to work a ship, it was Merry Terry. When he had the deck, the old craft herself seemed to know it; and no matter what kind of weather we had, she was sure to behave as obedient as a side-boy. I have seen him put her in stays where there wasn't a breaker of water to spare, with rocks both a-head and a-stern, and the wind whizzing round and round, like a bee in a bucket of tar. But when it was "helm's a-lee," and Merry had the trumpet, there was no such thing as missing stays.

I mind I told you a while ago that every body liked Merry Terry, except one man—that man was the skipper. Somehow or other he hated him worse than the devil hates a marine. He used to ride him down like a main tack, would row him on all occasions, and put him on all sorts of disagreeable duty. It was even thought he had clapped a stopper on his promotion. The story among the reefers went that Merry had come athwart the captain's hawse in some love affair; but whether that was so or not was mere dead-reckoning, for Merry was as close as an oyster, and never spoke a disrespectful word of his commander. In return for all the abuse he received, he would only curl his lip a little, and look at him dead in the eyes—but such a look as he would sometimes give him! I would rather, for my part, have been on short allowance of grog for a month. Well, things went on in this way for some weeks, till at last sailing orders were given out, and of course there was no more going ashore for the middies. The boats were run up and stowed; the pole to'gallant-masts struck, and storm stumps sent up in their place; all hands were called to unmoor, and we even have short, so as to be ready to trip and be off, whenever word should come from the cabin to that effect. When all this was done, the captain sent up an order to have his gig lowered away and manned, and directly after came on deck himself in a full rig of citizen's toggs. Merry Terry stood in the gangway, leaning over the hammock cloth, when he heard the boatswain's mate pipe away the gigs, and as the familiar sound struck his ear, I noticed that he started and turned pale. It was a glorious night—much such an evening as this, only later, about two or three bells in the first watch, I think. As the captain passed over the gangway he gave a peculiar kind of a look at Merry—something like a monkey would at a marine after stealing his pipe-clay—and then turning round to the first luff, he said—"Remember, Mr. Orlop, that you are under sailing-orders, and that no one must leave the ship on any pretence." As he spoke this he turned another malicious glance at Merry out of the corner of his eye, and jumping into the stern sheets of the gig, ordered the men to let fall and give way.

As long as the sound of the oars in the rowlocks could be heard, Merry stood as still as a stock-fish, his eye following the wake of the boat till it was lost in the haze of distance. When he could neither hear nor see it any longer, he began to walk about as wild as the devil in a gale of wind; and the reefers, who would gladly have done anything they could to soothe him, saw clear enough that it wasn't a matter for them to meddle with. In the midst of his agitation, a shore-boat came alongside, the waterman in which handed a note up to the middy that went to the gangway to receive it, and immediately shoved off again. The note, of course, was given to the officer of the deck, according to man-of-war fashion, and he being a stately, pompous sort of fellow, took his own time to send one of the side-boys for a lantern. When the glim came up, he walked to the fife-rail, and looking at the superscription discovered that the note was for Merry Terry. The latter, on learning this, eagerly extended his hand for it, and tearing it open, rapidly devoured the contents; then rushing to the gangway, he would have sprung into the shore-boat, which he hoped was still alongside; but during the officer of the

deck's delay it had already got far beyond hailing distance. Three or four times Merry paced up and down the deck in violent agitation, his lip as white and quivering as a jib in the wind, and his eyes shining like the top-glim of a Commodore's ship. All at once he walked right up to the first luff, who was standing abait, leaning on the taffirel, and in a voice that seemed to come from the cable-tier, it was so hoarse and deep, he said, "Mr. Orlop, I must go ashore, to-night."

"You cannot, Mr. Terry, you heard the captain's orders."

"Damn the captain!" (It was the first word I ever heard Merry swear, though he and I had been messmates going on five years.)

"Mr. Terry, you forget yourself!" answered the first luff, in a firm, yet mild tone. "If you use such language, sir, you will force me to a disagreeable exercise of my duty."

"I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Orlop," said Merry, partly recollecting himself; "but I am half-distracted. If you will lend me your ear, sir, in a more private part of the ship, I will relate to you what may perhaps change your notions of duty."

Mr. Orlop was one of that class of officers who, to the knowledge and skill of an able seaman, added the feelings and address of a perfect gentleman. He, as well as every body else on board, had seen, and felt indignant at the treatment Merry received at the captain's hands; and some of the whippers respecting the cause had also reached him. Perceiving that poor Merry was now uncommonly agitated, and fearing that he might commit some indiscretion which would oblige him to exert unpleasant authority, he readily complied with his request, and led the way to his own state-room.

The conference, whatever was its nature, was of short duration; but while it lasted, many a curious glance was cast towards the state-room door, and—I'm most ashamed to own it—many a listening ear was inclined towards the bulk-head. There was little satisfaction got that way, howsoever, for nothing was heard but a low, humming sound, now and then broken by a muttered curse in Mr. Orlop's voice; and terminated at last by a sudden exclamation of that gentleman, loud enough for the whole steerage, and birth-deck into the bargain, to hear.

"Enough, Mr. Terry, enough!" cried he. "You shall have it—if it costs me my commission, you shall have it! There is a point where obedience becomes a crime. When military discipline conflicts with the principles of honour, I will be the first to set an example of insubordination."

As he spoke thus, the door of the state-room was thrown violently open, and the two officers issued suddenly to view. The cheek and lips of Merry were still pale and quivering, while the face of the other was flushed with a deep red. They both ran rapidly up the companion-ladder, Mr. Orlop, at the same moment, calling out to me—

"Mr. Palmer," said he, "call the boatswain, and order him to get out the first cutter immediately. Do you attend yourself, sir, on the birth-deck, and start up all the men!"

By this time, his foot was on the top step of the ladder. As soon as his head was fairly above the combings of the hatch, he began again:

"Boatswain's mate!"

"Sir!" sung out old Reuben James, in his peculiar drawl.

"Call away the first cutters, and do you stand by and see to getting up the yard-tackles.—Captain of the fore-castle, there!"

"Sir!" bawled the captain of both starboard and larboard watch, at once, startled at the loud earnestness of the first lieutenant's voice.

"Lay aloft, and stand by to get your yard-tackles on the fore-yard!—Quarter gunners, do you hear? do you do the same on the main!—Foretop, there! out on the yard with you, and send down a whip for the yard-tackle block!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" promptly responded a voice from the foretop; and with these and similar orders and replies, intermixed with the shrill pipings of the boatswain and his mates, the spar-deck now resounded for several minutes. By the end of that time the cutter was hoisted out, and brought to at the gangway. She was no sooner there than Merry Terry sprang down the side, and the crew after, who, though they wondered as much as all the rest of us, officers and men, how all this was going to end, yet seeing they would oblige their favourite by moving lively, shoved off, and had up their oars in the crossing of a royal.

"Mr. Terry," cried the first lieutenant, "remember your word of honour that you will return to-night, provided you find or make all safe!"

"Upon my honour," answered Merry, laying his hand on his heart: then turning quickly to the men, "Let fall," he cried, "give way!" and as long as we could hear him, he kept saying every now and then, "give way, my hearties, give way—pull with a will," and such like.

And they did give way, too. They were a set of as stout oarsmen as ever manned a frigate's first cutter; but they never showed themselves afore as they did that night. The boat fairly jumped out of the water every clip, and the foam that she dashed off from her bows formed a long white streak in her wake, as bright and dazzling as the trail of a Congreve rocket. You may think it wasn't many minutes before they reached the shore, going at that rate as if the devil had sent 'em an end. Merry steered her right head on, and never cried "rowed of all," till she struck the sandy beach with such force that she ran up high and dry, pitching the two bow oarsmen, who had got up to fend off, about half a cable's length from her. At the first grating of the keel upon the gravel, he leaped ashore, and without stopping to say one word to the men, darted off like a wounded porpoise, running with all speed up the bank. For two or three minutes, the boat's crew looked at each other with their eyes stretched wide open, like the mouth of a dying fish, as much as to say what the devil's all this? At length they began to consult together in a low, grumbling tone, as if they were afraid to hear themselves speak, and Bill Williams, who was coxswain of the cutter, was the first to offer a suggestion that met the approval of the rest.

"Damn my chain-plates," said he "only hark how his feet go, clatter-clatter-clatter, as fast as the flopping of a jib-sheet in the wind. I'm fear'd, my hearties, that Mr. Terry's runnin' 'mongst the breakers, and if you'll stay by the boat, I'll give chase—and, if so needs be, lend him a lift."

The proposal of the honest coxswain was relished by all, and he accordingly set off in the same direction that his young officer had taken. But Bill Williams, though he could run about a ship's rigging, like a monkey in mischief, was no match for Merry in a land chase. His sea-legs wasn't used to such business, and he went pitching and heaving a-head like a Dutch lugger afore the wind, and seemed, at every step, to be watching for the weather roll.

In the mean time, Merry linked it off like a Baltimore clipper going large. He had proceeded perhaps about a mile from the boat, along the road which he had struck into directly after leaving the beach, and instead of shortning sail, appeared to be crowding more and more canvass all the time, when, all of a sudden, he luffed up and hove to, on hearing the clatter of an approaching carriage. The noise of the wheels sounded nearer and nearer, as they came rattling along over the rough road, and it wasn't long before the quick trampling of the horses' feet, and the clicking of their shoes against the stones, indicated that they were near at hand. The place where Merry had paused was about midway of a steep hill, and if he had chosen the spot it couldn't have been better suited to his purpose. The road, which had been rough and uneven from the first, was at this point broken into deep gullies by recent heavy rains, rendering, apart from the difficulty of the ascent, extreme caution necessary in passing with a vehicle. On one side, a steep wooded bank, rose to a considerable height, and on the other, the surface of the ground gradually descended to the water, which was not quite excluded from view by a few scattering trees that occupied the intermediate space. Behind one of these trees, that grew close to the road-side, and threw a deep shadow over it, Merry, gritting and grinding his teeth, crouched down, like a young shark watching for his prey. The carriage had already gained the foot of the hill, and was slowly labouring up, when a deep gruff voice cried out to the driver from within, bidding him drive faster. At the sound of that voice, Merry's eyes fairly flashed fire. The black, with instinctive obedience, cracked his whip, and was about to make a more effectual application of it, when a figure suddenly sprang from the road-side, and seizing the reins, commanded him to halt! The command, however, was scarcely necessary. The jaded horses had reached a short level stage in the ascent, and not even the sound of the whip had elicited any indication that they intended shortly to leave it. Merry, with a sailor's quick eye perceiving this favourable circumstance, in an instant was at the side of the carriage, within which a voice of a very different tone from that which last issued thence, was earnestly beseeching succour.

"Help! for heaven's sake, help! save me from a ruffian!" cried a female in imploring accents. The last words were scarcely articulate, and were uttered with a smothered sound, accompanied with a noise of struggling, as if the ruffian was endeavouring to hold the lady still, and to silence her cries by pressing his hand upon her mouth.

The incentive of this well-known voice seemed hardly wanting to add more fury to the rage of Merryville. Choking with mingled emotions, he called to the ruffian to hold off his hand, and, with an effort of desperate strength, tearing open

the door, the fastenings of which he did not understand, he seized the inmate by the collar, and dragged him to the ground.

"Seducer!—scoundrel!—ruffian!" he cried, "I have you in the toils, and dearly you shall rue this night's work!"

"Mr. Terry!—I command—you shall suffer for this—a court-martial!" and various similar broken ejaculations were uttered by the wretch, who violently struggled to get loose from the strong grasp in which he was held. Merryville, though not of a robust constitution, yet possessed much muscular strength. In the present contest every fibre received tenfold vigour from the energy of the feelings that raged within him, and made him an over-match for the guilty being who writhed within his arms. The faces of both were inflamed and convulsed with mighty passions, though of a widely and obviously different character; for the rage of the one, though fierce as ten furies, had yet something noble and commanding in it, while that of the other seemed kindled by a demon. The clear, round moon shone down on the occurrence with a silvery brightness, which, while it made every feature of the scene perfectly visible, yet imparted to the pallid faces, glaring eye-balls, and quivering lips of the combatants a more ghastly and terrible expression, than they derived from their own wild passions. The captain (for it's useless to tell you it was he) struggled hard, but was evidently becoming exhausted. In the excess of his emotion he had bitten his lip nearly in twain, and the blood which, in their tossing to and fro, had been smeared over the faces and clothes of both, gave great additional wildness to their appearance.

The female, who by this time had recovered from the swoon into which she fell when the voice of Merryville first reached her ear, now screamed as she saw the blood with which he was profusely stained, and, imagining him to be mortally wounded, she sprang from the carriage, and tottered towards him across the road. A sudden movement of the two combatants, at the same moment, changed their position in such a way as to bring the back of Merryville towards the approaching figure, and at this instant, his antagonist having succeeded in releasing his arm from his grasp, hastily drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked, and fired it. The ball whizzed through the air, only slightly grazing the neck of the intended victim; but a piercing shriek from the lips of the female, heard above the loud report, announced that it had done more fatal execution in another quarter. As if by mutual consent, both parties ceased from their struggle for a moment, and rushed towards her. She staggered two or three steps forward, mumbled a few scarce audible words, among which the name of Merryville was the only intelligible sound, and fell bleeding to the earth. In the meanwhile the horses, which had been scared by the near and loud report of the pistol, pranced suddenly round, and dashing down the hill were soon lost to sight. Poor Merryville, with a groan of agony which he could not, which he did not seek to repress, bent over the form which lay stretched and pale before him, and raising it partly from the ground, gazed for a stupid moment in utter unconsciousness of all things else, upon the features of her still lovely face. The ball had passed directly through the heart, from which life had already bubbled out in a crimson tide, though a few darker drops continued to ooze from the livid orifice of the wound. Merryville whispered her name, but she answered not. In vain he leaned his ear to her lips, or bent his eyes upon them, till the hot, tearless balls seemed bursting from their sockets—no sound, no motion, made reply. He laid his hand upon her heart—but its pulse was still. He looked into her eyes—but they returned not, as they were wont, an answering look: their light had gone out—the spirit had departed from its house of clay—she was dead, quite dead! As this fact impressed itself upon his brain, a maddening consciousness of the cause seemed slowly to return; his eyes rolled up till the balls were nearly hid, his face became of a livid darkness, and his teeth were clenched together, like those of one in mortal agony. Suddenly starting up, he turned quickly round, and with his arms extended, and his fingers curved like the talons of an eagle, he sprang wildly towards his guilty commander. The motion seemed to have been anticipated, for the wretch had prepared himself with a second pistol, which, as his antagonist approached, he deliberately aimed at him, and fired. Whether the ball took effect or not, it did not defeat poor Merry's object. He darted like a hungry tiger on the wretch, and with both hands seizing him round the throat, he dragged him down to the earth. In vain his victim struggled—the sinews of his antagonist seemed hardened into steel. He tried to shriek for aid, but the grasp around his neck, choked his utterance, and his words died away in a rattling sound, like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man. With a strength that seemed supernatural, Merryville raised him from the earth, and dragged him

along the road. The struggling of the wretched man grew fainter and fainter, but still an occasional convulsive quivering of the limbs told that he yet lived. His face was almost black, his tongue lolled out of his mouth like a dog's, and his eyes, blood-shot and glassy, were protruded a full inch from their sockets. Blood had started from his nostrils in his mortal agony, and a thick wreath of mingled blood and foam stood upon his lips, which, wide distended, seemed stretched in a horrid laugh.

In silence, and with a strength that seemed more than human, Merriville continued to drag his victim along, till he reached the boat. He had been met by Williams not far from the scene of the first part of the contest, but he appeared not to see him. Williams, on his part was too much awed to speak. The firing of the pistols had prepared him for some fatal event; for he had a dim and dark suspicion of the object of Merriville's errand, inasmuch as he had been the bearer of several notes between him and his betrothed; and had heard, also, that his captain was a rejected suitor for the same hand. One glance at the group served to show him the dreadful nature of the burden Merriville dragged along with him: he saw that his commander was already a corpse, and besides, he was too much intimidated by the unnatural lustre of Merriville's eye, by his pallid and unearthly hue, and by his still and terrible bearing, to interrupt the silence with a word. As they approached the boat, Williams waved his hand to the crew, who were anxiously waiting on the beach, and signified by an expressive nod that they must not speak. Silently and sorrowfully they followed their young officer to the water's edge, entered after him the boat, and commenced rowing back to the ship. Poor Terry, still holding the body by the throat, took his seat in the stern-sheets, and leaned his head down on the gunwale in such a way that his garments concealed his face. The face of the corpse, however, was exposed in the broad moonlight; and as the head hung partly over the seat, with its features distorted and bloody, its hair matted with clots of blood and earth, and its glassy eye-balls apparently staring at the men, a superstitious shudder crept over them, which, with all their manhood they could scarcely repress.

In this way, and in silence, they drew near the ship. The sentinel hailed them; but no answer was returned. As they came to at the gangway, the officer of the deck called Mr. Terry by name; but still no reply. He saw by the terror painted on the countenances of the crew that something dreadful had occurred, and descended quickly into the boat, where the whole terrible truth was soon ascertained. They were both dead! By the discharge of the second pistol, Merry had been mortally wounded, and his life had oozed away while his hands were still clasped with desperate energy around the throat of his victim. Even after death his fingers did not lose their tenacity. The officer tried to unlock the death-grasp, but without effect; and the two bodies locked in an embrace, which, stronger than that of love, had outlasted life, were obliged to be hoisted up together.

Just as Jack Palmer arrived at this part of his yarn, all hands were called to stand by their hammocks, and the bustle incident to that piece of duty put an abrupt end to his story.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

BOYHOOD.

I WAS busily writing in my narrow dark back office—a partly smothered laugh struck my ear—I looked up, a bright face peeped in at the door. It was dear little Charley. The rim of his straw hat was turned up to leave his blue eyes unshaded. In a moment his hand was in mine, and his rosy pouting lips were put up sweetly for me to kiss, an operation which I should have performed even in more dangerous situations. He pulled me by the hand as he spoke,

"You must come out into the street and walk. I want you to buy me some torpedoes and a top. Ah, do come."

He pulled me again, and looked up with that eager real earnestness which in a child is so graceful. His mother's very face and voice. It was a pleasant afternoon. My hand was tired, my eyes wearied, and my mind sick of the tedious jargon which I was scrawling; at the instant a gleam of yellow sunlight fell upon the wall, and a breeze blew in softly from the window, and lifted the hair from my forehead. Charley knew his moment, brought me my hat, and gave me another pull.

"Well, come," said I, "if I must I will." A child can drag us to what we wish.

Well, off we went; he buoyant with hope, I quietly pursuing my own reflections, until with a succession of "pulls,"

which had commenced so successfully, he conducted me into the toy shop, whose multifarious and heterogeneous treasures had dazzled his fancy. I could fully enter into his feelings as he reached this attractive scene. His full dilated eyes wandered over the medley of infant wonders very much as I suppose a child of larger growth would gaze about him if he were introduced into some vast magic garden, crowded with golden cars, precious stones, horses, carriages, pleasure-boats, books, paintings, and idle heaps of desirable looking newly-coined silver dollars and shining guineas. There were valuable little wooden trumpets, "those clamorous harbingers of blood and death," and appalling tin swords, of a gory red hue, leaden dragons on horseback and in full gallop, but whether to or from the fight was wisely left to the conjectures of the spectator, humming-tops, coloured like the rainbow, a handsome set of tea things constructed out of pewter, one or two little "spirit-stirring drums," some wax ladies in full dress, besides other expensive and useful articles.

Charley took a pretty deliberate survey of the scene, and gave many objects a careful examination before his important purchases were completed. He blew several blasts "long and loud" upon the trumpets, he drew forth the tin sword, ran his eye along the innocent blade, and made several menacing flourishes, as if he were just about to cut off the head of some rascally Algerine; he cracked the whip, bounced the ball, spun the top, and took up the dragon, horse and all, in his hand, with such a look, that I feared the poor gentleman's fate was sealed, his unsheathed blade to the contrary notwithstanding; when a mask, which might have been moulded on the physiognomy of Caliban, caught his attention. The good-natured old lady who presided over these fairy scenes smiled as she yielded to each wandering caprice and changing impulse, and I smiled myself as the sweet and girlish face of the delightful boy was encased in the uncouth and monstrous countenance which he had selected, and his soft voice came out from the hideous lips, and the curls of his golden clustering hair burst forth over the rough, wrinkled forehead. There are men who dislike children; I think they are a great source of amusement. Their graceful actions, the outbursts of their feelings, the artless ideas which rise in their minds, and of which they can give but an imperfect expression. I am pleased to observe them thus, just as I love to watch the passage of a clear stream in the woods, when there are diamond sands on the bottom, and green sedges which wave with the very motion of the water; and the silver fishes are darting, while some old root or rugged stone juts out, and half dams up the brook, till the beautiful element loses its airy clearness, and gurgles over the obstruction like the purest liquid crystal.

Well, the bargain is made—Charley has taken the mask under one arm and six torpedoes in his hand. Some cake and a top fill his pocket, and full of sparkling pleasure we resume our journey. In a short time the torpedoes are gone, the last at a large majestic dog, with the walk of a lion. The fellow turned around, and looked at us with much seriousness and dignity. The boy was absolutely hushed for a moment with the awe of his presence, and took my hand; but the worthy individual deigning us no further notice, found a place to his liking, and quietly laid himself down to sleep.

There are certain moods of my mind when Charles is a more agreeable companion than many older and wiser. Life has a tendency to make us all hypocrites. As we grow old we grow mistrustful and artificial. There is a kind of unmeaning good nature worn only for the sake of fashion, and often disguising angry or careless feelings. It flings a sort of mystery about the character of all other people, so that it takes some time to find them out. But there is a trusting spirit about a young child which exposes to your notice every operation of the mind. When I am with such a being my observation is not confined to his infant form and features; I cannot help perceiving the fragility of his mind and character. I believe I can in some degree enter into the fears and feelings of a sensitive mother when she gazes on her boy. She is familiar not only with his outward shape and bearing, but with his peculiar ways of thinking. She sees a mind and heart wonderfully delicate and feeble, exposed to innumerable influences, which may either close their existence or destroy their purity. Even in the stillness of her own apartment she can scarcely regulate their infant wanderings. How must she tremble then at the thoughts of what may happen when she shall be gone, and he committed alone to the dangers of the world, to disappointment, anguish, temptation, disease, and despair. It is as if one should fashion a light boat to float only on the waters of a summer lake, and should behold it gliding with the current through some widening and deepening river towards the stormy and boundless waste of ocean.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Poets men of business!—Many of the best of our native poets are men of business. Halleck, Paulding, Sprague, Wetmore, and several others, are actively engaged in mercantile pursuits. While we might regret the circumstance, as calculated to deprive the public of more frequent visitations from their muse, we are inclined to believe that to it is owing much of the life and raciness, the freshness and boldness, which characterise their occasional free-will offerings. Well do we know, and deeply do we feel, the load that bears upon a writer compelled, at all times, whether the wind blows east or west, and the thermometer is at zero or at the boiling point, willing or not willing, to indite articles that must perforce be pleasing, instructive, and popular. Happy is he who can refuse to dip his pen in ink when the mood is not on him, or other various avocations invite. Such is the enviable lot of one of our friends, whose inimitable verse has ranked him among the first bards of this country, and who, in reply to an application made by us for his more frequent contributions to the columns of the Mirror, has, with his usual promptness and felicity, struck off the following reply. When the dog-star has ceased to rage, and the pressure of his "*fall business*!" has somewhat subsided, we shall look forward with delightful anticipations to his promised communications.

EPISTLE TO AN EDITOR.

An article! bless me, my good sir,
You surely are out of your senses—
I cannot, if ever I could, sir,
Indite while the heat thus intense is.
I've made my best bow to the goddess,
And asked her to favour the measure—
She was weaving an air for a bodice,
And sipping a cream at her leisure.
"Begone!" quoth the shrew in a fury,
"Nor think of a subject that's weighty—
No reader will ever endure ye,
While Fahrenheit's far above eighty:
Away with the tragic and epic—
The erudite, classic, historic—
Society's grown a dyspeptic,
And banquets on spleen and caloric."
"A chapter on fancy or fashion—
A tale of the last Pelham finish—
Some stanzas of pathos and passion—
With the sentiment simple and thin-ish.
These may do very well for the weather,
But pause ere you perpetrate moral—
Blend your rhyme and reason together,
And the town will your pages abhor all."
Thus saying, her ladyship sported
A look, not the blandest or sweetest,
And beck'ning a zephyr that courted
Her favour, was off at the fleetest.
Then prithe no more—"an you love me"—
Of prating or verbing an article—
By the dog-star that rages above me,
I've not of invention a particle.
Our fairest and brightest are roaming—
The city a nuisance is voted—
I'll be off! but when autumn is coming,
You may look for some queer things I've noted:
Then here's for the Springs—or the River—
And a glance at the fair by the fountain—
Since jolting is good for the liver,
Perhaps I may call at the Mountain.

Tales of the sea.—We have often wondered that ocean scenes have not been more prolific subjects to authors. True, the third of the earth composed of land contains the great majority of our population; but then the eternal wrangling between man and man, in the ordinary routine of business, has been so often wrought up in pathetic stories, that the reader, when he embarks in a well told sea narrative, experiences something of the same sense of wild interest which he feels when borne in reality across the boundless element in the winged vessel. Much, to be sure, has been said of the "dark blue sea," by poets and other young gentlemen addicted to literature, who have never in their lives sailed further than Albany or the Banks, or doubled Point Judith; but these can know little of the vast world of incidents and associations connected with a nautical life; of the peculiar characters formed within the narrow boundaries of the ship, their strange and often poetic superstitions, their utter ignorance of the complicated machinery of society on shore, and their inexhaustible fund of sea anecdote, expressed in odd sea language. In these interesting delineations our countryman Cooper has been eminently successful; and we hazard little in the assertion, that if the author of the admirable sketch, which will be found on another page of our present impression, would more frequently gratify the public with similar productions, he would acquire a reputation equally brilliant. Those familiar with the current literature of the day need scarcely be told that "Merry Terry" is from the pen of William Leggett, Esq.

We present our readers this week with an entire sheet of ORIGINAL matter, from a variety of veteran pens. We mention this fact simply for the government of those editors who are in the constant habit of copying our articles without giving credit.

THE VISION.

SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN, IN THE ROMANTIC FAIRY OPERA OF OBERON—COMPOSED BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

[Never before published in the United States.]

Quasi a piacere.

Andantino.

Dolce.

O why art thou sleep-ing, Sir Hu-ron the brave? A mai-den is weep-ing on

Ba-by-lon's wave; Up, up, gal-lant knight, ere a vic-tim she falls, Gui-onne to the res-cue, 'tis beau-ty that calls.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

THE EAST.—The world, as known to the ancients, consisted of Asia, Africa, and Europe. These immense regions were understood to be bounded by great oceans on the east and west, but the extreme east was then, and, in a great measure, still is, shut up from the rest of the world. The vast empire of China, Tartary, and farther India, were not included in the conquests of Alexander, although he boasted of having subdued the world, and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Had he subdued his own unhallowed passions he would have had much more reason to claim the title of hero. The east, so often spoken of in scripture, as well as in profane history, was but little known to Grecian or Italian writers, although all their arts and sciences originated in that quarter; and it was proverbial among them that every good thing came from the east. In the language of Asiatic writers, who have always been distinguished for strong figurative expression, the wilful rejection of truth is called "departing from the east," or "turning the back to the east." Thus the posterity of Noah are said to have been "journeying from the east," when they conceived the absurd project of erecting a tower by which to climb to heaven.

GUNPOWDER, ETC.—Solomon asserted that there was "no new thing under the sun." "Is there any thing," he asks, "whereof it may be said, see, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us." Without insisting upon a literal and universal application of this assertion, it can be easily shown that many very important inventions have sprung up in Europe, and been honestly announced to the world as new, when the same principles had been in operation for ages among the nations of the east. The art of printing, the loadstone, and gunpowder, have been known in China from a remote period; astronomy and algebra were also studied in India equally long before they were understood in Europe, where the latter, in particular, is of very recent introduction. Both gunpowder and ordinance, it is certain, were in use in China as early as A. D. 85. The Chinese attribute the invention to King Vitey, who, they say, "was a great enchanter and necromancer; who, one time, being vexed with cruel wars by the Tartarians, conjured an evil spirit that showed him the use of making of guns and powder, the which he put in warlike practice against the realm of Pegu," &c. Other writers have likewise thought the agency of evil spirits necessary to the invention of gunpowder, although it was finally introduced into Europe by a monk! Milton, in his poem of

Paradise Lost, gives the honour of the invention to satan himself, and then commissions an angel to communicate the secret to man.

CONGREVE ROCKETS.—The honour, if it be one, of this invention belongs to the man whose name it bears; and whose epitaph, as read to him by the witty Madame Vestris, we have already given in the Mirror of February 20, volume seven, page two hundred and sixty-four.* Without wishing to detract a single iota from the merits of Colonel Congreve, there is strong circumstantial evidence in favour of a more ancient origin of these destructive projectiles. In Grey's *Gunnery*, printed in London in 1731, is found the following passage, deduced from the life of Apollonius Tyhaneus, by Philostratus. In speaking of the Oxydrææ, an ancient nation of India, the historian says, "those truly wise men dwell between the Hyphasis and the Ganges; their country Alexander never entered. *Their cities he never could have taken, though he had led a thousand as brave as Achilles, or three thousand such as Ajax, to the assault; for they come not out into the field to fight those who attack them, but these holy men, beloved by the gods, overthrow their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from their walls!*" It is said that the Egyptian Hercules and Bacchus, when they overran India, invaded this people also; and having prepared warlike engines, attempted to conquer them. They, in the meantime, made no show of resistance, appearing perfectly quiet and secure; but upon the enemy's near approach, they were "*repulsed with lightning and thunderbolts hurled on them from above.*" Here, then, is a record of the very early use of gunpowder, as Alexander flourished three hundred and fifty-five years before the christian era; but whether it refers to a species of ordinance or rockets is not quite so clear.

CHARLES GILFERT.—When the much admired and very successful opera of "*The Invincibles*," was in preparation at the Bowery theatre, Gilfert insisted upon having an original song written for Miss Rock, and directed the stage-manager to apply to Mr. Woodworth for that purpose. "But the piece is to be played to-morrow evening," replied Barrett: "How can you expect an original production at so short a notice?" "Easy enough, easy enough. Woodworth writes at sight," "But how can it be set to music in season?" continued the stage-manager, in a tone of expostulation. "I can set the koran to music in no time," answered the confident composer. "See that it is done." "But how can Miss Rock study it in so brief an interval?" Here, Charley got out of patience, and

* "He is gone to that place where alone his fire-works can be executed."

exclaimed, with vehemence, "My music and Woodworth's poetry require no study—such a combination of talent will sing itself." The poetry was written; but some unexpected avocation prevented its being set to music. We were favoured with a copy of it, however, and it was published in the Mirror of January 31, 1829—vol. vi. page 236.

Gilfert was a singular fellow, as every one who was acquainted with him will readily acknowledge. After the conflagration of the Bowery theatre, an establishment in which all his affections seemed concentrated, he would walk for hours around the ruins, wrapt in serious meditation; on which occasions his gestures and expressions were truly serio-comico. At one moment he would pause, gaze wistfully at the tottering walls through his green spectacles, with a most rueful countenance, mutter some unintelligible exclamations of mingled Dutch and English, and then pass on, like the genius of despair stalking amid the crumbling monuments of his desolated hopes. During one of these moody reveries he was accosted by an acquaintance on a variety of topics foreign to the all-absorbing subject of his own meditations. In the midst of a very animated speech, his friend, whose remarks had not been honoured with the slightest attention, was interrupted by Gilfert's turning suddenly towards him, and with a look sadly wan and wo-begone, exclaiming, "Is it not astonishing? This magnificent building—the temple of the muses—the seat of the arts—the pride of the city, and the admiration of the world—is now a heap of smoking rubbish! All—all destroyed! Ay, even that convenient and beautiful apartment, where, with Hamilton, Smith, and Gouverneur, I used to sit so comfortably, and make my *little arrangements* for the whole United States! Oh, the reflection is too agonizing! *What will you drink?*"

POETICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.—We have observed of late that the poor muses are not only constantly teased and persecuted with the solicitations of professional poets; but even mechanics and artisans, of every description, enter the lists as candidates for their favours. Passing a hat-store the other day we observed a large hand-bill, with the following logicalorceau, which we have copied for the edification of the reader:

"A penny saved, our Franklin's wit discern'd,
Is fully equal to a couple earn'd:
Admit the maxim, and of course it follows
Who deals with the subscriber gains two dollars."

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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For the Mirror.

THE COQUET.

BY ISIDORA.

SHE knew her eyes had power to lure
Devoted hearts to wear her chain,
Who would her fleeting frowns endure
To win her witching smiles again;
Yet secretly she thought of one,
To love when all the rest were gone.

And still she twin'd her airy chain
Closely around each captive heart,
Alarm'd their fears and soothed their pain
By turns, with all her sex's art—
But most she triumph'd over one,
Who would have loved when all were gone.

And some her chain would lightly wear,
And match her wiles with equal art,
Content her changeful smile to share,
Nor hoped to touch so vain a heart.
Among them all there was but one
Who truly loved when hope was gone.

And some there were, too proud to bow
To fickle beauty's tyrant chain,
Who scorn'd to ask a heartless vow,
And could not love a thing so vain—
And so they left her, one by one,
Till all save one alone were gone.

And did he then his suit prefer?
And did she listen to his vow?
No, lady, he *had* worshipped her,
But he could only pity now.
He scorn'd the love that could be won
Only because the rest were gone!

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE VALLEY OF THE GREYLOCK.*

A DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild nook,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks.—*Milton.*

GEORGE BARNARD was the only son of an eminent physician, who having acquired a considerable fortune in the practice of his laborious profession, had retired to a charming retreat to spend the evening of his days on the banks of the Housatonic. Here he lived as a gentleman farmer, unostentatious in his deportment, liberal as affluent, and beloved by all his neighbours, at whose sick-beds he occasionally ministered during the absence of the village practitioner. A maiden sister resided with him, to whose superintendence the household affairs were committed. George was the child of the old man's age, and fondly did he doat upon the little prattler, whose wishes were gratified as soon as expressed. His aunt Susan, too, loved the glossy-locked innocent, and was to him as a mother, for that fond guardian had been dead ever since the first days of his infancy. Month after month stole on, till the white chubby features of the child gradually gave place to the ruddier and more decided contour of opening boyhood, and at length the unfitting vestments of the nursery were exchanged for the jacket and trowsers, with their shining buttons, and ever dear pockets. Then followed the spring-time of existence, so cloudless and serene, ere the "inner man" becomes gloomy and troubled; the balcyon days, when he forgot the promised sweetmeats while riding on the shaggy back of old Hunter, or driving his hoop over the village green. All loved the future heir of the villa, as Mr. Barnard's beautiful mansion was called, from the surliest urchin in the parish to the old blind pauper, whose steps he not unfrequently attended in his lonely walks, leading him into the smoothest paths, picking up his cane when by chance it fell from his palsied hand, and receiving in return many a pretty tale of Robinson Crusoe and his lama, intermingled with blessings on the dear boy's head. At length his twelfth summer came, and his father, who had hitherto instructed him in the rudiments of the classics, now resolved to place him at the grammar school in the neighbouring village. Accordingly

his satchel was well lined with sundry venerable tomes, which had been handed down from father to son for some five generations, and he was requested to be in readiness to set out on the next Monday. This was no trivial affair for one who had a thousand important concerns to occupy his attention. The flowers in his little garden must be arranged, his bantam community consigned to some trusty overseer, and his kite and cross-bow laid carefully away for vacation. It was a bustling hour, said his aunt, when all the youngsters in the neighbourhood were assembled at the villa on the morning of his departure. Up stairs and down stairs they flocked after him, while he ransacked every scrap-heap in the house, and distributed among them the collected toys of his indulged boyhood—marbles, tops, whistles, and, dearest prized of all, an epitome of a drum, whose caseless tattoo disquieted the repose of the village for a whole month after.

The family chaise was at length brought to the door, and as Mr. Barnard put on his hat, he wiped a tear from his eye, for the child of his bosom was to be borne away, and the notes of his innocent gladness unheard for a season in the peaceful haunts of his beautiful home. George, too, wept as he kissed his affectionate aunt, and gave old Hunter his parting caress.

A ride of a few miles brought them to the village of M—, and just as the noon-bell rung, the half serious youth was led to his little chamber by his future instructor. The father blessed his child, and departed with a heavy heart; for who would now meet him at the threshold with his laughing eye, or wander forth into the green fields with him, or sit at his knee the long winter evenings, listening to the anxious voice of parental instruction? His emotion, however, escaped not the observation of the affectionate youth, whose eye followed the carriage till it vanished behind a distant bend of the road, and then untying his satchel, he laid one by one the reverend volumes on the table, and silently promised that his idleness should blight not the expectations of that doating parent. Four years rolled rapidly by, during which he visited the villa every fortnight as regularly as the village carrier.

He was now to become a collegian, and bid farewell to that endeared home for a long three months. Various were the preparations for this pilgrimage to the temple of Minerva. The old library was again taxed for its share of supplies, and the vademecums of his grandfathers were transferred from their mahogany nooks to the trunk of the youth, already well stored with fine linen, counterpanes, *comfortables*, slippers, and a thousand other indispensables, which contribute to "calm contemplation and poetic ease." The family chaise was again put in requisition, and before the sun was set, George Barnard had entered on his novitiate, and was comfortably lodged in his quiet study. Here, too, he was beloved, for he was sociable, obliging, unassuming in his manners, and withal an apt, regular student. Though fond of the company of his companions, he never sought that polishing intercourse, that "sweet parlance," which is only to be met with in the scenes of the drawing-room. The fact is, he feared the ladies prodigiously. He scarcely knew one of the fair except his aunt Susan. Assiduously did he shun their society, for he always trembled like a criminal whenever chance threw him into their presence. This escaped not the notice of the college *savans*, and accordingly many a sly joke was foisted on him, to the no small edification of their good-humoured merriment. Their raillery, however, disturbed not his unintermittibility so long as he could keep himself at antipodes with the dear objects of his disquietude, which was easily effected in a town where parties are not particularly frequent; and besides, an *unseasoned* student is a sad wight with the ladies.

Thus situated and thus prejudiced the golden days of college life—the senior year forsooth—commenced. His awe of female presence was still as overpowering as ever; and no bright eye, no sweet voice could charm him from his seclusion. But a trial awaited him, which in the event proved that he was formed of no "sterner stuff" than human nature universally exhibits.

He was fond of straying during the twilight of a summer's eve, by the bank of a little coy river, that like himself seemed to court retirement in the bosky dells at a distance from the village. It chanced one evening, as he wandered by that sweet stream, beneath a cloudless moon, that the thoughts of home came over him with a peculiar power, and he resolved to sit

down and enjoy the quiet of their influence. Accordingly, he seated himself at the foot of a large beech, tho' threw its thick branches out over the stream, and yielded his mind to the pleasant associations of that distant home. Vacation was near, and in imagination he was just on the point of springing into his father's arms, when he discovered but a short distance from him an object, which no very lively fancy might have mistaken for the spirit of the stream. As it approached, he perceived that it was a young girl, bearing a basket on her arm, which apparently cost her considerable exertion. As she came near the bend of the river where the student sat retired and undiscovered in the shade, she paused for a moment, set down her basket, and advanced to the edge of the bank, which formed an almost perpendicular wall of some dozen feet, and gazed at the scene before her with evident delight. She wore neither bonnet nor shawl, and her delicate form, just expanding into womanhood, appeared like a vision of beauty to the eye that glanced out from the beech-tree's shade. She was evidently wearied, and as she surveyed the scene before her, her figure gradually assumed that inimitable gracefulness of attitude, so superior to the tact of affectation, and which nature alone can teach. Her hazel locks, unrestrained in their native luxuriance, fell in tendril-like spirals over a delicate uncovered neck, where the soft beams of the full moon slept as on a pillow of alabaster. Fixed, and almost as breathless as the trunk against which he leaned, the unseen student gazed on the fairy form. A spell unknown before was upon him, which the hour and place, and the peculiarity of his former habits, all combined to strengthen and prolong. Formerly he had fled from the fascination of female beauty with marked timidity, but now he made no effort to escape from the sorcery of its presence. At length the maiden turned to retire, when the bank on which she stood gave way with a hollow sepulchral sound, and was precipitated with its fair occupant into the depths of the river. George was an indifferent swimmer, but it was not a time for consideration. The remembrance of Leander's rashness, had it occurred, could not have deterred him an instant; besides, it were chivalrous to die in such a cause. He sprang from his covert with the rapidity of thought, and in a moment one arm encircled the waist of his recent enchantress, while the other made vigorous exertions to regain the treacherous bank. The stream at this time was swollen to double its usual size by one of those sudden showers so frequent among the mountains of New-England, and as it swept round in its graceful curvature, formed a powerful eddy, into which, in spite of his continued and unyielding efforts, the student with his fair charge was drawn. They were twice borne swiftly round this circle, and as many times carried almost within reach of the shore. Hope, when animated by even a slight modicum of a certain *nameless influence*, recks not of weariness, and our hero apparently now exhibited as much resolution as at the commencement of his hazardous adventure. At length, by one powerful exertion, aided by the rapidity of the current, he bore his prize to a part of the shore from which he first plunged in.

During the agitations of that fearful moment not a word had been spoken, while the terrified girl had unconsciously thrown her arm around the neck of her preserver, and reclined her head upon his shoulder. Thus situated he bore her up the bank, and laid her, all trembling like the aspen leaf, on the grassy slope near the beech-tree. There he bent over her with the deepest anxiety, parted the dripping tresses from her face, and suffered the light and the sweet zephyr to steal in once more upon her pale cheek. And then, too, he whispered kind words of safety and trust, in a tone that always finds its way to the heart, and awakens confidence wherever consciousness exists. The maiden opened her blue eyes, and looked up in her preserver's face, like one who awakes from some frightful vision, and finds a parent bending over his troubled sleep. He assisted her to rise, when, with all the ardour and artlessness of real gratitude, she returned her acknowledgments for his generous exertions.

"Name them not," said he. "I hope I may ever be as prompt in the performance of my duty."

"Call it what you will," she replied, "the value of the benefit is unaltered. You have laid me under an obligation for which I can make no return but my warmest thanks. Oh, with what emotions will my mother listen to the particulars of this night's adventure! You have not preserved my life only, but hers also; for she lives but in my welfare."

* This mountain, situated in the western part of Massachusetts, forms one of the highest peaks in New England, its summit being nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea. It derives its name from the grey or hoary appearance its alpine forests frequently exhibit, and which is occasioned by the congelation of the vapours of clouds in the cool temperature of its summit.

"I am doubly happy, then, in being the fortunate instrument of your preservation. But," continued he, "suffer me to attend you home, for the night wind breathes chilly along the stream, and wet garments are a sad shield against its influence."

"Thank you," returned she with a smile, recovering in part her native buoyancy of spirits, "thank you; for my carelessness may well entitle me to a guardian. What a silly creature was I to venture so near that treacherous bank. But it was just like me; I was always in love with this wild stream, and here I have played Gondoline to the life. But it has forfeited my good graces for ever," continued she, glancing archly at the dripping folds of her white dress, "O, I am glad it is not day, for people might mistake me for a mad quakeress."

"And I," interrupted her companion, "will fancy you a water nymph, and believe that I periled my life rashly, if you continue to linger here in opposition to my sage advice."

"I beg pardon, sir; but you need have no apprehensions for my health. However, Mr. —"

"Barnard," said he, with an awkward bend of the head.

"Ah, yes; Mr. Barnard of the senior class?"

"The same."

"Well, then, Mr. Barnard shall have the honour with the inconvenience of seeing Ellen Mansell home."

The student could not but smile at what he considered her eccentric and ill-timed levity, and as he threw his arm into an angle of forty-five, from whose vertex the superabundant water gushed as from a fountain, he said, "I am sorry Miss Mansell has not a better support."

"O, it is good enough—excellent—for it is in fine keeping with my own trim," she playfully returned, as she shook from her bright ringlets a shower of liquid pearls.

There are certain incidents in the life of every individual that in their power of interest with the heart surpass the aggregate occurrences of whole years. These form, as it were, the great mirrors of the past, by which the light of memory is reflected back upon the mind, through the dim obscurity of the "days that were." Oblivion may bury up the more trivial objects and emotions of former perceptions, but the remembrance of those peculiar events, however unessential to his general well-being, is as fresh as the thoughts of yesterday. Who, for instance, that has seen the ocean, can forget the sensations excited within him, when, from some neighbouring eminence, it first broke upon his vision in its dark amplitude of rolling waves? And who that has wandered for years far from his boyhood's haunts, a stranger among strange men, unfriended and alone, does not remember the hour when he again lifted the latch of his endeared home, and felt himself once more encircled by a mother's or a sister's arms? Such a moment is worth an age of monotonous existence, and might almost tempt the wanderer to endure again the buffetings of the world that he might enjoy another such blissful meeting by the fireside of his youth. The calm and even tenor of the student's days had now been interrupted by one of these incidents to which he ever after looked back with the highest satisfaction. There was something enduring in the remembrance of the hour when he was so gallant, and the maiden so beautiful, and both so happy. Never did he forget the moment when she twined her delicate arm in his, and he felt at his own side the beatings of that young heart, which neither the quiet loveliness of evening nor the sense of safety had yet restored to its native tranquillity.

As they turned to depart Ellen discovered her basket, which stood too far from the bank to participate in her accident.

"I came near forgetting my errand after all," said she. "Here, Mr. Barnard, is some early fruit I was carrying to a poor friend of my mother's, who resides in yonder little cottage by the large willow. As I was plucking some for our evening's entertainment, I thought that an idle hour could not be better employed than in bearing a portion of our abundance to the good dame. I was a little selfish too, for you must know that I love a moonlight ramble, especially by this sweet stream; and then such thanks as the old lady returns, so simple, so artless, are well worth a little fatigue. Now as you would be my beau, what favour do you think I shall require?"

The student laid the basket on his arm with a complacent smile, and they turned towards the cottage.

"I see, Mr. Barnard," she continued, "you are resolved to rob me of half the credit of my labour of love."

"And share in its pleasure likewise, Miss Mansell."

As he spoke they turned an angle of the garden fence, and entered the shade of the venerable tree, which sheltered the lowly dwelling of the poor widow. The door stood ajar, and

they discovered its humble inmate seated in her arm chair, and apparently absorbed in the contents of a volume she was perusing. There was an expression of deep and powerful emotion in the face of the venerable person before them, and the youthful visitors paused.

"She is reading her Bible," said Ellen, in a low and serious tone, as if unwilling to disturb the sacred occupation of that lonely heart.

"It were not well to enter, then," whispered George; but before his companion had time to reply, the lowly worshipper closed the sacred page, and kneeling down, bowed her head upon her withered hands, as if conscious of her unworthiness to look up in the presence she sought. No tale of conscious merit, no voice of repining—no; not even a breath of exultation broke the stillness of the peaceful dwelling; but the low sob, and the involuntary movements of that bended form, told that

"The restless agony of thought intense,
Too stern for human utterance or ear,
Yet poured in the deep hush of prayer,"

had found entrance to that heaving bosom. The silent spectators remained riveted to the spot, for they felt that it was indeed "holy ground" on which they stood. At length, as if impelled by some irresistible impulse, they advanced nearer the door. Not the least motion was now perceptible in the living statue before them. It was evident that the calm of the glad spirit had succeeded the rush of its former emotions, and that the consolations of renewed hope had shed abroad their peaceful influence in her subdued bosom. At last she arose, with the elasticity which follows the unbooming of the full heart, laid her Bible in its accustomed nook, and resumed her former seat.

"Let us now enter," said Ellen.

George tapped lightly on the door, which swung back as if to welcome them across its quiet threshold.

"How does my good Mrs. Perkins this fine evening?" asked the kind-hearted girl, while she buried her small hand in the clasp of the surprised widow.

"Oh, well, my sweet lady," replied she, rising to offer the only chair that graced her poor cottage.

"Sit down," returned Ellen; "I will never suffer youth to steal the least comfort from age. Nor would my companion," she continued, glancing at the student, whom the old lady in her excitement had not yet observed, and who now came forward. "Mr. Barnard," bowed she, "my good friend Mrs. Perkins."

"He needs no introducing, for he has visited my cottage these three years," returned the widow, warmly grasping the proffered hand. "But where have you been," she continued, dropping her spectacles over her eyes, and gazing with an air of surprise at the strait costume of her visitors. "Ye're as wet as the water-lily after a storm."

"It is nothing; a mere trifle," returned the laughing girl, unwilling to disturb the affectionate heart of the widow by an account of her recent danger. "You know what a night-lover I am, and I must tell you that the wild grape-vines which overhang the pathway to your cottage are not at all sparing of their showers of dew this evening."

"But ye'll catch cold as sure's ye live," interrupted the old lady. "What! and nothing on neither but this thin frock; and bare-headed, too; and this damp night! Why, Miss Ellen, you're crazy; indeed you are, in very truth. Now, sit right down, while I make a fire, and get a cup of warm tea; 'twill keep the cold away. You must dry you, you must; and Mr. Barnard, too."

"Thank you," exclaimed both at the same moment; "but," continued Ellen, "you shall give yourself no trouble, Mrs. Perkins. I shall not take cold this mild summer evening; besides, it is a short way home; and then, my mother will be distressed should she notice my absence."

The kind creature remonstrated, but in vain.

"Well, then," said she, at last, "you shall wrap yourself in my cloak, poor though it be, and unworthy of that pretty form. 'Twill not be amiss this dampsome night."

As she spoke, she took from the white-washed wall the humble garment, and laid it carefully over the maiden's shoulders. It was neat, though patched till it would have puzzled a mantua-maker to discover its original texture.

"You are extremely good, my kind guardian," said Ellen, as she folded it to her delicate waist; "but you shall not dispatch me too hastily from your hospitable dwelling."

"Now, ye know ye're ever welcome here," returned the widow with touching simplicity, "for ye are as the sunlight to my cottage. But your mother, your health, my child."

"I will go," said the half serious girl; for she could not endure the thought of that parent's anxiety.

"But here, Mr. Barnard has brought you a basket of fruit."

"A blessing on the dear young gentleman," ejaculated the grateful matron. "It is just like him and his mates. They have opened the fountains of knowledge to many a poor man's child; eye, and let in the day-spring from on high where there was nothing but gross darkness," she continued, while a tear gushed from her eye, as it glanced to her treasured Bible.

"You must thank Miss Mansell for the present," interrupted George; "to her kindness alone you are indebted for it."

"Oh, the dear lady! I can never repay her; but she'll not fail of her reward."

"Come, come, no more, Mrs. Perkins; between friends, what were a thousand such presents?"

"A widow's blessing go with ye," said the affectionate cottager, as they bowed good night.

Dame Perkins was one of that happy few who have not an enemy in the world, and who are always welcomed wherever they go. The old respected her for her artless piety, and the example of resignation held out to them in her noiseless life; and the young loved her for the simple courtesy and kind attention to their welfare which she always paid them. There was not a house in the village, or among the hills, where she was not regarded with the kindest interest; for she had visited them all when sickness or sorrow were the inmates. She was particularly welcome at the house of Ellen's mother, where she sometimes spent whole weeks. She had been the nurse of the charming girl who looked upon her with almost filial affection.

Her youthful visitors left the peaceful dwelling with light hearts, and turned into the narrow pathway which lay near the stream, sometimes winding under the gold-threaded willows that fringed its margin, and then stealing along more remote through clumps of tall sycamores, which locked their white arms in a thousand directions, as if to protect the humble shrubbery that flourished below. The silvery cadence of gushing water out-rung from the green hill-slopes, and blended with the deep and irregular bass of the mountain torrents, came like the harmony of aerial spirits over the hush of the sleeping valley. The river, too, had its night music, while the zephyr breathed his wood-note from the distant pine-tops. Nor was the green grasshopper mute in his lowly perch on the blossomed clover-stalk, but he chanted away joyously as the whip-poor-will from his hazel-bower.

"Our valley needs no Orpheus," said Ellen, as they emerged from a small grove into the broad moonlight of a little meadow that skirted her mother's dwelling.

"Nor the castle-building genii of Aladdin," returned her companion, glancing at the beautiful mansion before them, as small portions of its white surface gleamed out through the moving branches of overhanging elms.

At that moment they discovered a figure approaching them at a little distance. "It is my mother," said Ellen, "I know that quick step of parental anxiety. The runaway is returning," continued she, raising her voice above the bubbling river that murmured near. The object paused, and the youthful couple soon came up. It was indeed Mrs. Mansell. She had missed her daughter, and apprehensive for her safety, was now anxiously looking for her.

"Ellen, my child," asked she with an air which displayed more of joy than displeasure, "where have you been this long evening?"

"Why, mother, answered the laughing girl, glancing archly in her parent's face; "I have been in the garden, and the groves, and the meadows, and — in the river withal."

"In the river!" ejaculated Mrs. Mansell, turning pale.

"Most assuredly; here now, is Mr. Barnard, to whom we shall ever remain indebted, shall vouch for the truth of what I say," continued Ellen, in a half serious, half playful tone. The student returned with tolerable grace the introductory courtesy of the surprised matron, whose quick mind had already suspected the cause of that indebtedness of which her daughter had just spoken.

"I am happily a witness in the case," said he, "but my testimony would be of no account."

"Well, now I will confess the whole," laughed the thoughtless girl. "You must know then, that while bearing some apples to dame Perkins, the thought occurred to me of looking into the river, to see which of the two was handsomest, her ladyship the moon, or my own sweet self. But pride must have a fall; so while I was attitudinizing and comparing graces, away went the bank and poor I with it sheer into the stream. Then appeared this worthy knight, and rescued my beauty-ship at the peril of his life. I have forgotten the result of the comparison, but presume it was in my own favour." The

parent trembled as with an ague at the playful narrative of her daughter's peril, and throwing her arms around her orphan child, as if to be more perfectly assured of her safety, she said with emotion, "You are a wild girl, my Ellen. Your thoughtlessness has fearfully endangered a mother's peace with the life of this gallant stranger."

"Forgive me, my mother," sobbed Ellen, for the first time vividly conscious of the circumstances of her fearful exposure, and overcome by the anxious tenderness of her doating parent.

"It is enough: I cannot chide you. Heaven be praised that you are safe. And you, my dear sir, she continued, relaxing her embrace to address the youth, "accept a widowed mother's blessing." But the object of her benediction had retired. Assured of the daughter's safety, he fled from the voice of the parent's gratitude, and was now nowhere to be seen.

"He has gone," murmured Ellen, and twining her arm around her mother's waist, they turned towards the house. P.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

On the third instant, this theatre closed with the *Beggars' Opera* and other amusements. This piece having been performed but once this season, and with a considerable difference in the cast, is a fair subject for review. As a literary production, the *Beggars' Opera* having passed its centenary, the great judicial test of excellence, must be considered as a composition out of the reach of criticism. It is still a favourite performance, and has undergone the fiery ordeal of Swift, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Cumberland, Inchbald, *cum multis aliis*. Yet, in this country, it is undeniable that there is an antipathy entertained against this drama, on the assumed ground that there is an inherent indelicacy in the subject, and in the manners of the dramatic persons, which, it is affirmed, renders it unfit for public exhibition; accordingly the managerial pruning knife has been applied, and this, together with the dissecting instruments of the corps dramatique, has so metamorphosed the author, that poor Gay is hardly known by his best friends. Still, as a musical piece, the *Beggars' Opera* is highly esteemed in the United States (not a mean compliment this to their taste.) But let us inquire if the antipathy above mentioned be not a prejudice. What greater purity of manners has the brigand and bandit school to boast? If originality be worth anything, Gay has it, for he was the first who softened the harsh characteristics of vagabondism, and converted a mounted robber into a hero. If we were disposed to try our hand at a regular built rhetorical period, we should say he had waved the wand of Prospero over the transactions of *priggery*, had converted Newgate into a flower garden, and had produced delight where disgust was expected, by skillfully sliding into the mouths of "rolling kiddies" and "flash coveys," apothegms in disguise, and "showing them up" as human beings actuated by the same secret springs, motives and passions, as those far above them in station. But we shall not leave Gay in so degraded a state as that in which a parallel with the banditti school would place him. Indeed it is a bold thing to affirm, but nevertheless true, that Gay is the superior of Byron and Schiller, inasmuch as he has a moral design, which the analytical observer will find running throughout the dialogue of the opera—indeed the most pungent and biting satire pervades the speeches and songs of Macheath, Peachum and Lockit, and neither Swift nor Beaumarchais has gone beyond it. We admit that the peculiar state of England some centuries since, gave an adventitious éclat to the appearance of the opera; but in this Gay has pursued the course which the greatest writers in all countries have followed: he seized the prominent topic of the day, and the most flagrant abuses of the period, as the vehicle for reading a lecture on human nature. The freshness of the gilding and the paint have died away, but the solid oak beneath remains. The present generation in England is as ignorant of the historical fact of the profligacy and corruption of the English police at the end of the sixteenth century, as the visitants of theatres in the United States; but the peculiar simplicity, sweetness, and adherence to nature, which characterise Gay as an author; the bold pencilling, the judicious shading and contrast of character, and the originality of design, which are attributes of the higher productions of the drama, remain unaffected by the corroding tooth of time. We have no doubt that some of the gentlemen of the theatre, who so ruthlessly mutilate and interpolate the text of Gay, have good reasons for what they do, because they do so—but still we should be curious to hear them. Perhaps

they imagine, they are kindly assisting the author out of a scrape. When, for instance, Mr. Barnes deems it necessary to add "the new rum and black pepper dram," of hard and hair-erecting swearing, to the original dialogue, it is to be presumed that the text is too watery, or that the coats of the theatre-goer's stomach are gone, and this condiment is necessary to produce tone; but Mr. Hilson, although having a decent voice, chose to cut his author and his songs at once, and contributed nothing to tone. And then the caricature of a fight! What a beautiful *ad captandum* flourish! What a delightful discovery! Broad farcical buffoonry ingrafted upon the genuine English opera! And all this *gagery* for the benefit of those who think by the second, and laugh by the hour! Why should not the text of Gay meet with as much respect as that of the old comedies by Beaumont and Fletcher, Sir John Vanbrugh "*et id genus omne*?" Can Gay's piquant and nervous dialogue be profitably displaced by the slang and vapid witticisms of Joe Miller and Co.? Let a similar experiment be made with the productions of the immortal Shakespeare, and watch the result. Messrs. Barnes and Hilson, both meritorious actors, have seen better practice. They have witnessed in Munden and Downton the wily Peachum and the sturdy Lockit personified: surely they need not blush to model after such men.

We are not disposed to compliment Mr. Placide (much as we respect his talents) at the expense of veracity; the utmost we can allow is that his Filch was a very pleasant searcher of pockets, and exhibited much sleight of hand in untwisting the handkerchiefs (*Cliffordice, fogles*;) but it was not the Filch of Gay: still he was perfect in his dialogue, as he always is. Mr. Richings is entitled to the same commendation respecting his author, with this special addition that he was truly characteristic, and in dress, manners, and slang, an unimpeachable and veritable Mat of the Mint.

The Lucy of Gay is drawn evidently in antithesis of Polly. The delightful feminine qualities of artlessness, tenderness, sincerity, unbounded confidence, unfathomable and unquenchable affection, mildness without gall, like the dove's, and even inherent gentility—all these are Polly's *par excellence*. On the other hand, Lucy is violent in her manner, and something approaching to coarseness is not inappropriate.—She is also jealous and fitful. In the text, Mrs. Blake was perfect, nor can she be accused of any misconceptions or overcharging—an error too common in personating Lucy. Mrs. Wheatley was also one of the number who gave the text, and we cannot deny her the justice of playing up to the spirit of the author. Her bursts of passion were very efficient. It remains for us to speak of the principal vocalists. Mr. Jones as Macheath, was successful in most of his songs and duets; but in the dialogue he was strangely at fault. The language he delivered was certainly, for the most part, not to be found in the drama; and he was guilty of incessant transposition of words. By mistaking his business also the ladies who were on the stage with him, were evidently put to much inconvenience. On the whole, he was too tame, and not sufficiently *flash*. Polly, of whose qualities a slight sketch has been given, was represented by Mrs. Austin, and this character is the Corinthian pillar of the music of the piece. We found on this occasion, in the performance of the numerous songs and duets assigned to Mrs. Austin, the same clear and full intonation as ever—the same musical truth and executional brilliancy, with the same distinct and fine shake. She looked the character well, and gave the dialogue scrupulously in its original form and with propriety. If we are disposed to find any fault with her, it is for introducing a song into such an opera as this. Surely the beautiful old melodies, and the peculiar and quaint poetry which is set to them, ought not to be mixed up with any other species of composition. Mrs. Austin stands so deservedly high as a vocalist, that she can afford to omit the introduction of a song, because it happens to be popular, and ought to set the example of good taste to the profession in this respect. T.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

A prince of Bourbon imagined himself to be dead, and refused to eat. To prevent his dying of starvation, ten persons were introduced to him in the character of illustrious dead like himself, and they invited him, after some conversation respecting the world of shades, to dine with another distinguished but deceased person, Marshal Turenne. The prince accepted this polite invitation, and made a very hearty dinner. Every day, whilst this fancy prevailed, it was necessary to invite him to the table of some ghost of rank and reputation; yet, in the other common affairs of life, the prince was not incapacitated from attending to his own interests.

Conolly's Indications of Insanity.

THE FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.*

THE song inserted in the Mirror of this day, is a pretty melody, which scarcely requires the name of Charles Edward Horn, to identify it with "I've been Roaming," "Cherry Ripe," "Farewell to my Harp," &c. Mr. Horn is more remarkable as a melodist than a harmonist; at the same time there is no lack of pleasant modulation to be complained of in his compositions. His ballads are decidedly of a dramatic cast, and appear to more advantage in a theatre than in a drawing-room. After Bishop we are inclined to place Horn next on the list of English dramatic composers; decidedly before A. Lee, who is merely an effective plagiarist, without one atom of originality; and before Barnett, who seems fated to copy himself in the "Light Guitar," and never to get beyond that song. The best samples of Horn, as regards compositions of a higher grade, are to be met with in the opera called the "Devil's Bridge," in the concerted pieces of which he proves himself to be master of counter-point; but it is perhaps necessary to add that in this great test of the art, we prefer both Bishop and T. Cooke; the latter of whom has made rapid strides in the estimation of the profession, by having latterly borne away several of the prize glees, against such competitors as Horsley, Attwood, Elliot, &c. who are men of the first standing. Mr. Horn has left a most favourable impression as a pianiste in this country; probably in Europe it would be difficult to find a professor superior to him in the art of accompaniment. His mastery execution in the ballads "Said a smile to a tear," "Lilla, come down to me," and last, but not least, Beethoven's "Rosalie," will not easily be forgotten. As a vocalist, Mr. Horn has considerable execution and excellent taste; but in his singing you easily perceive a first-rate artist, trying to subdue an unwieldy and refractory voice: indeed, to borrow an Italian phrase, his voice is "under a veil," and to make it emerge from its concealment with effect, would be impracticable to most other men. As a teacher of singing, we look upon Mr. Horn as very superior, and we are given to understand that his return to America, after the season at Hay-market theatre closes, is not improbable. As an actor, Mr. Horn is a great contradiction to himself. In the opera of Der Freischütz as Caspar, he is admirable; his Artabanus in the opera of Artaxerxes is not less so, and he is the best Macheath on the stage. After these three characters, we really should be at a loss to name one which he plays more than tolerably, and in addition to this, he is rarely perfect in the words of the author; consequently he is frequently at the mercy of the audience, on whose good nature and forbearance he has drawn heavily, and had his drafts largely honoured in the city of New-York.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

The exquisite art of giving to inanimate canvass all that intellectual expression which lights the human countenance, can hardly be too highly appreciated by every lover of the arts. When we reflect that an eye, which has once beamed upon us with affection, but is now closed in death, can be restored to us again by the painter's skill, we experience a feeling of respect for the artist, almost amounting to reverence. For although the portraits of private individuals possess little or no interest for the public generally; still, in those circles where the originals are known, and perhaps beloved, they are and must be regarded with pleasure. But if the sanctity of that circle has been invaded by death, and a chasm formed that can never be refilled, the magic art of the painter is hailed with a peculiar fervour of enthusiasm. These ideas were forcibly impressed upon our minds, while examining the highly finished likenesses which adorn the apartments of Mr. Boudet, portrait painter, Broadway. This gentleman has lately excited much notice by the felicitous accuracy of his delineations in copying the human countenance; and we are convinced that his talents have not been overrated. We instantly recognised, among his interesting productions, many faces that were familiar to us, and do not hesitate to pronounce him an artist of no ordinary skill.

LITHOGRAPHY.

"A picture of Girodet," says the National Gazette, "thirty inches by twenty-six, has been lithographed in Paris. This is understood to be the largest work on stone ever yet executed in that capital."

* From the unavoidable absence of our composer, who is an invalid, we have been obliged to defer until next number a gem from the valuable selection of melodies presented to us from Weber's Obeon, five of which we intended to publish in succession. We have the satisfaction, however, of being able to substitute a song by C. E. Horn, which was prepared some time since.—Ed. N. Y. Mirror.

For the Mirror.

NATURAL PASSION.

The sounding cataract
Hausteth me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and vernal wood,
Their colour and their forms are all to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love.—Wordsworth.

TRIUMPHANT bard! I feel the truth that lingers in thy lay,
I see the gleams of nature rise, and in thy stanza play;
And echoing in my bounding heart each sense and sound I hear
That haunts the mead and upland green, or the void atmosphere;
The birds' clear voice, the chant of streams, the charter'd winds that
Along the lake and o'er the vale, each flower-breath to reveal— [steal
They come to me like whisperings, borne from the climes of sleep,
And, kindling joyance in my breast, perpetual sabbath keep!

Oh, when in our voluptuous youth, midst visions unreprieved,
The o'erflowing heart is rich with love, and yearns to be beloved—
How, if the soul grows sick, and spurns the heartless and the vain,
Doth nature open to the view her glorious domain?
Where breathes a sigh like twilight air? What lip is like the rose
When its soft and balmy leaves are curled in beautiful repose?
What eye can match the violet, whose downcast chalice lies,
Blessed by the radiant hues of heaven, and blue of Eden skies?

If there be passion that hath power to thrill my soul with bliss,
Like earth in garniture of spring or summer's loveliness;
If there are purer raptures born than morning's living food
Can waken in the chaste mind by mountain, stream and wood;
If there are smiles like sunset's smile, or graces like its cloud—
Oh! I would be a worshipper, in adoration bow'd!
Then would I say with earnest heart, whose praise should soar above,
"Oh who on earth would love to live without he! ve to love!" W. G. C.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY,

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Saratoga, August 6, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR—We have been busily engaged since my last in running the usual round of amusement afforded to the pleasure-seeking visitors at this resort, until satiety has taken place of the excitement, which on our arrival rendered even the smallest incident at once novel and interesting.

The lake of Saratoga, with its sailing and fishing excursions, has lost its charms; and its really beautiful scenery, bounded as it is by the prospect of the Green Mountains, only serves to add to our impatience for traversing those verdant hills of "old Vermont," which lie in our route to the Canadian frontier. The fact is, we have exhausted all the "lions" of the place, and have become impatient for some change. "*Entre nous*," I begin to suspect, that notwithstanding the aspirations towards good society, which a part of my fair fellow-travellers possessed, they have found it, upon a close inspection, rapid, heartless, and fatiguing. Another cause may exist in the person of a British officer, whom we have attached to our suite; or rather, Miss Elmira has succeeded in exclusively appropriating him to herself. Major J.'s regiment is stationed at Quebec, and he is anxious to return to headquarters. The advantage of this gentleman as a *cicerone* to our party, is acknowledged by all, and he appears indispensable to the ladies. The gallant major is no bad specimen of his class and countrymen; his apparent devotedness to the service of the fair sex, his ready compliance with their little humours and caprices, and the increasing and interminable stock of agreeable nothings which are ever at his disposal, make him at least an amusing and useful appendage to our groupe. I strongly suspect a flirtation has commenced between this gay Lothario and Elmira; harmless, I trust, for my friend H.'s national prejudices would never allow him to consent to the union of the parties.

Madame H. and aunt Experience are delighted with his attentions; the one from her inherent love of rank and titles, the other from that universal regard she possesses for any person who will do the *amiable* agreeably.

You may suppose that during our stay here I have had ample food for observing varieties of the human character. It is indeed a place where a microscopic view of mankind can be taken more readily than amid the hurry and bustle of crowded cities; a more general mixing of grades is to be found, and the different species are submitted to a closer inspection. Flirtations may be analyzed with the most perfect precision, and their length determined upon with almost mathematical exactness; for a new beauty, or a fresh imported *millionaire*, will inevitably supersede the reigning belle of the moment, and these in their place give way to aspirants of greater pretension. *Liaisons*, platonic or otherwise, are all denuded of the mystery which enshrouds them in the usual intercourse of society; and an observer may, without much effort, exactly define the "little arrangements" of his neighbours at the first glance. All this is very edifying, as you may suppose, especially to the young; fortunately, however, they are too much engaged in the all-important business of establishing themselves to trouble their heads about the elder part of their associates. I have before mentioned the "exclusive," who form an important sect here, but am at a loss exactly to state

the pretensions which gain admittance to the privileges of the circle; wealth, however, is all-powerful, and fashion is an undeniable requisite. One family, whom we both know, rest their claims wholly upon their ancestors and the profusion and splendour of their winter entertainments, although I believe it would puzzle the worthy heads of the family tree to trace who were their grandfathers. Others, again, are only "Zoadees" of great people, and are more offensive even than their patrons. The most original class of visitors here are those "who come like shadows, and so depart;" they are our honest citizens, who, in an evil hour, have yielded to the solicitations of spouse or daughter, to whom an annual visit to the Springs is indispensable, as affording subject for boasting amongst their less privileged friends for the next twelvemonths. They are easily detected; an obscure boarding-house is their chosen residence; they neither know nor are known to the fashionables by whom they are surrounded, and appear for the few days of their sojourn like melancholy strangers in a strange land. Miss may be arrayed in the very latest Parisian costume, but the *tournure* is wanting to give effect; while pe's bluntness and ma's plainness stamps the seal of "exclusive" inseparably on the *coterie*. This, perhaps, is as it should be. Why, in the name of every thing rational, do people flock to these almost barren spots, when so many healthy and picturesque places in our country are left unvisited, because fashion has not taken them under her magic protection!

We have a numerous class of gamblers, and other worthies of a similar kind, who are ever on the alert for the unwary and ignorant. A humorous incident, connected with one of these gentry, came under my notice the other day, and as our learned Dr. Ganderluch was the suffering party, its relation may interest you. The worthy disciple of Galen, among his other qualifications, prides himself upon his knowledge of "horse-flesh." I have learned he was a tolerable jockey in his younger days, and he now evinces his love for this favourite propensity by keeping at all times a horse that is the "crack" of the neighbouring country where he resides. His present Bucephalus is a fine animal, that has been greatly admired by all the connoisseurs in these matters since our arrival at the Springs. The doctor, to vary his amusements, has made several trotting matches for his pet horse, in all of which he came off victorious. A few days since a long, raw-boned, country-looking man made his appearance at one of the hotels, who rode a particularly fine mare. The animal attracted the doctor's attention, and an acquaintance was soon formed with its owner, Mr. Zerubbabel L. Sykes, who proved to be from "down east." The relative qualities of their separate horses soon became the subject of discussion between the two worthies. The doctor maintained the superiority of his own, and quoted the many victorious trials he had made since his arrival; this ended in a challenge from "the Yankee" to trot his mare against the doctor's charger, for a bet of fifty dollars; the challenge was immediately accepted, and the doctor lost the bet, which he paid *instantly*, consoling himself, however, with the conviction, that there was not another horse then at the Springs which could match his own. Mr. Zerubbabel told him not to be so certain of the fact, and offered to bring *another man's horse* that should beat the doctor's for any given sum. The indignant and irritated practitioner closed the bet, and the evening of the same day was appointed for the trial. The circumstance got afloat, and a crowd of spectators were assembled at the starting-place to witness the sport. I attended the doctor. We arrived punctual to the minute; my companion was certain of victory, for he had taken the trouble of ascertaining the quality of every horse in the village, and found that not one could compete with his own. A few minutes elapsed before our "Yankee friend" made his appearance, and the doctor began to chuckle at the certainty of having won his bet. At length we descried him, walking leisurely towards the starting-place, followed by the *identical mare* he had rode against the doctor in the morning; that was now mounted by a friend of the sagacious Mr. Zerubbabel L. Sykes. Every eye was turned with astonishment on the scene, and Doctor G. loudly demanded where his horse was?

"I guess Mr. Doctor, if you use your specs you'll easily see," was the answer of the Yankee.

"What do you mean?" replied the irritated man of medicine. "That is the horse you rode this morning."

"Certain," responded he of the disputed animal, "and it was my property *then*, but I guess you'll find it is *another man's horse now*; and I calculate, it was *another man's horse* that I bet to ride against yours this evening."

"Why you swindling rascal," vociferated the doctor.

"Easy, easy, Mr. Doctor," was the quiet interruption of

the Yankee, "don't you call names; there's such a thing as law; here is our bet in *black and white*!"

And there indeed, it was; the doctor had agreed to run against *another man's horse* a mile, said horse to be rode by the Yankee. Proof was now demanded of the property having been transferred. This was easily produced, regularly signed by witnesses, and nothing was left the indignant doctor but to try another race with the victorious mare, or quietly to pay the bet, and clear himself of his new acquaintance. He preferred the latter mode; but the execrations he lavished on Mr. Zerubbabel L. Sykes, were not few. The "cute" horse jockey thought it expedient to shift his quarters the next morning, and we have not since heard of him.

I have exhausted my paper and must close. You shall hear from me on our arrival at Montreal. Yours, H. I.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CAN there be two things more unlike than the city and country? In the first, you have only air, light, and a piece of blue sky stretching above the compact rows of brick-walls to remind you of the original appearance of our planet. The very people seem animals of a different species as they push by, or peradventure almost run over you in the hurry of business. I have sometimes thought that real civility (I mean among strangers) decreased exactly in proportion to your approach to the metropolis. Away off in some obscure and quiet country village, you receive a polite salutation from every passenger; and troops of little girls and boys returning from school, address you with bows and courtesies of profound respect; but as you travel nearer the mighty Babel, you perceive a diminution of that pleasing tribute, till at length you reach the thronged streets, and like a drop in the sea, are melted into the general mass, where much care is requisite to preserve your neck and your pocket-book, two articles, which to a man of business as society is constructed, are of about equal importance. Nature is sadly metamorphosed in town. Only think that the tender grass and flower-bushes have been torn away to make room for these broad, well-worn flag-stones. Perhaps on this very spot once stood a grove of venerable trees, and a torrent poured its silvery and flashing waters on towards the river; and, in olden times, perchance the spotted panther hath paused to drink; or the eagle, or the wild and beauteous deer hath here in a depth of loneliness, suited to his timid spirit, regarded his branching antlers in the mirror stream; and the dangerous snake hath glided along unmolested, or basked him in the noontide sun. And what have we now? A row of three-story brick houses, a grocery store, a lottery office, a tavern: signs too, St. Croix rum and sugar; fashionable hat-store; commissioner to take the acknowledgment of deeds; John Thompson, shoemaker; Obadiah Todd, counsellor-at-law; and crowds of Presbyterians and Episcopalians, Adams-men and Jacksonmen pouring along like the tide of the pure and playful brook, above whose once music-breathing channel their shuffling footsteps fall. If we could know their history! Yonder is a noble looking gentleman. With what stateliness he moves along! I should esteem him a poet—an immortal poet. His eye is full of the fire of genius, and he treads as if he would disdain to save his life by means of a dishonourable action. Alas, for Lavater! and alas, for human nature. He is a poor devil of a fellow who lives by gambling. He has no more idea of poetry than his dog, and would betray his best friend for five dollars. But take care, or you will run over that little, insignificant, shabby man at your right. Your eye has passed him carelessly. Look again. He is one of the most gifted of men. The philosopher—the orator—the writer. He has in him the wonderful power to wake in you the highest feelings. He sheds a flood of light upon every subject which he touches—he could thrill you with his fervid and glowing eloquence, and force every chord of your soul to vibrate; and when he would speak, multitudes of the learned and great and beautiful flock to listen. Yonder is a crowd pressing together to enjoy the horror and anguish of that wretched woman. They say she has committed a crime. She has been ground down by poverty—perhaps by hunger, and her sacrilegious hand has snatched something which the law forbade. The people swear, and curse, and fight, to get near enough to witness her desperate struggles; but two well-fed, lusty constables, have dragged her feeble form towards a cart in triumph. As the loud laughter announces her defeat, an ashy paleness overspreads her face—her head falls back—miserable creature—she is dead!

I thought of these things as I wandered with a party of agreeable friends along a retired country road, which wound

its way among gentle undulations occasionally shaded by rich cool forests. Here was a contrast with the hub-bub of the town. We stopped upon the old boards of a rough bridge (just such a romantic affair as in the theatre prepares you for some wonderful event or other) to admire the scenery—look into the brook—watch the fishes—and the turn of the shining water as it fell over a little bed of stones. At this crisis, a great green bull-frog, whether from vanity—for to say the truth, he was a fine, plump, gentlemanly-looking fellow—or whether the unfriendly fates, sporting with frogs as well as men, had led him to the identical spot of all the winding stream towards which our several prying eyes were directed, it is not for me to assert; but it is very certain that such an individual did issue forth from some nameless haunt or other, better known to himself than me, and with a gentle and brief exclamation expressive of content, as if the world went well with him, but rather difficult to translate into English, did place himself in a station, which, as the result will show, was a little too conspicuous. There he sat, with his great round eyes started both sides out of his head, and his countenance—which to his fellow frogs might have been a very fine one—expressive of an idea, that he had got into a very comfortable situation. Whether he was young and enthusiastic, and like ourselves, had come out to enjoy the beauties of nature, or whether he was an old and experienced member of the community, or as the newspapers express it, “an aged and respectable citizen,” silently meditating upon the affairs of his watery world, we had no method of ascertaining. Many little stones, however, were thrown down at him, with various degrees of skill and success, one of which, I regret to state, hit him on the head, whereat he discovered evident signs of dissatisfaction, and abandoning our society with some abruptness, plunged down to the bottom among the sand and sedges, ruminating probably, in no very pleasant mood, upon this additional instance of the instability of human affairs.

Blackberries grew in abundance by the road-side, which we were not particularly averse to appropriate to the purpose for which I presume they were placed there; and, merry as the birds which sometimes flitted across our path, we wandered as fancy led over these summer scenes—by the bay, through the woods, over fences, and down valleys; breaking the silence of the green forest, and startling its timid and various inhabitants with the unaccustomed sounds of frequent laughter.

Time has a fine fashion of slipping along on these occasions: we are surrounded by so many innumerable objects which attract the eye and captivate the imagination. The bargain-driving, calculating, slavish varlet, whose life is frittered away in the narrow haunts of a great city in petty schemes to extort money from all persons and on all occasions, finds among these winding roads, these lofty hills, built up by the ancient hand of nature, and sweetly decorated with her playful fancies, pleasing feelings are stirring which have been long idle in the depths of his character. The world, in his imagination, shows like some stupendous animal pursuing at a distance its uncouth gambols, and amid these overshadowing branches and wild ravines, he seems to find a shelter from its vague and unhappy dangers. Shakespeare, in many instances, is full of this delightful imagery. As you read you seem absolutely to wander along verdant glades. Some object singularly beautiful, and sketched with the very force of reality, continually breaks upon your enamoured fancy. It is not like the efforts of other writers, merely ornamented with happy allusions to the scenes which he would delineate, but the scenes themselves seem rising around you—not faintly drawn—not dimly coloured—not caught by glimpses in pieces and again lost—but in all the rich, wild, vivid, delicious profusion of nature herself. Other poets recall nature, but nature herself brings back to the recollection the impressive and wonderful pictures of Shakespeare. I scarcely ever wander through a wood without remembering Oliver's story to Rosalind.

When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within a hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eyes aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimbly in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that does seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother.

For the Mirror.

OH, EARTH, HOW BEAUTIFUL ART THOU.

BY PROTEUS.

“A change comes o'er the spirit of thy dream.”
Oh, earth, how beautiful art thou
To the unclouded mind!
When round thy fair and peaceful brow
Spring's blossomed wreaths are twined;
And from the sinless heavens afar
Comes the rich light of sun or star
In kindly influence down.
Circling the forests' dreamy bowers,
And the proud city's gorgeous towers,
As with a radiant crown.
But nought to me of hope or joy
Thy glittering charms impart
A darkness shrouds my vacant eye,
And loneliness my heart,
Whose full warm pulses of boyhood's day—
Life's Geyser spring—has passed away
With cherished things that were—
I feel no more as erst I felt,
When at thy hallowed shrine I knelt
A willing worshipper.
Yet art thou still the same, glad earth,
As in thy budding prime:
Thy wealth of beauty and of worth
May mock the waster time:
As gay thy birds, thy shrubs as fair,
As clear thy crystal depths of air,
And rich thy perfumed bloom.
As those sweet woodland choir that sung
And skies that bent, and flowers that sprang
O'er the first shepherd's tomb:
As brightly beams night's azure bow
With living gems enshroued,
As when from the lone midnight tower
The searching Chorus sang:
As deep the voice of summer woods,
As wild the ocean's solitudes,
And loud its thundering flow;
As when, in sound or vision clear,
They met the patriarch's eye or ear
Five thousand years ago.
But man, the accepted lord of all
Thy glorious expanse,
In grief or gladness, hut or hall,
Is yet the slave of chance:
In his wild boom every power—
Thought, feeling, fancy—hour by hour,
Like magic forms are changed—
Warm beams at noon that fondly met,
Ere evening's starry watch is set,
Are off for aye estranged.
There be who in my better day
Went bounding on with me,
Mid fairy tales that smiling lay
On fortune's sunny sea.
Who, when hope's beacon light was lost,
And on a bleak untrodden coast
My foundering bark was thrown,
Sent off the deep no playing sigh,
But with the favouring gale swept by,
And left the wrecked—alone!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THOUGHTS.

BY THE PRINCESS DE SALM.

1. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to persuade ourselves that any one can love those whom we ourselves hate.
2. We always fancy there is something ridiculous about those sentiments which we ourselves have never felt—still more about those which we have ceased to feel.
3. The habit of despising that which is respectable or praiseworthy leaves an injurious impression upon the mind, which nothing can wear out.
4. Experience gradually teaches us, that the greater part of what we look upon as misfortunes, arises from our endeavouring to hasten, to change, or to constrain the natural course of events. It would almost seem as if there were a secret chain of connections, of cause and effect, which would conduct us naturally and necessarily to the object of our desires, if the restless character of our minds did not from time to time lead us astray.
5. There is, in regard to great misfortunes, a moment which causes even more pain than the misfortune itself—it is that in which we can no longer doubt of its existence.
6. There are griefs which no time or circumstances can totally cure or eradicate the sentiment of; they seem to retreat into the recesses of the soul, there to remain ready to present themselves whenever we feel a tendency towards unhappiness.
7. Petty and shuffling excuses, which satisfy vain and little minds, do but irritate generous ones, still more than the fault which they would explain away—there is no valid repentance but that which is full and sincere.
8. One of the greatest misfortunes in life is that of being compelled to live with those who, by the very character of their own minds, are prevented or incapacitated from appreciating ours.
9. There are people whom we love when they are absent from us, but who, when present, cause us to feel a repugnance towards them which engenders a temporary dislike, and consequently an unjust appreciation of their character.
10. Who can explain the operation of that sentiment which creates around the one object of our love a halo of life and beauty, which extends to all animate and inanimate nature; and of that other sentiment which, when we cease to love, strips the object of our late passion of all its adventitious charms, and reduces it to the ordinary level?
11. Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.

12. If a person in whom we have been accustomed to place implicit confidence, and who we do not believe to have ever yet deceived us, does so once in the slightest particular, by a falsehood, a subterfuge, or even a mere *finesse*, the charm is broken for ever, and the person seems changed and deteriorated in all they do, even to their personal appearance, the very traits of their countenance, the character of their expression, and the sound of their voice.

13. The spirit of intrigue causes in upright and honest minds a sort of dread, analogous to that which springs from personal dangers which may threaten us in darkness. This arises from the impossibility of our forming any exact judgment as to the nature of what we have to expect.

14. There can be no doubt that there are certain evil qualities of character which, though we cannot comprehend them in consequence of having nothing analogous to them within ourselves, we yet feel the presence of, and shun by a sort of instinct; like a blind person on the edge of a precipice, we feel the danger which we can neither see nor comprehend.

FRANCIS THE FIRST IN SPAIN.

When Francis the first was carried as a prisoner through part of Spain, his journey was more like that of a conqueror than a captive. At every place through which he passed the Spanish nobility endeavoured to surpass each other in generosity, and the display of their wealth. On his arrival at the houses of the nobles, a splendid dinner was immediately prepared for him, which was generally succeeded by a magnificent ball, in which the prince, out of politeness, always joined. On one occasion he asked two young ladies, remarkable for their beauty, to dance with him. They were the daughters of an old nobleman. The proud dames, who were exceedingly patriotic, instead of answering the prince, immediately turned their backs towards him. Their father was extremely displeased at his royal visitor being thus insulted, and he flew into a most violent passion, and taking them both by the hairs of their heads, dragged them from the festive scene. One of the principal nobles of Spain, Don Diego, Duke del Infantado, displayed on this occasion, by a singular *ruse* of self-love, a spirit which was thought very magnificent at that period, though at present it has something of a ludicrous air. Pretending to be afflicted with a severe indisposition, he caused himself to be brought out on the steps at the entrance of his chateau, seated in an arm-chair—and thus received the king in a *sitting posture*, while the latter was standing! At that period it was looked upon as a matter of great state and luxury among the nobles to possess a menagerie of wild beasts. The same nobleman above referred to, Don Diego, had one, from which, in the midst of the entertainment given to Francis the first, a furious lion broke from his cage, to the indescribable terror of the company, each person expecting to become a prey to the infuriated animal. But the major-domo of the chateau, immediately on hearing of the accident, went down to the kitchen, in which all the servants had fastened themselves, and taking in one hand a flaming firebrand, and in the other his sword, he rushed, thus armed, in front of the lion. The animal, terrified at the sight of the flames, drew back, and the major-domo pursued him till he reached his cage, in which he shut him with as much *sang froid* as if he had merely been correcting a hungry dog that had been caught in the act of stealing. The king admired this trait of courage more than any thing he met with during his abode with Don Diego. On concluding his visit, Francis said to the old noble, “Duke del Infantado, a servant like yours gives one an exalted opinion of the master whom he serves.”

RIDICULE AND THE RIDICULOUS.

“Ce n'est pas un crime, ce n'est pas un vice, c'est pire encore, — c'est un ridicule!” — JOURN.

The fear of ridicule may be classed with equal justice among “the follies of the wise,” and “the wisdom of the foolish.” Many a human mind, of ordinary endowments or extraordinary incapacity, is restrained within an orbit of discretion by apprehension of the sneers of society, and ears wholly imperious to the voice of the charmer, shrink with instinctive terror from the searching echoes of the world's loud laugh. In its accomplishment of good and evil, the omnipotence of ridicule maintains a pretty even balance of power; the mighty majority, the foolhood of the earth, is subdued into decency by its scorpion scourge; while the minority—the good men and true, the erudite and the wise, shroud themselves from the lash within the foldings of their cloak, and shun the publicity which alone originates the anguish of the wound.

There was a time when France, or rather *Paris*—which is to moral France as the oyster to its shell—boasted its pre-eminent subjection to this grinning tyrant of the social world.

"In Spain, avoid the inquisition;—In England, the mob;—in Paris, *le ridicule*," was a popular proverb of the last century. But in this folly of fashion, as in most others, we island imitators have already far outstepped the modesty of our continental origin; and in London, as in the Faubourg St. Germain, a caricature, a paragraph, a burlesque cognomen—the *persiflage* of the club, or the biting jest of the *coterie*, assumes a more terrific power than the racks and dungeons of the sons of St. Dominick, or the factious energy of Pennenden-beath. We English, who proclaim ourselves the most phlegmatic and unsusceptible of heaven's human creatures,—who brave unscathed the snows of the Pole, and the fervour of Timbuctoo,—fly like babes and weaklings from the mosquito-stings of satire, and acknowledge that "there lies more peril in a sneer than twenty of their swords!"

"*Mettez les rieurs de votre côté, et chantez victoire!*" is another axiom of those cunning miners into the darker depths of the human heart,—the *filosofastri* of Paris; and it is singular with what alacrity the public seekers after verbal conquest have adopted the injunction. It is now more than a century since Pope, in his capacity of satirist, boasted himself

"Proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me."

But a mightier master of the craft has since arisen; and Voltaire
"Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer,"

has been seen to effect a far more miraculous operation by the powers of ridicule. Even the brightness of divine revelation was for a time obscured by the baneful fogs and mists produced by the fiendish wand of this powerful necromancer! The best or worst arguments of Helvetius or Diderot were powerless compared with the scoffs and scorn of the jester of Fernay.

As a political engine, we have seen the powers of ridicule exerted with incredible skill and success. Canning, from whose lips they derived the polish and keenness of a Damascus blade, with which he could dazzle the eyes of his opponents, even as with the flaming sword of the cherubim, rendered this weapon of offence a talisman to the party it protected.

The truth is, that the power of ridicule consists not in its own strength, but in our weakness. It is a halter fitted to every neck—a bit applicable to every mouth. The criminal and the vicious are comparatively few in number; but we have all our weak points, and can be rendered ridiculous with very little effort on the part of the satirist. "Trust me," says Sterne, in his dissertation upon satirical wit, "when it is once resolved that an innocent and helpless victim shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

Having alluded to the use and abuse of ridicule in the skirmishing warfare maintained by the disaffected against church and state, it may appear an anti-climax to treat of its powers as an instrument of criticism; but of late years, and especially of late days, the whip has been so harshly and inconsiderately wielded; respectable and popular authors and works have been so coarsely quizzed into vulgar contempt, that we cannot overlook the means employed to effect this invidious disparagement. Leaving the fashionable novelists to human or divine indignation, we are inclined to feel and believe that such poets as Campbell and Moore are deserving, even in their weakest works, of graver criticism than mere snip-snap personality. Hamlet has been successfully travestied, and Milton parodied; nor does there exist a work of excellence, however sterling, which may not assume a character of absurdity when exhibited through the distorting medium of irony. Now this is a fact so universally admitted, that a man of real talent as a critic should spare a talented brother the torture of such a paltry infliction: ridicule, in the hands of a gifted writer, is as the jawbone of an ass in the hands of Sampson, contemptible in itself, but fatal in execution. It is not till the white lady of Avenel has levelled her palpable mockeries at Pierce Shafton in the shape of the tailor's bodkin, that we feel her to be

"No boding maid of form divine."

Had she, like Ariel, "done her spiriting gently," and forborne to "quizz" the Euphuist, we might have continued to regard her as "some gay creature of the elements," and prolonged our worship; and in like manner, the moment a critic forsakes the lofty dignity of argument, and replies "with a fool-born jest," we are apt to suspect a lamentable degree of weakness either in his victim, or in himself. The entreaty of the Prince of Denmark,

"I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student," might be fairly urged among our living literati, and more especially among those who, like the hero of Gay's epilogue are apt

—to build their fame
On ruins of another's name"

Court Journal.

THE ARAB MAID TO HER LOVER.

A lonely Arab maid,
The desert's simple child,
Unskilled in arts, by which, 'tis said,
Man's love may be beguiled.
Like some uprooted flower am I,
Upon a river flung,
To float a little hour, then die,
Unheeded as I sprung.

But if thy friendly hand
Should lift me from the tide,
And bear me to some distant land,
To bloom, thy bosom's pride;
O, sooner from his darling rose
The nightingale shall roam,
Than I disturb that heart's repose,
Which love hath made my home.

A CHAPTER ON WALKING.

Man may be defined "a walking biped;" for no creature on two legs can walk except man. Ducks and stout elderly dowagers may *waddle*; grampusses and gouty aldermen may *roll*; dancing-dogs, dandies, and dancing masters may *trip*; sparrows and young spinsters may "hop, skip, and jump;" but man alone *walks*. Moreover, it is difficult "to read the mind's construction in the face;" and still less easy to predict the nature of a man's character from his words and actions; but you may judge of these with absolute infallibility from his walk—and may even determine by it his vocation and his rank in life.

Every class has its appropriate walk. It is impossible to mistake that of the physician. The repeated jump in and out of the carriage, gives him a throw or jerk of the knees upwards, like Scotch highlanders accustomed to go up and down steep hills. He alternately throws the knees up or the legs off, as if the tibia were to be dislocated. If the physician is fat, his gait resembles that of the Irish bog-trotter, who labours at every step to lift his encumbered foot from its deep impression in the bog. And there is the mock solemn, the dolorously soft creeping pace to the patient's bed-side or elbow chair—the right hand protruding a little before the body, the palm upwards and half-exposed. This is the hint professional.

The lawyer has a hurried, shuffling gait; his head like that of the Chinese mandarins in the wax figures in perpetual motion; never looking straight forward, without a slight twinge to the right and left.

The woolly-headed negro is not more distinctly marked from the pale flaxen-headed Swede than the eastern and western population of London are distinguished by their walk. Woe be to the exquisite who attempts to lounge, or to "twitch his cane" east of Temple-bar.

In the city, no man walks at his ease. It is the only part of the British empire in which that peculiarly English word comfort—comfort in walking—is unknown. Every man "bustles along" *empresé*, his sallow face elongated, or his full face swollen with a smoky importance. He jostles, and is jostled, and threads the crowd with a tact superior to that with which Arethusa is said to have threaded the woods. It is wonderful to see the peristaltic walk of a citizen. Like a corkscrew he twirls in and out, and though Cheapside may appear too crowded to admit of locomotion, he goes zig-zag—pointing or rounding his angles, and is presently at the other end of it.

It is different in the west. The most remarkable of walkers is Sir W. W. Wynn. His immense height, his huge bulk, his enormous stick, like a sapling oak—his capacious skirted coat, broad-brimmed hat, and thick ten-leagued boots—remind one of Gog and Magog. It is curious to see his ponderous rolling gait; his foot seems to sink the flag-stones. Onward he moves, caring not for the pigmies; never does he deviate an inch from the straight line, and if you did not move out of his way, he would walk over you, unconscious of the obstruction.

There is the double of this Welch baronet—a gentleman yclept "the city baby," and by some "the giant." He would walk like the baronet, but the city has impressed its gait upon him, as far as it can be impressed on such bulk. J. R. the bank director, when he travels to the west, reminds one of "the currency question."

We would swear the peace against Mr. Peel for his style of walking. He is always alone, with business and stern cares impressed on his face; his motion is that of the *athleta*, and his arms either swinging terrifically to and fro, or the elbows pointing out, and the doubled fists pointing in, reminding the alarmed spectator of the statesman's favourite exercise with the gloves at Mr. Jackson's rooms. He seems to carry the house of commons in his closed palms.

What a contrast is the walk of Jack Calcraft, the son of "honest Jack Calcraft," as he was called in days of yore, notwithstanding he was an army-clothier at a time when contractors had but an indifferent reputation. Jack's soft patting, short pace, with his self-satisfied unabashable face, and his well-brushed hat, knowingly on one side, *en garçon*, are full of character. Jack never looked so ill as by comparison, when he used to walk with the luxurious, full-blown, expansive Miss C.—but no comparisons.

There is another Jack—the lion of England—tall, stout, of rubicund visage, hirsute and setaceous, with hurly-burly expression, and with ponderous jaws, and huge pouting lips, that remind us of the very scene where he kicked the chair from under the Earl of Chatham, and roared to the speaker, "You, there, the little man with a wig."

Of all walks, that of the Duke of Wellington is the most characteristic: albeit his legs are remarkably short, his walk is firm, quick, precise, and decided. His whole expression is that of concentrated energy—nothing superfluous—it looks like "business to be despatched immediately."

The most extraordinary walk recently on the tapis, is that of Lord Lowther, who at the witching hour of night, paced the fronts of the houses in Cockspur-street, and found that the architect had cribbed some feet of frontage from the government.

But how full of individuality of character, and of the state of mind and feeling of the moment, is the walk! Look at young Spencer, of the Life Guards: how unrestrained, firm and bold is his gait! he is every inch a soldier. What a perfectly self-complacent, luxuriating state of mind,—what a *délassement de cœur* is in the lounge of Moore; whilst the saunter, rather than the lounge, of Harria, speaks flute-tongued, not trumpet-tongued, a weak mind and relaxed body. What a saucy indolence, and insensible *enjouement* are in the lounge of young Lord B.; whilst the firm, positive carriage, and assured step of his friend D. speaks a mind stern of purpose, and created to command.

I never could endure the stealthy pace of Lord Buxley. It is like that of a mouse creeping into a cupboard.

Walks may be accurately described or defined by single terms. There is the "as-good-a-man-as-you" walk, the "*noti me tangere*" walk, the "can-I-do-any-thing-to-serve-you" walk, the "how-do-you-think-I-look" walk, the "town-is-very-dull" walk, the "'tis-extremely-hot-weather" walk, the "curm-cold-walk"; also, the walk courteous, the walk repulsive, the walk pugnacious, and a score of others, which the man of discernment in London can well understand. But, doubtless, all appertaining to this matter may be found in *Walker's* dictionary.

English Magazine.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

A most tragical occurrence has just happened at Trenton Falls. The subject of the melancholy catastrophe was a Mr. Charles Oliver Bill, a student of the medical college at Fairfield, a young man about one and twenty, who is said to have been of much promise, and universally esteemed. It seems that he was conducting several young female friends around the first point of rock, a few rods above the lower fall, when, incautiously stepping into the edge of the current, his foot slipped, he was drawn into the stream, and swept from the spot in an instant. While borne along by the current the young man made repeated and violent efforts to regain the shore, but the torrent was too strong to resist, and his friends saw him hurried over the fall without the ability to afford him assistance. His look, as he was carried over is represented as heart-rending in the extreme, and the more so as they were unable from their position to assist, as he seemed by that look to request they would do. He was precipitated a descent of forty feet into the gulf below, from which he was never seen to rise. The party was composed of his sister, uncle, and two cousins, the former of whom immediately ran towards the public house for assistance; but she was so much distracted when she arrived, that it was some time before the by-standers were able to learn what she wanted to make known to them. Her appearance was distressing to every one; she had lost her hat, and in running for help her hair had fallen over her shoulders, and she was in a state of mind little short of distraction. A number of persons immediately went to the falls, and found the rest of the party almost overcome with grief, but no traces of the deceased could be discovered. The body was found on Wednesday below the lowest fall.

New-York American.

Mr. Galt, editor of the London Courier, is about to publish a new work in three volumes, entitled "Southernman."

LITERARY NOTICES.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The Undying One, and other Poems. By the Honourable Mrs. Norton. Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

SAY what we may about poetry being "out of fashion," it is a thing of which, if it deserves its name, the world will never tire—not even the world of fashion itself—which tires of every thing else—its gay self included. Here is a volume of the true material, emanating from one of the most graceful and accomplished pens of the day, and one from which every succeeding emanation is more bright and beautiful than the last. Let not our too critical readers carp at our repetition of the phrase "emanating"—which is, we can assure them, an advised and appropriate one in this instance—howbeit, somewhat euphuistical; for these charming verses seem to emanate from the mind which has engendered them, like a lovely halo from the features of some sainted beauty; softening the loveliness which it heightens, and giving to that which is evidently of earth an air and hue that assimilate it to the heaven which it sighs for, and towards which it is ever pointing. As the new volume will, as a matter of course, be shortly in the hands of all our readers at least, (for it will, doubtless, be read as a *duty* by the few who may not read it as a pleasure) we shall not enter into any of those minute details respecting it which would, by reason both of time and space, compel us to defer our notice of it till another opportunity. We must state, however, that it consists of one long poem, occupying more than half the volume; and a variety of shorter ones. Of the latter we need say but little, as the characteristics of Mrs. Norton's minor productions are well known to our readers. It is by the longer poem contained in this volume that the lady's poetical pretensions will chiefly be tried, both now and hereafter; since it is by far the most elaborate she has yet produced, while its subject is incomparably more difficult of treatment, and more susceptible of producing poetical effects.

The "Undying One" is written in an irregular measure, or rather, almost every variety of measure is adopted successively, according as the nature of the thoughts, sentiments, images, and incidents of the story may direct; and the story itself is calculated to create a deep and intense interest in the minds of those among whom chiefly the readers of poetry are to be found, and among whom *alone* they are to be found in any great numbers in the present day—namely, the lovers of the romantic, the strange, the fearful, the mysterious, and the superhuman. "The Undying One" is, in fact, no other than the traditional being who is supposed to have been cursed for his sins with an earthly immortality, commencing from the era at which his tribe were made the instruments of consummating the redemption of an otherwise condemned world:—he is "the wandering Jew!" The scene of the poem is laid in an eastern land at its commencement, and at a recent era; and three-fourths of the book consists of a relation—to the objects of his last love, Lina, the *only* other person of the story—of the "Undying One's" adventures, connected with and growing out of his human passions, as modified by the strange fate that is upon him. The remaining portion of the poem relates the further circumstances attending the mutual love of Lina, and "The Undying One," and its fatal close, which leaves the latter as it found him, undying and alone. It should be stated, too, that love is almost the sole subject matter, even of that part of the tale which "The Undying One" relates himself—thus preserving to the poem a unity of sentiment and of result, which any other mode of treatment would have sacrificed.

In speaking briefly and generally of the manner in which Mrs. Norton has treated the extremely difficult theme she has chosen to adopt, we must at once state our impression that she has, in every particular (except perhaps the mere concatenation of events—the mere *conduct* of the plot) very far surpassed even the sanguine expectations which her previous productions had excited in us, and has fully entitled herself to rank among the real poets of the day—in distinction from the numerous elegant and accomplished versifiers with whom our literature at present abounds, and among whom (we may now venture to confess it) we had placed Mrs. Norton herself. There are passages in this book—and those not brief nor few—in which may be found every quality required for the production of high poetry—namely, depth and originality of feeling, force and freedom of thought, vigour and vitality of imagination—fancy, eloquence, imagery, a fine ear for musical expression—and withal, a philosophical cast of mind; which latter we cannot but think (contrary we believe to the general opinion on this point) is of almost as much importance to the production of high poetry as it is to that of every thing else of real and permanent value. As the work is scarcely yet

before the public, we must not refuse ourselves the pleasure of copying out a few passages, illustrative of the fine powers which almost every page of the work displays.

We know of few things more delicately, yet passionately beautiful, than the following description of woman's love:

To worship silently at some heart's shrine,
And feel, but paint not, all its fire in thine;
To pray for that heart's hopes when thine are gone,
Nor let its after coldness chill thine own;
To hold that one, with every fault, more dear
Than all who whisper fondness in thine ear:
To joy thee in his joy, and silently
Meet the upbraiding of his angry eye;
To bear unshrinking all the blows of fate,
Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate;
Nor deem that woe, which thou canst feel is still,
Borne with him, and for him, through every ill;
To smile on him—nor weep, save when apart,
God, and God only, looks into thine heart;
To keep unchanged thy calm, pure, quiet love,
If he, Inconstant, doth a new one prove;
To love all round him, as a part of him—
E'en her he worships; though thine eye be dim
With weeping for thyself—to pray that not
One cloud may darken o'er *their* earthly lot;
With the affection of true hearts, to see
His happiness, which doth not hang on thee;—
Oh! this is woman's love—its joy—its pain;
And thus it has been felt—and felt in vain.

The following lament is equally beautiful:

We shall meet no more on the sunny hill,
Where the lonely wild-flower springs and dies;
We shall meet no more by the murmuring rill,
Where the blue cold waters idly rise.
The sunshine and flowers all bright remain,
In their lonely beauty, as of yore;
But to me 'twill never be bright again;
We shall meet no more—we shall meet no more!

We shall meet no more in the lighted halls,
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts;
I may listen in vain as each footstep falls—
I may watch in vain as each form departs!
There are laughing voices; but thy young tone
Its cheerful greeting hath ceased to pour;
Thy form from the dancing train is gone;
We shall meet no more—we shall meet no more!

As the poem is chiefly a narrative one, we shall give one specimen of the writer's mode of placing pictures before the reader's eye, and educing from them those poetical feelings and associations in which the value of writing of this nature consists. The following is, for the most part, no less exquisite in style, than it is in feeling, thought, and imagery. The concluding passage, of the flowers and pebbles, is the very perfection of this class of poetry:

One eve, at spring-tide's close, we took our way,
When eve's last beams in soften'd glory fell,
Lighting her faded form with sadden'd ray,
And the sweet spot where we so loved to dwell.
Fondly and dreamingly she sat her down
By the blue waters of the Guadalquivir,
With darkness on her brow, but yet no frown—
Like the deep shadow on that silent river:
She sat her down, I say, with face upturn'd
To the dim sky, which twilight was forsaking;
And in her eyes a light unearthly burn'd—
The light which spirits give whose chains are breaking!
And, as she gazed, her low and tremulous voice,
In murmuring sweetness, did address the earth
With mournful rapture, which makes none rejoice,
And gladness which to sorrow doth give birth.

The spring!—I love the spring; for it hath flowers,
And gaily plumed birds, and sapphirine skies,
And sleeping sunshine, and soft cooling showers,
And shadowy woods, where weary daylight dies;
And it hath dancing waters, where the sun,
With an enamoured look at the light waves,
Doth hush himself to rest when day is done,
And sinks away behind their rocky caves.

I love the spring, for it hath many things
In earth and air that mind me of old days;
Voices, and laughter, and light murmurings,
Borne on the breeze that through the foliage plays;
And sounds, that are not words, of human joy;
From the deep bosom of the shelter'd wood,
Woods dimmed by distance, where, half pleased, half coy,
The maiden chides her broken solitude.

She paused, and on the river bent her glance,
As if she loved to see the waters dance,
And dash their silver sparkles on the shore,
In mockery of ocean's giant roar.
And a half smile lit up that pallid brow,
As, casting flowers upon the silent stream,
She watch'd the frail sweet blossoms glide and go,
Like human pleasures in a blissful dream.
And then, with playful force she gently flung
Small shining pebbles from the river's brink,
And o'er the eddying waters sadly hung,
Pleased, and yet sorrowful, to see them sink.
"And thus," she said, "doth human love forget
Its idols: some sweet blessings float away,
Followed by one long look of vain regret,
As they are slowly hastening to decay;
And some, with sullen plunge, do mock our sight,
And suddenly go down into the tomb,
Starting the beating heart, whose fond delight
Chills into tears at that unlook'd for doom;
And there remains no trace of them, save such
As the soft ripple leaves upon the wave;
Or a forgotten flower, whose dewy touch
Reminds us some are withering in the grave."

We cannot take leave of this elegant volume without congratulating its accomplished writer on the rare powers which it displays; and we must add our regret at being precluded from gracing our pages with more than the foregoing brief examples of its many beauties.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Intercourse with the states.—In one of the numbers of the Federalist, written by Mr. Jay, is this prophetic remark—"This country and this people seem to have been made for each other." That illustrious patriot lived to see its verification; and for many years enjoyed the glory and tranquillity which were the rich reward of those noble efforts and sage counsels that led to a revolution, which will never cease to be the admiration of mankind. Every returning season is a new illustration of the sentiment. A free and powerful people are making rapid advances towards national greatness. Unclogged in the full exercise of their energies, and having entire scope for the display of their enterprises, their united operations have already produced a spectacle of striking magnificence, and their combined force exhibits the indisputable evidences of a giant's strength.

The facilities now presented to travellers through every portion of our immense territory by the agency of steam, and by means of canals, substantial highways and bridges, and sumptuous hotels, in which every comfort and every enjoyment is found, are altogether so extraordinary, that it seems difficult to point out an inconvenience or an impediment. Accordingly, in the pleasant months of the year, we find multitudes incessantly in motion, either in the pursuit of pleasure or of business. In the hot season a northern tour is thought indispensable to the preservation of health. New-York is the first point of destination; and from this point the numerous migrators shape their course, as they are either led by fancy or inclination. Some prefer the ocean breezes of Rhode-Island, others seek the refrigerative atmosphere of the Catskill Mountain, but the larger portion congregate at the Springs, where mirth and enjoyment abound, and where those powerful attractions are concentrated which are universally acceptable to people of refinement and cultivated taste.

It is universally conceded that our southern neighbours rank among the first in the Union for their liberal acquirements and polished manners, as well as for their wealth. The advantages arising from their annual visits, and from that free and unrestrained intercourse which is so congenial to their habits, cannot be easily estimated. In every point of view it becomes of importance. It roots out local feelings, subdues narrow prejudices, and paves the way for the universal prevalence of those kind and generous sentiments so inestimably valuable in a country of such vast extent as ours, and one exclusively subject to popular forms of government. Who can withhold his tribute of admiration, or conceal those emotions of delight, which spring from the contemplation of such a rare assemblage of national blessings and of individual benefits? Where is the man whose pride is not flattered on beholding the picture, or who is not conscious of the mighty destinies that await us, provided we can exercise so much wisdom only as shall enable us to preserve what God in his mercy has vouchsafed to bestow upon us? The rich products which are the yearly growth of our splendid union, are such as must immeasurably transcend the views and calculations of any mind, however comprehensive or gifted. How persuasively, then, does this interesting and imposing theme address itself to every man not dead to reflection; and how infinitely great are the consequences that hang upon it!

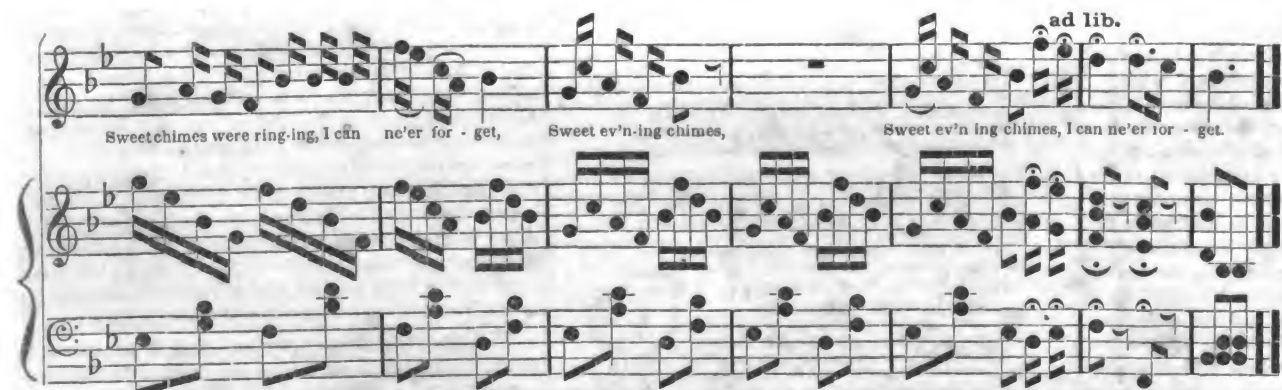
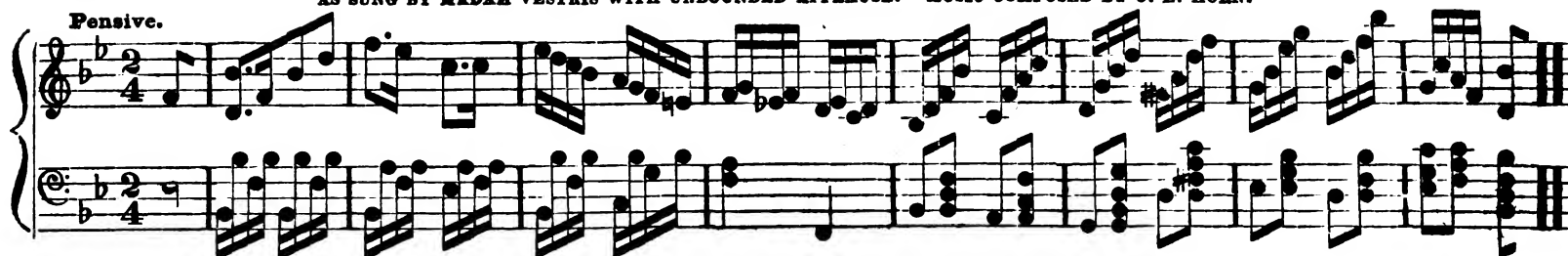
The New-York Monthly Review.—This is the title of a new periodical just commenced in this city, and the first number, for July, is now before us. It is published by Elam Bliss, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for accuracy and neatness of typographical execution. The present number comprises eighty octavo pages, enclosed in a printed cover. The work is edited, we understand, by a young gentleman of genius and education. From a hasty glance at the contents we perceive that several fine writers—Wetmore, Neal, Palmer, Gates, Miss Bogart, &c.—are among its contributors. Although many previous attempts to establish works of a similar character in this city have failed, we have no doubt that talent and perseverance may ultimately effect so desirable an object.

Everard and W. G. C.—Among the writers of talent in the United States, Willis G. Clarke is deservedly one of the most popular. His productions, both in prose and poetry—for he enjoys the rare faculty of writing in each with equal felicity and ease—have recently met with general favour on both sides of the Atlantic. His contributions, which are characterised by no ordinary interest, have frequently graced the columns of this miscellany, and it is to be hoped will often do so in future times. The signatures which we have placed at the head of this notice, are those under which his communications have been published. There will be found in this number some exquisite verses of his, which will ensure the admiration of all worshippers of the muse.

THE CHIMES OF ZURICH.

AS SUNG BY MADAM VESTRIS WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.—MUSIC COMPOSED BY C. H. HORN.

Pensive.



SECOND VERSE.

The shades of eve were on the wave,
And twilight's fairy dells,
Whilst echo answer'd from her cave.
The distant ev'n'ing bells:
Wild birds were singing,
Flow'rets were springing,
Sweet chimes were ringing,
I hear them yet:
Wild birds were singing,
Flow'rets were springing,
Sweet chimes were ringing,
I can ne'er forget;
Sweet ev'n'ing chimes,
Sweet ev'n'ing chimes,
I can ne'er forget.

VARIETIES.

CURE FOR A PASSIONATE TEMPER.—A merchant in London had a dispute with a quaker, respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceeding which the quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs, "Tell that rascal that I am not at home." The quaker, looking up towards him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the quaker was right, and he in the wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the quaker, "I will tell thee; I was naturally as hot and as violent as thou art. I

knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak aloud; and I thought if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefited by his example.

GEORGE THE THIRD.—Some years since, the royal artillery changed the cocked hats, which they had long been in the habit of wearing, for caps, which were remarkably ugly and unbecoming. Soon afterwards, the king was present at a grand review, at which an artillery company or two assisted, and he was observed to look with some surprise at the men. Upon the conclusion of the review, the king sent for one of the officers in command of the commissaries, and, in his quick manner, asked, "What are those—what are those—those things on the men's heads?" "Caps, sire," replied the officer: "please your majesty, the new caps." "Bad, bad," said the king; "don't like them at all; ugly, ugly, very ugly." "But," continued the officer, not a little chagrined, "permit

me to assure your majesty that the men like them much; they find them very comfortable." "What! what?—comfortable, eh?" retorted the good-humoured monarch with a smile, "ay—ay, very comfortable, no doubt—so are night-caps—so are night caps."

QUEUES.—The late Lord B. was one of the last adherents to the exploded fashion of queues, his pigtail being one of unreasonable prolongation. His lordship's groom having been one day delayed on the road, inquired of a countryman, "Hollo! my man—have you seen a tall gentleman go by, on a long-tailed horse?" "No!" replied Clodpole, "I ha' oonly seen a long-tailed gentleman on a tall horse!"

FOUNTAIN AT SMYRNA.—A fountain at Smyrna is said to possess this remarkable quality, that the man who has once drank of its waters cannot depart without taking with him a wife of the place.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NUMBER 7.

For the Mirror.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY THYRA.

Few are thy years, thou happy boy,
And little of this earth's alloy
Can yet thy heart have entered;
For thine are now those happy hours,
Where all the poetry and flowers
Of life have ever centered;
And never did its morning shine
Upon a fairer path than thine.

Blest in a lot which from thy birth
Had little of the thorns of earth,
Nought of its gloom and sorrow;
Thou dost but lift thy sunny eye
To read in thy unclouded sky
The promise of a morrow
As bright as ever welcomed one
Whom fortune e'er hath smiled upon.

Thou com'st a vision to our sight,
Of all that's beautiful and bright—
Thy peerless beauty lending
A charm unto the slightest glance;
The least play of that countenance,
Where grace and sweetness blending,
Softens the meaning proud and high
Of that fair brow and soul-lit eye.

Well may those noble features seem
Some sculptor's bright embodied dream;
Although that cheek is glowing
With the first bloom of boyish grace,
A lofty spirit can we trace,
Its energy bestowing
Even now upon each faultless line
Of that expressive face of thine.

The lip of firm resolve, the high
And richly shaded brow, the eye
So full of noble daring—
Do not these speak a heart and mind
When generous feeling is enshrined,
And each high virtue sharing?
Have not thy matchless features caught
Their light from pure and lofty thought?

Youth's sweet unconsciousness is thine,
Not yet thy heart is made a shrine
For vain and wayward feeling;
Thou dost not know that thou art one
Whom all will love to look upon,
But soon the full revealing
Of all thou art and yet may be
Will burst like sudden light on thee.

Go forth—and may thy path be bright,
And all of earth's least sullied light
Be shed for ever round thee;
And oh! may every trial still,
Whether it be of good or ill,
Leave thee as it hath found thee:
So live that on thy vanished years
Memory may never look with tears.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE VALLEY OF THE GREYLOCK.

A DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

It was an elegant mansion, and stood on a gentle eminence, round which the river swept in a graceful curve, sending up the music of its tuneful waters in sweet concert with the ever-whispering elms. The door-yard was a wilderness of beauties. Here the white rose grew beside its damask sister, while the hollyhock and sweet-briar bent over them in their vigil of loveliness. Edgings of violet and moss-pink bordered the graveled walk, and neat rows of geraniums, with their breath of Araby, stood in the checkered moonlight on the white doorstep. The honeysuckle, too, living emblem of woman's weakness and clinging love, was therein its profusion of charms. Here a branch had wedded a neighbouring lilac; there, another embraced the lightning-rod, while a third stole up the green window-blinds, and threw its flowering trellis over the opening between. The scenery around and at a distance was equally charming. Meadows and pasture-fields, neat cottages with their surrounding orchards, and gentle hills mantled with yellow harvest, lay full in view. A wide lane, skirted by thrifty nurslings of sugar-maple, stretched off to the neighbouring road; while a narrow footway wound down the slope in the

rear of the building to the stream, whose channel was spanned by a rude bridge of loose timbers leaning on the shoulders of two or three low rocks, and so frail that it shook beneath the light tread of the house-dog. From the opposite bank the path crept over a narrow alluvial flat, thick set with birch and hazel, and then bent its zigzag course around the end of a high mountain that runs parallel with the river. In a line with this ridge, and some few hundred yards to the south, rises another mountain of about the same height. In the rear of this opening, or rather ravine, and through the deep and converging sweep of its opposite sides, rock-ribbed and shaggy, with their dark mantle of hemlock and fir, peers up the gigantic Greylock into the very clouds. Its dark form, scarred by the alpine tempests, exhibits broad yellowish channels, which the mountain torrents have been delving for centuries. Down these they have swept, year after year, huge rocks and masses of earth, with their uprooted cedars, into the wild pent-up gulf below.

Such is a faint outline of the scenery in the vicinity of Mrs. Mansell's dwelling. Is there any wonder, then, that her child was artless and blithesome, and "wild" withal; for her days had been passed among those bright flowers, and by that glad river; and she had breathed full many a time the fresh air of those hoar mountains, and listened to the harsh music of that hidden glen? Nor is it strange that she loved moonlight rambles, for she had a thousand times watched that fair orb, as it stole up from behind those shadowy peaks, throwing a robe of beauty over the still valley, and inviting the spirit to come forth among the forms of sleeping innocence, and enjoy the calm of contemplation awakened by their influence. And besides, she knew where the zephyr dallied oftentimes with the night-flowers; where the harebell opened its velvet bosom to the dew-drop; and where the whippoorwill was wont to rest, while he continued his evening song.

The maiden had now forgotten the subjects of her moonlight musings in the deep sleep which succeeded her late excitement. She may have dreamed, but doubtless no "fearful phantom" than that of her youthful preserver, visited her slumbers. He too had thrown himself upon his couch, but no oblivious influence subdued the restive wakefulness of his spirit; and what was sleep to him, while conception bodied forth the living image of that joyous one, in all the characteristic beauty and power of its first perception? The airy form, the blue eye, the arch smile, and the sweet voice of gratitude, were all present to his mind; and he would not have exchanged that ideal portraiture for the brightest vision of paradise that ever gladdened the slumbers of the Mussulman.

From that time forward George Barnard appeared a different man. He seemed like one who had acquired another sense, higher and better than "a' the rest," and who was absorbed in the emotions awakened by new and delightful perceptions. A new spirit had in fact been breathed into him, and there was an expression of joyousness in his countenance, a buoyancy in his movements, which formed a striking contrast with the sedate step and abstracted air that had recently characterised the cloistered student. Bezout and Biot were banished from his table, and condemned to the oblivion of the upper shelf; while Scott, and Byron, and even Anacreon Moore, usurped their places, and entered largely into his lucubrations. He no longer fled that society which gives to enjoyment its best zest, and which is skilful to smooth down the numerous asperities of scholastic habits.

Senior vacation commenced soon after, but George did not return home to make the preparatory arrangements for commencement. He had resolved, he said, to spend those few weeks in the study of botany, as he was under no necessity of "leaving." He was now absent whole days from college, during which he almost invariably called in at Mrs. Mansell's. Sometimes that lady and her daughter would ramble forth into the adjoining fields with him, and sometimes Ellen accompanied him in his mountain excursions in search of alpine flowers; for she delighted to look upon nature in her rudest and most romantic forms, where the owl slept in his listlessness, undisturbed by the wild jay that prattled near; and to pursue paths untrod by any human foot, save that of the lone hunter in his perilous chase. And who that has known the endearing simplicity of an innocent girl, can find it in his heart to censure the unsuspecting fearlessness of Ellen Mansell? She had seen little of the world beyond the borders of her own native valley, and therefore knew nothing of it. Those artificial

proprieties which cramp the intercourse of fashionable society, planting barriers between heart and heart "that had else like kindred been mingled into one," making life the studied mockery of a pantomime, and love a star that dwells apart—had not thrown their paralyzing restraint over her buoyant spirit. Besides, it may be that that passion which never harbours a fear, ruled in her bosom, for hers was a heart most susceptible of love; and he to whose arm she trusted in her thoughtless rambles was one to awaken it, if a graceful exterior, a courteous deportment, and an accomplished mind, are fitted to captivate the young affections of an imaginative girl. The forms of nature, too, amidst which she had been nurtured, had given a character of wildness and loftiness to her feelings that ill could brook the check of those heartless formalities, which, however salutary and imposing in the city, degrade the simplicity of country manners. Therefore it was that Ellen walked fearlessly forth, with a light step and lighter heart, to mountain or glen, at mid-day or twilight, with the contemplative student.

I know one who in his earlier years passed the brightest and most sinless hour of his existence with such a being. The sky was serene above, while the moon and stars looked holly down upon them as they stood alone, as if to hallow the whispering of waters, and the music of stirring branches, and the pensive note of the night-bird, and the glance of sunny eyes, and the quick joyous beatings of young hearts, and the melody of soft words, which passed so low and silvery on the air, that echo, with her many tongues, could not repeat them, though heard in her wildest retreat and at her favourite hour. The moonbeam still visits the scene of that meeting—the brook murmurs by it, and the note of bird and branch is awakened above, but now only one melancholy voice is heard, and one poor solitary being seen there at night—for she who once accompanied him sleeps chilly beneath. Yet sleep sweetly on, beautiful one! thy life was a star-lapse of innocence, and the recording angel hath no dark memorial of its brief transition!

During ~~one~~ these rambles a day or two preceding commencement, the lovers stopped to rest at a little spring that gushed out from the base of a tall granite cliff, which stood like a tower amidst the dwarf trees that nodded around it. Ellen sat on a fragment that time had quarried from the mass above, playfully sipping from a yellow hare-bell, which she had just filled from the sparkling fountain. George stood near her, his hat thrown carelessly on the bank, and his eye fixed in a thoughtful gaze on the vale below. There was a cast of sadness in his countenance, which escaped not the observation of his companion.

"George," said she with an arch smile, "do you ever write poetry?"

"Why do you ask?" he replied.

"Because you look so abstractedly. Now I will be your muse, and this shall be Castalia; and here is a goblet fit for a true poet," continued she, reaching the flower to him filled with the crystal water.

"Never," returned he, "had poet a fairer muse or a sweeter vale in which to string his lyre; but alas! poor prosier, I am unworthy of the former, and to the latter I must soon bid farewell."

"But you will visit us soon again?"

"And why should I? I am known to few here except my youthful companions, and a few short years will hurry them forth into the wide world. The voices of strangers in yonder halls will soon chase away the last echo of our parting adieu, and who will think of me then?"

"Come, come, you shall not be forgotten if you will not be so melancholy."

"And is Miss Mansell?"

"Miss Mansell?" interrupted the laughing girl.

"Is Ellen then," he continued anxiously, "sure of this?"

"Most certain," she returned; "how can I forget a benefactor?"

A momentary silence ensued. At length, seating himself beside her, and taking her delicate hand in his, he continued, "I may not longer dally with hope, though disappointment should overwhelm me." He paused. Ellen appeared agitated. "And do you promise?" said he.

"George," returned the sweet girl, recovering from her confusion, and looking up in his face, "my conduct may seem to need palliation, but let that pass to the charity of friend

ship; I promise that the heart of the mountain girl will ever hold in affectionate remembrance the preserver of her life, and the companion of her happiest hours."

"My happiness is confirmed for ever," exclaimed the enraptured youth, and for the first time he ventured to print a kiss on her burning cheek.

The sun was now setting, and a few level beams shot through the thick forests on the opposite mountain-peak and across the quiet valley. The fox had stolen from his secret den, and his shrill bark echoed along the woods, hushing the chatter of the squirrel, and startling the partridge from her dreamy recess amidst the tangled laurels. The crows came winging their clamorous flight from the far meadows to their upland perch. The bat crept from his lichen cranny and sprang away whirling and careering in the still air, while the catiff owl hooted the evening star, which now glanced in through the thick foliage that overhung the mountain spring, and warned the lovers to retire. They arose, and turning away into the winding path soon reached Mrs. Mansell's.

And now came commencement—that interregnum of care—when the favoured of science, whom successive years have thrown to the four winds, return to pay their grateful homage once more in her peaceful temple—to welcome a new band of kindred adventurers to their brotherhood of soul, and to rekindle at the altar of youthful friendship the light of memory, which the rude breath and conflicting passions of the world are ever tending to extinguish. The father of Barnard was there, for he had spent the "autumn of his teens" in those quiet halls, to which his son was now to bid adieu. The day passed off with its full quantum of intellectual festivities, and before the next sunset the voice of George was heard in his own dear home. Here he remained till the following spring; but in the mean time his health had materially declined. His former severe habits of application had evidently impaired his constitution, and his father now requested him to visit more southern latitudes.

"My means are ample," said his parent; "go to the West Indies, my son, and if you receive no benefit from that climate, turn to Italy, France, or any country you please."

The proposal was readily accepted, for the idea of rambling amid the hallowed scenes of Italy was peculiarly pleasing to the classic imagination of the youthful student. The necessary preparations were soon made, and after a hasty visit at Mrs. Mansell's he set forth on his long journey.

Ellen received letters from him every few weeks, conveying the pleasing assurance of his improving health and unaltered attachment. She too remained unchanged—the same being of artless and confiding loveliness, living her life of innocence amidst those beautiful scenes, and framing visions of future happiness which the sober certainty of time perhaps never realized. Love seemed to be a deep principle of her nature, which ruled not the heart alone, but the imagination also. It was not like the momentary glance of the fire-fly, which yields a dim and uncertain light, but like the sunbeam that shines on, giving life, and beauty, and strength to the object which it invests.

George had now been absent more than a year, and his last communication, dated Paris, conveyed the intelligence that after spending a few weeks in England, he should set out for home.

Autumn had commenced, and his arrival was daily expected. It was during a bright afternoon in the latter part of September that Ellen had gone out to a little arbour near the river to arrange the seats and remove the few sere leaves that had fallen from the overhanging foliage. The old house-dog lay by the entrance carefully eyeing his young mistress, and occasionally snapping at a rude fly that had the audacity to perch on his mustachios.

"Carlo, Carlo," said a well-known voice, and the affectionate animal sprang up to receive the caress of the old widow, who came winding down the walk near the bower.

"Come in, madam," said Ellen, kindly; "come in and find a seat in my summer parlour."

"I am something tired, Miss Ellen," she replied, sitting down and placing a small basket which she carried on the green turf before her. "I could find no work to-day in the village, and so I went to the west mountains for chestnuts. It's a long way for such a poor old body as I, and as the frosts haven't quite undid the burs, I almost had my labour for my pains. But you must have some of what I have."

"Thank you," returned the latter, taking two or three from the offered handful which had drawn largely on the contents of the little basket. "But here is something which you just dropped," she continued, picking up a small parcel which had fallen on the ground, and returning it to the dame.

"It's a newspaper they gave me over to the village, and as

I left my spectacles to home, I've brought it along with me to read of a spare hour."

"With your permission," said Ellen; "I will look at it a moment."

"Oh yes, for sartin—as long as you please."

She opened the sheet and glanced unconcernedly along the motley page. At length she grew pale—her lip quivered—a tear shot into her eye—her limbs tottered, and she sunk upon a heap of leaves, which she had collected near the middle of the alcove. The old nurse shrieked as she sprung from her seat to the side of the apparently lifeless girl. She bent down and laid her furrowed cheek to the white lips of the maiden, but no warm breath was perceptible. "She is dead," cried the affectionate creature, and the big tears gushed down like a shower. "No, no," she ejaculated, dropping the delicate wrist from her bony hand; "life is yet here"—and flinging from her the rude mantle which enveloped her tall and muscular figure, she raised that still form to her bosom, seemingly with as much ease as if it had been an infant's. At that instant a gentleman sprang lightly from his jaded horse, and before he had time to fasten him, the cry of distress brought him to the spot. In a moment the stranger's arms encircled the motionless form of the maiden.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE ANGEL OF TIME.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

THE angel of time being instructed by the Supreme Governor of the world, made proclamation that he had a hundred thousand years of additional life to bestow on the inhabitants of the earth. His trumpet echoed far and wide, penetrating the cities, the valleys, the mountains, and reaching the uttermost extremes of the universe. The people flocked eagerly from all points of the compass, to prefer their claims to a portion of the beneficent gift; but it was surprising to see that the crowd consisted of the aged alone. The children were enjoying their youthful sports, and paid no attention to the proclamation; the youths and maidens were wandering in the labyrinths of love; and the men and women of a middle age were too much engaged in the pursuits of life to think on death.

The first who preferred his petition for a few additional years, was an old man of four-score and upwards, bent almost double with age.

"Thou doubtless wishest to live a little longer for the sake of thy children, and the companions of thy youth?" said the angel.

"Alas!" cried the old man, "they are all dead."

"Thou art in possession of wealth and honours?"

"Alas, no! I have lost my good name, and am miserably poor. Yet I wish to live till I am an hundred, and enjoy life yet a little longer."

The angel bestowed upon him the privilege of living an hundred years, and he went on his way rejoicing and trembling.

The next applicant for lengthened years, was a feeble old man who was carried in a litter. When he had preferred his request, the angel replied:

"I understand. Thou art enamoured of the charms of women, of the beauties of the earth, the waters, and the skies, and wishest to behold them yet a few years more?"

"I am blind these ten years," said the old man.

"Thou art delighted with the music of the birds, the murmuring of the waters, the echoes of the mountains, and all the harmonies of the universe, and wishest to hear them a little longer?"

"I am deaf, and scarcely hear the sound of thy trumpet."

"Thou art fond of the delicacies of food?"

"Alas! my feeble health will not permit of such indulgences. I have lived on milk and crusts of bread these seven years past, and more. I am a miserable sickly old man."

"And still thou wishest to lengthen out thy miseries. What pleasure dost thou enjoy in this life?"

"The pleasure of living," said the old man; and the angel granted him a few years more.

The third who approached the footstool of the angel was a decrepid female, almost bent to the earth, and trembling with a palsy. Her teeth were gone—her eyes buried deep in their dark blue sockets—her cheek hollow and fleshless—and she could hardly prefer her request, for an incessant cough, which drowned her voice, and almost choked her.

"I am come," said she, "to beg a score of years, that I may enjoy the pleasure of seeing the cypress trees I have planted over the graves of my husband, my children, my

grand-children, and the rest of my dear relatives, spring up and flourish before I die. I am bereft of all that were near and dear to me; I stand alone in the world, with no one to speak for me; I beseech thee, Oh! beneficent angel, to grant my request!"

"Though I grant thee lengthened days, I cannot remove thy infirmities and sufferings. They will increase upon thee," answered the angel.

"I care not, since I shall know they cannot kill me before my time."

"Take thy wish," said the angel, smiling; "go and be happy."

"Strange!" cried a learned man who had come to petition for a few years to complete an explanation of the apocalypse, and had witnessed the scene. "Strange," cried he, curling his lip in scorn, "that the most helpless and miserable of human beings should still covet a life divested of all its enjoyments!"

"Silence, fool!" replied the angel in a voice of ineffable contempt; "it rather becomes thee, ignorant mortal, to adore the goodness of Providence, which having ordained that men should live to be old, mercifully decreed at the same time that the love of life should supply the absence of all its sources of enjoyment. Go! take thy wish, and finish thy commentary on the apocalypse."

MATRIMONY.

The number of respectable young men who are daily falling victims to matrimony, is really alarming. There used to be a fine aristocracy of generous, careless, free spirits, always ripe for any pleasant mischief. Societies were formed for the promotion of good-fellowship, for the discussion of knotty questions and oyster suppers. We had pedestrian excursions in the summer, to fish, shoot, ride, swim, and seek pleasure in her wildest and most delightful haunts. Now, these merry associations are all broken up. Look for our choicest and rarest fellows; the drollest, the freest, the most daring and reckless, and you shall find them men of families, established in business. They have stores and offices; they have degenerated into brokers, doctors, merchants, auctioneers, and lawyers. They are getting economical. You shall hear them gravely talk of "my eldest boy," and "my little girl," till you can scarcely credit that these are the untrammelled companions of your earlier and happier days.

It is interesting to look around upon the crowd of our youthful playmates, and trace them in their various and often deeply contrasted paths, from the green meadow and the shaded pond where we sported together, up to their present stations in society. To count over the "Bills" and the "Bobs," the "Toms" and the "Harrys" of old times; to remember the clear, uncovered foreheads—the smooth voices, which leaped with the stirring of every boyish feeling—the frank hand—the happy heart; and then to mark how they have all been borne along by their unshunnable destinies; some to an early grave; some to wealth and fame; others to poverty, dark misfortune, blasting guilt. All as they advanced losing some precious gift of youth, and discovering in greater or less degrees the impress in mind and body which time is for ever stamping upon the children of life. And then to see how inevitably they slip into the matrimonial noose; and with what quiet submission, with what resignation and Christian fortitude they allow themselves to be harnessed up in the various appendages of married men. As for me, I hold it a dangerous thing for a man of warm feelings to marry, unless independent of the world. It may do for those who are distinguished rather by strong common sense than feeling; and the latter is much more frequently met with than the former; but for a youth, unblest with wealth, and at all inclined to the romantic, to fall into the flowery trap, is almost certain disappointment. Yet, notwithstanding common sense and sage maxims, is there a man who has not in certain moments, under peculiar circumstances, experienced a desperate temptation to take the plunge "come what come may?" I have also observed, that the very persons whose susceptible feelings most easily betray them into sudden and warm attachments, are often the last to marry, or perhaps die bachelors, while your plain, quiet young men, who attend to business, and who would not step across the street to gaze on the loveliest face under heaven, are the very ones most likely to disappoint general expectation by silently choosing some soft-voiced companion, whose endearing attentions can fill up and decorate all the little vacancies of life.

I cannot bear to see a dashing young fellow at length fairly caught. Much as the poets talk about the union of hearts, and so forth, there is still something serious in the sight of a man voluntarily pledging all the affections of his future life

to one individual. It puts me in mind of going into a convent. The feelings which he has been in the habit of cherishing for other females, the very pleasantest of which his nature is capable, are hereafter to be eschewed. He has entered into a species of bondage, which, in all probability, will be for the term of his life. He is to yield in a great degree the right of indulging his own tastes, and of following his own inclinations; and yet how often this dilemma is run into in the most careless manner! Every one does not sufficiently appreciate the value of perfect independence until it is gone for ever; others, like Othello, seem crossed by a vague presentiment that they are rather getting into a scrape, and excuse themselves to their friends on the score of love:

"For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth."

If the thoughts and affections, the little local attachments, and sudden temporary relations which are continually arising in society and then passing away, could be made palpable to sight, what a curious prospect would be presented! How many innumerable passions between the young, the warm-hearted, and the handsome of the two sexes, would continually appear like beautiful bubbles, and break like them. Notwithstanding the watchful anxiety of shrewd mothers, argus-eyed fathers, of matronly old maiden-aunts, and particular friends, who make it their business to keep a look-out over such things, it is wonderful how slyly these lovers can carry on their correspondence with each other; how they make a language of all the events around them; how they speak to each other out of the mouths of the good people in whose society they happen to be. It would be another curious subject of investigation to find what an incredibly small proportion of the large quantity of billing and cooing that is carried on in the world ever comes to any thing. It is perchance very difficult for the youthful portion of my readers to realize; but the more advanced understand well enough the excellent precepts of Polonius to Ophelia:

"I do know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows; these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley."

WEST POINT.

Since Colonel Thayer became the superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, his taste and genius have been every where visible in the embellishment of this magnificent spot. The roads to the lower landing on the river, from the height above—which is one hundred and seventy-four feet from the surface of the water—are highly improved. The grounds around the professors' houses are levelled, and an avenue of a double row of ornamental trees is so disposed as to form a beautiful and refreshing shade. A very spacious and convenient house (excellently well-conducted by Mr. Bispham) has lately been erected, with one of its aspects embracing the enchanting view of Polyple's Island and Newburgh, seen as the majestic Hudson winds through the highlands, with the eye resting on a richly cultivated country beyond, and in the distance, on a clear day, disclosing here and there the blue summits of the Catskill mountains. On the river may be seen ships or other square-rigged vessels, sloops and steamboats, the evidences of an active and extended internal commerce. This large house, independent of its captivating site, is most judiciously planned for the comfort and convenience of the numerous visitors who are attracted to the place. Within view from the piazza may be distinguished three monuments, erected to perpetuate merit, and all constructed of native white marble. Towards the west, at no great distance, is one erected by the late Major General Brown to the memory of Colonel Wood, a pupil of West Point, who fell at the sortie of Fort Erie. On the east, occupying classic ground, not far from the house, is a monument to the memory of Koeciasko, that gallant Polander who devoted his youth in the revolutionary war to the service of this nation, and on the very spot where his garden, dilapidated by time, but not forgotten, was cultivated for his amusement. This well-designed monument, chaste and expressive of correct feeling, was raised by the cadets in 1828. Towards the north-west is another, at a considerable distance, shaded on almost every side by a thick wood: it was erected to the memory of a cadet who was killed by accident in the discharge of his duty.

Mr. Gimbrede, the professor of drawing at the West Point

Academy, is a Frenchman of practical science, and being acquainted with the culture of the grape, has, in his experiments, arrived at many important results. Reflecting on the variety and difference of climate between the same parallels of latitude in Europe and this country, which is not less than ten degrees, he perceived at once the errors which had heretofore misled horticulturists on this subject. The latitude of West Point, where Mr. Gimbrede has established his nursery of native grapes, is not far from 41° 30' north. This parallel, extended to Europe, would reach to a climate almost as dissimilar from West Point as the temperature of the tropics is from Georgia or South Carolina. Mr. Gimbrede conceived the idea, that in order to be successful in the cultivation of the grape, native stocks alone should be selected. His successful practice on this idea deserves the highest commendation, and proves that it is founded in nature and the analogy of things. This gentleman has cultivated the native grape procured within a range of two miles from his residence, and has now more than one thousand plants growing in perfect luxuriance, and has already, from the seed of these and others, propagated at least twenty different kinds. This we conceive is the great desideratum. Instead of importing the roots of the grape from climates entirely dissimilar to our own, with which none of the features of vegetation agree, we should profit by the plan of Mr. Gimbrede and cultivate the native stock, capable of enduring the rigour of our winters, on which the best fruits of the world can be engrafted. Some gentlemen being more learned than experienced, will have it that the juice of the American grape is not calculated to make wine; that its *acetous* fermentation is not like that of the foreign grape; that it is deficient in saccharine matter; and, on the whole, though a *grape* in appearance, not a *grape* in character. This opinion is founded, we presume, in ignorance and false philosophy, and in prejudices which must yield to further experience. Mr. Gimbrede offered us a sample of wine made from his nursery—the flavour was exquisite, and we can readily believe would compare with the best produced in any country in the world. M.

BULWER THE NOVELIST.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the novel-writer, resides at an ancient seat of his family, in Norfolk, called Heydon Hall. He is an only son, and his mother, who is a widow and a lady of fashion, dwells in London, where Bulwer himself has lived during the greater part of his life.

In England his name is pronounced as if it were spelled *Buller*. The curacy of Saul, near Norwich, and two or three other small livings, are in the gift of the family. There are three brothers of his father still living—General Bulwer, Doctor Bulwer, and the third is a curate, who has two sons that are clergymen. Two of his cousins are also clergymen. This circumstance has given rise to a report that the author himself was attached to the church, and is a minister of the gospel. Bulwer is about thirty-five years old. In his last work he has been charged with the vanity of endeavouring to underrate his age. His appearance, however, is youthful, and the strict attention he pays to dress, gives him the look of quite a young man. He has rather a thin and thoughtful-looking visage. His features are somewhat sharp and shrewd, and he is much addicted to satire in his conversation. He is fond of the chase, and is an object of much attraction in the neighbourhood where he resides. He was married several years ago in Liverpool to a daughter of General Gascoigne, and he has now four or five children. S.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

FRENCH OPERA.

THE manager of the French *troupe* has taken possession of the Park theatre for a few nights; and commenced on Monday to a very good house, with Boieldieu's *chef d'œuvre*, "*La Dame Blanche*." The advertisement announced that several persons had been added to the corps dramatique, and that a newly imported singer from the Feydeau theatre, Paris, and a *basse-taille* were about to make a *debut*. As regards the latter gentleman, he was stated to be from the Conservatoire, and a pupil of Garcia and Pellegrini. We are not apt to place much dependence on a boast of superior tuition, especially in a theatrical *affiche*, because we know that no master can give either voice or ability, although he may cultivate them; and that out of a thousand pupils a score of decent professors will hardly spring up, and we also know that masters seldom permit very promising pupils to wander far from home. Before we proceed to criticise the performance it may

not be amiss to say a word or two of Boieldieu and his works. This great master has been very properly termed the Mozart of the French school: ask a Frenchman as to his merits, and he will assuredly reply that Boieldieu is the first composer of the age; but as this is the age of Rossini and Weber, we are not quite prepared to acquiesce in such an assertion, although no one can refuse to Boieldieu his just right of being considered one of the first of existing musicians, and for originality perhaps the first. Among the peculiar beauties for which Boieldieu is distinguished, is the extraordinary and marked character which his music bears, and its identity with the subject of his drama. Examine "*Le Calife de Bagdad*," and the music will at once decide the piece to be oriental. In his "*Nouveau Seigneur du Village*," he has hit the style of the old Provençal melodies. In his "*Jean de Paris*," the bold and gay bearing of the gallant young prince claims one strain of martial melody, to be found in almost every piece in the opera. The music of the princess insists upon a plumed and robed dame of birth and breeding to execute it; and the romance sang at table recalls the days of knight and troubadour, and again you are transported to the classic regions of Provence.

In "*La Dame Blanche*" Boieldieu has maintained a Scotch character, and actually introduced two Scotch melodies. Monsieur Scribe, one of the most popular dramatic writers, has manufactured this drama, (on the strength of the great popularity of Sir Walter Scott's works in France,) from the novel called the Monastery, or the White Lady of Avenel, with which, however, it has nothing in common but a lady in white. With the monstrous incongruities of the plot, the introduction of Prince Charles Edward the pretender, to the throne of England, although he does not figure as one of the dramatic persons, we have nothing to do: touching such a trifling anachronism, Mr. Scribe knows best, or probably would say he did; we have only to notice the piece as an opera, and our warmest commendation must follow.

The overture, containing the well known Scotch air the "white cockade," we have heard better executed on former occasions; indeed, in this piece, the band did not play particularly well together, the trumpet was rough and the trombone coarse; the violins, however, were generally speaking admirable, and the rest of the band in keeping with them. Mons. Letellier, the new singer from the Feydeau, is a very tolerable actor, with a better person than his predecessor, Alexandre; but we cannot go much further; he looked and gesticulated his music with great unction, but his little penny-trumpet of a voice made no way among the splendid and full accompaniments of the orchestra. He sings with the regular French *méthode*, indulging in the use of the *falsetto*, and concluding all his cadences with three semitones—Jenny, (for on such names as Jenny and George Brown, the French pique themselves when the plot of their piece embraces the natives of Great Britain) was entrusted to Madame Berdoulet, of whom, suffice it to say, that she is engaged to play the "*rôle de Du-gazon*," which she may act very well, but her voice is thin, wiry, and hardly audible; and in this character she was decidedly less capable than her predecessor, Madame Alexandre. The *prima donna* did not appear; but Madame Milon supplied her place very tolerably, omitting the grand *morceau de bravure*. The *basse-taille*, Monsieur Curto, made his *debut* on any stage in the character of Gaveston. His voice is mellow and good, but shows no great traces of superior cultivation; his acting, of course, we ought not to criticise, and we hasten to add, that acquired confidence may place his singing in a more favourable point of view.

On the whole, the French corps in opera, without any individual and intrinsic talent, presents an *ensemble* of a very pleasing description; every member of the company is compelled to appear in the chorus, and no petty pride seems to interfere with their strenuous exertions. The chorus is very effective, without being very correct; indeed, they regard the author but little in this department, and generally sing the melody in utter neglect of the harmony—but they make a great noise and are greeted with the same in return by the audience. To those who heard the division of voices in Garcia's company the meaning of this will be plain—the chorus there was much more correct, although not so powerful, but to musical ears more grateful. We would recommend the gentlemen who form Mr. Simpson's chorus at the Park theatre, to take an example in one respect from the French comedians; instead of standing like so many ill-looking statues, shuffling into the rear and trying which can do least, if they were to feel a little of the "*esprit du corps*" of their Gallic brethren, and try to acquire some of their vivacity, their superior knowledge of music would cause them to be much better appreciated. With this piece of advice we come to a conclusion. E.

For the Mirror.

THE EXILE.

BY ISIDORA.

Yes, ye are fair, ye sunny skies,
Fresh fields, and rivers broad and deep;
Mountains that, piled in mid-air, rise
Sublimely proud—yet must I weep.

And ye are fair, ye fertile vales,
With shelter'd cot and splendid dome;
But ah! ye tell me mournful tales,
I think but of my own lost home.

My own loved land has skies less fair,
And nature with less bounteous hand,
Perchance has spread her beauties there,
But 'tis my own—my native land.

I cannot smile—the starting tear
Still answers to the tone of mirth;
Though kindly smiles salute me here,
I sit beside a stranger's hearth.

The cup that's offered with a smile
Is often dash'd with bitter tears;
Why swells my bursting heart the while?
A stranger's hand the draught prepares.

Though kind the tone and sweet the look
Of her who decks the stranger's board,
That smile, that tone I cannot brook—
They open memory's madd'ning hoard.

In mine own land are eyes whose beam
In fondness dwell on me alone;
Less bright perchance those glances seem,
But oh! they were my all—my own!

The prattlers, who at evening hour
Are clustering round the stranger's hearth,
Remind me of a distant bower—
I cannot brook their cruel mirth.

Yet there is one, whose blue eyes shine
So like those eyes of starry ray;
Whose flaxen curls I fain would twine—
But my heart swells—I turn away.

And one who runs with noisy joy
To bid me share his wanton glee—
How often would I clasp the boy
Who climbs so fearless to my knee!

I cannot—in my own loved land
A rosy boy, with sunny brow
Would run to catch my clasping hand—
My wife, my babes, where are ye now?

Yes, stranger land, your skies are fair,
And lavish nature blesses thee,
And bright and mild your daughters are,
But what, alas! are these to me?

A clouded sun, a sterile soil,
A lowly roof, and scanty store,
Won only by unceasing toil,
In mine own land delight me more.

For kindred hearts and kindred hands,
And kindred wishes, hopes, and fears,
Were there to form the sacred bands
Which native soil and home endears.

My footsteps press a foreign soil,
None greets me save a stranger's hand,
No kindred smile rewards my toil—
My native land—my native land!

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY,

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Brandywine Springs, (Del.) August, 1830.

DEAR M.—The substitution of epistolary conversation for personal is so common in this age of wonderful improvements, that garrulity itself can be indulged on paper, and find a prompt response. Having much of "the parlance in my travel's history" to unfold, and no particular thing to prevent the revelation, I have placed myself in my airy and beautiful room, in the hotel which is, from all the country round, observed as the temple of those chalybeate waters, I design on the instant to "prate of my whereabouts." I have just returned from a hunting excursion in the neighbourhood of this romantic spot: before me sits a flask of claret, which was my companion, and whose contents are partly passed away, after the deglutition of the dinner board had been completed, and I had become friendly to vinous liquids by exercise. The view from the hotel here is of a character entirely rural. To the south, west, and north, as well as to the south-east, the eye rests on swelling uplands, dotted with farm-houses, and interspersed with fields, "white with summer and glowing with beauty." The domestic itself is crowded with the *élite* of Philadelphia and Baltimore; and seldom have I witnessed

a more brilliant assemblage than may be found promenading beneath the tall white pillars of the portico just after supper and sunset. The view of the clouds at that hour—for there are always a few to brighten up like crowns of glory in the occident—is superb. As I saw the radiant array of ladies, in the bloom of their being, moving gracefully along the ar- a at that particular period, apparently engaged in some deep and engrossing conference with their beaux, I thought that the young gentlemen never would find a more opportune moment for a declaration. There was one pair of *amants* to whose happiness I was not an unwelcome spectator, being a friend of both, and being one to whom, in case of a lover's quarrel between them, they would apply for aid in producing an *éclaircissement*. The fair one is emphatically such a being as should be loved. As I participated in the pleasant topics which they introduced, I was delighted to see the fondness and assiduity which she evinced in seeking to know his opinion before she expressed her own—the sweetness of her acquiescence, or the gentleness of her dissent. Permit me to say that she is one of those angels that take upon themselves the form of quakeresses, and she lives in the city of brotherly love. It may be said of her as of another in *Telemaque*: "*Cette femme était belle comme une déesse; elle joignait aux charmes du corps tous ceux de l'esprit*;" and her lover knows it right well. Such pleasant passages in life are worth a record, for they occur too seldom.

There are two things, yea three, at Brandywine Springs, worth a journey hither from any city in the Union: the sunset, the moonlight evening, and the country round about. I speak not of the exclusive charms belonging to the polished society, the living waters of the springs, or the excellence of the condiments prepared by the inimitable Page—the presiding genius at the tables—the magician, by whose "potent art" the arrangements of the feast are introduced. Let these speak for themselves to the traveller, who must feel when leaving them as though he were departing from Eden, before whose portal the *igneus gladius* forbade his return. In the woods on the north-east a place is found for any who feel disposed to play the venator; though one poor fellow whom I witnessed exercised his functions in that line to too great an extent for comfort; his gun had burst in his hand, and rendered his face so inexcusably dun and powder-sprinkled, that he was forced incontinently to "take the veil," which descended in green folds from his white beaver. He was yeelp'd, for the sake of distinction, the prophet of Korassan; but unlike that oriental personage, appeared to enjoy in no small degree the favour of the ladies.

The scenery on the Pennsylvania shore of the Delaware to Wilmington six miles easterly from hence, is decidedly of an agreeable character. The borough of Wilmington is rich in suburban scenery; the distant Delaware, with its sails, the intervening meadows, with their clumps of heavy and verdant trees; and the hills around, covered with clover, or golden with the harvest, and crossed at right angles by soft dark *hedge-rows*, in the English fashion, all conspire to render the town attractive. It is the residence of Mr. M'Lane, our minister to the court of St. James. I attended a "meeting" at the town-hall, where he took his farewell dinner, to hear a Maryland *negro* preach on the floor where a famous female reformer lately edified the *canaille*. After having gone through the first division of his subject, he commenced the "second section" in words following—"I reckon, as my hearers will say, 'seem' I have did pretty right smart onst or twyst on the first part, they will be glad for to hear the second and last. Truth is truth, I reckon; and I suspect you'll love to hear it, if I am as black as the *acc of spades*. And why? says you; cause *folks* does like to hear truth of they cant go for to speak it." I am unable to supply all the beautiful balances of his antitheses, or his reverence for the king's English. The music of the "first set of cotillions" is in my ear, and I must say, with Dorothy Ramsbotham—"Adoo, chair Morris!" Yours sincerely,

EVERARD.

MADAME DE STAEL AND TALMA.

The following is a version of a spirited but very untranslatable letter from Madame de Staël to Talma, on his performance of Hamlet, lately published in the "*Courrier des Etats-Unis*."—*Correspondent N. Y. Mirror*.

Thursday morning.

Don't fear that I shall act like Madame Milord, and place a crown on your head at the moment of the deepest pathos; but as I can compare you to nothing but yourself, I must say, that yesterday, Talma, you surpassed even yourself. We see in that piece, faulty as it is, the wrecks, as it were, of a higher order of tragedy than ours; and your talent seemed to me

like the genius of Shakespeare, but without his inequalities and vulgarity, to rise at once to the summit of earthly grandeur. That depth of natural feeling—those questionings as to our common destiny, in presence of that crowd of dying mortals which seemed to listen to your voice as to the oracle of fate—that appearance of the spectre, more terrible in your looks than under the most hideous form;* that profound melancholy, that voice, those looks which reveal a character and sentiments far beyond the proportions of humanity—admirable! thrice admirable! And my friendship for you has no part in this emotion, the most profound the efforts of the arts ever caused me. I admire you in those parts in which you are still our equal; but in that character of Hamlet, with such enthusiasm do you inspire me that I no longer recognise you or myself; I see only a poetry of look, of tone, of gesture, to which no author ever attained. Adieu. Excuse me for writing when I expect you at one o'clock this afternoon and at eight this evening. Were it not that all must yield to the inexorable decencies of life, I don't know but I would have been proud to have come forward myself yesterday to offer you that crown which is due to such a talent as yours above all others, for you are not an actor, but a man who, presenting us new views of human nature, exalts it in our eyes. Adieu till now.

P. S. Do not send me an answer, but love me for my admiration of you.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE MERMAID SONG OF WEBER.

THE song which will be found on our last page is worthy of the deepest attention of musicians, and will claim admiration from both the learned and the ignorant, provided they are gifted with the usual and natural faculty of appreciating sweet sounds, or, to use the common phrase, if they have an ear for music. The poetry of Mr. Planché is exquisite, and is as beautiful a description of the joys of mermaidism as can be well conceived; but if he has handled his fanciful subject in a masterly manner, Weber has far exceeded him; and if the poetry of music ever existed, it reigns triumphant in this glorious composition. The melody is remarkable for a plaintive and flowing sweetness; and the minor mood is introduced occasionally with great effect, but with brevity seldom exceeding the duration of a bar. Weber has entrusted to the voice the charge of conducting the melody throughout, and to the accompaniment he has given a second subject, which is in itself a melody, supported by the most variable and fitful modulation possible, which commands the astonishment of the professor.

It is not however to the professor that we so immediately direct our remarks, although we are equally prepared, either to acknowledge ourselves flattered by his acquiescence in their justice, or to pick up his gauntlet if he should differ with us, and "girding up ourself, go down to battle with him;" but it is to the amateur who delights a private circle by the exertion of a talent which is admitted to be one of the most delightful ornaments of refined society, and in behalf of an art which requires not the aid of our feeble pen, that our remarks are now addressed to the public; and if we succeed in interesting one of the fast increasing numbers who cultivate music as the most pleasing and agreeable of accomplishments, we are amply repaid. Such persons then, we invite to examine this melody—to observe the air of repose which pervades the accompaniments in support of the sentiment conveyed in the poetry, an accompaniment which strikingly gives an idea of the tiny and sleepy ripple of a tranquil and moonlit sea upon the pebbles of a shingly beach—an assent to the truth of our observations will follow, and then it merely remains for us to say, that if this song be beautiful as viewed on the desk of a pianoforte, its effect is doubly enhanced by the addition of the orchestral accompaniments written by Weber, and over which the mellow tones of the horn cast an almost magical influence. The scene chosen in the drama is a beautiful marine view with rocks of spar and coral; the singer, a mermaid; her auditors, Oberon, Puck, and the inhabitants of fairyland.

At the Park theatre, this song was sung by Miss Pearson, with much sweetness. It requires little more than good intonation, good quality of voice, and a strict adherence to the text. Miss Pearson was not wanting in any of these particulars; Weber has supplied all the rest, and the band did him justice.

B.

* Our readers are doubtless aware that the critical etiquette of the French stage never allows the spirits of the unbodied dead to tread its boards. Hamlet, throughout the play, can see his father's ghost only "in his mind's eye." A great stretch certainly on the imagination of the audience; but Talma's genius gave terrible reality to the illusion.

For the Mirror.

A SERENADE FOR WARM WEATHER.

AIR—"The Young May Moon."

THE dog-star now is raging, love,
The heat no air assuaging, love;
Then seek the shade,
Or the cooling glade,
Where the gnats are not so engaging, love.
Come! don thy calash and away, my dear,
While yet the young morning is gray, my dear;
For nought so composes
The cheek to its roses,
As a walk ere the sun sheds a ray, my dear.
No mortal sleeps this morning, love,
Nor lady dreams of adorning, love,
While young mosquitoes,
Determined to eat us,
Keep buzzing around their awning, love.
Then steal at once from the window, my dear,
Ere the scorching heat shall hinder, my dear.
For when the sun rises,
His beams will surprise us,
And burn us quite into a cinder, my dear. C.—.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

Among the more innocent superstitions of the Indians, of which there are as many as among my countrymen in the Emerald Isle, I shall relate the following, as I happened to be personally concerned in it. A fine Indian youth, of shining copper-colour, with hair of jet flowing down his shoulders, called at the great gate of the house at which I lodged, and requested "for the love of Maria Santissima!" to be permitted to pass into my room, for he had a subject of infinite importance (*suma importancia*) to communicate. He passed on, and entering my room, threw himself on his knees in an attitude of supplication, from which I with difficulty raised him, saying, that that was the posture for addressing heaven, but not me. He replied, that "I could now be of more use to him than heaven; and implored, with tears in his eyes, that I might assent to his prayer."

I was all amazement, and after forcing the man to rise from his kneeling posture, he said, "He was a servant of the Condesa, who had turned him out of her house in consequence of a silver dish having been stolen last night, and his fellow-servants having accused him of being the thief. He knew," he said, "that I was in possession of an armadillo, which had discovered to me on a former occasion the thief who had stolen my silver plates. He now threw himself again on his knees, and prayed that I would consult the armadillo as to the facts, and thereby relieve him from a charge, of which I should soon know that he was altogether innocent." Being aware of the strange superstitions of the Indians respecting these little animals, and having heard several curious stories concerning them, this application was not altogether a surprise to me. I, however, assured the Indian that I did not possess an armadillo, but only the shell of one, which I produced, in the hope of satisfying him on that point; but I was mistaken, for he insisted that "it was well known I had one alive, and that by means of it I had detected the thief who stole the pick-axe, as also several other evil deeds in Potosi, and that I was in the habit of conversing with it every night at twelve o'clock." My assurance that I possessed no armadillo, and the declaration of my belief that if I did I could gain no information from it, seemed only to distress the Indian, without producing any conviction of the unreasonableness of his request, which he felt persuaded I refused because it was not accompanied with a fee. He pleaded poverty, but vowed his services in any way that I should think fit to command, if I would but consult my infallible oracle, which it was in vain to deny that I possessed, for "my nocturnal conversations with the armadillo were notorious through the whole neighbourhood." The earnestness of the Indian so plainly bespoke his honesty, that I was induced to intercede with the good old lady Condesa, and had him restored to favour. He was afterwards proved to be innocent. Temple's Travels in Peru.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HINDOO FARMERS.

I walked out this afternoon at three o'clock, which is usually as hot as any hour in the day, and did not return till near seven, when it began to grow dark. I made a circuit of about ten miles without once thinking of heat. At this season of the year I take so much pleasure in these rambles that I find it difficult to confine myself to my tent. They are not so solitary as I could wish, for I often fall in with story-tellers, who keep me company all the way. The farmers of this country are, I be-

lieve, the most talkative race on the face of the earth. A party of them met me this evening with a complaint against some unknown conjurer who had set fire to their village twice in the course of the year. I told them I had a great antipathy to all conjurers, and would give them satisfaction on their producing him. They said they had concerted a plan for discovering him, but that it could not be executed without my assistance. I was to take my station at a little distance from the village with a spying-glass in my hand; all the inhabitants were to pass in review before, when I could not fail, by means of the virtues of the glass, to discover the felon who had done so much mischief. I answered that it was an excellent thought, but that the trial must be deferred till I should get a new glass, as my old one was broken; and as we should then certainly catch the conjurer, I asked what punishment it would be proper to inflict upon him. They said, no other than drawing two of his teeth, with which he would lose all his magic powers. I replied, that this could not be done till he was taken, but that, in the mean time, there was another remedy equally simple at hand to defend themselves from him in future: any person who had any suspicion of his having evil designs upon himself had only to get two of his own teeth drawn, which would secure both himself and his property against all the art of the enemy. I said I had some years ago parted with two of my own teeth, and offered, if they would accompany me back, to get them all made magic-proof at the same cheap rate. They asked leave to go home and consult about my proposal, and promised to give me their answer in the morning, but I suspect that I shall hear no more of the matter. Among the natives of this country the belief in all kinds of witchcraft, goblins, and elf shooting is universal among all ranks. They frequently take the conjurer by surprise and draw his teeth themselves without applying to justice. The cattle of the farmers seldom die a natural death. If any accident happen in any of their families when they begin to plough a field, if a snake run across the path, or if they see a land-crab they abandon it, and say that it is in possession of the devil: it lies waste for several years, and if then some bold fellow ventures to break it up and loses neither his life nor his bullocks, it is supposed the devil has, for the present, relinquished his claim. I once had a complaint from a man of a conjuror's having killed his wife and mother, and about twenty cows and bullocks. I thought, at first, that some of the characters in the Arabian Nights had again started up, but, on further inquiry, I found that he had taken fourteen years to effect all this; and I thought it possible that within this period time alone, without any foreign aid, might have dispatched a couple of women and a few cattle.

Life of Sir Thomas Munro.

TERMS OF MARRIAGE.

Sir Thomas Munro, on being pressed by his sister to take unto himself a wife, gave the following as his ultimatum on the subject:—"You see," said he, "how many good reasons there are against your scheme of my taking home instantly, and hastening to throw myself at the lady's feet: as to the other, of proxy, I can only agree to it on certain conditions. If she is not, or even if I fancy she is not, so charming as Clelia or Rosamond, I am to be at liberty to look for one that is. I am to eat and sleep whenever I please, without any questions being asked. No private orders are to be given to the barber or tailor about the decorations of my person. I am not to be forced to sit up, and receive male or female visitors; neither the superintendence of the kettle nor tea-cups is to be considered as a part of my duty. I am not to be obliged to deliver my opinion on patterns for caps or frocks for any lady. I am not to go out to tea or supper, unless I choose. I am not to be ordered on any duties of danger, such as escorting young ladies home in a windy, or old ladies in a frosty night. I am to have liberty of conscience, and to attend church as often as I think proper. And, lastly, when I am tired of home, I may return to India alone. N. B.—Should any doubt hereafter arise about the meaning of these clauses, my interpretation is to be received as infallible; and should I explain the same article different ways at different times, I am not to give any reason for so doing. These are my terms, from none of which I can recede." Bid.

HOW TO GET UP A REVOLUTION.

In a country where, in every class of life, there are but few occupations, there must of necessity be many idlers, and idlers are generally the most discontented of mankind. These meet at corners of streets, in *pulperias*, and in coffee-houses, to pass the time in smoking cigars. One of the party accidentally mentions that "Don Palano has got an appointment

under government of fifty dollars a month." "How came he to get it?" says another. "I have more right to it than he," says a third. "Let us have a revolution," says a fourth. "*Corriente!*—with all my heart!" is the unanimous exclamation of the party. Fresh cigars are immediately lighted, and before they are smoked out, the "revolution" is planned. Guns, swords, and pistols are talked of, and some few are probably obtained; but, being more for the presumed object of protection to themselves than of injury to others, arms are not of paramount importance. If the "revolutionists" understand that their plot has been discovered, they abscond in all haste to distant towns and villages, where they reside in quiet till their scheme has been forgotten, which generally happens in the course of a few weeks. If they have not been able to effect their escape, and are made prisoners, ten to one but they are thrown into gaol, where they probably remain also a few weeks, and are again let loose, one of them in the mean time being selected to be shot in the great square, *pour encourager les autres*. But, if they prove successful, which sometimes happens, they turn out of office the existing authorities, and install themselves and friends. The first act of the new government is always to repeal some measure of their predecessors which had not met with public approbation; this, with a proclamation of pardon and oblivion of all past political offences, obtains popularity; a ball is given at the *cabildo*, and every thing goes on smoothly for a whole moon, perhaps; when another cigar-party assembles, and acts, with little alteration, the same farce over again. But what, it may be asked, are the military doing all this time? Smoking their cigars! Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the South American choppings and changes of government have been thus effected; some few, and only a few, have been more serious and more destructive of life and property; but then they are much more likely than the former to tend ultimately to permanent security and peace. Temple's Travels in Peru.

THE POLISH JEWS.

As none of them are engaged in agriculture, they are but rarely to be met with in the villages; and being thus assembled in the towns and cities, which are but few, they seem in most of them to form a very large majority of their population. The men have, for the most part, much finer countenances than the other Poles; their forms are better, as well as their attitudes and paces, [action?] and the long, flowing, black dresses which they commonly wear, form altogether a striking contrast with the appearance of their slouching, loitering, idle neighbours. Their eastern countenances and complexions, and the waving beards of many, especially of those advanced to middle age, presented a new and striking feature. They seemed to be always in motion, and yet doing nothing; and it was natural to inquire how such numbers of them could procure the means of subsistence, especially as their wives and daughters seemed to be decorated with jewels or ornaments much more expensive than were to be seen among the inhabitants of the same class in the neighbouring provinces of the Prussian domains which had just been passed through. It appeared extraordinary in a country where the laws prohibited them from possessing land—where their own indisposition to a rural life prevented them from renting and cultivating that of others—that they should not address themselves to some manufacturing or handicraft pursuits; but such the editor had reason to believe was the case; and all of them subsist by being the retail distributors of the labour of their neighbours, in some way or other. They have in their hands all the intermediate operations of the commerce of the country to such an extent, that every one who wants either to buy or sell any commodity, performs the operation, however minute, through the instrumentality of his Jew. A lady of the highest rank in Poland affirmed, that if she wanted to purchase household linen, clothes, or furniture, she was obliged to employ her own Jew, or she was sure to be cheated. This kind of trafficking habit, though it leads to great wealth with some few individuals of the nation, leaves a great part in the most miserable state of poverty, a state which can only be encountered by the extreme of frugality, approaching to a kind of half starvation; whilst the rags which cover their persons are hid from the eye of the observer by the long dresses of black stuff, which composes their principal but cheap garment. Munro.

SOCIETY OF POTOSI.

There is not, probably, in the world a town of such extent, and possessing so many inhabitants as Potosi, where there is so little society, and where there are no means of amusement, beyond the resources that persons may possess within themselves. Society is confined, literally, to two or three families

of two or three persons, to whose houses we sometimes go for half an hour in an evening to sip *mate* through a tube, to hear a guitar ginged, or to sit on a bench against a wall, wrapped to the chin in our cloaks, replying "*Si, Señor,*" to every body's tale concerning the severity of the cold winds from the south. The ladies, squatting on a rug upon the floor, huddled in a corner, and covered up in their woollen mantles, occasionally press us to take another *mate*, but complete the scene of *ennui* by their total want of occupation, than which nothing can be more unsightly and repugnant to those who have been accustomed to female society in England; where, from the nursery to the age of spectacles, the needle is actively plied, even until its eye has become undistinguishable to the eyes of the person who employs it, and who may frequently be seen fencing at it in vain with the sharpest-pointed thread, until a grandchild or some accommodating friend, when all hopes of success have failed, kindly undertakes to hit the mark, and thus furnishes the means of pursuing this habitual pastime, infinitely preferred by English ladies to that state which has already been described as a *délicieux repos*. Temple's Travels in Peru.

HORSEMANSHIP OF THE PERUVIAN LADIES.

The ladies of Tarija are celebrated for their horsemanship, and frequently distinguish themselves at public races, which are here a very favourite amusement among all classes; and on these occasions, difficult as it may appear, the jockeys, male or female, ride bare-backed. The usual seat of the ladies is the same as that of the English; but their saddles have no crutch, nor support of any kind, being precisely of the make of a man's common saddle in England, only much smaller, and over it is thrown a *pellon*, (a worsted saddle-cloth of fancy colours) on which they sit with ease and confidence. Sometimes females may be seen sitting *en croupe* behind the horseman, and once or twice I observed them get into that seat by means which prove at least the gentleness of the animal. A knot was tied in the horse's tail, into which the lady introduced her foot; then, giving one hand to the horseman, she was assisted into her place on the animal's back. Ibid.

WIRT'S ORATION.

A lady of New-Brunswick, in a letter to the editor of the National Intelligencer, speaks in the following terms of the address delivered by Mr. Wirt, before the Literary Societies of Rutgers College. Those who have enjoyed the pleasure of hearing this distinguished orator, on any occasion, will not deem the description extravagant.

"I have not language to express the effect produced on my mind by Mr. Wirt's oration. The manner, style, sentiments, eloquence, were all so peculiar—so different from any thing I had ever heard before, that I hardly know how to describe my feelings. You know his appearance, and how well it is calculated to call forth admiration and conciliate regard. Before he uttered a word I was prepossessed in his favour; and when he spoke, his first sentence won the heart. There was something so delicate, so veiled, in the modesty of his apology—such an appearance of truth, yet so much refinement—that like the dew of mist to the landscape, his talents became more admirable by the shade he threw over them.

"I cannot attempt an analysis of the address. It will doubtless be published; you will then judge of the excellent sense, the sound maxims of life, drawn, as he said, from his own experience; the beauty of his classic allusions, the variety of his topics, the lucidness of his arguments. But the graces of his manner, the rich and mellow intonations of his voice, not even your imagination can supply. It was the highest burst of eloquence I ever enjoyed.

"Notwithstanding the heat and the crowd, I listened nearly two hours with unwearied and unabated interest, only dreading, at every pause, that he was coming too soon to a close—that the charm of his eloquence was to be dissolved. His last sentence completed the captivation commenced by the first; and when he ceased to speak, there was a silence of many seconds throughout the whole audience, as if they were spell-bound. Such an effect I never witnessed before; similar to the feeling produced by fine music, when the suspended sense seems to linger on the departed sounds.

"What a magic is there in eloquence! How I wish he was in the pulpit, and these noble talents were consecrated to the noblest cause. But it is possible, nay probable, that his wise admonitions may come with more power to the hearts of the audience, than they would from a preacher or a professor. To hear a man of the world, who knew what the world *could* give, pronounce it wholly insufficient to fill the heart, and recommending religion as the only solid good, must carry conviction to the youthful mind."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

It is not easy to exhaust the interest of a novel of the Pelham family, and we therefore admit the following article. To pay the writer no more than a just compliment, his manner of treating the subject has novelty to recommend it. We do not, however, feel bound to subscribe to all the opinions it contains.—Ed. N. Y. Mir.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

A novel is in more respects than one like a picture. A picture, to please that many-headed monster, the public, must be brilliant, warm, and joyous—so must a novel. Sprightliness, glibness, a certain undefinable faculty of reeling off the narrative and dialogue, scarcely suffering the reader to take breath—the power of heaping object upon object, and group upon group—the art of setting trifles in a prominent light—all these are indispensable in a novel. To be sure, the practice is in this respect different. Some painters slight all the parts of a picture but the foreground and the principal figure. And in novels, some authors reserve themselves entirely for the catastrophe, or great crisis—walking over the course in the preceding stages. It would appear to be almost impossible to unite the immensely distant departments of scene and enamel painting. And yet it is in the approximation towards the accomplishment of this apparent impossibility that Bulwer has acquired so much popularity—carelessness is no where discernible; even in the first volume there is an activity and a creative power evinced in incident and dialogue which forcibly impel the attention, while the figures are all rounding into distinctness, taking up their stations and moving forward towards the *dénouement*. It is pleasant to remark how necessary an ingredient to the hero of a novel is the obscurity of his birth. And this seems to be, with the exception of Smollet and a few others, the general practice since the appearance of Fielding's Tom Jones. If to this can be brought in aid, a shipwreck, or a fire at sea—a battle or two, a gorgeous court entertainment, a masquerade, (rather *passé* this,) a perilous adventure for the heroine, and from which the hero extricates her, in plain terms, saves her life, a tournament, an attempt to murder, or all of them—it is not for the reader to inquire how they came there. Consider with what a burden upon your shoulders you set out. You have to conduct your *cléee* through the mazes of boyhood and youth, and bring him up to the great zenith of his novel existence, that is, within a few pages of the conclusion; and how many pages have you to cover with English words before this can be done? That there is a secret in doing this, none can doubt; and that there are many very well-disposed, clever persons who are desirous of figuring as novel-writers, is a truism too awful to question. It so happens that we have had access, by a most fortunate concurrence of circumstances, to the *porte-feuille* of one of the greatest novel-writers of the day, who was also an amateur painter in the early part of his career; and the examination of his almost illegible notes induced us to make the sapient and admirable parallel which stands at the head of this article, between painting and novel-writing—but which we have the magnanimity to acknowledge we have borrowed. Amongst these curious memoranda is the following, which we copy verbatim:

"When a great picture is demanded, to colour after nature would indicate too tame and lack-a-daisical a spirit. Throw over your skies the warmth of a red-hot poker, and sober them down with a little roll of brimstone, the effect you will soon perceive will be capital. Draw your figures all of the herculean proportions, so that if the crowns of the hats of your men are brought on a level with the roofs of the houses, and the horses' heads range with the windows in the steeples, so much the better, because a groveling genius would never think of such a flight, and you will be pronounced to possess talents of the first order." Here he drops the painter, and falling into the common tongue, continues, "Then about dates; what a ridiculous figure a novel writer would cut in defending himself against the charge of anachronism; you are at full liberty to introduce the costume of the Normans into the age of Elizabeth; and again, you may carry back the full-bottomed periwig, no collar, and ruffles of Queen Anne, to the days of Henry IV. Recollect, also, that perfection of body and mind is demanded for your hero or heroine. As to the strength of the muscles of the former, that must be proportioned to what he has to do—when did you know any hero faint under any task imposed upon him by his author? Never; he knows better." After these quaint, and as some of our readers may suppose, very singular remarks, we stumbled upon a few observations, headed "The Formula of an Author's Training for writing Tragedy." Four hours' sleep—rub body on rising

with thick, coarse towel—dumb bells half an hour—compose—breakfast—raw eggs, toasted bread, strong coffee—two cups—read some anatomical work and the Newgate Calendar for an hour—think hard, if you can—bring all the dramatis personæ in review—if any charcoal by you draw them on the wall—rehearse every line as you proceed to acquire *euphony*—have roomy chamber and practise the starts of your hero in order to be able to give directions to the players—dumb bells hour before dinner—dinner—beef-steaks underdone—no vegetables no watery fluids—raw brandy—with and after—strong coffee for dessert—music in afternoon—visit evening—compose from nine till midnight." Now all this to an unthinking reader might appear very ridiculous; but when it is known that by adhering exactly to this formula of training, some have arrived at such a felicitous state of the imagination, as that on shutting the eyes only, anthropophagi, or men with their heads under the arm, griffins, dragons, sphinxes, mermaids, and all manner of "airy and fantastic shapes," have been spontaneously painted on the retina, and thence immediately sent to the brain: the result appears to be certainly worth the pains-taking.

Raw meat is said to have been the *material* of the novels of the Monk Lewis and Radcliffe schools; and it is more than insinuated that Mr. Maturin derived some of his most terrific thoughts and images from *black puddings*, eaten while the blood was warm, with which they were composed!! And Mr. Fuseli, it is credibly related, while about his famous drawings illustrative of Milton, fed upon strong beef tea. On the other hand, we have authentic intelligence that several gentlemen now composing comedies and farces are giving extensive orders to the French confectioners in Broadway for *bon bons*, puffs, (a species of pastry, gentle reader,) macaroni, and *imperial pop*. But *reenons à nos moutons*—which, as all our readers are not learned in the dead languages, we translate—"It is high time for us to return to Paul Clifford." As has been very judiciously observed by a writer in the Albion, the hint for the general design is taken from Gay's Beggar's Opera; but afterwards, in the first volume particularly, the expert novelist makes every thing his own by the great fertility and transparency of the *scenes*, and the close familiarity he discovers with low life; and every one who has tried his hand at novel writing cannot but discern the great proportion of *dialogue* in the novel. Dialogue we find in one of our friend's notes aforesaid quoted, is to novel writing what foreshortening is to drawing. Among the defects of the novel may be noted the allegorical sense which is constantly confusing the reader; this defect throws moreover a discrepancy over names, and interrupts the smooth flowing course of the piece—exemplar:

"Excellent," cried Gentleman George, lighting his pipe, and winking at Attie. "I hears as how you be a famous fellow with the lasses."

Some of these personal portraits are also confused, because though the allegorical sense may be in the mind of the writer, they are not necessarily in that of the reader, especially if he be a foreigner. Such objections cannot hold against the following:

"As they proceeded Paul questioned his friend touching the name and character of mine host, and the all-knowing Augustus Tomlinson answered him, quaker-like, by a question:

"Have you never heard of Gentleman George?"

"What! the noted head of a flash public-house in the country? To be sure I have, often; my poor nurse, Dame Lobkins, used to say he was the best spoken man in the trade!"

"Ay, so he is still. In his youth George was a very handsome fellow, but a little too fond of his lass and his bottle to please his father, a very staid old gentleman, who walked about on a Sunday with a bobwig and a gold-headed cane, and was a much better farmer on week-days than he was head of a public-house. George used to be a remarkably smart dressed fellow, and so he is to this day. He has a great deal of wit, is a very good whist-player, has a capital cellar, and is so fond of seeing his friends drunk that he bought some time ago a large pewter measure, in which six men can stand upright—(the wine-cooler.) He is a nice, kind-hearted man in many things. Pray heaven we shall have no cause to miss him when he departs," &c. &c.

Now in all this we must confess we see nothing, nor in the general portraiture of "*lelle Paul*," to alarm either the English government or the chiefs of civilized society. The intelligent editor of the National Gazette might, we consider, upon the same, or as good grounds, object to the fascinations which Milton "*hath*" so skilfully thrown round the person of Satan. The worthy editor seems to apprehend that the

novel of Paul Clifford is powerful enough to loosen the fabric of social order. As this latter stands, perhaps, without imbibing the reasonings of Paul Clifford, (and we impute them not personally to Bulwer as his creed,) it might be proper to call the present state of things *disorder organized*; but it would puzzle any reader to pronounce whether the discords or the chords were in the majority.

It does not admit of doubt enough even for a question that a highwayman might conduct his depredations in such a style as to cause regret for his fate, and excite active interposition to prevent it when he came to be hanged; and there can be as little doubt that some "decent" men are continually committing within the pale of the law depredations, for which in equity they deserve hanging, and for which many would gladly see them hung.

And this, if we understand right, is the amount of Mr. Bulwer's conception of Paul Clifford. But Lucy Brandon—we beg her pardon for this tardy notice—she is indeed woman such as the poets describe her, single-eyed in her love; nor unworthiness nor crime can quench the never-dying flame—only neglect. Mr. Bulwer at any rate is orthodox here, nor can any one deny but that she is a regular-built heroine after the Moore, Byron, and Scott school; in other words, Lucy Brandon when she once loves, loves madly and for ever. The spirited portrait of Judge Brandon, and the whimsical parenthetical likeness of the old squire, yield considerable indemnity for the rather per contrast insipid characters of the gang, as Long Ned, Old Bags, &c. McGrawler has our best commendation, by way of national justice. But it is a melancholy reflection that poor Bulwer is one of the ephemera who now, it is true, sports his gossamer wings in the sun's rays, and skims through the summer air with all the gaiety of the insect tribe, although the time is fast hastening when he too must be laid upon the shelf, and like Mrs. Hemans, (who is just now *dipping*, as the sailors call it,) and almost all the fashionable writers of the day "leave but a" book "behind;" which may (as Swift, and Irving after him, have so finely shadowed out) from its dusty abode pour forth a torrent of reproaches upon the fickleness of public taste, the unworthiness of successors, the horrors of a *gone-by fame*, and a literary existence, similar to that of the swallow in caves, or the toad enclosed for centuries within his block of marble, forgetting or ungrateful for the popularity enjoyed in previous stages of existence.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SAFETY PUMP.

A PUMP of this description has lately been invented by the Rev. J. F. Schroeder, for detecting and removing the noxious gas found in wells.

Having particularly examined into the advantages that may result from this improved pump, it being given to the world without an application for a patent, or any reward whatever, by its scientific, ingenious, and humane inventor—we cheerfully recommend it to the notice of our citizens. It may be used for ventilating sick rooms, churches, theatres, and crowded assemblies, by constantly pouring into them a current of fresh air, and expelling at the same time that which is impure, and rendered unhealthy and offensive by being breathed through the lungs of the audience. The Rev. Mr. Schroeder has prepared a communication, on the subject of this invention, to be submitted to the New-York Literary and Philosophical Society.

A new well in the rear of Union church, at the north-east corner of Orange and Spring streets, in this city, was infected with a most deadly gas. On Friday, July sixteenth, a man, attempting to descend into it, was instantaneously deprived of life; and a few moments afterwards, another shared the same miserable fate, in an attempt to rescue his unfortunate companion. On the following Tuesday morning, the Rev. Mr. Schroeder, in company with some friends, visited the melancholy scene of the calamity. They found the well, by actual measurement, to be thirty-one feet deep. On lowering a lighted candle into it, the flame, when it was six feet from the surface of the earth, was suddenly extinguished. Impure air, it was inferred, occupied the remaining space of twenty-five feet below.

The safety pump was placed on a bench near the mouth of the well; a conduit, attached to the inhaling pipe, extended to the bottom of the well; and another conduit, ten feet long, attached to the exhaling pipe, extended to an adjoining vacant lot of ground.

The pump was then worked. Some of the vitiated air was obtained in a glass receiver, placed at the end of the ex-

haling pipe; and by the application of the usual chemical tests, this vitiated air was proved to be carbonic acid gas, or what is commonly termed *choke damp*.

The safety pump had been in operation for the space of seven minutes, when a lighted candle was again let down; and the flame was not extinguished until it had descended nearly ten feet further than before. The safety pump was then worked again for ten minutes; and the candle, being then let down to the very bottom of the well, burned with a clear flame. In seventeen minutes all the deadly gas had been entirely expelled.

This experiment was made before a company of gentlemen, one of whom, Dr. Stephen B. Whiting, after the above operation of the safety pump, went to the bottom of the well, and remained there for a time, without any injury or inconvenience.

American Lancet.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Correspondents.—In addition to the list of distinguished contributors to the Mirror, which we published some time since, we have the satisfaction to state that several other writers, some of them enjoying the highest rank in the literature of the day, have communicated to us their intention of occasionally furnishing us with articles. These unsolicited favours, conferred in the kindest manner, derive no small additional zest from the fact that they came accompanied with the gratifying assurance of approbation of the course hitherto pursued by this paper, and of the most friendly wishes for its continued success. The sanction and support of such authority animate its editor with renewed zeal, and give promise of increased interest and value to the character of his miscellany. Among those from whose efficient aid we hope to derive equal instruction and delight, the writer of a sketch on another page, will ever stand conspicuous. It will be seen that the "Angel of Time" is from the pen of the author of "John Bull," the "Chronicles of the City of Gotham," and many other deservedly popular productions.

Walter Bowne and pure water.—We had believed that his honour the present mayor of this city was about identifying himself with one of its most necessary and beneficial improvements. Every distinguished civilian endeavours to illustrate his official career by some signal act which shall confer utility on the community, and hand his own name down to posterity as that of a public benefactor. Such we believed to have been the laudable ambition of Mr. Bowne when, on his inauguration into the office of mayor, he pointed out the indispensable necessity of procuring pure water for our population. We considered his honour pledged to this great object, and mortified are we that he has not redeemed his pledge. We have shown that this evil has existed, and been loudly complained of in New-York for near a century. What more proud or gratifying evidence could Mr. Bowne give of the usefulness and efficiency of his administration than by its removal? We call upon him now, and we shall do so again and again, to make good his promises—to give the people wholesome water.

Female wages.—It is with deep concern we learn that our indefatigable and philanthropic friend, Matthew Carey, is about abandoning his laudable efforts in behalf of female labourers as utterly hopeless. In a private letter, with the perusal of which we have been favoured, he observes: "My patience is exhausted, and I must give up the subject of trying to procure relief for the suffering seamstresses. I have formed this resolution with deep regret and with deeper indignation and disgust at the apathy and indifference I have found on such an important subject, particularly among the ladies, who ought to have made exertions in the cause. If they had, it would have been crowned with success. It is a vile world—and man is a sordid, miserable, selfish animal." Who can read this honest expression of mortified humanity without a blush? What female can brook this merited reproach without feeling her cheek mantle with shame over the unpitied and unrelieved woes of hundreds and thousands of her own sex, doomed by the chill hand of penury, and the more cutting decree of sordid avarice, to toil and waste their energies for a most scanty and hard drawn pittance which scarcely yields bread and raiment for themselves, much less for their families? We did indulge the anticipation that the untiring exertions of Mr. Carey to make the facts connected with the lamentable condition of a most interesting and numerous portion of the female community generally known, would have stirred up a share of that public sympathy and active zeal which have been so freely and readily poured forth in behalf of philanthropic objects possessing far less immediate claims to regard. If his

benevolent and enlightened enterprise has failed of success, he enjoys, nevertheless, the delightful consolation of having done his best for the public good—a time must and will arrive when his object will be accomplished.

N. B. A number of Mr. Carey's essays on the public charities of Philadelphia are still to be had, gratuitously, at the office of this paper, if applied for immediately.

Going out of town.—The life of an editor is labour without cessation. Every one is starting off into the country, but we must stay at home and cater for the tastes of our readers. It was about half after four in the afternoon. A carriage was at the door; trunks were strapped together behind; handboxes before. The old gentleman, the old lady, the children, and the pretty eldest daughter, shared the interior with those numerous knick-knacks invariably borne about by travelling families, and which, trifling as they appear, add so many items to the great sum of human comfort. "Steamboat starts at five," said the coachman as he folded up the steps and closed the carriage door. "Make haste, driver," exclaimed the lady, "or we shall be too late." Her voice was succeeded by one of those decisive cracks of the whip with which these earthly Phœbusses intimate their desires to the horses. The patient animals took the hint, and with a faint effort at a prance, which immediately sunk into a jog-trot, dragged onward in the sun—and so our friends started for the country.

There is a feverish desire in the mind of one long pent up in a city to escape from its narrow prospects and its continual crowd, and to be abroad in the still woods and the wide spreading meadows. His long estrangement from these attaches to them an importance even higher than reality; for

"It so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours."

As we inhaled the air warmed by heat reflected from the pavement and brick-walls, and then vainly quickened our pace to avoid a cloud of dust raised by the passage of a thundering cart, a thought of the quiet and refreshing loneliness of the country, its cool transparent streams, the paths winding in among the mingling branches, and the beautiful green forest-light which reigns in the woods—these images

"did sweetly creep
Into our study of imagination;
And every lovely feature of the scene
Did come appa'led in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of our soul,
Than if they lived indeed."

With such feelings we bid good by to our fair friends who are flying off east, west, as fancy calls, all in search of pleasure, while we are doomed to remain hunting up subjects for paragraphs, correcting, rejecting—thermometer at ninety—stunned with the noise of carts, and languid with tedious application. Well, the next thing to being happy one's self is to see one's friends so. Some prefer it. Therefore, happiness to all our indulgent readers who have gone off gaily through the romantic windings of the Hudson, the picturesque beauties of Trenton Falls, the stupendous magnificence of Niagara, the fashions of the Springs, or the quiet and loneliness of Lake George—health and pleasure go with them. May they come back refreshed with the contemplation of nature, and be prepared to enter upon the duties of the vague future with rational hopes lighted by pleasing recollections.

Dyspeptic's Monitor.—An interesting treatise on that most annoying and frequently incurable malady, dyspepsia, has just issued from the press. The author is Samuel W. Avery, M.D., of this city, who will, in our opinion, reap no ordinary share of praise for this contribution to the stock of popular knowledge. We shall hereafter notice his little work in detail.

The Atlantic Souvenir for 1831.—We have, even thus early, been permitted to see a specimen of this forth-coming annual from the press of the Messrs. Carey & Lea. The typography and plates possess the same rich splendour of appearance which has hitherto beautified this work, and made it so deserved a favourite with the patrons of the fine arts. The engravings are an exquisite portrait of the "Marchioness of Carmarthen," grand-daughter of the venerable Charles Carroll; the "Shipwrecked Family," (an old subject by the way) and the "Fisherman's Return," a beautiful print.

Patent for stopping carriages.—Mr. Enoch Walker, of Pennsylvania, has applied for a patent for a mode of stopping carriages, suddenly and safely, when descending steep hills, or checking their descent when too rapid.

Steam-packet opposition.—So great is the opposition between the steam-packets plying from London to Calais, that the fare has been reduced from ten shillings to half-a-crown.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

As sung by Miss Pearson in the Grand Romantic and Fairy Opera of Oberon, performed at the Park Theatre, New-York, composed by Carl Maria Von Weber.

[Never before published in America.]

Andante con moto.

Sempre legato.

PUCK: And hark! the mermaid's witching strain,
Steals o'er the lull'd and list'ning main

O 'tis plea-sant to flout on the sea, When the wea-ried waves in a deep sleep be!

And the last faint light of the sun hath fled! And the stars are must'ring o-ver head! And the night

breeze comes with its breath so bland; La-den with sweets from the dis-tant land. O 'tis plea-sant to

flout and sing, While over our dripping locks we wring. *mf*

pp

SECOND VERSE.

O 'tis pleasant to flout on the sea,
When nothing stirs on its breast but we:
The warder leans at twilight hour,
Over the wall of his time-worn tower;
And signs himself, and mutters a prayer,
Then listens again to the witching air.
O 'tis pleasant to flout and sing,
While over our dripping locks we wring.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1830.

NUMBER 3.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE VALLEY OF THE GREYLOCK.

A DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

AT the conclusion of the last chapter we left our heroine in the arms of the stranger. The name of this gentleman was Mortimer, a brief sketch of whose former life and character will be now necessary to a clear understanding of the story. He had been Barnard's class-mate. An incident long passed away had made him his enemy. It was a trifle, which Barnard himself had forgotten. He had rescued a fine young boy at school from his threatened resentment, and in the course of the affair the usually pensive student had discovered some unexpected flashes of anger and character. Bold words passed between them—and angry looks: some plain truths were spoken, and the pride of the bully had been wounded, and his revenge baffled. From the mind of Barnard the shadows passed away as lightly as summer clouds float from the face of heaven. But there is a kind of man who notes down in the secret pages of his bosom the offences of the world—who reads them over in solitude, and hatches out and cherishes dark feelings of malice and hopes of vengeance—covering up these serpent thoughts under the flowers of gentle words and actions. Such a creature was Mortimer;

"A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame."

He had beheld with all the tenderness of which his nature was capable the budding charms of Ellen, for the ruggedest hearts are sometimes softened by love. He had even suffered his mind to forget Barnard, and the influence of his opening attachment had revealed in his gloomy bosom the sources of some brighter and higher feelings than those which usually possessed it. Perchance if he had won her affections, and been united to her in prosperous circumstances, the tendrils of happier hopes and wishes, which had already sprang up in him, might have wound themselves around his heart, as forest vines cling to a ruin and cover the barren fragments with their green and living beauty. But fate ordained it differently. He had acknowledged to himself that she was a creature of loveliness, well calculated to render him happy, and had resolved to effect an union at all hazards, when the accident, related in a former chapter, occurred, and he perceived his old enemy, favoured by fortune, snatching from his eager grasp the affections of the glowing girl, as he had already gained those of the world. It was an unlucky coincidence, and the moment which convinced him that Ellen was indifferent to him—that she loved another—and that other Barnard—was a gloomy one for both his happiness and his honour. His first experiment of virtue was thus unsuccessful; his peace, his pride were both wrecked, and his thoughts assumed a fearful character, while he beheld the very man whom he hated, and would have visited with vengeance, revelling in joys which should have been his own. He acquainted himself with the circumstances of their engagement, and engendered a plot by which their peace should be destroyed as his own had been. He had, therefore, by the most subtle insinuations and in various ways—all the while professing for his friend Barnard the most sincere attachment—infused into her mind vague apprehensions of her lover's infidelity, and reports of his attentions to the gay and wealthy beauties of the sunny regions whither he had gone—his letters had been intercepted. He had inserted in a newspaper an advertisement of Barnard's marriage with a rich and fascinating heiress, and procured the paper to be handed to the old lady when he knew she was on a visit to his intended victim. For a long time his cunning and dark surmises had filled her with melancholy presentiments, which she struggled hard but unsuccessfully to overcome. The glow of health had gradually faded from her cheeks, and her sweet lips wore less often the smile of careless pleasure. A constitution naturally delicate had in some degree already suffered from the wearing of these unhappy thoughts, so strange to her light and innocent bosom; and when she beheld at length in the newspaper which the unconscious old lady gave her, the marriage of her lover, it seemed the realization of her worst fears, and the anguish which she had long smothered up burst forth and overwhelmed

her. Immediately previous to this crisis Mortimer had heard of the arrival of Barnard, and stung to the quick with anticipations of his rival's bliss, had resolved in a personal interview once more to prefer his addresses, hoping that the slighted girl would be inclined to favour them while in the warmth of indignation at the treachery of her lover. He reached her dwelling just in time to behold the effect of his plans, and to obtain many grateful acknowledgments from her afflicted family for the tenderness with which he bore her into the house, and the sympathy which he evinced for her distress.

When the maiden recovered she was as a different being. Her woman's pride was roused, and supported her through the pangs of disappointed love. The crimson tide mounted into her cheek and temples at the pressure of unpleasant thoughts which filled and came, still thronging on her mind. The crafty Mortimer was at hand, and became not only a familiar visitor at her mother's house, but an intimate companion of her own. He was so friendly in his manners—such a general spirit of benevolence breathed in all his words and actions—he spoke so well of every person, even the guilty and convicted felon—pointed out with such quiet pleasure the fine and vivid charms of nature—and had so many pleasant and instructive things to say upon all passing scenes and events, that she unconsciously became attached to his society, partly as the friend of one whom she had once loved, and partly as a kind of brother to herself, for his actions had as yet aspired to no nearer relation. These were sufficient to insure him the grateful esteem of his Ellen. For the mother he had additional attractions, for he had recently become possessed of considerable wealth, bequeathed to him, as he reported, by a distant relation. He was therefore enabled to promise many advantages to the family in case an alliance should take place, and the matter, which had been much thought of by the mother, was at length explained to her in very clear terms by the arch demon, who hoped much from her interference. As yet, however, the unconscious girl was ignorant of the nets which they were gradually winding around her, and suffered her imagination to dwell almost perpetually upon the image, the graces, the virtues of Barnard. Sometimes she drooped beneath the weight of tender recollections, and her blue eyes trembled with tears which fell upon the grass in the most secret recesses of the forest—and again, she would arouse her from what she deemed a weakness, and give vent to feelings of shame and anger at the wanton and deep slight which had been put upon her. The former moods were generally indulged in solitude, and all traces of her watery tributes to the seemingly false Barnard carefully wiped from her cheeks—the latter burst forth often when she was not all alone, as the sly and unperceived art of Mortimer touched the chords of her vanity and pride, and produced the feelings most favourable to his purpose. It was thus that he, who sought to enfold all around him in error, erred himself, in believing that her affections for his foe was at length deadened or destroyed. Alas! she had woman's pride—but she also had woman's love, which may be lightly concealed or interrupted, but not suddenly banished.

"Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away."

It was a fine afternoon in autumn. A youth who, however his dress and manners bespoke the stranger, seemed by no means unacquainted with the paths which crossed each other through the forest, had left his horse at the neighbouring village, and was proceeding on foot and alone along a green and shady road which wound in among the trees, and led towards the dwelling of Ellen Mansel. The young man was handsome; but an expression of anxious doubt and apprehension fitted occasionally across his face, and as he hastened along with a quickened step, it was evident he was urged onward by an emotion of no ordinary nature. It was George Barnard. Sickness and other accidents had delayed his return—he had failed to receive the letters, which at first had come frequent and full of matter—and as he now traversed the scenes of his boyish gambols, traced the winding of the stream from whose dangerous waves he had snatched his lovely burden, passed the little bower, and drew near the mansion where she resided, his eagerness seemed suddenly checked with fear. What awful reality was he about to encounter—sickness, death, or indifference, almost

more difficult to be borne than either. He paused a moment and leaned against the trunk of a rugged oak to compose his thoughts—to overcome with reason the dark presentiments which floated over his fancy, and to prepare himself for the worst that could occur. At this moment two figures passed near him, in earnest conversation. Ellen, dear Ellen, was just bursting from his lips when the sound of his own name in the voice of her companion stilled his words and arrested his steps.

"Ay, Ellen," he said, "even George Barnard. I know he was born to be the ornament of society, but some evil worldly influence has ruined his noble nature."

"Still," said Ellen, "it is—at least it was a noble nature."

"Yet," said Mortimer, "much as I have loved that man, in this he betrays a cowardly and dishonourable character. He has forgotten your feelings, your reputation—the ridicule which must attach itself to you—"

"He is indeed a villain," exclaimed Ellen.

Barnard's heart swelled in his bosom, and tears would have started into his eyes had not anger as well as curiosity absorbed them.

"He is indeed," said Mortimer. "If he scorned you, he need not have thus blazoned forth his scorn to the world."

"If he loved me not," said the girl, her cheeks mantled with crimson, and her eyes moistened with tears, "why came he not frankly to me. I should rather have pined with hunger and thirst in the loneliest dungeon than have flung any constraint over his affections. There are fairer than I in the splendid scenes where he has been bewildered; better, wiser, happier; but oh! there are none will love him half so dearly."

"As you did, Ellen," said Mortimer, "not as you do. Surely you have too much pride to still dream of him who spurns you. Ah! lovely girl," he continued, softly taking her hand in his, and lifting it slowly to his lips, "if I had been blessed with your affections—"

"Mr. Mortimer," exclaimed the astonished maiden, attempting to withdraw her hand from his grasp, and turning upon him her full deep eyes as if they read then for the first time the dark secrets of his soul, "I have been betrayed by one man—I hope I am not to be insulted by another."

"Insulted! sweet girl," he cried, "he who betrayed you was a scoundrel; but I would rather be your protector."

"Let go my hand, sir, as you are a gentleman."

"But I," continued he, "would rather protect than injure you. Not for the world would I insult you. But if I can ever meet the coward who has basely deserted you, he shall be the object of my insult and my revenge."

"You meet him now," said a calm voice, in a tone so quiet and yet so startling, that it resembled the low sound of a swift deep current.

Mortimer turned, and encountered the full flashing eyes of the man he hated. They perused him from head to foot. He seemed to cower beneath their fixed fierce gaze, as he would have recoiled from a poisonous snake. His presence of mind and natural impudence for a moment deserted him. He even forgot to release the hand of Ellen, who, motionless with amazement, suffered it to remain in his grasp.

"You will have the goodness to release the lady's hand," said Barnard, in the same subdued tone of deep passion.

But Mortimer regained his composure by the very bitterness of his returning hate.

"I shall obey you, Mr. Barnard, when you are my master; not before."

"Coward, slave, base dog!" cried George, "dare you beard me to my face, as well as slander me behind my back?"

"Take your hand from my throat," said Mortimer, "on the peril of your life."

"The lion will sooner release his trembling prey just as his claws are crimson with its gore," shouted Barnard.

The young men grappled, and a struggle of desperate hate had just commenced, when Ellen's screams attracted two persons, who separated the combatants in spite of their scowls of bitter revenge, and the half-uttered exclamations of unsated malice, which broke forth like the bubblings of some boiling stream, while George flew to the side of Ellen. One of these worthies who held Mortimer by the arm was addressed in the coarsest language by that hopeful young gentleman; but he had no sooner mentioned his name than the men ex-

changed significant glances, and one of them taking from his pocket a slip of paper, addressed the dissatisfied person who still muttered forth abuse, in the following terms:

"Hark ye, my friend, if dress made a gentleman you would doubtless be one. If language betrays a vulgar scoundrel, you would be a vulgar scoundrel. If I had no business but my own to attend to I might take the liberty of boxing your ears or pulling your nose, but I have at this time other fish to fry. I am a constable."

Mortimer started, and seemed much frightened, struggling to escape; but his companion was strong, and held on to him like a vice.

"You need not try to get away from my grasp, my young chicken, I am used to such chaps as you. As I was saying, I am a constable. I'm sent out, ye see, to catch a fellow who has committed a forgery to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. His name is Charles Mortimer. Your name is Charles Mortimer. I take it you are the man—so if you have no objection, or whether you have any objections or not, you must come along with me."

It was true. The villain who had violated the confidence of friendship was not too virtuous to break the laws of his country, and the property purporting to be the legacy of his relation was in fact the spoils of his guilt. A short explanation dispersed all the fears of Ellen, and re-assured the heart of Barnard. The wretched Mortimer was condemned to the meanest labour of a prison, while they who so narrowly escaped from his artful net are happy in the tranquil blessings of domestic peace. P.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THREE EVENINGS AT THE FRENCH OPERA.

On the eighteenth instant the French company performed Boieldieu's opera called *Jean de Paris*. In a previous number of the Mirror we took a cursory view of this and some of the leading operas of that highly talented master, and consequently our present task may be confined to the mode of its representation. The overture was played with force and precision; still, as there are some leading passages for the viola, or tenor violin, this overture can never be executed to much advantage unless there is a competent number of such instruments, and we remarked but one. The lively and beautiful opening chorus was very neatly executed. Madame Berdoulet made her second appearance as Olivier, the page. She possesses a *naïveté* and ease of deportment, which, with fire and tenderness equally at her command, make her truly a delightful acquisition to the company. Her singing is the desideratum; she sings flat, and her voice is powerless; yet her archness in the beautiful duo, "*Rester à la gloire*," made us even pardon these defects. Monsieur Letellier, who, in the language of the French stage, is the *haut-contre* of the troupe, acted *Jean de Paris* tolerably; his singing has been rightly described as being weak and by no means in good taste, but he has one recommendation, he generally sings in tune, which Alexandre did not. We watched for him in the trial song of the piece, "*Tout à l'amour, tout à la gloire*," of which he made nothing. Monsieur Privat, *Le Martin* of the troupe, dressed and acted the part of the Senechal admirably; the music he gave correctly, as far as his powers would permit him; but, unless a singer has a remarkably fine and extensive voice, the chief *morceau* is lost. The original Senechal was Martin, for whom the song, "*C'est la princesse de Navarre*," as well as the "*C'est chambertin*," in "*Le Nouveau Seigneur*," was written, and his voice was of prodigious extent and cultivation. Since the retirement of Martin, the particular line of business he played, has bestowed upon the actor of it, in all companies, the title of "*Le Martin*." The same remarks will apply to Madame Berdoulet: the characters in which she now appears were formerly represented by the famous Dugazon, and she is consequently "*La Dugazon*" of the company. Elleviou also has handed down his name to be maintained by those who act his parts; and there are several other examples which we cannot recall at present to our recollection. But to return to our subject: having premised that Monsieur Privat had a most difficult vocal task to perform, a word or two on its performance may not be amiss. We give him every credit for his management, and to Monsieur Paradol, the leader, unlimited praise for his watchfulness and tact, particularly in that song, "*C'est la princesse de Navarre*." It was curious to observe the anxious solicitude which he manifested for the singer. When, for instance, he observed Privat give demonstrations of being about to attack a note a little

above his compass, which is perceptible to the vigilant leader by sundry signs of inquietude, such as a wrinkling of the forehead, and a projective erection of the chin, instantly seizing his violin he would give such a powerful *coup d'archet* on the note, that the effort was concealed, and no person could detect that "*ce fauxcibus hæsiti*." On the contrary, when his sagacity prompted him to discover that Privat was about to search the depths of his person, his very penetralia, for a low note, demonstrated, as such efforts generally are, by a portentous frown on the singer's *oe frontis*, and a burying of the chin in the neckcloth, quick as lightning, snatching his baton of command, he would bring in the band strong on the note, and add to the effect by sundry blows on the wood of his desk; again the singer is safe! Such traits mark the consummate leader, and we can name but one man whom we think might claim superiority over Paradol in that respect—T. Cooke. Madame St. Clair, *la première chanteuse*, now claims our attention. Her voice is pure, and her intonation generally correct; her execution is not by any means first-rate, and the besetting fault of the company equally attends her; she has little power. In the great *finale* to the first act, where she has a leading part, full of *roulades*, she could not be distinguished from the rest, consequently the piece lost its chief characteristic—the supremacy of the princess, to whom the other voices ought to be subservient. However, from the first mentioned qualities it is clear, we think, that although Madame St. Clair may fail in bringing her allotted music as forward as the author might desire, she is not likely to offend her audience.

On the twentieth instant Auber's opera of "*La Fiancée*" was performed. The overture of the piece was beautifully played. Auber may perhaps, when compared with Weber, Rossini, and Boieldieu, be accused not only of imitation of the two first, but of a certain vulgarity in his orchestral arrangements, from which Boieldieu is wholly exempt. The frequent use of the octave flute and drums of all kinds, we consider comes under this denomination, and his recurrence to ear-startling discords, after the manner of Weber, without the judicious application of them, evidently denotes that he has studied Weberian effect without having quite mastered it; his voice parts savour a good deal of Rossinian mannerism, but his melodies are generally delightful. By the introduction of the Italian mode of writing for the voice; he has decidedly enlightened the barbarity, and removed much of the prejudice entertained by the French in favour of their own peculiar *méthode* of singing. Letellier acted Fritz, and the famous "*Garde à vous*," song he sang with much spirit. We wish this gentleman would leave out his interminable cadences in the falsetto of his voice; it has not the originality but all the defects of a Swiss peasant howling the "*Rans des vaches*." Frenchmen, who have ever been at Paris, must have had an opportunity of witnessing how differently the Italians manage their voices; it is the glory of their art to unite, so as scarcely to be perceptible, the one or two falsetto notes at the farthest which they are compelled to add to their natural compass. Madame Berdoulet found Auber's music, beyond her powers; but, if fidelity to nature, and chaste, yet impassioned acting are claims upon public favour, this lady possesses them in the highest degree. We consider it almost impossible to portray the heart-broken feelings of the ill-treated *Henriette* with more force and propriety; she produced on her audience a deep and thrilling effect, and proved herself an *artiste* of a very superior grade. Privat, as the gay Chambellan, was excellent, and the music he executed correctly. The only person we consider ourselves bound to mention in addition, is Madame Milon, and she both acted and sang well.

On the evening of the twenty-first instant "*Le Barbier de Séville*" was produced. We have already so fully particularized the merits and demerits of the various vocalists, that very little is left for us to add. We do not consider the music of Rossini calculated to call forth a favourable display of their talents. Monsieur Privat, however, acted *Beaumarchais'* roguish valet perfectly, and gave considerable effect to his share of the music; and Monsieur Curto, as *Basil*, (his second appearance) improved greatly upon us, and we are confirmed in the opinion that his voice is of very considerable compass, and excellent quality. He appears to be a musician. Neither the band nor the singers give the same expression to the music of the Barber which we have been accustomed to hear given by Italians; but if you were to point out to a French musician this evident truth, and propose an alteration, his answer would inevitably be, with a shrug, "*Mais, Monsieur, on ne fait pas ça à Paris*," which answer, in a Frenchman's opinion, amounts to argument, proof, and conviction. IL FANATICO AND CO.

The "*Denounced*" is the name of a new novel, announced by the author of Felham and Paul Clifford

THE FINE ARTS.

THE CELEBRATED PREGHIERA FROM OBERON.

THE melody which appears on the last page of this number may not be the most captivating *morceau* to the gods and groundlings of a theatre, but it undoubtedly is a composition of the most masterly description. Sir Huon, of Bourdeaux, and his mistress, Reiza, are shipwrecked on some unknown and desert island, during their escape from the court of the Caliph Haroun the just, where Sir Huon had fulfilled a romantic and knight-errant act of *derring do*, as Sir Walter Scott calls it, which might be construed fool-hardiness, and which he was bound to complete or never return to his native France, by the stern decree of Charlemagne. This modest and reasonable obligation (*par parenthèse*) forced our knight to go to the court of the infidel caliph, strike down the nobleman at his right hand, pull a quantum sufficit of hair from the great potentate's unshorn chin; and by way of making him some amends for such treatment, the knight was strictly enjoined to steal the caliph's daughter and produce her at the court of the French emperor. All this having duly taken place by the aid of Oberon and the loan of a charmed horn, the knight and his eastern bride are cast ashore on their return by a tempest, and while the lady reclines on a bank in slumber, with long and streaming hair, (of course habited in white muslin, the most approved costume on the stage for swimming and going mad) her faithful knight, who has contrived to swim ashore in armour, sings this beautiful prayer, or invocation for her safety—and we do not believe a more perfect specimen of the same description of music can be found. It is replete with melancholy and pathos; the accompaniment consists of long, holding notes, admirably suited to an organ; the modulation is peculiarly adapted to give force to the supplicatory passages; the wind instruments (in writing for which Weber has no equal) are quite in keeping with the subject. The horns are most prevalent, and their soft and subdued tones on their open notes only, form a fine contrast with the wailing of the bassoon, which occasionally relieves them; indeed, when the accompaniments are well executed their effect is sublime. If Weber had been spared a few brief years, and had turned his great and versatile genius to the composition of music for the church, judging from the *Preghiera*, above alluded to, what might he not have accomplished? It is almost unkind to the amateurs of music of the present day to venture a speculation on such a subject, as it must awaken regret. B.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

DANCING OF TAGLIONI.

TAGLIONI, says the Court Journal, has three times repeated her exquisite performances at the King's theatre, with a success which does honour to the taste of our audiences, and proves that they can appreciate a style of dancing which ought to create a new era in the art. We do not believe that anything in the least degree resembling the dancing of this delightful artist has been seen in modern times; nothing, we mean, approaching so near to that ideal character which an art like this must necessarily assume before it can deserve to rank among those which call for, and are susceptible of a critical examination, with reference to their power of appealing successfully to the intellectual passions and affections. We have of late years had some (female) dancers, who were, and are, exquisite in their way; indeed, as much so as a conformity with the received rules and practice of their art would admit; but those very rules which the dancers in question—Fanny Bias, for example, Biggotini, Ronzi Vestris, Noblet, and others carried into practice with so exquisite and happy a skill, were at absolute variance with the very principles (or rather, the one fundamental principle) on which the art should rest; they were to be followed with success only by forsaking nature; whereas the art has never deserved to rank among those which we consent to denominate fine arts, and it never can rank with those (we mean the arts of painting, sculpture, music, and acting) but by following nature. The secret of Taglioni's success is to be found in the approaches which she makes to (not the actual movements of the human form, under the existing circumstances in which it is found, but) the actual movements of the human form under certain *supposable* circumstances, consistent with those attributes which are inherent in it in virtue of the intellectual qualities with which it is allied, and which no qualities, as no circumstances can divorce them from it, so none can prevent them from at least recognising the symbols by which their presence is indicated.

Taghioni's dancing is like the talking of the females in Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher. No one will assert that any woman ever *did* talk as *Aspasia* does in the "Maid's Tragedy," or *Euphrasia*, in *Philaster*; or as *Juliet* does, or *Viola*, or *Imogen*, or *Desdemona*: yet the absolute nature of those divine creations is the chief, nay, the sole ground of our admiration of them. And thus it is with the dancing of Taghioni; it is the natural movement of the female form, refined and elevated in poetry. She moves, not a goddess, or queen, or fairy, but a mere woman. She is apparently (and this is her great secret) unconscious that she is doing any thing but moving from place to place, or that she is doing so in a manner different from that assumed by any other person under similar circumstances. Look narrowly at every other dancer, and you will perceive that they perpetually remind you of the diah which seemed to say "come eat me!"—"Come admire me!" is ever the language of their looks, when they have completed any given operation of their art. It is never so with Taghioni, for she never sets about, or completes any movement, but gradually and imperceptibly rises or subsides into it, as a cloud or a wave does, which, while you are looking upon it as one thing, becomes another. It is the ineffable ease and quietude of all her motions which constitute the chief novelty and charm of her style; for we can scarcely admit that she has more of what is called grace and elegance than some others have, Brocard, for instance; and she has no more of what is called science than several others; not more, perhaps, than Julie Varennes. We may have another and more favourable opportunity of treating this matter at length.

REMINISCENCES OF NEW-YORK.

There are in the clerk's office in this city records of 1656, another of 1657, orders of the burgomasters in 1658, another of their resolutions and orders in 1661 and 1664. The English records are complete from the present day back to 1675.

Extracts and notes from the first of these volumes:

Oct. 1675.—Order: The canoes of the Indians, wheresoever found, are to be collected to the north side of Long Island, as a better security to the inhabitants in case of their [the Indians] having any intention to aid the Canadian enemies. At the same time, ordered: "All Indians near New-York make their winter quarters at Hurl-Gate, so as to be ready of control or inspection."

1675.—Gov. Andros, [the English governor] orders: That by reason of the change of the government, the inhabitants must take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign.—There are only thirty-six recorded names who conformed.

1675.—The mayor, on the approach of new year's day, commands the disuse of firing guns.

1675.—The city gates are ordered to be closed at nine o'clock, and to be opened at daylight. The citizens to serve in turn as watchmen or be fined.

No cursing or swearing shall be permitted under heavy penalty. The watchmen are carefully to go frequently near the bridge (meaning the bridge in Broad-street,) and every citizen is [for the purpose of guard] to keep in his house a good firelock and six rounds of ball.

1675.—The rates of tavern fare are thus decreed and ordered.—For lodging 3d. for meals 6d. brandy per gill 6d. French wines per quart 1s. 8d. 3d. "syder" a quart 4d. "double beer" 3d. and *mum* a quart 6d.

1676.—Tanners pits declared a nuisance within the city; ordered, they (i. e. the tanners) shall exercise their functions out of the town.

"Ordered, innkeepers be fined, from whose houses persons may come out drunk."—If a similar order were issued in 1830, what a revenue the city would have.

1676.—A fine of twenty guilders imposed on all sabbath-breakers.

It is ordered, for the better securing a supply of bread, that no grain be allowed to be distilled. How many families of the present day could now profit by such a restraint, who abound in whiskey and lack bread.

In 1676, there were only three hundred property holders in this city—they were assessed one half a dollar a pound on 99,695 pounds. The pre-eminently rich among the English families of that day were John Robson, Edward Griffith, James Loyde, and George Heathcott. These families are now extinct.

Public wells, hooks, ladders and buckets ordered, (and places to put them designated,) for the use of the city.

A mill house is taxed in Mill-street lane, indicating the fact of a water course and mill seat at the head of what is now called Mill-street.

1730 to 1750.—In New-York boots were rarely worn—

never as an article of dress—chiefly when seen they were worn by hostlers, seamen, and watermen. The sailors wore great petticoat trowsers, reaching to the knee, and there tied close—common people wore their clothes much longer than they do now—a garment was only deemed half worn when it became broken.

There were very few carpets on floors before the revolution; when first introduced they covered the floors outside the chairs around the room; some few families had carpets, but then they procured them through merchants as a special importation for themselves.

Mahogany was not in use prior to 1770, and at most it was displayed in a desk or small tea table—the latter was always round. The general furniture was made of *Billethead*, i. e. maple. Coaches were very rare; there were not more than four or five of them in the city. Men were deemed rich who kept a chaise; the governor had one coach, and Mr. Walton had one.

Lieutenant-governor Colden also had a coach, Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Murray also kept coaches. The latter being a quaker, called his a leather convenience, to avoid scandal.

The first umbrellas worn in this city were by the British officers, and it was deemed effeminate in them. Parasols were unknown. As a defence from rain the men wore "rain coats," and the women "camblets."

Gloves came into use in this city about the year 1765.

All the houses were sanded with white or silver sand, in figures and devices.

Almost all the articles now made of china or glass, were in olden times made of pewter.

There were no daily gazettes till after the revolution. Weyman and Gaine edited a weekly paper.

About the year 1750, the lots fronting *Vly-market* were sold by the city corporation at one dollar a foot—twenty-five dollars the lot. The same lots are now worth ten thousand dollars each.

In 1750 the name of "Greenwich" was unknown; but the Dutch, when they spoke of the place, called it *Shawbackanica*, an Indian name.

In 1750 the Dutch *yachts* took about two weeks to make a voyage from New-York to Albany.

The first methodist preaching in New-York was at a house in William-street. There Embury first preached, and being a carpenter, made his own pulpit.

It is not more than fifty years ago since Corlaer's hook was in a state of woods. The first "Drover's Inn" kept so near the city was a little above St. Paul's church, by Adam Vanderbarrack.

Bayard Spring in the woods, a great resort in the afternoons; it was surrounded by a thick forest of hickory trees. The spring was on the south side of the present Spring-street, near Varick-street.

In the year 1787 Colonel Ramsay, then in congress, considered himself as living out in the country while residing at the White Conduit House, situated between Leonard and Franklin-streets.

The old Dutch records clearly show that all the rear of the city was laid out into farms, say six in number, called "Bowery," from whence we have "Bowery" now; Van Twiller himself (Gov. Van Twiller) had his mansion on No. 1., his tobacco field on No. 3. No. 1. is supposed to be from Wall-street to Hudson-street; No. 3. at Greenwich, then called *Tapohanican*; No. 4. was near the plain of Manhattan, including the Park and the *Kolck* or Collect.

A celebrated garden was formerly kept at the spot where now stands Peale's Museum; it was a place of great resort; was called *Montagne's* garden. It was here "the sons of liberty" convened.

Robert Murray's farm-house, in the neighbourhood of the city, should ever be venerable from its associations. There his patriotic lady entertained General Howe and his staff with refreshments after landing with the army at Kip's bay; and she contrived to detain the officers so long that General Putnam got time to lead off the American troops, then on full retreat from the city.

The hill at the head of Chatham-street, where it joins the Bowery, has been cut down twelve feet. From this point, following the line of Division street, and thence to the east river on the line of Catharine-street, was formerly Colonel Rutgers' farm; it was opened into city lots about thirty years ago by G. Taylor.

The houses thirteen and fifteen Elm-street, near the corner of Duane-street, are singular evidences of modern innovations. They were originally good two-story houses and are now filled up nearly to the roofs.

Mr. Jacob Tabele, now aged eighty-seven, states that in his

early days almost every person you met in the streets spoke Dutch, and that there were no lamps in the streets when he was a boy.

In Nicholas Bayard's wood, now the vicinity of Centre-market, he often shot pigeons.

He remembered ship-yards between Beekman and Burling slips.

He had seen the river water flow the sewer up Maiden-lane as high as Mr. Alstein's blacksmith shop on the triangular square.

He remembered the "Ferry House," so called, high up in Broad-street as the sign of the boat with iron oars, (corner of Garden and Broad-streets;) a creek formerly ran 'up to this point; and he remembered when boats could freely pass along the space now occupied by large trees on the Battery.

The old city hall, "*Stat Huis*," was formerly at the head of Coenties' slip.

The meal market was once at the foot of Wall-street.

The Bowling-green was once an oblong square, and surrounded with large locust trees.

In the year 1773 Broadway extended only as high as the present hospital—where that now is, was then known as and called Rutgers' orchard. Watson

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HENRY.

Oh! green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over head.

Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill!
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven!

VARIETIES.

EXCERPTS.—If, instead of furnishing a room with separate portraits, a whole family were to be introduced into a single piece, and represented under some interesting historical subject, suitable to their rank and character, portraits which are now so deservedly despised, might become of real value to the public. By this means historical painting would be encouraged among us, and a ridiculous vanity made subservient to the improvement of one of the most pleasing of the imitative arts. Those who never contributed a single benefit to their own age, nor will ever be mentioned in any after one, might by this means employ their pride and their expense in a way which might render them entertaining and useful both to the present and future times.

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world: to despise it—to return the like—or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually pretended; the last is almost impossible; the universal practice is the second.

Self-love and morosity, together with luxury and effeminacy, breed in us long and frequent fits of anger; which by little and little, are gathered together into our souls, like a swarm of bees and wasps.

A NOBLE PRIG.—The duke of Charolois, a prince of the blood, meeting the duke of Brisac at the house of a lady to whom they were both attached, and stung by jealousy, forgot himself so far as to say rudely, "Go out, Brisac." "Your ancestors, Monseigneur," replied the French chevalier, "would have said, come out." The same striking originality attended the minutiae of Brisac's private life. He never would permit his valet to shave him, and when he took the razor in his hand at the toilette, he was often heard to repeat the following soliloquy:—"Timoleon de Cossé, God has made thee a gentleman, and the king has made thee a duke. It is, nevertheless, right and fit that thou shouldst have something to do, therefore thou shalt shave thyself."

ENTIRE DRESS.—A tailor at Mayence has invented an entire dress in one piece, consisting of a cravat, waistcoat, coat, pantaloons, and gaiters, which may be all put on in a minute.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Nabal Sketches.

THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

"Stand still! How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!"

"The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lost my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."—*Shakespeare.*

AMONG the many agreeable associates whom my different cruises and wanderings have brought me acquainted with, I can scarcely call to mind a more pleasant and companionable one than Tom Scupper. Poor fellow! he is dead and gone now—a victim to that code of false honour which has robbed the navy of too many of its choicest officers. Tom and I were mess-mates during a short and delightful cruise, and, for a good part of the time, we belonged to the same watch. He was a great hand to spin yarns, which, to do him justice, he sometimes told tolerably well; and many a long mid-watch has his fund of anecdote and sea stories caused to slip pleasantly away. We were lying, in the little schooner to which we were attached, in the open roadstead of Laguyra, at single anchor, when Tom told me the story which I am about to relate, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. A vessel from Baltimore had come into Laguyra that day, and by her I had received letters from home, in one of which there was a piece of intelligence that weighed very heavily on my spirits. For some minutes after our watch commenced, Tom and I walked the deck in silence, which was soon, however, interrupted by my talkative companion, who perceiving my depression, and wishing to divert my thoughts, began as follows:

The last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in old Ironside, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado, in search of slave traders; and during that time we had had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and, without coming to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to a girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while, every body was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill piping of the different boatswain's mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun-tackles; the fo'castle-men in calking; the top-men in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waiters in whitewashing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore, ascended in a thin black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighbouring white stone warehouses the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulins, sat the sailmaker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent or injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, make light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished: the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm-stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars, amidsthips, we had sent up cap 'o' gallant-masts and royal-poles, with a sheave for skysails, and hoist enough for sky-scrappers above them: so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal-mast-head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and curl the skysails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-sized

duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head-knot on the man-ropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got every thing ship-shape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half way between the Arsenal and Hospital island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbour of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet—which though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind we had had in the fore part of the day, died away at noon, and, though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her, from her main-stay to her signal halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadow and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except when now and then, the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small polacca craft had got underway from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbour; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen-sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of every thing around. The white-washed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient-looking windmills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal; and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trowsers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual look-out. A group of some half a dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favourite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a lanard with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinging to the main-stay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fife-rail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the taffrel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just

at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing half way up the main-batch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the main-yard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-stay, and running along the boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-topail-sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main-yard, where he now sat, picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side, and chattering, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as a monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavoured to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

"Ha, you d—n rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respect for de young officer, den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief."

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and it's no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half-way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes, from being a favourite, ventured to take liberties with the younger officers, "Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—i take a sailor to climb the futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution, before Bob was in the top. The monkey in the meanwhile had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey, all the while, seeming to exert only so much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be growing weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when springing suddenly on the royal-stay, it ran nimbly down to the fore-top-gallant-mast head, thence down the rigging to the fore-top, when leaping on the foreyard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where, taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and, perhaps, unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-trees; while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned in towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrel, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

"My God! Massa Scupper," cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main-truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached

my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the skysail-pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick at thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air—and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point—a small, unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon, and beneath that, a long, smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from "that bad eminence," would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to ensure his ruin. Indeed, I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and making a strong effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object to which they had been rivetted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked around me—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild-fire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling—the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm drooped again, and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutility of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gangway, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced, austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any difference at all, it was not in favour of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that, intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny

was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the lookout-block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder.

"Robert!" cried he, "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you."

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried, "Jump! 'tis your only chance for life."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrained joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment, the old commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes, that glistening with pleasure, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse-block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old Black Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equanimity and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed when the little fellow left the cabin that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to-gallant-masts; and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

COME, LET US TRIP IT LIGHTLY, LOVE.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

Come, let us trip it lightly, love,
Where Flora's sweets are blending;
The moon is beaming brightly, love,
With starry lamps attending.
The grove and hill, the mead and rill,
Have charms that must delight thee,
Then let us haste, their sweets to taste,
While zephyr's sighs invite thee;
An hour like this imparts a bliss
To souls of kindred feeling;
A pure delight, serenely bright,
Along the pulses stealing.

The evening star is peeping, love,
From yonder paler cluster,
The glassy lake is sleeping, love,
Enrich'd with borrowed lustre;
The babbling brook, with brighter look,
Meanders through the dingle;
And chirping notes, from insect throats,
In tuneless measures mingle.
An hour like this, which wakes to bliss
The hearts of meaner creatures,
Must surely light a smile as bright
On love's expressive features.

EARLY DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MISS E. BOGART.

"In sight that tries the heart
How few can stand the proof!"

The first disappointment of the heart is the hardest to be borne. It is that which falls like a blight on the warmest and best affections of which human nature is susceptible; and though the young and elastic spirits may sometimes rise beneath the pressure, and perhaps recover their wonted tone, amidst the pleasures and gaieties of life, there is still a cold and barren place on the mind, where hope will not blossom, nor expectation put forth her powers, nor fancy spring again into beauty and fertility. Love is, doubtless, in youth, the strongest passion. It takes entire possession of the heart and thoughts. It is the root on which happiness is grafted, and

on which memory is engraven with its most indelible print. The histories of its power are spread over the whole earth. They are taken from every station and condition of life, and painted in all the variety of form and colouring of which the invention of the mind is capable. We behold in fancy its Eden-like paradise of bliss, its wild tornados of destruction and violence, its morbid melancholy, its sullen pride, its shrinking timidity, its remorseless vengeance; all these have been portrayed to the imagination in vivid colours, and in thousands of instances, still there are other thousands yet unrelated; and shades of difference in each, which arise continually in changeable hues to the mind, like new lights cast on old and faded pictures. The first disappointment of love is the poisoned arrow of life. Its effects are visible, according to the character and disposition of its object. Many sink beneath its influence, and never recover from the shock. Others seem to rise above it in their boasted strength and pride; but while they laugh with the gay, and glide along apparently on the surface of the stream of pleasure, still

"The cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

The gloomy misanthropist, the reckless votary of dissipation, the miserable victim of the demon of intemperance have often been caused by some early disappointment of the heart; where, perhaps, "many a withering thought lies hid," of which the world knows not, thinks not, cares not. They were too dream-like in their existence, too unearthly in their nature, to be brought forth among those other thoughts,

"All outward bound,
Midst sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure."

These reflections were suggested to my mind by the circumstance of meeting lately with an old friend, whom I had not seen for several years—but I have written a long preface to a simple story.

Cecilia Moreland, as I first remember her, was one of the gayest and happiest of human beings. To me she was the animating spirit of all my juvenile pleasures and enjoyments. Our friendship commenced early, and was early brought to maturity; for it needs not years to awaken the feelings of affection in the heart; they spring up spontaneously wherever they find any thing around which to entwine themselves, and time has nothing to do with their growth or their decay. I have frequently wondered that we should have been so very intimate; and can only account for it on the principle that extremes sometimes harmonize. It is certain that we were totally unlike in character and disposition, yet I loved her as I have loved but few others. I know not how to describe her as she was at sixteen years of age, for there were never two days or hours in which she appeared the same. Lively, imaginative, unaffected, and affectionate, she was one of the most versatile and fascinating of nature's children. She was not very beautiful; but the glow of health and exercise imparted a brilliancy to her complexion, which charmed away the minor faults of form and feature. There was also an expression of gladness in her soul-beaming eye, and a clear wild ring of such heart-felt mirth in the sound of her gay laugh, that one might truly have imagined that happiness was the very essence of her existence. It was a source of deep regret to me that almost as soon as I was capable of appreciating her real worth, we were separated by the changing destinies of life. Still our attachment was faithfully nursed in a constant intercourse by letter, which was supported on both sides with undiminished ardour for the space of a whole year; but it at length shared the fate of all similar youthful correspondences. The dates of our epistles began to grow more "few and far between," till in each lengthened interval of silence there was something lost of former ease and familiarity. Our thoughts, and feelings, and pleasures, and pursuits, became strange to each other; and as the common topics of discussion between us were divested of their interest, the pen by degrees was entirely neglected.

Thus it was that for several years I knew nothing of Cecilia Moreland; nothing but that she was married—and according to the opinion of the world, married well. Her husband was said to be rich and handsome; and as beauty and wealth are the two things most sought after in the selection of a husband, who could presume to suppose that she had not been fortunate or happy in her choice? I believed from report that she was both happy and fortunate, and rejoiced at hearing it, as I would have done in former days. There are moments of delightful reminiscence, when the happy scenes of childhood and the power and witchery of early feeling come home to my heart. Indeed our first impressions of love, or friendship, or happiness, or misery, are perhaps never entirely erased from our minds; however they may be sometimes carried away, and apparently lost in the whirlpool of the world, there are still lucid intervals of calmness and reflection, when they

are thrown back upon the memory, and resume their triumphant though transitory reign.

It is not many months since I met with the friend of whom I have been speaking. We were passing accidentally through the same place, and before I knew of her being there, I heard that she was coming to see me. In an instant the image of Cecilia Moreland arose in fancy,

"As bright to my heart as 'twas first to my eyes."

I saw her as she was when I last beheld her. I forgot that she was no longer Cecilia Moreland, and knew not that with a change of name there was scarcely a trace remaining of her former self. I waited her arrival with the utmost impatience. Every knock startled me—every sound of approaching footsteps fixed my eyes on the door. It was at length opened, and a lady entered, leading by the hand a little boy of three years of age. I sprang forward to meet her, while the exclamation involuntarily escaped my lips, "Oh, Cecilia, how you are altered!" She burst into tears. The answer was eloquent, and needed no explanation. We sat down, and spoke of the length of time which had intervened since our last meeting; of the changes which had taken place within that period, and the different destinies by which each had since been followed. I gazed on her face, and sighed as the picture of memory vanished. I wanted to ask her if she had been happy, but could not. I felt that it was a chord which would not bear vibration. The question was involved in too many delicate associations, which I knew could not be separated in her mind. It was evident that her once buoyant spirits had been crushed and broken, and her light heart divested of its gay and blissful feelings; and I was sure that there must have been some deep and undermining cause which had produced those effects; something too near home—which worked daily and hourly, and could not be cast off. Our brief intercourse was both pleasant and painful. We renewed our protestations of friendship with sincerity and interest, and once more parted to pursue our course in opposite directions. We were never to meet again. I spoke afterwards of our interview, and the impression it had left upon my mind, to one who had known Cecilia from childhood.

"Ah," replied she, "Cecilia has seen her best days. She has got a husband who will harass her to death, with his teasing and irritating temper. He possesses one of those fault-finding dispositions, which can never be suited with any thing; and his wife, with all her efforts, can seldom succeed in pleasing him. Her spirits have at length been worn out by 'a continual dropping,' and her health suffers in consequence. That is not the only cause either; but every body does not know what I know. Between ourselves, she never loved the man she married. Her heart was given to one whom her family thought no match for her, but they have reason now to repent their ambition. Of what use is wealth, if we must sacrifice peace to obtain it? The one who would have been her choice was every way calculated to make her happy, but her parents refused their consent to the union, and she gave him up. He has wandered away, nobody knows where, and she is fast descending to the grave."

Here the narrator ceased her history, and her closing prediction was but too soon verified. She is gone to her last rest. I read an account of her death in a newspaper but a few days ago. It was stated that she died of consumption, and the world will believe it was so. None, perhaps, will contradict it; though there may be a few who will know that it was early disappointment which preyed at first upon her spirits, and at length produced the hectic flush and wasting weakness, which eventually destroyed her.

There are two portraits drawn in lasting colours on my heart and memory: the portraits of the two Cecílias. The one representing its young original in all the brilliant hues of hope and happiness; the other, after some few years, reflecting in her countenance the shades of care and disappointment.

THE DOG DAYS.

We were the other day asked for the origin of this significant, though rather familiar and colloquial phrase, and found our researches in Johnson and Webster unsuccessful, although every one feels the thing. One should not, however, add an idea to the stock already in the possession of the readers of the Mirror, by telling them that the city is gone out of town; that fresh limes and lemons are everywhere sought; that the pump which gives out the coolest water has the greatest share of custom; that the demand for chocolate at the French coffee-houses is, in the mercantile phraseology, "on the decline;" that men who weigh upwards of two hundred pounds are likely to give employment to washer-women and getters-up of starched cravats; that the "wooden gardens," nightly

illuminated and serenaded, are much frequented; that the accident list is weekly enlarged by ice-cream and cold-water cases; that there is much green water to be seen running through the streets of New-York as well as the Atlantic ocean; that the proprietors of baths divide a handsome percentage; that a shampooing establishment is contemplated, and that the last arrival from Leghorn, via Trieste, brought out a great many gentlemen *à la mode*—and all this notwithstanding the thermometer is a shade lower than "as per our last advices." But our principal object is to point out the astonishing effects these canine days produce upon particular temperaments or particular orders of men.

We observe by the papers lately received from the South, that editorial courtesy is gradually retreating from the winter standard, and approaching the meridian of Sirius. Even the third person is not inviolably observed, and the naked pronoun *he* is superabundant through (in one instance) a whole column of atrabilious epithets and jaundiced accusations. The individuals thus involved in "disputation perilous," no doubt consider their opponents as wilfully hostile and ill intentioned; but we look at the matter in a very different light, and regard the terms scoundrel, blackguard, fool, &c. &c. after the fourth of July as meaning nothing more than "warm," "hot," "very hot;" and we think that a *homometer* would, if such an instrument were properly constructed, yield this result.

From a course of observation of many years standing we have noted that almost all the duels and fatal renccontres have occurred at the South somewhere within the summer solstice; and if we mistake not, the celebrated M'Duffie and Cummings' fight took place in the autumnal months. Whether it is that *heat*, by a peculiar process, causes the organ of *self-esteem* to enlarge during the sultry season, and brings about *pari passu*, a diminution of that of *bonhomie*, or a love of the species, perhaps it would be hazardous positively to determine. Or a question may arise, whether the gall vessels infuse into the circulating mass then a sly and acrid quality; but this inquiry, properly belonging to physiological science, we hand it over to medical men; our object is to state facts, and although we eschew as much as any, anything approaching to prosing, and especially would we shun it at this season, yet to what we have already said we think we might venture to express our wish that the relations between editors were more frequently put upon a courteous and gentlemanly footing. There are some who are, very properly, even fastidious in this respect, giving Cæsar not only his due, but throwing something by way of propitiation into the scale. Indeed it would seem that self-respect and a desire to receive civil treatment would induce every editor to adopt himself a like course; but it must be acknowledged that *circumstance* has so much to do with men's actions, that even here if his customers are uncouth and uncivilized, the probability is that they might by a twelvemonth's residence amongst them, spoil a very gentlemanly candidate for the honours of the editorial chair. But surely these gentlemen should reflect that more distant persons are not compelled to put up quietly with their barbarous slang; and they should or might receive a very excellent lesson from the canine tribe, who are always conscious of their forlorn and unprotected situation when they get away from home; and an illustration may be taken from a more wild and less domestic animal, for nothing is more common than the phrase, like "a cat in a strange garret," to signify any person away from his tribe, and conscious of a destitution of this invigorating countenance. We have for ourselves formerly adopted towards such persons a non-intercourse attitude, and treated them as infected vessels and persons are by the health code. But sorry are we to record that even this has not been successful, for in the act of retreating they have thrown out such a fusillade of abuse, that we felt ourselves covered like a person in the pillory, from head to foot, with all the horrible substances, odours, and slang that the language contained, and this because we wished to have nothing further to do with such personages. We may, perhaps, properly conclude this article by begging permission to offer an expurgatory regulation to the fraternity, by which offenders may be marked, and being known, may be sent to Coventry for the first class of offences, and if needs be, some stronger measure may be hereafter adopted.

Let a list be printed of the different editors, to be placed in the office of each. Let the relative social characteristic of each be placed in the remark column, and the terms civil or uncivil, filching or fair, &c. be affixed opposite, and the list to be corrected the first Monday in each month by committee. This list, if we mistake not, would effect the desired reformation of manners, and thus would society be ameliorated in its very core, for what is the core of society if editors be not? T.

A CHAPTER ON SLEEP.

"Blessed," says Sancho Panza, "be the man who first invented this same sleep!—it covers one all over like a cloak." This quaint illustration of Sancho's is the best eulogy on "tired nature's sweet restorer" ever written. This is the very reason why we love sleep—that it "covers us all over like a cloak"—that it descends upon us like the ebony pall of night upon the earth, and shrouds us as completely and impenetrably. As night comes on, the eyes grow heavy, the head nods, the weary limbs relax, instinct sends us to our pillow for relief, and by some curious movement the machinery of both mind and body stops short, and we pass, we know not where or how, into we know not what. Some people may think it the easiest thing in the world to go to sleep, but the theory is by no means so simple as the practice. By merely closing the eyes to shut up all the avenues from the soul to external things, and build up a barrier between ourselves and the world, we cannot pass, however much we would—to chain down the restless mind to share the apathy of the torpid body, and to deprive ourselves by means of our own volition of that very volition, and yet know when we lay it aside that in a few hours we shall take it up again, perfect as ever—there is something "beyond the reaches of our souls" in this. In some of the thrilling stories told by men who have fallen in a trance and been put in the coffin for dead, the sufferers assert that they were fully sensible of all that passed—that they heard the sobbing of their friends, yet could not whisper one word to change their sorrow into joy—that the turning of every screw in the coffin-lid grated on their ears like the knell of their doom, and that the consciousness and the love of life was strong within, though the power to show it was denied them. This sounds strangely horrible and unnatural, yet it is not so very unlike the state of the faculties in ordinary sleep. Like the man in a trance, the sleeper is still sensible to external influence. A hearty supper oppresses, and opium stupifies him—a touch, a word shouted in his ear, a glare of light, breaks the chain in which mind and body are bound up together; he still can feel, but is the slave instead of the master of his feelings.

The above, and a thousand such rambling thoughts floated through my mind at a season of all others the most likely to suggest them. We never learn the value of any of the familiar, every-day blessings of our lives till we are deprived of them. So, at least, I found it the other night, when the close, oppressive, steaming heat, the ill-humoured mosquitoes it produces in all nervous people, and the warlike music of an army of mosquitoes, trumpeting incessantly in my ear, combined to "murder sleep." It was no use to try to deceive myself into forgetfulness of these miseries and fall asleep in an unguarded moment, as it were; so I flung out of bed in despair. I seated myself at the chamber-window to see if I could not entice some stray zephyr to visit my feverish cheek. It was one of those nights, so common at this season, when the moon seems to have to force her way through the darkness, and her light is subdued and broken by the masses of clouds through which she is slowly struggling—far more picturesque and poetical in my eyes, at least, than when she pours forth an universal flood of radiance that leaves no shadow to soften it. Not a breath of air was stirring. The river was beneath me, unruffled as a mirror—the vessels lay lazy and motionless on its waveless surface, and the idle sail drooped heavily against the mast. The warm exhalations from the heated earth threw a veil of mist over the distant hills, whose eternal summits were lost and confounded in the heavy overhanging clouds. There was not a sound, not a motion to break the universal repose of nature; no song of bird, no hum of insect, no bending of a leaf, no passing of a breeze—all was a languid, death-like stillness. I fancied myself in the drowsy world of sleep which poets have dreamed

—where careless Quiet lies
Wrapt in eternal silence.

I was the only waking being in a hushed and motionless universe. Sleep had fled from my own eyes for that night, but never did I feel her power and visible presence so deeply.

So naturally is the idea of sleep connected with that of death, that I will venture to say no person has ever looked long on one without turning in thought to the other. I love to do so—and in such fancies I feel no gloomy misanthropy, I find no cause for desponding sorrow. I love to look on "the enemy of all living" as akin to the gentle power which visits us in mercy every night, bringing rest to the weary, and respite to the afflicted. Sleep is the sister of death, yet the nurse of life and mother of refreshment; so too the destroyer of mankind is the giver of rest and the guide to immortality. As I have stood, ere now, by the side of some cherub early translated to heaven, the thought has flitted across my mind—"And

what though this is death instead of sleep, and this little flower, instead of closing as it was wont, to unfold again with the morning sun, has shut its bud and drooped its tender head for ever? It is not therefore the less lovely, nor the less to be loved. It is calm and smiling as though its eyes were to open again to-morrow and laugh to meet its mother's welcoming kiss. Here is nothing terrible, nothing revolting,

"Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in its lips and in its cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

And can we not trace the likeness still farther? Why always dwell on the dark rather than the bright side of the picture—on the present night rather than the coming day—on the painful lying down rather than the glorious awakening? When shall we feel the full force of the touching language of scripture, and, strong in faith and triumphant in hope, learn to think of the dead as of "those that are fallen asleep?" For myself, fanciful, extravagant as I may be called, I firmly believe that for this, among other wise and gracious purposes, was sleep given unto man: that he might see in its placid beauty a softened copy of the strong torpor of dissolution; that in the grim face of the destroyer he might trace the welcome features of an early friend, and that the weak, wavering, trembling mortal might, when summoned hence, instead of shuddering at the untried world before him, close his eyes for the last time as quietly as when on his familiar pillow he "laid down to pleasant dreams."

PARVULUS.

ABSENTEEISM.

Among the number of most moving articles that have been annually perpetrated in commemoration of the discomforts of hot weather, none has yet been written upon that one, which, of all others, is to me the most afflicting—I mean the general absence of friends, which, with many minor evils, summer after summer inflicts upon us youth whom slenderly provided wallets (purses are unknown in these degenerate days of bank-notes and shin-paper) or the tyranny and selfishness of senior partners condemn to all the horrors of stay-at-home-iveness during the forbidden months—horrors rendered doubly horrible by the fact that the very business, to attend to which we are forced to stay behind, when every creature we can care for is off to the Springs, or the Mountain, or some cool watering place, is itself not less susceptible to the dire effects of heat and an attenuated population, than our own unfortunate flesh and blood, and rapidly dwindles away, until at the end of the first week of our involuntary solitude we have not even the poor consolation of having staid to any possible purpose, to console us in our loneliness, or occupy the tedious hours that hang so heavily upon our sun-burned and mosquito-bitten haunts.

My own unfortunate destiny has made me the young partner of an old and money-making lawyer, who thinks of nothing, cares for nothing but business and the emoluments thereof during eleven months of the year, and on the first day of the twelfth, which for my sins is this unlucky moon of August, he invariably absconds with his whole household, bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage, and leaves me to the solitary concoction of narrs, pleas, and demurrers, and to do the honours of the office to our clients in his absence. For a day or two all goes on as comfortably as man could desire. The usual number of visitors does not sensibly diminish, and my time is pleasantly enough employed in thinking over and arranging the various matters to be attended to before the return of the principal. By the end of the first week, however, a serious change comes "o'er the spirit of my dream;" morning calls grow brief "and far between;" my little arrangements are completed for the transaction of such business as was in progress before the advent of the idle season, and experience has long since taught me not to expect any of more recent origin.

In the meantime the heat comes on, and friends go off with frightful rapidity; cold comfort is a great desideratum; the office assumes the character of an oven, and men and women become involuntary rivals of Monsieur Chaubert in the art of enduring enormously elevated temperatures. Evening is sighed for by thousands of unhappy beings, who look forward to it as their only refuge from utter annihilation; and the belief in the oriental definition of happiness, to wit, shade and tranquillity, finds many supporters. An end is put to every ordinary pursuit of enjoyment; theatres are closed, or ought to be, for within their walls martyrdom is of easy attainment. Study is out of the question—the exhausted mind retains scarcely sufficient energy to be conscious of its own existence and identity, and the sight of a book, unless it be an essay upon ice, is not to be tolerated. Now are our hearts literally warmed towards our friends, and our bosoms glow

with unwonted fires; yet a cool reception from any body would be most welcome; and comfort (alas, how evanescent!) is to be found only in ice-creams and soda-water.

For myself, I am a man of large acquaintance, but my friends are few. I know at least two thirds of the people that I meet in the course of my journeys about town, so far as to be under the necessity of manipulating my beaver, when I encounter them, and of giving utterance to the expression of a civil and exceedingly sincere anxiety touching their own healths and those of their wives, children, and connexions to the forty-seventh generation; but the circle of my visiting intimacy is peculiarly limited; to atone for this, however, the few with whom I do consort in my pleasant hours of freedom from legal bustle and anxiety, are dear to me in exact proportion to the smallness of their number, and as a necessary consequence, an evening is seldom allowed by me to pass away uncheered by the society of those precious few upon whom I have bestowed all the affection that I have to give. With one family in particular I have been for more years than it is necessary to mention, upon terms of the most intimate, unceremonious, and delightful intercourse, and for every member of that cherished household I feel the deepest and most pure attachment. I have learned to seek and to expect no pleasure that is not shared with them; and indeed so long have I been accustomed to their participation in my enjoyments, that unless they are present the very sources of enjoyment seem dried up; the fountain will not flow except at their bidding. Whatever may be the fatigue, or vexation, or anxiety that I am compelled to undergo throughout the day, in the pursuit of my heartless, passionless, soul-consuming profession, when evening comes it is all forgotten, and I listen to their music, partake of their amusements, or join their converse, with a heart as light and spirits as free from care as though the returning sun were not to shine upon the repetition of those same fatigues and vexations and anxieties; such is the course of my life until this fatal month of August comes to mar my joys; for with July they too depart—and their hospitable mansion, the scene of all my pleasures, is deserted till September.

From the moment of their evasion I fall an unresisting prey to the direst of fiends that exists in these unimaginative days, ennui, whose character and attributes, though not his name, are decidedly English; my evenings become something worse than mere voids, for imagination is busy in conjuring up possible pleasures, which yet are, alas! not practicable. When the burden and heat of the day are past, I ensconce myself sadly in my silent and solitary domicile, the habitual dullness of which the pleasant voice of friendship never comes to disturb and to enliven; upon my entrance I hastily throw off every disposable garment; boots are kicked in one direction, coat and waistcoat flung pettishly in another, and with a profound sigh of mingled regret and satisfaction I resign my body to my reading chair, and myself to my destiny. Sometimes, with a desperate effort of courage, I take down a book from the shelves of my well filled library, but blood heat is unfriendly to the acquisition of knowledge; anon, I open my piano, and elicit from it only the fact that exercise and the keys are unpleasantly warm; or turn over a portfolio of prints, but my languid faculties are proof against their impressions. Then fancy, whose activity even the ardours of the dog-days are unable to subdue, betakes herself to her habitual vagaries, and conjures up before me various lovely scenes of unattainable pleasure, which, with their tormenting contrast to the actual state of things, but serve to plunge me still deeper in the bluest of miseries. My reveries run only upon cool breezes and flowing streams, and the shade of mighty trees, and the ripple of vast waters. I am rambling with my regretted friends through narrow and devious lanes, such as are only to be found "remote from cities," carpeted with verdure, and overshadowed by forest giants, between whose thick foliage no dreaded sunbeam can force its burning way. Fresh blackberries, whose jetty lustre has a most inviting air of frigidity, and gives promise of grateful moisture to the parched palate, gem the hedges upon either side of us, provoking frequent pauses in our aimless course; the balmy airs of heaven sweep gently over our glowing but happy faces, bearing health and enjoyment on their wings; at times we rest upon some rustic bridge, to watch the pellucid waters as they glide beneath, and envy the white-headed, sunburned, country urchins, whose feet, innocent as yet of Wellingtons and prunella, are cooling in the glassy stream.

In some shady orchard there is no doubt a swing, to which, when evening hovers near, we all resort, and loud and hearty laughter tells the amusement it affords us; in the country it is not too hot to laugh. The spacious barn floor, neatly swept, supplies us with a rustic ball-room, and the

buoyancy of our spirits easily provides a substitute for the violins and clarionets of Benoit and his band;—in the country it is not too hot even to dance; and there, every thing ministers to mirth and good humour. Wagons and horses, and pleasant places wherein to ride, are not wanting; nor yet boats and fishing implements for those who, in the words of honest Isaac, "will walk uprightly, and fear God, and be quiet, and go an angling." Imagination pictures to me a majestic hill, yet easy of ascent, from whose top the pleased eye commands an extensive prospect, embracing sea and shore; the distant landscape spotted with comfortable looking farm-houses, and here and there a mill, or modest spire of some quiet country church; turn in this direction, and watch the white sails of those lazy barks that seem like citizens just escaped from the hot streets and scorching pavements of the town, so slow and languid is their motion—and look! here comes, but yet afar off, a loaded steamer, ploughing the still waters, and heaving her huge bulk along as though inaction were a torment—and when darkness spreads her mantle over the earth, what joy it is to stroll along with those we love, and gaze upon the bright and happy stars as they come twinkling forth from their biding places, where throughout the day they have sought shelter from the glare of the fierce sun. See there! a flood of soft and silvery radiance just rising from beyond the ocean's dark horizon, ushers on the queen of night, the cold but lovely moon, who comes to cheer the hearts of bashful lovers, and to set poet's brains a maddening, and light us reasonable people on our way home to supper; for here it is not too hot to eat. And when the cheerful meal is ended, there is music to beguile the time; guitars and flutes and sweet voices, happily are portable—or, if inclination prompt, a ramble on the beach in the light of the now high-careering moon is pleasant, and still more pleasant the low silvery tones of her whose lovely arm is resting within mine, and whose words are so full of kindness and confidence and happiness. Our talk is of by-gone years—of childhood's sinless pleasures, and remembrances of friends who once shared those pleasures with us, and whose hearts are now cold in death—but they are not forgotten; and we feel that such discourse is indeed "pleasant but mournful to the soul." Our moonlight walk is prolonged deep into the night, and when at length the wearied frame, and the heart and head exhausted even by much enjoyment, demand repose, hands are affectionately clasped, and gentle voices breathe the kindly "good night, good night," in tones that tell how pure that enjoyment has been found, and promise its renewal on the morrow—and I awake from my reverie to find myself alone—the hapless occupant of a dreary solitude, from which there is no escape; ah me! how desolate it is—I grow weary of the world and of myself—and I could moralize upon the vanity of earthly pleasures, but it is far too warm for wisdom, or for sleep. I.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Health of the city.—The bills of mortality, which a few weeks since were swelled out to a fearful amount, have resumed their wonted limits, and the public fears for the ill consequences of excessive heat have already begun to subside. The city has never enjoyed a greater share of general health than during the present summer. Particular families have, indeed, suffered from the visitation of diseases incident to the season, but the cases have all been of a purely sporadic character. This fortunate exemption, while it is a source of sincere congratulation, should not lull us into a fatal security, or induce careless habits. The fall is rapidly approaching, when the great heat of noon-day is succeeded by the damp chill of evening, and the body, predisposed by the previous relaxation of the summer months, is peculiarly liable to be excited into diseased action. Peculiar attention to clothing and diet is now imperiously required. Green fruits—the foolish representations of some newspaper scribblers to the contrary notwithstanding—should be religiously forbidden to all classes, more especially to children; in short, moderation in every enjoyment should be observed by those who wish to ward off the attacks of sickness and the visits of physicians.

Colonel Marinus Willet.—This veteran officer of the revolution died on Sunday, the twenty-third instant, in the ninety-first year of his age. On Tuesday his remains were deposited in their final resting-place, with civil and military honours, attended by a vast concourse of citizens, with numerous friends and relatives, who better knew the worth, and of course more deeply felt the deprivation which all lamented. The character of the deceased needs not the feeble eulogy of our pen. His biography is inseparably interwoven with the history of our country's glory.

RULER OF THIS AWFUL HOUR!

As sung by Mr. Horn in the Grand Romantic and Fairy Opera of Oberon, performed at the Park Theatre, New-York, composed by Carl Maria Von Weber.

Preghiera. Adagio.

(Never before published in America.)

Ruler of this awful hour! Ruler of this awful hour! Spare, O spare, yon ten - der flower! If thou must

strike, O let thy thun - der fall on me, on me, the wretched cause of all! on me on me, the wretch - ed cause of all! Spare, O spare, yon

ten - der flower! Ru - ler of this aw - ful hour! Spare, O spare, yon ten - der flower, spare, O spare, yon ten - der flower, spare, O spare, yon tender flower!

Miscellany.

SENSIBILITY OF GENIUS.—There are several instances on record—says the Onondaga Register—where unmerited and unjust criticism—an insensibility to the first efforts of genius, or a total disregard and wanton contempt of some of the holiest feelings of our natures, have caused the premature death of the individuals attacked. Not to mention Lycambes, the Greek, who died in consequence of the torrent of sarcasm poured upon him from the pen of the satirist, Archilocus, we have two instances in our own times, of a similar result. A few years since, Mr. John Edwin, the comedian, while performing at Dublin, was attacked with the greatest causticity by an anonymous writer. The effect on the player was fatal—he never recovered from the shock his spirits had received—he continued to droop like a wounded man, until he sunk to his grave. The cause of his death is mentioned on the marble that covers his remains. The celebrated poet, Keates, the author of *Endymion*, and some of the sweetest poetry in the English language, furnishes another example. When "*Endymion*" was published, it was reviewed in the London Quarterly with much the same feeling of malignant rejoicing which actuates the savage when enjoying the torment of the victim at the stake. The article was most vindictive, and poor Keates was, as every one knows who has read that work, tomahawked and scalped. The poet's sensitive feelings could not surmount the ungenerous assault; his health failed him, he went to Italy; and when at Rome, on his death-bed, his friend

desired to know what inscription should be placed on his tomb, he replied—"None but this: Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Had not the indomitable pride of Byron come to his aid, the attack of the Edinburgh Review on his first effort would have extinguished him forever. Fortunately his obstinacy was equal to their audacity, and his "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*" turned the tables at once in his favour.

A STATESMAN'S DUTY.—The first duty of a statesman is to build up the moral energy of the people. This is his first interest; and he who weakens it inflicts an injury which no talent can repair; nor should any splendour of services, or any momentary success, avert from him the infamy which he has earned. Let public men learn to think more reverently of their function. Let them feel that they are touching more vital interests than property. Let them fear nothing so much as to sap the moral convictions of a people, by unrighteous legislation or a selfish policy. Let them cultivate in themselves the spirit of religion and virtue, as the first requisite to public station. Let no apparent advantage to the community, any more than to themselves, seduce them to the infraction of any moral law. Let them put faith in virtue as the strength of nations. Let them not be disheartened by temporary ill success in upright exertion. Let them remember that while they and their contemporaries live but for a day, the state is to live for ages, and that time, the unerring arbiter, will vindicate the wisdom, as well as the mag-

nanimity of the public man, who, confiding in the power of truth, justice, and philanthropy, asserts their claims and reverently follows their monitions, amidst general disloyalty and corruption.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.—The groups of women going to fetch water, form a striking feature in the scenery of the Nile. Thirty or forty of them are frequently seen walking in single file, and at regular distances, to and from the river, each with a jar on her head, and another on the palm of her hand. From the necessity of preserving their balance in this mode of carrying burdens, to which they are from their childhood habituated, those Egyptian peasants acquire a firmness and grace of step which we scarcely see excelled in the saloons of polished cities. Their erect attitude, simple drapery, and slim figures, increased in apparent height by the pitchers on their heads give them, at a distance, a very classical appearance; but if you approach the Naiads, you find them pale, dingy, and emaciated. This opportunity, however, very seldom occurs; for whenever a turn in the river, or any accidental circumstance, brings you suddenly upon them, they muffle up their faces in their dress, and retreat as hastily as possible.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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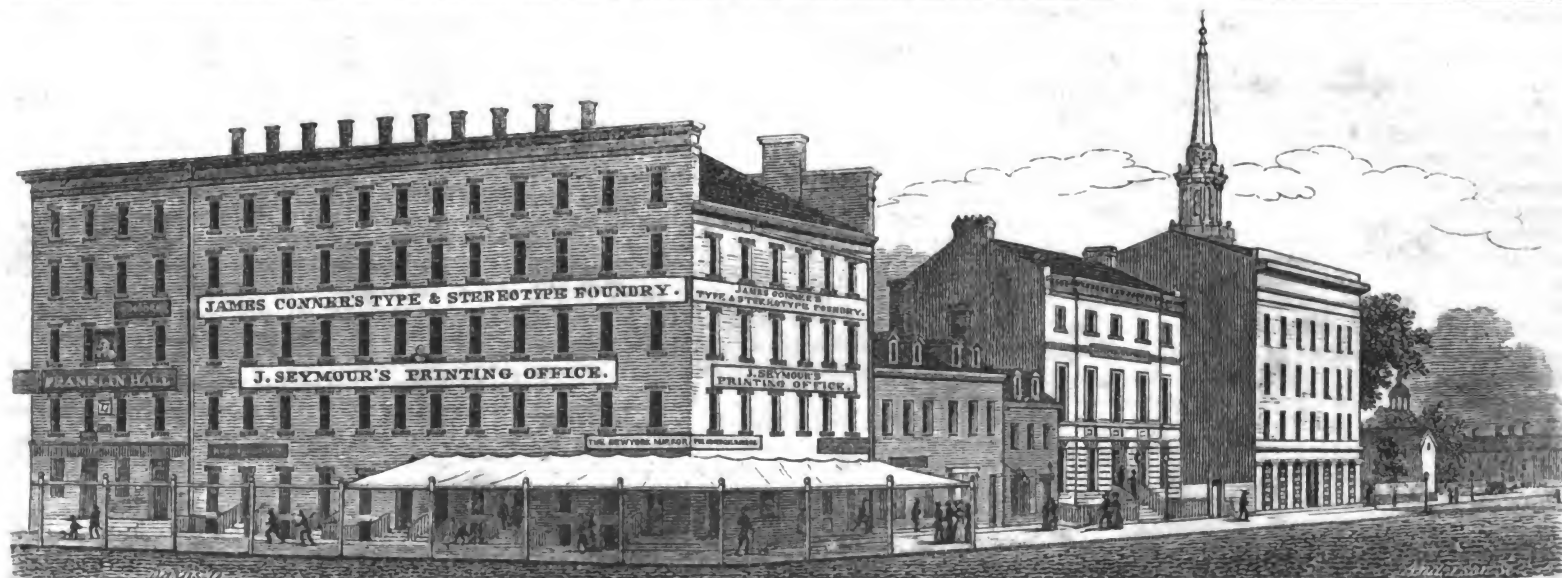
THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

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View of a section of Ann and Nassau streets—taken from the south corner.

Drawn by Davis and engraved by Anderson, expressly for this work.

THE above view represents, in a bold and accurate sketch, a portion of this city, which, though one of the most ancient, will scarcely be recognised by those who have not visited it for even a few months past. A nest of rookeries which were very offensive to the eye, have given place to several lofty and commodious edifices, occupying a site which, comparatively neglected before, has now become the resort of busy throngs, and hourly presents an animated and lively scene. To the left of the picture on Ann-street are seen the Franklin buildings, recently erected by Messrs. James Conner and Charles Starr, and occupied as offices, stores, &c. On the corner of this range is the office of the "New-York Mirror," a circumstance which, while it has not influenced us in our selection of a subject for the present engraving, will, we hope, not fail to be useful in designating our location to our distant friends. To the right is Nassau-street. Next to the Franklin buildings are three dwelling-houses of ordinary size, finely relieved by the spacious building of the "American Bible Society." To this succeeds a vacant lot, soon to be improved; next follows the magnificent structure, just finished, and intended to be appropriated to the use of scientific, literary, and commercial institutions, called "Clinton Hall." Beyond this are seen a part of the church-yard and prayer-room of the Brick Meeting, the spire of which rises aloft above the hall last named. The back ground is occupied by a distant view of the Public School-house in Chatham-street, a small section of the Park, and that darling of the corporation—the City Hall. The execution of the whole design reflects the highest credit on the artists, whom we are happy to acknowledge as natives and fellow-citizens.

POPULAR VILLAGE TALES.

THE TWO SISTERS.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE pretty square farm-house, standing at the corner where Kibes-lane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kibes-lane, (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish, and where the aforesaid brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartley common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of "Inge Wood"—that pretty square farm-house, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn-yards and out-buildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and the stream—that pretty farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh, the large and thriving family of farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or good fortune, or as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both, every thing goes right in his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear; money gathers about him like a snow-ball; and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, every body loves farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good natured, so generous—so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not *spoiled* the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Dean-gate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off; ay, and his wife is the same woman! the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans, so noted for her activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing; as

frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain dressing a Mrs. Evans at forty-five as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good looking.

Their children—six "boys," as farmer Evans promiscuously calls them, whose ages vary from eight to eight and twenty—and three girls, two grown up, and one not yet seven, the youngest of the family, are just what might be expected from parents so simple and so good. The young men, intelligent and well conducted; the boys, docile and promising; and the little girl as pretty a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked poppet as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughters that we have to do.

Jane and Fanny Evans were as much alike as hath often befallen any two sisters not born at one time—for in the matter of twin children there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of the Dromios. Nearly of an age, (I believe that at this moment both are turned of nineteen, and neither have reached twenty) exactly of a stature, (so high that Frederick would have coveted them for wives for his tall regiment)—with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear healthy complexions, and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *le petit nez retroussé* that some persons prefer to them all; but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it be perhaps as common and as well looking a feature as is to be seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and being constantly attired in garments of the same colour and fashion, looked at all times so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to think and speak of them generally as "the Evans's" than as the separate individuals, Jane and Fanny. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters, Fanny especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance, were apt to favour by changing places in a walk, or, slipping from

one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hundred innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder, and a merry laugh.

Old Tabitha Goodwin for instance, who being rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbours, and had defied even the Evans's to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Fanny's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve, and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage.

Young George Bailey too, the greatest beau in the parish, having betted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Fanny had overheard) by that saucy dame's slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Fanny and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice, which proved, as the young gentleman (a rustic exquisite of the first water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Fanny was not displeased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of womankind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Golconda.

In short, from their school days, when Jane was chidden for Fanny's bad work, and Fanny slapped for Jane's bad spelling, down to this their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet nature, who sets some mark of individuality upon even her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk; and the leaves hanging from one tree, had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy, and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave; Fanny was

gay. If you heard a laugh or song, be sure it was Fanny; she who smiled, for certain was Fanny; she who jumped the stile, when her sister opened the gate, was Fanny; she who chased the pigs from the garden as merrily as if she were running a race, so that the very pigs did not mind her, was Fanny.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own ravelled threads, an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the while; she that so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so pensively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare plants; the pale stars of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resembled her own character, was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert, that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotchman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower border; and if Mr. Archibald Maclane did sometimes come to look after them, I do not see that it was any business of anybody's.

In the meantime, a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans's had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen-draper in a great town; but whose manners, education, mind, and character, might have done honour to a far higher station. He was, in a word, one of nature's gentlemen; and in nothing did he more thoroughly show his own taste and good breeding, than by entering entirely into the homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality, and industry, which blended well with the sterling goodness and genuine abundance of the great English farmhouse. The young women especially pleased him much. They formed a strong contrast with any thing that he had met with before. No finery! no coquetry! no French! no piano! It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical misses, ascertained that the whole dwelling did not contain a single instrument, except the bassoon, on which George Evans was wont, every Sunday at church, to excruciate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and considerateness engaged his full esteem; but Fanny's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits and animated conversation. He had known them apart from the first; and indeed he denied that the likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters, and secretly thought Fanny as much prettier than her sister as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house, all its inmates had given Charles Foster, as a lover, to his young cousin; and she, when rallied on the subject cried fie! and pshaw! and wondered how people could talk such nonsense, and liked to have such nonsense talked to her better than any thing in the world.

Affairs were in this state, when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far, sadder. She sighed deeply; and Fanny, for the two sisters shared the same little room, inquired tenderly, "What ailed her?" The inquiry seemed to make Jane worse. She burst into tears, whilst Fanny hung over her, and soothed her. At length she roused herself by a strong effort; and turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone: "I have had a great vexation to-night, Fanny; Charles Foster has asked me to marry him."

"Charles Foster! Did you say Charles Foster?" asked poor Fanny, trembling, unwilling even to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart; "Charles Foster?"

"Yes, our cousin, Charles Foster."

"And you have accepted him?" inquired Fanny in a hoarse voice.

"Oh no! no! Do you think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Besides I am not the person whom he ought to have asked to marry him; false and heartless as he is. I would not be his wife; cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he could make me queen of England!"

"You refused him then?"

"No, my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the surprise and indignation that at first struck me

dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly—the false, deceitful, ungrateful, villain!"

"My dear father! He will be disappointed. So will my mother."

"They will both be disappointed, and both angry—but not at my refusal. Oh, how they will despise him!" added Jane; and poor Fanny, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed in that agony of passion and grief, which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in a young heart.

After a while she resumed the conversation. "We must not blame him too severely Jane. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But you must not speak of him so unkindly. He has done nothing but what is natural. You are so much wiser, and better than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me; but he felt your goodness—and he was right. I was never worthy of him, and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart," continued Fanny, sobbing, "if you would accept!"—but unable to finish her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each other's arms, and were comforted.

That night Fanny cried herself to sleep; but such sleep is of short duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing, with restless irritability, the dewy grass-walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light elastic step (she knew the sound well!) came rapidly behind her; a hand, (oh, how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand!) tried to draw hers under his own; whilst a well-known voice addressed her in the softest and tenderest accents: "Fanny, my own sweet Fanny! have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"To me?" replied Fanny with bitterness.

"Ay, to be sure, to your own dear self! Do you not remember the question I asked you, when your good father, for the first time unwelcome, joined us so suddenly that you had no time to say, yes? And will you not say yes now?"

"Mr. Foster!" replied Fanny, with some spirit, "you are under a mistake here. It was to Jane that you made a proposal yesterday evening; and you are taking me for her at this moment."

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Incredible! Impossible! You are jesting."

"Then he mistook Jane for me, last night; and he is no deceiver!" thought Fanny to herself, as with smiles beaming brightly through her tears, she turned round at his reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he sought to his pressure. "He mistook her for me! He, that defied us to perplex him!"

And so it was: an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station beside little Betsy, who had scampered away after a glow worm, added to the deepening twilight, and the lovers' natural embarrassment, had produced the confusion which gave poor Fanny a night's misery, to be compensated by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one; Charles is gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride; Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the two sisters will be married on the same day.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I have tasted each varied pleasure,
And drunk of the cup of delight;
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light;
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendour,
And stood in the courts of kings;
I have snatched at each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of time's wings.
But vainly I've sought for joy or peace,
In that life of light and shade;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—
The home where my childhood played.

When jewels are sparkling round me,
And dazzling with their rays,
I weep for the ties that bound me
In life's first early days.
I sigh for one of the sunny hours,
Ere day was turned to night;
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of my jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on the scentless buds
Which never can bloom or fade;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields—
The home where my childhood played.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

ROBIN DES BOIS.

WEBER's opera of *Der Freischütz* being announced in the *affiche* of the French company for Friday the twenty-seventh instant, we found ourselves present.

The inhabitants of *La terre de la beauté et de la gloire*, as Frenchmen term their native land, (and far be it from us to question the justice of their title), have an original and highly amusing way of thinking on most subjects. No undertaking which arises in other countries, however grand the conception and happy the execution of it may be, is thought by a true bred son of Gallia to be perfect, until it has been revised and altered by a native Parisian, and received the stamp of public approbation in the metropolis of France. The drama is a striking proof of the justice of our observation. Shakespeare, when represented to a French audience in their own tongue, not only has his blank verse turned into rhyme, but suffers mutilation to a vast extent, before he can please "*la grande nation*;" nay, so fond are they in Paris of their own particular arrangements, that no drama receives more applause than the one which presents to them Henry the fifth of England and *the Lord Rochester* as boon companions! It is considered a matter of no importance, that one lived some centuries before the other; they are both agreeable personages, and a fig for dates. The opera called *Robin des Bois* is another instance of extraordinary caprice.

At the time *Der Freischütz* appeared in England with great *éclat*, (for its previous existence in Germany was unnoticed by all but Germans,) Sir Walter Scott's novels happened to be the rage in Paris. Plaid dresses were the only dresses of the ladies, and every thing must be Scotch to meet with approbation. *Der Freischütz*, with its train of foresters and horrors, was very vulgarly German; and Monsieur Rosbif had adhered vulgarly but strictly to the text, in bringing out the opera in London.* Under these circumstances what could be done?

The idea of introducing a German fiend into good society at the time when Scotch bogies were all the go, was scouted as preposterous; accordingly they dragged Zamiel "far from his native fields," the Hartz mountains or the Black forest, the only spots in Europe congenial to such a gentleman-like German devil, and stripping off his fiery mantle and red countenances, they forced him to figure in a kilt with no continuations, to his utter dismay and consternation, and in opposition to all sense of decency. There wanted but one addition to this. Zamiel's appearance should have been marked by the bagpipe instead of the trombone, and then the arrangement would have been beyond all criticism.

The following are the dramatic persons of *Robin des Bois*: Robin des Bois le Chasseur noir, *alias* Zamiel; Tony garde Chasse, *alias* Adolph; Richard garde Chasse, *alias* Caspar; Reynold Forrester de Lord Wentworth, *alias* Bernard, head ranger; Dick Payson, *alias* Kilian; Anna Fille de Reynold, *alias* Linda; Nancy, cousine d'Anna, *alias* Rose.

From the above it will be perceived that the foresters of the original piece under the head ranger, are converted in this opera into under game-keepers, of whom the chief is head keeper in the employ of a Lord Wentworth. Now Scotland certainly has given birth to as many pleasing monsters as the fancy of both English and Scotch bards unitedly have been able to invent; but beginning with Shakespeare, and his broom-mounted hags, and ending with Sir Walter Scott, these unearthly persons have consisted merely of warlocks, bogies, brownies, kelpies, and "the good people," totally dissimilar in nature to the dreadful Zamiel, the powerful Faustus, and those creations which are solely German; in short, the very air of Scotland is by association hostile to such demons; and the music of Scotland, and Scotch habits are not favourable to their migrating from Germany to the land of cakes. In this instance the mania for making every thing Scotch has contributed to ruin Weber's opera. One of the most marked features in the piece is the union of the music with the plot. The scene is laid in Germany, and the music is strictly national, even to their waltz. How ridiculous, then, must it appear to give that dance as the national dance of Scotland—and yet so it is given; in short, the bad taste of the affair is perceptible, and we shall add no more to prove it, but proceed to the music. The overture was well played: an addition was made to the orchestra of two horns and a clarinet, the latter to supply the place of

* When Weber was engaged in England to compose the opera of *Oberon*, he witnessed the performance of *Der Freischütz* at Drury-lane theatre, and expressed himself highly delighted at the manner in which it was got up, and refused to alter it in any one particular. It is needless to add, that it differs in every respect from the French

an instrument but little known in America, yet essential to the compositions of Weber and Rosini; we allude to the hautboy. As regards the various morceaux which follow, we are compelled in truth to state, that from beginning to end the sentiment of the author was mistaken both by band and vocalists, the time being always immoderately fast; in the great tenor song this was peculiarly perceptible, but still it is but justice to add, that in Paris the same fault exists.

In the performance of this song in Germany and England, Zamiel is introduced, prowling round Adolph, and disappears on the latter's appeal to heaven. Weber has written the music expressly with that view, and he superintended minutely, and fixed the places where the demon should make his *entrée* and *crit*. The French abolish this appearance of Zamiel, and consequently ruin the effect of the song. In Hamlet they will not permit the ghost to appear; but if this be susceptible of argument as regards Shakespeare, the precedent has no force in the case of Der Freischütz. Of the incantation scene also we bitterly complain. The music written by Weber to certain business on the stage, must be lost if that business be removed; but this is done remorselessly; they cast no bullets, they chant no incantation, but hurry through the scene with a chorus of devils, by which means the music is converted into an unmeaning jargon of sounds. Be it known to the very few who are ignorant of the fact, that every word and action in that scene, whether the fixing of the skulls, the incantation chant, the melting of the lead, or the appearance of Zamiel, is progressively marked by music, which can never be equalled, as applied to the subject—but removed from that subject, is absolute chaos. This violation of the author is kept up to the end of the opera. The beautiful chorus in conclusion is omitted; likewise they omit the unrivalled quintette, in five sharps; and the hunter's chorus is introduced a second time as a finale.

For the neat execution of French opera, by the combined talents of the troupe and the excellence of their band, we have the highest respect. Where the sentiments or the characters are strictly French, as in *Le Maçon* and *La Fiancée*, by Auber, their exertions call for, and have our warmest admiration. We even go further, *La Gazza ladra* of Rossini was executed with fidelity to the text, if not brilliancy; and the overture better than we ever heard it in America. In conclusion, should they even destroy by carelessness or want of talent those pieces which we have praised, we could only return a verdict *off-fide de se*; but when we witness Weber prostrate, shorn of his strength, like Samson, and mutilated by more than Philistine cruelty, we charge them with *murder under trust*, and hold it to be our duty to lift up our voices and protest against the same.

IL FANATICO AND CO.

THE FINE ARTS.

THOUGH THE NIGHT STAR BE HIGH.

The melody, given on the last page, is sure to please every class of readers. From want of room we have been obliged to omit the *andante* movement to which these words belong:

Oh Araby! dear Araby!
My own, my native land!
Methought I cross'd the dark blue sea,
And trod again thy strand.
And there I saw my father's tent
Beneath the tall date-trees,
And the sound of lute and merriment
Came sweetly on the breeze.
And thus to the lightly touch'd guitar
I heard a maiden tell
Of one who died from a proud Serdar,
With the youth she loved so well:
Al, al, al, al, al, &c.

Fatima, the confidential slave of Reiza, a lively soubrette, of course following the example of her mistress, falls in love with Sherasmin, the faithful squire of Sir Huon of Bourdeaux, and she accompanies her mistress in her elopement from the court with that knight. This beautiful song is addressed by Fatima to Sherasmin: it is full of fire, and, as originally sung in London by Madame Vestris, elicited the greatest applause, and a nightly encore. Mrs. Sharpe acted Fatima at the Park theatre, and executed the music with that good intonation and propriety which marks her as a most useful personage in opera, and this song lies well within the compass of her voice. On this composition Mr. Alexander Lee, with other industrious musical insects of the present day, has founded a species of ballad which generally pleases the multitude. The song, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and a score of others, may be traced to this source; not that they are actual plagiarisms, but originality of idea is not among their attributes. We have now nearly redeemed our pledge to the worthy editor of the Mirror, having arrived at the last but one of our selections from Oberon, and we are almost tempted to hope that

the specimens of the great composer we have furnished are such as may incline our readers to become more familiar with his works.

B.

THE PAINTINGS AT THE ARCADE BATHS.

It is always difficult to give a correct opinion of paintings brought out to this country for sale, claiming to be the best productions of the old masters. It is a fact well understood that these are held in Europe at such prices as could never be obtained on this side the water, or justify running the risk of the market; and every great picture of this kind is registered, and well known. Such a thing as a Raphael or Corregio could scarcely by any possibility find its way hither, except ordered; yet it is but fair to say, on the other hand, that several of the old masters were very prolific, many of them very unequal; and there is a probability that some of them may have painted twice on one subject. All this gives a chance to the collector for occasionally procuring a fine picture. There is a Guido or two, set at a high valuation, and a Rubens claimed for this collection; and references in support of this truth are made to undoubted judges of pictures. That there are several choice articles in the catalogue we have had sufficient evidence from personal inspection, and we would have every one of the dilettanti visit the room, and judge for himself. They could not better dispose of a leisure hour.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

Mr. L. D. Chapin, Broadway, has published a lithographic half length likeness of his present Britannic majesty, William the fourth. It is a spirited engraving, and the style of the drawing is highly creditable to the talents of Mr. S. H. Gimber, the designer.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages.—*Shaks.*

There is a feeling of the heart,
A thought within the bosom's swell,
Which woman's eyes alone impart—
Which woman's blush alone can tell!
Man may be cold in love's disguise,
And feel not half the flame he speaks;
But woman's love is in her eyes,
It glows upon her burning cheeks!

DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED HERBAUT, OF PARIS.—The table talk of the Faubourg St. Germain is at present divided between the bombardment of Algiers and the death of Herbaut. This mighty autocrat of the empire of the milliners is no more! His establishment in Paris is said to have been already purchased by an English company; but the inspiration of Herbaut's genius will be wanting to maintain and extend its triumph in the female world of fashion. From Paris to Persia every prevailing mode during the last ten years has been derived from his invention; the sanctuary of Mahmoud's harem sought its costumes from his temple of the graces; and it is well known that all the leading milliners of London have long entertained a course of telegraphic despatch with this mighty magician—the Sir Walter Scott of the world of satin and tiffany.

Herbaut was originally a hair-dresser to the empress Josephine. On the second marriage of the emperor, he resigned his post at court to the celebrated Plaisir, and opened a splendid *Magazine de Modes*. Among the domestic arrangements of the mansion was a chamber distinguished as Herbaut's study, and fitted up with pieces of silk, gauze, and ribbon, with flowers and feathers, and every variety of trumpery destined to female adornment. The imaginative artist, who slept in an adjoining room, always kept a lamp burning, that when his dreams were visited with happy inventions and graceful ideas, he might rush into his boudoir and give to these

"Airy nothings,
A silken habitation and a name!"

Nothing would induce the despot of shreds and patches to admit of any interruption to his studies; no exceptions were made in favour of rank; and whenever Madame la Marechale, or Madame la Duchesse presumed to solicit the honour of an audience at an undue hour, the *negatives* were very positive. "You cannot be admitted. Monsieur Herbaut is at his studies."

LOVE.—Every poet that ever had an existence has written of it—every minstrel has sung of it—and every maid has dreamed of it; but we much doubt (we must own, however, that our own actual knowledge on this point is very superficial) whether all that has been written, sung, and dreamed, comprises more than is compressed into the following stanzas:

"O, love! love! love!
Love's like a dizziness;
It wunna let a pair bodie
Gang about his business."

A BRIEF, BUT COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER.—There is a remarkable couplet amongst the Greek fragments found in Plato, but which seems almost christian in its turn of thought. That thought was never expressed with more brevity or energy than thus:

"Ask'd and unask'd, thy blessings give, O Lord!
The evil that we pray for from us ward!"

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—During one of the college vacations he and his brother returned to their father's, in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps and then resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and then it was again

tinkered—but it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a pet, "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel, with great composure, hung it on the next tree; and putting on a grave countenance, said "It hangs very well now; I am perfectly satisfied."

STEAM POWER.—The almost incredible fact is stated that the increase of productive power through the aid of steam and improved mechanism, with other scientific appliances, during the last forty years, is equal to the additional supply of labour of six hundred millions of men!

WEALTH OF THE MERCHANTS OF ANTWERP IN FORMER TIMES.—The city of Antwerp is nearly a semicircle, of about seven miles round. It was defended by the citadel, built by the duke of Alva, to overawe the inhabitants. The whole appearance of its public buildings, streets, and houses, affords the most incontestable evidence of its former splendour. Many instances of the immense wealth of its merchants are recorded: among others, it is said that when Charles V. once dined with one of the chief magistrates, his host, immediately after dinner, threw into the fire a bond for two millions of ducats, which he had received as security for a loan to that monarch, saying, that he was more than repaid by the honour of being permitted to entertain his sovereign.

TEA PARTY.—At a tea party, where some Cantabs happened to be present, after the dish had been handed round, the lady who presided over the tea equipage "hoped the tea was good." "Very good, indeed, madam," was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Cantabs to speak, who, between truth and politeness, shrewdly observed—"That the tea was excellent, but the water was smoky."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—It is stated that Sir Walter Scott will realize by one moiety of the Waverley novels upwards of sixty-six thousand pounds, and Heath, the engraver, more than twenty thousand pounds by his illustrations of those novels.

KNOWLEDGE THE SOURCE OF ELOQUENCE.—What we know thoroughly we usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas. We have heard a common blacksmith eloquent when welding of iron has been the theme.

WOMAN.—How continually, in retirement and in the world, is the lesson of submission forced upon woman. To suffer, and be silent under suffering, seems the great command she has to obey; while man is allowed to wrestle with calamity, and to conquer or die in the struggle.

AFFECTION.—"I speak as I feel," said Paul Clifford; "were the woman I loved suffering through poverty, I would beg with her if I could not relieve her; through injustice, I would defend her; from unkindness, I would protect her; and, if the world forsook her, I would be to her the world."

EXTRACTS FROM MADDEN'S TRAVELS.—Most travellers have remarked, in eastern countries, the natural eloquence of the uncivilized inhabitants; but in no nation is the love of eloquence carried so far as in Egypt and Arabia. I have listened with delight to the declamation of their sheiks, when the people assembled around them in the evening to hear the politics of the village, or the eternal stories of "*el fela Wahab*," the thousand and one nights of Arabian entertainment. Their common language is half prose, half poetry; Phillips might attend their soirées to call fresh flowers of oratory, and Moore take a corner of their mat to collect new images of poetry.

The Libyan mountain, on the north-west side of Thebes, contains the tombs; they perforate the mountain from top to bottom; the lowest are the most highly finished; these are inhabited by the Arabs, about three hundred of whom miserably exist in these sepulchres of pride. The staple commodity of Gournah consists in mummies; the Arabs find it easier to live by selling dead men, than by the toil of husbandry. In the sale of mummies I discovered such frauds that I have no hesitation in saying that in all the cabinets of Europe there are not probably twenty mummies in the same coffins in which they were originally deposited.

We arrived at Philæ, after a fatiguing walk, in the heat of noon-day. The beauty of the scenery around this enchanting tale compensated us for all our toil from Alexandria to the cataract; it was, indeed, the only spot in all our travels whose scenery deserved to be called sublime. The granite rocks, in a thousand majestic forms, rise from the Nile at its western extremity, and are beautifully contrasted with the picturesque effects of the stately palm trees and magnificent structures of Philæ; indeed, the whole island seems to be a delightful garden, studded with obelisks and temples.

There are four recollections of a traveller which might tempt him to wish to live for ever: the sea view of Constantinople, the sight of the coliseum by moonlight, the prospect from the summit of Vesuvius at the dawn, and the first glimpse of Philæ at sunset.

Generally speaking, the Arabs are the kindest hearted people in the world; no people are more sensible of good treatment, more susceptible of improvement, and, unfortunately, no people on earth are more infamously ruled.

Signor Surur, the consul, is the private friend and counsellor of the governor, who is married to a niece of the pacha. With this great Turk I am in the habit of dining almost daily, either at his house or at Surur's. At the latter, a party of seventy Turks sat down to the most magnificent banquet I ever witnessed in the east. One hundred and thirty dishes of various sorts, fish, flesh, soups, sweets, fruits, &c. were set down and removed in succession. The head of the religion and several priests were present, which Surur considered as no small honour to a christian.

The celebrated German physician, Hufeland, in one of his latest publications, says, "of the diseases which are not generally considered mortal, I am now fully convinced, after thirty years' practice, that of all the patients whom I treated, two-thirds would have recovered without my assistance or that of medicine, and even under the most opposite modes of treatment."

THICKNESS OF A SOAP BUBBLE.—Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminae of transparent substances, by observing the colour which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water, and is observed to reflect different colours from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts, the black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the two millions five hundred thousandth part of an inch.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

Even a "noviciate" reader ordinarily understands what is meant by the term *graphic delineation*. Most persons, gifted with a "healthy organic mental power," and having made ordinary proficiency in the chirographical art, can put into words what they have seen passing before them, or describe even occult qualities; but there shall be such an immense difference in the degree of this power, or in the *modus*, as that, in different writers, it shall appear a different faculty. For instance—one shall say that "a man fell from a fearful height, and that it was an awful sight;" another shall place before your eyes the anxiety and horror which were depicted in the projecting and blood-stained eye-balls of the wretch, when he found himself suddenly threatened with being dashed to pieces. You will be forced mentally to see his agonized body coiling itself up in its passage downwards, describing, by a horrible effort of the muscles, a kind of zigzag line in the air. All the thoughts of home, and friends, and even the nausea of the stomach of the sufferer, the very convulsions of his lungs in passing through such a column of atmosphere, will pass before you in review, until you almost imagine yourself, like Sancho Panza, falling from Sirius, although, like him, you may be seated on a bench of wood all the while. The power of a novel writer, most will suppose, would be pretty fairly tested by the first formal and love-making interview which passes between the hero and the heroine; and especially if the author have the temerity to put this into the shape of a dialogue of much length, for such a trial is to a writer what a young man's fourth of July oration and dinner to his friends, if he be a politician, are to the estimation of his character, talents, and to the making or marring of his future fortune. Thus then stands this column in the "English at Home." The hero, Mr. Willoughby, the reader may perhaps as well be told, is the *élite* and natural son of Lord Ratoath, (in the name of euphony what an appellation!) who is deeply smitten with Miss Cresswell, ward or niece of the earl of Atherton, and who had been entrusted with her interests and education.

THE DECLARATION.

Willoughby.—"I boast not mustachios enough for either; besides, I abhor heroes, whether of prose or verse."

"Are you so very anti-romantic?" asked Miss Cresswell.

"Mystery is my aversion."

"Yet I have known it to envelope much interest," said Lady Jane, (one of the family of Lord Atherton.)

"I dearly love a mysterious personage," said her sister.

"Like whom?"

"Like what we read of, to be sure, but never see."

"Dear me! the world is full of mystery and mysterious personages."

"There is Mr. Willoughby's friend, Mr. Fitz-Erne."

"He appears to be the most frank, open fellow alive," said Willoughby.

"I own he puzzles me," quoth Lechy.

"Nor can I make him out," said Lady Jane Atherton.

"For my part," observed Miss Cresswell, "I never take pains to discover what seeks concealment." There was pique in the tone.

"And you are right," said Willoughby, "it is not for one so fair to study the hieroglyphics of others' conduct; for he, the beat of whose heart pulse is not manifest to you, must be a dull passionless fellow indeed."

"I perceive," said Louisa, "if Mr. Fitz-Erne deals in mystery, you deal in mystification; shall I call Mr. Lechy to interpret your compliment?"

"Nay, none but your fair self can appreciate my homage."

"Cannot all the world equally with me? for surely your homage is addressed to all."

"What! the homage which one pays to folly, that of apathy and affectation?"

"How different from the true! which, durst I, should be here poured forth."

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Willoughby, do not be so rude and so unlike yourself as to grow serious."

"I throw my heart at your feet, lady."

"Then put it up again, gentle air; for truly I should not know what to do with such an acquisition."

"You scorn my proffer?"

"Nay, I am infinitely obliged by it."

"But you would mock, and keep me in suspense?"

"Most certainly."

"And whistle me down the wind at first to rail at fortune?"

"Most probably."

"By this light, lady, I thank thy frankness and adore it." Now whether it is that, as Addison has affirmed, *all* love conversations sound dreadfully flat in the ears of an unconcerned party, or the cause exists in a most admirable dulness on the part of the writer, we would not pronounce decidedly; but reason and justice oblige us to refrain from any hasty and severe censure, for it seems to happen with the author, as with many a man in common life, when he covets most to shine, his failure appears to be proportionately conspicuous. His attempts at conversational brilliancy are like those of our friend Cooper, "a dead stall;" when he tries to make his dramatic personae *talk sense*, then he succeeds: but when he has any ad libitum, and the conversation is to be a witty one, then it is a failure. A philological remark, *en passant*: Is the following passage English? "However two such admirations were compatible." We would also, while critically employed, object to coining—disagreeability, &c. &c. The sentences at the beginning of the work especially are inharmonious, clumsy, and perplexed, but by no means verbose; nay, the very opposite of this. There is rather an excess of meaning, about the disposal of which, in verbal expression, the author seems to be rather careless than careful—but if the readers of novels will take our word for it, he is not a mere man of sentences; not to be utterly despised even at this novel-writing hour. However loose and rugged may be the outline, and hackneyed some of the characters, others of them are comparatively fresh, and the tact in antithetical exaggeration and *working up* is considerable. As being in the tribe of novels an individual of a totally opposite character and different variety from Paul Clifford, "English at Home" might be taken up by the most fastidious novel reader, for the purpose of relief; and though not so splendid and picture-making, it affords rather more solid information than that fashionable volume, which causes nearly as much newspaper discussion as the manufacturing system, or any other popular political question. Nay more: one of the unerring signs of a writer of power cannot be denied to the author of the "English at Home,"—whatever misnomer the title of the book be—and it is a quality which, constituted as novel ingredients and materials generally are, cannot be treated with indifference—he has felt, and eloquently describes like such a man, the mastery of the passion of love. The story of the *Parvenu* peers like the effulgence of the sun over the less radiant constellation; if he have never felt this passion, the divinity of inspiration at least sits upon his lips. His sentences become more concentrated, his metaphors flow out with the wildness of the wilderness water-course. All the gradations, windings, involutions, and sudden transmutations of that all-pervading feeling, are given with the pathos of a principal actor in the scene, not with the mere accuracy of a by-stander; and the sub-heroine, Theresa Veraigne, becomes at once the tutelary of his worship, and the secret of his strength. The *forte* of the writer is not in narrative, still, the reader may fairly judge of his calibre in this department by the following:

THE DUEL.

"When the signal was given, Fitz-Erne drew trigger, but his weapon did not go off; it burnt priming; and at the same time Willoughby fired his in the air.

"The young fool!" exclaimed the black-stocked, military looking, early risen, whose irritation rose to an ungovernable height.

"The seconds met, interchanged words; and, as it appeared that Fitz-Erne's attempt to fire counted for nothing, he was about to repeat it—and here the tall gentleman could no longer contain himself, but burst forth.

"He bade Willoughby go to school for a chicken; and then turning his compliments towards Fitz-Erne, he apostrophized him as a bully, who had come there to sacrifice a boy to his sanguinary love of renown.

"Had you permitted me time, sir," replied Fitz-Erne, 'I should have fired this pistol in the air as I do now, which would have placed me on an equality with my antagonist, who, for all his lack of beard, is, I assure you, not much younger than myself, and certes all as keen—but perhaps you are right. Willoughby,' continued he, advancing, 'let us go no further with this, unless you would mend your aim once more and level; for since you came here star-shooting I must not commit murder.'

"As you will, Fitz-Erne; I came at your bidding, and will go at it," replied the peaceable Willoughby.

"All this was horror to the veteran who stood by; the principals speaking for themselves was an utter breach of duelling etiquette. Fitz-Erne's apparent, and Willoughby's real, though unassuming magnanimity; his purple cheek was bursting forth, with some dire apostrophe to Fitz-Erne; he

was inflamed with passion and generous resentment. All he wanted was words and ideas for speech. As Willoughby retired, however, Fitz-Erne relieved the angry personage by accosting him:

"You have obliged me, unknown sir, by half a score of insults, quite uncalled for. I take it for granted you are a gentleman; and I do not mean to flatter when I say your appearance speaks it. I do not ask even your name."

"Sir, it is ———," and some unpleasant thought checked and stopped his utterance.

"It matters not. You young gentleman has grievously injured me; I could not forgive it, though I own it pained me to call him hither. You sir, however, seemed anxious to take his place, and you are entitled to it on your own account, having honoured me with the name of bully. I have indulged you; the place is vacant; and as I now defy you, expressing my indignation at your interference and impertinent speeches, you will take it when it may be most convenient to you."

But having thus far whetted the curiosity of the reader by showing him something of the house, by describing the size of the bricks of which it is built, (this figure, borrowed from Johnson, not being by any means designed for the backs of the writers of those wholesale and gross condemnings, or condemnings *by the gross*, which so frequently appear in print) we conceive ourselves bound in honour, to give, at least, a chapter of contents—adding, as our spiritual instructors say, a few words by way of improvement. The two volumes, then, most gentle reader, now passing current in all the stores of the trade and in the circulating libraries, by the title of the "English at Home," consist of one entire story of the Willoughby or Ratoath family, which terminates in the seventy-third page of the second volume. This story, however, includes another, called the *Parvenu*, and is the best written in the book. The tale of the *Brocks*, a miscellany called the Monte B. Papers, and the tale of Earsham, conclude. If morality be the desideratum in novel reading, here is an armful of it; though we apprehend this outcry is but the result of a sort of habit of complaining and finding fault, which, after all, must be done: for if the secrets of the critical avocation must be drawn from "their dread abode," the craft would utterly starve upon indiscriminate praise. Faults whet the ingenuity, tax the industry, and gratify the vanity of the finder. The eye that discerns a fault first, sparkles for the rest of the day; and the figure of the man amplifies upon the vision like that of a soap-bubble emanating from a pipe-bowl. Besides, only calculate the miserable consequences of this producing tribe (meaning authors) having their own way; they would be like a mob without a constable to keep it in order; like schoolboys without a cane or birch in sight; or like a number of the followers of the Duke of Argyll without a scratching-post. But after this doubling, let us try to get back into the path. The book appears to be written, particularly the Willoughby tale, for a three-fold purpose: First, to explode and render infamous and reprobate the doctrines and maxims of that profound code of ethics found in the famous letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son; and especially, those of them relative to the devotedness of young aspirants to married women, thus systematizing and founding a school for the perpetrating of immorality, *i. e.* sophistry aside, and the design translated into plain English.—Secondly, there is a most inflexible cat-o-nine-tails thrown across the backs of those persons who are continually calumniating all women who appear upon the stage, indiscriminately. See Theresa in the *Parvenu*. Thirdly, there is a very decided political cast which the book has; and this, probably, was one of its principal objects; adapted wholly, however, or principally, to the English meridian. It is inclining to anti-Canning in its bias; and the writer contrives in the tale of the Willoughby family, to interweave the history of the causes which led to, the personages who figure in, and the details of the downfall of that administration by the premature death of its chief. Abating the absolute fact of partizanship, the facts are given in as independent and candid a manner as could have been expected. The portraits of the different personages are by no means slovenly drawn, although perhaps a little caricatured. Take the following:

"Verening, (Canning) however, at this moment was no longer the same. He saw his young friend and follower enter, (Willoughby) but there was no welcome, no rallying; he made an effort at the former, but it ended in a mere motion of the hand pointing forth a seat. The countenance was corrugated, to use an expression of Vathek; the roundness of its traits had sharpened into the angular; they seemed in the same disorder as his thoughts. A bright gleam, not of hope, but of revenge, elevated one eyebrow and one side of the lip; but the oppressive lever of ingratitude, of abandonment and despair, dragged

down the other brow and the other lip. He quivered with very nervousness. The sense of wrong and injury gave him life, and bound his heart together: that alone kept it from breaking. Alas! it did break when the former contracting feeling had ceased.

"You have heard my determination, Willoughby," said Verening, leaning his head still upon his hand, and forbidding himself all motion for fear of his temper and feelings getting the better of him. "H— must lead the lower house, and I must thrust myself among their *lordships*."

"Bitter was the tone of the last word: Willoughby said nothing," &c.

Mr. Brougham, Mr. Tierney, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Clanricarde, and other prominent men of the party, figure under the fictitious names of Rancilffe, Cholera, Calton, &c.; and there is a very pretty little bit of *court life*, page 177, which would repay any reader the trouble of scanning. Of the three female portraits introduced into the Willoughby story, viz. Miss Cresswell, Theresa Vernaige, and Mary Gray, there is much to praise. Taste, knowledge of human nature, and a versatile pencil, are all discoverable in the design and execution. Lord Ratoath, without either much breadth or depth, is a very faithful drawing of the old-school nobility. On Willoughby the author has lavished much care, and apparently to as little purpose as the author of *Waverley* did for the hero of the novel by that name. The fault of both is, that they *do nothing* worthy of themselves. Fitz-Enne is *au contraire* racy and vigorous; and the touch of misanthropy with which his character is dashed, "recommends it to the sense." His sullen pride serves but to increase a kind of admiration, which cannot be withheld from him even on the verge of committing suicide. Mrs. Osbaldistone's virtue gives the last stroke to the discomfiture of the Chesterfieldian policy. It is impossible to lavish much attention upon the minor figures of the dramatis personæ without adding to the length of an article already too far extended. If the test of the ability of an author be found in the increasing interest of the reader as he advances, and finally entire absorption, until a reluctance is felt to lay down the volume before the story is finished, then is the "English at Home," by the testimony of one who can write under his evidence, *probatum est*, at least *worth reading*.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY TO RECRUIT.

DEAR SIR—It is late at night. The steps of the passengers no longer sound under my window. A watchman has just struck the resounding pavement to give all house-breakers and so forth a fair chance of escape. The old church in the neighbourhood is proclaiming with solemn and long vibrating peals the very witching time, and the same stars we have gazed at together, are now twinkling as brilliantly as ever in the azure depths of heaven. They say such hours awaken thoughts of the absent; so, not to wrong the proverb, I sit down to address a few lines to you. You ask me how I endure the city at this season of general festivity? Perhaps were I left solely to the influence of my own wishes, I should not be here. But you know how little our cheerfulness depends upon the mere circumstance of time and place. How readily we undertake labour to accomplish a design, and how even the toils and privations of life may become habited with a sweetness when they bring one nearer to his purpose. Suppose there was some pleasant and favourite spot which attracted your visits, and the road to it should lie along a rough and dangerous ascent, with what an elastic step you would mount the hill—with what a reckless daring you would tread the brink of the precipice, bouyed up and drawn onward by the mere power of fancy! And, on the contrary, what cold shadows a sad thought, or a gloomy anticipation may fling across the feelings even when wandering among the loveliest scenes. Yet I have not been so ascetic as you imagine. I have sometimes cut the gordian knots of business, and gone off like an imprisoned bird escaped from his cage. Permit me to say, however, that this same "going into the country" "to recruit," discovers a very ordinary species of wisdom. I am one who rashly credited the virtues of these rural excursions, and now find myself in the predicament of an unfortunate valetudinarian, after having swallowed the nostrum of an empiric which affords a temporary relief, only to leave the patient subsequently in more complete distress. I write this, therefore, as a caution to unwary young men likely to be tempted into a similar snare. At first it was certainly very specious—every thing in the face of nature looked fair and beautiful. The air was scented and exhilarating, and I gave

myself up to emotions of pleasure. We found numerous means of "fleeing away the time as they did in the golden age"—we reclined beneath the shade—we wandered along the beach—mounted the hill, and roamed through the woods.

This is not the land for startling adventures or rich associations. We were not assailed by banditti nor devoured by wild beasts; and the ruins—majestic, vast, lonely, dark—which stir wild and high imaginations in the traveller of foreign countries, are wanting here. Yet the trifling incidents peculiar to the scene and season were not without their interest. Sometimes the golden bee, heavily laden with honey, came murmuring along, putting our party to rout without any particular distinction as to ladies and gentlemen. Then, as we passed the broad shaded pond, embosomed among the hills, we noticed the tortoises comfortably enjoying themselves upon the little rocks which were scattered about the stream, basking in the light of the blessed sun, and stretching their long necks from out their mailed backs, with about as many sage reflections upon matters and things as fill the pericranium of nine-tenths of the many men and women whose eyes, but not their souls, look on nature. From these views, however, our attention was withdrawn by a loud scream from one of the ladies, announcing some awful crisis in the day's adventure. A general concentration of faces took place around the object which created the alarm, although as soon as the truth became known to the majority, the distance between it and the different individuals of our party grew more and more respectable; in justice to the gentlemen, however, I cannot deny that in order to afford their fair companions an uninterrupted view, they stationed themselves in the rear-ground, so as not to monopolize the advantage of a close examination. The cause of this happy display of character proved to be a poor little harmless garter snake, which, half frightened out of its wits, had encircled itself around the stem of a low bush—afraid to go or to stay, particularly as the most courageous among the males had armed himself with an enormous bludgeon heavy enough to fell an ox, and with divers valiant flourishes and preliminary attempts, appeared proceeding to crush him into atoms, an inconvenient alternative to which the creature seemed unwilling to submit. Just as the assailant had lifted his club, whose descending force might have astounded even the renowned sea-serpent himself, the destined victim, with the cunning for which history gives his kind so much credit, quietly unfolded his spotted coils and withdrew from the scene of action, upon which the victor, with an air of triumph, spent his strength upon the unfeeling bushes, and exchanged with us congratulations for our fortunate escape.

By and by came on the evening with its balmy breeze. The slight summer-shower was over, and the clouds broke apart in painted masses; behind their burnished fragments the crimson sky appeared, glowing with a fine and lingering radiance, which faded like the twilight reveries of the dreamers beneath. These are not hours to waste within a room—they found us pacing and re-pacing the sandy beach—breathing in the odours that floated from the woods and fields. Then as the evening shadows thickened, and the blended and deepened colours of the west had passed like the last splendours of some gaudy and magnificent procession, a light star appeared alone in the overhanging vault, as if it were even now first treated. The broad water seemed in sleep, but that as it lapped softly with its silver waves upon the shore, its ripples turned to fire, and then the everlasting stars came forth one after another from the depths of the blue distance, lighting our lingering steps with the beams of clustering worlds. Do you know, dear M., that even in the deep tranquil happiness of such a moment there will steal over the spirit a melancholy presentiment—a vague hateful consciousness of danger and disappointment—a knowledge that the glorious stars which crowd the azure fields of heaven are not more thickly strewn than cares and distress along the ways of life? Even if our future courses lie through prosperous regions, still age must come on, and the fresh and beautiful feelings of youth and hope must be dead in our withered bosoms—and—but these are idle and fruitless reveries, and must be shaken off. To me they are momentary; for if I must think of other than the present, let me embrace the richer and happier dreams of fancy which are scarcely less dear because they are impossible. Well! whether we are happy or miserable, time goes on—and as the star-lighted vault turned its twinkling fires towards the west, we found ourselves in the night about bringing my brief excursion to an end with those two troublesome, awkward, unwelcome words "good-by."

Now all this is very well, but the evil consequences must not be concealed. Before I was betrayed by a designing friend into the power of certain people inhabiting the regions about

New-York, I was an industrious and contented young man. I was rapidly establishing a reputation for punctuality in business, for my faculties were properly balanced for my daily task. Habit had drilled me into a kind of mechanical routine, and I operated upon the special pleas and bills in chancery, with the uninterrupted uniformity of a steam-engine, freed from the winds and tides of wandering wishes and dreamy recollections. My attention was not diverted from the duties before me by intruding pictures of green woods, old bridges, grassy hills, and murmuring waters; and no pleasant voices haunted my ears but such as I could hear by walking around the corner. But now I have relapsed into many idle and troublesome propensities. While my body is in the office where I transact the little business which destiny has committed to my discretion, my soul is off upon some ramble over the hills, or engaged in other occupations which have no more to do with my "orders to show cause," and my "notices of bail," than these interesting manuscripts with the gentle lights of heaven. It is also my misfortune to listen, with such thoughts as I need not enumerate, to all kinds of good music, particularly of the human voice; and this weakness sometimes assumes a very inconvenient, although ludicrous character. When I have heard a song which touches my fancy, my mind involuntarily falls into the measure, and long after the real music has died away, the ghost of the tune attends upon my imagination, conjuring up apparitions of all the then accompanying persons and scenes. Sometimes it takes such improper familiarities with my dignity and common sense, that, no matter where I happen to be, it leaps from my heart to my lips, so that I often astonish sober and unsinging people with gratuitous exhibitions of my musical abilities before I can rein in and get the harmonious fiend under any restraint. Thus, the other day, when one of my clients, a huge and uncouth worker in iron, as rough and hard as a mass of his own raw material, whiskers monstrous, and fist like a sledge-hammer, asked me what would be the expense of obtaining a discharge on the application of himself and two-thirds of his creditors under the revised statutes, I being in excellent voice, astonished the worthy petitioner by exclaiming in such melody as was at the moment floating in my mind, "Come, away then, away then, my merry Swiss girl, to the fields bright with dew lightly stray." On another occasion a very interesting young lady, with a spruce little gentleman, who was soon to call her by the tenderness of names, waited upon me till I should finish a paper which she was to sign. I had no sooner, with an air of internal satisfaction, (for I was, in imagination, at that very moment picking wild flowers at the foot of a hill) put the concluding flourish upon the parchment, than, instead of desiring her, as in duty bound, to "have the kindness to attach her signature," I handed her the deed and pen, and requested her in a fine falsetto to "Meet me by moonlight alone," to the amazement of my fair client, and the extreme horror of the enamoured person in new broadcloth clothes by her side, who continued to regard me at a distance during the whole affair with looks of unequivocal distrust. And this is what people call "recruiting." I am not acquainted with the views of medical men upon the subject, but my own opinion is, that a few such recruiting excursions would cause very destructive work among my pleas and declarations. I fear the gods might make me poetical, for the other day I filed a stanza in the clerk's office instead of a præcipe for a capias, and never discovered my error till I took from my pocket what I imagined the lines alluded to, and instead of the lofty language of the bard, I read at first with perplexity, and as the truth flashed upon me, with horror, Peter Thompson versus Charles Jones. Trespass. Damages, five hundred dollars. Capias issued, &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

RESTAURATEURS.

"Ce n'est rien que complaisance."

I MUST confess that, in my sojourning in this great republic, I have not lost the smack of those fine dishes, entrenched behind all their gastronomical honours, which, on the continent, all the higher grades of restaurateurs furnish—nor the black and almost aromatically bitter strong cup of coffee that waits upon the dinner; and I am inclined to record it as a sober fact, "without comment," that emigration is gastronomically deteriorating. Whenever I am at a loss, either before a very late dinner, or find myself "upon the town" for the same, the reminiscences of former pleasurable deglutitional operations induce me to pay particular attention to the word *restaurateur*; but it seems hitherto, like Macbeth's vision, to merit the appellation "moral mockery." Entered in one of those parti-

tioned domicils, in vain you ask for French soup—a basin of thin water-gruelly kind of admixture is served up, with scarcely any flavour of meat, with a quantum sufficit indeed of bread, and the ghosts of carrot slicings, with rice nearly raw, instead of the fine agglutinating stick-to-the-ribs gelatinous commodity which you get in France or French coffee-houses in London. Will any body be kind enough to point out a veritable French coffee-house or restaurateur in New-York, where “haricot mutton,” “*coutelettes à la Maintenon*,” and sundry other dishes may be procured, “too tedious to enumerate?” If you remonstrate with these naturalized French citizens, they look the matter and you full in the face by assuring you that it is the best soup and the best dish in the world—“*Mais si Monsieur veut attendre pour demain*,” &c. I placed myself down, not long since, in one of these “refectories,” and paid some attention to what was around me before I uttered a word. Every thing appeared to wear the appearance of order and cleanliness, and the manners of the people were civil, without the alloy of adulation. As usual, I commenced my demands with a request for soup, which I found cursed with the same defect which Falstaff found in his sack. But one of the attendants was a veritable Française, petite in person, a very full dark eye, and the nose aquiline, with much vivacity in her manners. There are few women who, if you appear to regard them attentively, will not evince by some movement that they are conscious of it. Her husband appeared to be, at the same time, very sensible of her value, and was as little disposed to share it with another; this, or any thing like jealousy being a remarkable trait in a Frenchman, I spiced my compliments a little higher than at first intended—this I penitently acknowledge was very mischievous to say the least. The claret, I discovered, was very good, and here it behoves me, although I have lodged a complaint respecting the edibles and the soup, which latter is perhaps of the epicene gender, it behoves me to make the *amende honorable* by saying, one always finds good claret if one meet not with generous *beau-ne or fernese* in a French “refectory,” even though it be naturalized. But to continue. The good host of the refectory appeared to be very much inclined to be angry; but feeling this very impolite, broke out aside into a *chanson à la chasse*, for a Frenchman is never guilty of ill-manners. Madame was nearly as complaisant as the “*marchande des gants*” but the impatience of Monsieur was at length too powerful for suppression, and he reminded her of duties that awaited her. Her ready reply was, without appearing to misunderstand his meaning, “*Ce n'est rien que la complaisance*.” I could not help contrasting our manners with those of the Citoyenne Aubergeuse I had left. There is a direct admission in them that there is a general debt of civility due, which I believe is not in all cases recollected by us with all our professions. Complaisance is, it must be confessed, not the predominant virtue either of the Englishman, the Scotchman, or the American—(this indiscriminate grouping may not please every one)—a sense of the *minor virtues* (petites morales) does not always accompany the more solid traits of character, but they come oftener into play, and are infinitely more pleasing. While writing, I am informed there is a house where, if appearances may be judged of, the veritable French dishes may be found, but which I have not yet explored. If I find on reconnoitering that every thing is right, I shall not fail to inform you; and while you are from time to time inserting accounts from Saratoga, and places “beyond seas,” I may occasionally remind you that the streets of your own city are not, even in these “piping hot” days, exhausted of novelty, and that the home trade may be as well worth attention as the foreign. Indeed, how can it possibly happen by “any manner of means” that at the precise spot where the confluent streams of the outpourings of so many European countries meet, some curious scenes should not turn up which would compensate a man for the trouble of scratching down? But adieu. S.

BOARDING-HOUSES AND HOTELS.

Few persons there are who, after a long day's peregrination, and especially if the weather has been tempestuous or cold, have seasonably found a comfortable room, good fire, a pair of wax candles, (tallow ditto at present not the thing,) and a very well furnished larder to back all other pretensions, but have felt a sort of pleasant sensation, which is not unaptly expressed by the old household word *comfort*. On the other hand, if a man perchance has been shaking and knocking at a door alternately for some couple of hours, in the winter solstice, and about the time of midnight, feeding his imagination with the speedy enjoyment of all the good things which that aforesaid door, together with four walls (of brick or wood, as the case may be) enclose, and should, instead of

hearing the words, “open sesame,” see presented to his astonished vision, and towards his person, a long shining barrel, the very mouth of which seems ready to vomit forth incessantly the dire contents of a well-charged gun, such a person must, we think, understand the meaning of the phrase *comfortable quarters*. There are very few travellers, (and in such comprehensive terms may be included most males from the age of fourteen and upwards,) but must have noted an immense difference between the appearances of things during the first week's occupancy of a new domicile, and the same set of objects after a longer period has transpired, and especially if you are what is called an easy man, that is, can put up with almost any kind of treatment without complaining. At the first your basin and tumbler in the sleeping-room are regularly filled every day, and a clean towel placed; and you are assigned, if it is winter, a place near the fire in the sitting-room. If you should happen to possess a decent person, are between twenty and thirty, and there should be unmarried and marriageable females in the family, you are the lion of the week; but make the most of your time, for your days are numbered. During that time all the albums in the house will be open to you, and what you write in them will be lauded, whether you can only tag two rhymes, only *abstract* verses from some obsolete book, and palm them for your own, or write like Mrs. Hemans, and like what Mrs. Norton is said to do. On the eighth day the handkerchief passes, and you may inscribe *Hic transit*, etc. Generally speaking, the inns, hotels, boarding-houses, and places of public entertainment characterize the manners of a people. In England there are scarcely such things to be found in the fashionable world as *tables d'hôte*, or the boarding-house sitting-room of the United States. In the coffee-rooms and saloons of first-rate and fashionable hotels in England, you may mingle with respectable *male* society. To female circles there requires *par usage* a more particular introduction. In the United States the inmate of the house has the *entrée*, and he is entitled to mingle with the society which appears at the table, be it what it may. Each custom has its advantages and disadvantages relatively. The principle acted upon in the United States would appear to be, that every man found in decent society of a better grade, is presumed to be a gentleman until he is found otherwise. The rule which shapes the usage which prevails in England would seem to be, that it is equitable for every gentleman to furnish evidence of his pretensions before admittance. The latter is safest; the former the most liberal and pleasant—circumstances, doubtless, regulate the practice of each. That too much reserve and retirement is unfavourable to popularity the French monarchs were fully sensible of, who, at least during the old regime, dined in public. The kindlier and better feelings are called forth by the public display of pleasing manners on the part of the class who possess emphatically the respect of mankind. On the other hand, the circumstance of general privacy lies perhaps at the very foundation of that respect. In England it may with some truth be stated, that the nobility serve not only as a political but a moral check to the haughty pretensions of the uneducated, and unamiable wealthy; and the middling and lower classes of society contemplate the fact with great satisfaction, that those who more immediately cause their greatest mortifications are not at the top. But we are like a ship at sea lying to—we begin to drift a little. The candidate for a good dinner, and well dressed, for the chance of hearing some good things occasionally, and who does not make selectness an indispensable quality in his society, may do remarkably well at the best ordinaries in London, and in the coffee and travellers' rooms in the country. The gentlemen of the whip sometimes crack a pleasant joke; most of them are adepts at small talk, and no people in the country are better judges of *bees' wings* and the age of sherry. It was at one of these houses we heard the following little tale related:—A second mate of an English merchant vessel had in the latitude of the West Indies, succeeded in inducing the captain of the vessel, and that with the greatest difficulty, to fight a French privateer, which the result showed carried a larger force than it would have been prudent to have withstood; but the brave fellow acted like a second Nelson. He was at the helm, at the bows, loading the guns in the immediate part of the deck called the slaughter-house, manning the stern-chasers, and all nearly in as many minutes. The privateer depended on boarding, and the two vessels were at one time locked; but Kingsley, (for that was his name,) took the helm at the important moment, and eased off the Demerara from the privateer; two-thirds of the crew of the Demerara fell in the action, and towards the latter part of the fight Kingsley had both his legs carried away by a cannon shot. The privateer after this would have captured the brig, but for the circumstance of a very brisk gale

coming on, and the fore-topmast of the former being wounded. Kingsley's sufferings, having no regular surgeon on board on the vessel's passage home to London, cannot be described. When arrived there the surgeons pronounced that his *active* life was closed, as the power of locomotion could not with all the aid of art be restored. The owners of the vessel were applied to for a pension for poor Kingsley, in consideration of his good conduct; but it came out, in the course of this application, that it would have been for the interest of the firm had the vessel been captured, and being private property, nothing further was to be done. Kingsley's father and mother resided in a cottage in Kent, which the humble couple, by constant labour, although advanced in life, contrived to keep over their heads. They had heard, as the action was related at full length in all the newspapers, of the bravery of their son, and welcomed him home to share their last morsel. To return to his birth place and become a burden to his aged parents was not the only difficulty which Kingsley had to solve in his resolute mind: there was one within the limits of that parish who had figured to her eager imagination the return of her Kingsley, as the harbinger of joy, and as the first act in a long drama of happiness. She flew to her brave sailor's parents, hung upon their necks, and demanded him in any state; showed her rosy arms, and protested that she could labour for both. In the meanwhile the refusal of the pittance on the part of the owners of the Demerara had sunk deep into the manly spirit of Kingsley, who could not endure the thought that his dependence for life should rest upon the labour of his wife, or in default of that, upon his parents. Day after day he refused his food; his pistols, faithful in the fight, had been kept every night under his pillow. One morning he was found stretched on the bed lifeless, with a shot through his heart. The poor lost Mary may be now seen every day, with tresses floating in the wind, and arms extended, demanding him of the coaches which pass through the village. The passengers are differently affected—some, on hearing the melancholy fate, which is hourly related, excrete the avarice which could cause such heart-rending woes; some give money for her support; and a few, besides the donation, drop a silent tear.

A SKETCH.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

“He drank again,
And from a purer fount on holler ground,
And deem'd its spring perpetual—but in vain.

In early life, when o'er his way
Hope pour'd the sunshine of her smile,
A glorious and unclouded ray,
The soaring spirit to beguile;
He drank from her enchanted cup
The sweet libation of the soul,
Till life and sense were swallowed up,
Within her pure and free control!

Then breathing rapture in his lay,
He touch'd his rich and trembling lyre,
As matin-birds in music stray,
Painted on orient skies of fire;
And dreams, all coloured from his joy,
Came forth, a fresh and holy throng,
To bless the aspiring minstrel-boy,
And deck the numbers of his song.

How soon the mantling clouds became
Disrobed of roses they had worn,
When on their wings of crimson flame
They brought the glorious hours of morn!
They melted in the noon-tide ray,
They lessened in its fervid beam,
When youth had cast its pearls away,
And manhood clasp'd a broken dream!

How many hearts that sprung of old
To bless the changes of his lot,
Are mouldering, passionless and cold,
By all, save him, unknown—forgot!
Thus every chalice proffered him
Of love or peace is broken—dull;
Save one—a goblet dark and dim—
Pale sorrow's cup—and that is full.

TO KATHARINE,

WITH THE FLOWER LOVE-IN-A-MIST.

BY C. C. VANARSDALE.

Dear girl, I could not live with you,
But ah, 'twere death to part.
Although thy faults I hate to view,
Thy virtues charm my heart.
Thou art so frank—so modest—vain—
So true—false—flirting—fair,
That though thy presence gives me pain,
Thy absence is—despair.

Of all the *ets* I love brunettes,
And therefore you adore;
But of all *ets* I hate coquettes,
And therefore you *ahor*:
A maid that smiles on every beau,
As you do—I detest;
And yet without that smile's soft glow,
My heart can find no rest.

I love a pouting, ruddy lip,
And yours you know is such;
But sweets that every mouth may sip,
Mine shall not, cannot touch;
And pretty hands I love not less,
Just such, dear Kate, as thine;
But if they grant another's press,
They'll ne'er be press'd by mine.

I love a tongue whose very words
Like drops of honey fall;
But yet I hate those human birds
That sing so sweet for all;
And more than these, that too is thine,
I love an ardent heart—
But if that heart is not *all mine*,
I will not have a part.

Now prithee, changeling, change thy ways,
Thy words—mind—manner—will;
Be thou deserving of all praise,
Or let all praise be still;
In short, let all thy goodness die,
And be a thing to hate,
Or let thy faults and foibles fly,
And then be mine, dear Kate.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

To correspondents.—We must decline a compliance with the wishes of "Eugenio." It has long been our established rule to pass over rejected communications in respectful silence. Such a course is surely the least likely to give pain to unsuccessful authors, and therefore every way preferable to the too common practice in which some editors indulge at the expense of those who favour them with their contributions. However deficient a writer may be in qualifications entitling his productions to admission into the columns of a public journal, his selection of any one of them ought not to be treated with acrimonious severity, biting sarcasm, or unsparing virulence. Such conduct is ill calculated to reprove misjudged pretensions, or correct the hasty errors or unavoidable deficiencies of unfledged genius. It may gratify the malicious gnawings of a vicious spirit, but does not accomplish the object of healthful and generous criticism, which seeks to educe, not repress talent, to encourage inspiration, foster industry, and impart confidence to the promptings of a laudable though imprudent ambition. Besides these general reasons for our accustomed practice, there is still another of powerful import, which cannot be overlooked. Were a detailed account to be rendered of every communication sent to us, of which necessity compels the exclusion, the readers of the Mirror would have little other matter with which to entertain them than discussions of the orthographical, etymological, syntactical, and prosodial merits of writers, abounding like locusts in the land of Egypt.

Amusements.—Nothing is more common than complaints of the dulness of the country. There are no amusements there, say the young ladies and gentlemen who return at twelve or one o'clock at night from the heated ball-room, and sink to their feverish and unhealthy slumbers. It is true the amusements one meets with in a rural excursion are very different from those of a city; but they must be devoid of taste, and the common feelings of nature, who can find nothing which they will delight to remember among the woods and on the stream. Imagine a fine afternoon in the latter part of August, when the air is fresh and cool at sunset, without even the stirring of a breeze, unless some gentle zephyr blows softly upon your face, enriched with the scents which at evening rises every where around, yet scarcely breaking the glassiness of the water. Suppose four or five have strolled down to the pebbly beach after tea. The multifarious noises which greet them from the heated pavements have never awakened the echoes of this quiet spot; but in their stead come the bark of the distant dog, the rustle of the upper branches of the forests, the carol of some lingering bird, the neighing of the steed, or the lowing of the cattle which the free-hearted and happy farmer boy is following to their fold. A little painted boat is resting upon the bosom of the transparent stream, its image reflected beneath. See yonder light-hearted girl has leaped into the yielding bark, and in a few moments the whole party, with jests and laughter are safely seated; and now they push off, leaving behind them a broad wake in the disturbed waters,

and sending long ripples on either side, which stretch away off beyond the reach of sight. And now from the vessel a deep rich voice is heard, and you may distinguish the silvery tones of several female voices, floating in softened music to the shore. We had intended to expatiate at greater length upon the pleasures of "the mirth-freighted skiff," for well we remember many a delightful frolic upon the bay, "with the bright stars above, and the bright eyes below," but the following very beautiful lines from the New-York American are so *apropos*, that we present them to our readers, in preference to any thing of our own:

THE WATER PARTY AND BOAT SONG.

'Tis one of those calm and beautiful nights
That come when a day of storm is over,
When the scent steals out from the flowers about,
To the wooing winds that round them hover.

The sloop on the glassy river is still
As a child on its mother's bosom sleeping;
And there comes a sound from the woods around
Of the fays, their moonlight revels keeping.

And the whippoorwill's wailing note is heard
From the brake, where her lonely nest is hid;
While from rock and hill she is answered shrill
By the peevish plaint of the katydid.

The moon-touched top of the tulip-tree gleams,
As the dew on its foliage shivers;
And the fire-flies spark through the clusters dark
Of the sumach and sassafras quivers.

We shoot from the shore like a swan on her way,
When she glides to her nest o'er the willow,
And our mirth-irreighted skiff, as she cleaves by the cliff,
Is brushed by the hemlock and willow.

There are bright stars above, there are bright eyes below,
And the moon sheds her silver light o'er us;
Our spirits are gay as the glittering spray
That dashes in ripples before us.

Now, on the blue water we merrily dance—
Our bark like an antelope bounding—
Our voices keep time to the oars' even chime,
And our songs in the night air are sounding.

"My bark is my coursor, so gallant and brave;
"Like a steed of the desert she bounds o'er the wave;
"And the breast of the billow, as onward we roam,
"Swelling proudly to meet her, is flecked by her foam;

"Like the winds which her canvass exultingly fill
"With no track to confine us, no bourne but our will,
"Where its sallies may lead us, at random we steer,
"And its fantasies only can check our career.

"O'er the pages of story the student may pore—
"The trumpet the soldier may charm to the war;
"In the prairie the hunter his heaven may see,
"But the bonny blue water and shallop for me.

"With no harbour before me, behind me no home,
"All heaven around me* wherever I roam,
"I ask but to cheer me as onward I go,
"Those bright stars above me, these bright eyes below."

Politeness and refinement.—A pretty fair estimate of the advancement made by a community in politeness and refinement, may be formed by an attentive observation of the behaviour of audiences promiscuously assembled at public places of amusement. The solemnity of a church, with the sacred associations called up by the object for which they are gathered together, is a sufficient security for the decorous deportment of a congregation; but at the theatre or concert-room, where all restraint is thrown off, and a loose given to enjoyment, the natural dispositions or acquired manners of a people become distinctly perceptible, and are a fair subject for the contemplation of the moralist or the curious spectator. Palpable differences strike the observer in different parts of the world, and are generally to be identified with the more or less improved condition of their society. In some places there will be a marked disregard for the civilities of life, not only between those of the same, but also those of opposite sexes. Boisterous clamour, rude and careless conversation, neglect of apparel, inattention to the comfort and conveniences of others, and, above all, want of courtesy to females, may be contrasted with the more favourable evidences of cultivated manners, appropriate dress, unexceptionable language, and the most polite submission to those rules of chivalrous deference to woman which should characterize the intercourse of the sexes both out and in the drawing-room. Such conduct gives an appearance of brilliancy and finish to the interior of a crowded house which no external splendour can reach. These considerations have been forced upon us by the gratification which we have received, at the representation of the French operas, from the truly genteel appearance presented both in the boxes and pit. The utter absence of all vulgarity—the neat and appropriate costume of the ladies, unincumbered with huge steeple bonnets—the respectful deportment of the men, with heads uncovered, and ever giving place to their fair companions—the silent attention to the business of the stage—all marked a degree of propriety and graceful behaviour which we cannot but wish to see imitated by our American audiences. In intelligence and general information, in all the qualities which can render life useful and moral, we are, as a people, inferior to no other on the face of

the globe. Why are we then so often indifferent to the cultivation of those arts which embellish it—which render social intercourse a source of refined gratification as well as a mere interchange of common-place opinions and frigid civilities? We have, it is to be feared, imitated our English brethren too much in this respect, indebted as we are to them for some of the most valuable intellectual, civil, and political blessings which we possess. Let us cast our eyes towards fair and polished France; and while we religiously avoid her imperfections and frivolities, borrow a share of that spirit of gallantry and politeness which has ever rendered her the mould of fashion to the whole civilized world.

Our Village.—Mr. Bliss has re-published the fourth series of "Our Village, or Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery; by Miss Mary Russell Mitford." This work has all the author's well-known characteristics—pleasantness without insipidity, gaiety without silliness, and description without tedious minuteness. Her portraits are pictures, and the figures almost move and speak from the canvass. No living writer is more successful than Miss Mitford in the brightness of her delineations. It is the *forte* and delight of some authors to draw scenes of villany and horror, and a murder seems to be almost an indispensable requisite to keep up the habitual excitement of their readers; but Miss Mitford basks in the sunshine of human nature: scenes which bespeak the pure and undefiled taste, the simple and uncorrupted manners, the blameless and quiet life, have peculiar charms for her pencil, and are sketched in bold and beautiful outlines by her glowing and benevolent fancy. We have placed on another page the story entitled "The Two Sisters," which we think one of the best things in the volume before us.

The Oracle.—A new satirical and miscellaneous journal will be issued under the above title on the eighth instant. If conducted with decorum and talent, and if its shafts be directed at general follies, not personal foibles, unmixed with the poison of malice, it will no doubt meet with a favourable reception.

Algiers.—The capture of this ancient strong-hold of barbaric piracy by the French army, is pregnant with the most important consequences to the mercantile prosperity of Europe, and the future civilization and political redemption of benighted Africa. The commerce of the Mediterranean is destined to be no more impeded on its way, the mariner no longer to shudder with dread at the rencontre of a reckless rover, or be subjected to the imposition of a galling chain, or incarceration in a gloomy dungeon. No more contributions will be required at the hands of powerless but civilized states for precarious indulgence from the will of a petty but savage tyrant; and Africa, so long the home of ignorance and barbarism, may now receive the light of knowledge. Civilized man will be allowed to penetrate her interior and hitherto impassable barriers, and the sons of Cain may yet, in the mercy of a wise dispensation, have imparted to them the blessings of civilization and of freedom.

Mrs. Jordan.—A memoir of this distinguished female is in the London press. It will embrace her public and private history, from her first appearance on the Irish stage till her death at St. Cloud.

Old rope-walk in Broadway.—We give place to the following, from the pen of an aged and respectable resident of this city, because the subject is interesting. In one thing, however, he is mistaken; for the rope-walk to which we alluded was located precisely as there stated, as may be seen by reference to Lynar's map of New-York, published just one hundred years ago, and since accurately copied on the left hand corner of Longworth's map. "An old Resident," however, is entitled to our thanks.

Mr. Editor.—In the interesting account, illustrative of the picture of the Park and its purlieus, published in your paper some weeks ago, which is in general correct, there is much matter which awakens the reminiscences of old citizens, who saw the grounds where the city-hall now is, sixty years ago. The writer was present when the theatre in Beekman-street was pulled down by a mob, at the time of the commotion about the stamp act in seventeen hundred and sixty-five. He was in the house when the mob began the assault with stones, &c. The audience escaped as fast as they could, and he got out with much difficulty through the side of the building, which was a small wooden one, belonging to William Beekman. The head of the rope-walk, spoken of in your Mirror, fronted on Beekman-street, where the Clinton-hall is now erected. The walk ran westerly, on what was then called the vineyard, to the next street or near to it. It was owned by a Mr. Shaw.

* "All earth forgot, and all heaven around us."—Moore.

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For the Mirror.

THE LAST VIOLET.

BY IANTHE.

The following lines were occasioned by receiving from a very dear friend, on Christmas-day, a violet which had been found growing in the open air.

I'm weary of hiding the pitiless blast,
I'm weary of lingering the lonely—the last;
Too long I have pined for the soft summer shower,
And the sunbeam to waken each slumbering flower;
Too long I have drooped o'er the leaf-covered bed,
Where my kindred so early lay withered and dead.
In vain my rich treasures of fragrance I fling,
They mingle not now with the breezes of spring;
Too rude are the rough blasts of winter to bear
Such perfume as gladdens the mild summer air;
And the violet, the pride of the spring, droops and dies,
Unknown and unwept, 'neath December's dark skies.
Oh! better, far better, 'twould be could I fade
Mid the clustering locks of some pitying maid;
But I listen in vain for the echoing tread
Of the young and the gay round my verdureless bed,
And too long I have waited the hand that might save
My tempest-bowed form from a snow-hidden grave.
Thou art come—thou art come—aye, I know thee now,
By the echoless step and the thoughtful brow,
By the calm sweet smile on the lip which tells
Of a soul that in peace and in purity dwells:
By the tenderness glased in the depths of thine eye,
I know thou wilt not pass the last violet by.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE PILLAR OF THE EARTH.

A TALE OF THE EAST.

THIS is the august title of Nieponogoro, the present prince of the island of Java; a man who is distinguished for his spirited bravery, and enthusiastic attachment to his people and country. In conformity with the ancient eastern custom, the name which characterizes this individual indicates its meaning, and shows the importance of the person.

The practice of giving such names is found among all people in their primitive state; and the genealogical lists of the Bible, when explained, are said to furnish a complete history of themselves.

Few people are less known than the Javanese and Malays, but few are more interesting. They have customs and manners entirely peculiar to themselves; and their language, from its softness, richness, and beauty, rivalling and excelling the Spanish and Italian, is fit to embellish the literature of a more refined and polished people. Nothing is more striking than the difference which exists between northern and southern climes, in regard to their language. The hardihood and austerity of the north require harshness and vigour, whilst the mildness and softness of southern regions introduce ease, pliancy, and grace. In Europe the strength of the northern nations has long had a tendency to overpower the effeminacy of the south; and the force of their language, like that of their arms, seems to achieve victories of its own by its influence upon the manners of those whose liberties are destroyed.

In an island, however, like that of Java, free from incurable hordes, the habits and customs of the people are left uncorrupted. The enterprise of modern commerce, and the cupidity of European nations, have indeed sought and found them in their peaceful retirement; but the coarseness and severity of the Dutch, their oppressors, are as odious and repulsive as the unjust authority they presume to exercise.

With this specimen of another and civilized hemisphere, it is not surprising that the Javanese should exult in their superiority, and that their prince should attach such importance to himself, as to assume the imposing title of the "Pillar of the Earth."

The particulars which we are going to relate in regard to Nieponogoro, being founded in fact, should obtain an interest proportionate to their truth.

The Dutch have never been able entirely to subjugate the Javanese. While they have long held quiet possession of Batavia, Bantam, Samarang, and other maritime cities, their tenure upon landed estates in the interior has always been precarious, and held in constant dread of the hostile incursions of the natives. The war which rages there is, and has been for some time, confined to the eastern section of the island; and the Dutch, at great expense, have been making renewed but unavailing efforts to complete a tyranny, which, if once established, the climate alone would speedily overthrow.

To preserve the natives in a defenceless state, vessels of war are kept cruising around the island to prevent the landing and sale of fire-arms and ammunition. A brigantine, however, had eluded the vigilance of the blockade, and succeeded in affording to the helpless warriors a small but good supply of the necessary means of resistance.

Shortly after this fortunate occurrence the troops were called to the field, and by the assistance of the unexpected relief, they supposed, notwithstanding the scanty provision of their arms, that they would present an invincible front to the enemy.

To inspire confidence in the expedition, and to insure its success, the old king himself, the father of Nieponogoro, determined to conduct the army in person. After suitable preparations, they accordingly set out, taking their route in the direction of Samarang. The charge of the government was left in the meantime in the hands of Nieponogoro. This prince was then in his fortieth year, and time had only completed the dignity without destroying any of the manly grace and beauty of his person. His stature was superior to that of the most of his people, and the noble symmetry of his figure and countenance was an improved model of that perfection of the human form which all strangers observe and admire in the Javanese.

The bravery and intrepidity of character which distinguished the prince, made him a more suitable person to conduct the army than his father, whose vigour was somewhat enfeebled by age. The qualities, however, which he possessed, rendered him equally serviceable at home in administering the affairs of the government, and diffusing energy among the people. This might be easily accomplished, on account of the attachment universally entertained for him, and the ready submission yielded to his advice and authority. If Nieponogoro was happy in possessing the affections of the people, he was no less fortunate in the relations of his own family. He had been married many years, and among other children was one, who was the favourite of his father and the nation, whose name was Cahoola, and who was sometimes called "The Face of the Sun."

The army had been absent for weeks, and very little intelligence was as yet received with regard to its movements. A courier, however, at length arrived from the king, to inform Nieponogoro, that he had been successful in a skirmish with a small detachment of the enemy. This information diffused joy and animation over the countenances of all, and was regarded as a presage of the successful issue of the campaign. Festivity and rejoicing were seen every where, and the court determined to celebrate the occasion by an "*assemblée au dance*." The national dance of the Javanese may not possess the graceful evolutions of the Mazurka, but to a stranger it is as interesting as that noted amusement of the Poles. In a climate like that of Java, exposed to the rays of an equatorial sun, nature seems to have done every thing for the wants of the natives. They have trees which produce bread, and others which yield water, (*l'arbre de voyageur*), and hundreds which afford the most wholesome and nutritious fruits.

With the balsa-wood, which is of a size suitable for timber, and of a texture more soft and spongy than the cork, and easily penetrated by the bamboo, they can in a short time construct habitations, which, though light and fragile, are well adapted to the country.

The ban-yan tree, however, which grows luxuriantly in Java, can easily be made to afford habitations of itself. No tree is more remarkable than this. In the east it is an object of adoration, and is called the tree of life; its size is often immense; and from its broad horizontal branches *propagines* descend to the ground, and taking root, become in time joint supporters with the parent body, and are planted firmly by its side. Milton has described this handsomely when he speaks of those stately columns forming

"A pillar'd shade,
High over-arch'd with echoing walls between."

With the assistance of matting, the ingenuity of the inhabitants can construct spacious and convenient apartments out of this tree, and surround them by corridors and verandahs.

Preparations like these had been made to entertain the party of the prince, and the illumination of the lamps which

lighted the principal room, amidst a profusion of evergreens, presented a spectacle highly novel and interesting.

The dress of the natives consisting of merely a surong and kabiah, with a sash around the waist, is cool and pleasant; and the neatness with which they adjust their kerchiefs on their heads, interposing here and there flowers of various kinds, while portions of their long black hair are left to play about their naked bosoms, give the girls especially a fascinating appearance.

In an anti-room adjoining the saloon the musicians were assembled. Some had pipes, of a rude structure and workmanship, of which Tubal-Cain might have been the inventor; others were seated by huge gongs and gongalongs,* and two or three small boys held a species of sistrum in their hands, and accorded with the rest of the band.

The music struck up and the dance commenced. The parties were arranged opposite to one another, and at first their crossing, wheeling, and rapid evolutions appeared irregular and confused, and were attended with animated singing on both sides. They had proceeded thus for about ten minutes, when the dance presented greater regularity and order; assuming then their original positions; the girls joined hand in hand, danced to their partners, who stood still, singing all together the following song:

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Like the wind from the mountain, which ruffles the rill,
So swift be the steps of the faithful cachill;
When he comes by the blaze of the oba at night,
To woo the coy maid of his bosom's delight.
Let him watch if the oba, more brilliant on high,
Shall illumine the earth as it brightens the sky;
Then glad be his looks, when the light of the moon
Shall lead him the way to his dear paramour.

The young men then in turn rejoined with the following antiphon:

CHORUS OF YOUNG MEN.

By the light of the oba or beams of the moon,
When he seeks the fair face of his dear paramour;
As the wind from the mountain sweeps over the rill,
More fleet be the steps of the sprightly cachill.
The keekian that leaps o'er the hills of his wood,
Ne'er clears the thick brake with a speed half as good;
Lacase—lacase, is the thought of his mind,
When he flies to his love like the breath of the wind.

When the singing ceased the band struck up another tune, to correspond with the change in the dance. Commencing at the lower end of the set, each couple wheeled off in turn, and the gentleman was seen holding up one or more fingers of each, and sometimes all, of both hands, signifying thereby how many pieces of coin he would give for the mistress of his heart. As the maiden nodded assent, her partner saluted her with a kiss, and they withdrew to mingle with the rest of the company. This ceremony had been performed until there was but one pair remaining, who by their graceful movements and the superior richness of their dress claimed particular notice; and it was with a general expression of applause and joy, that Cahoola led to his seat the beautiful Ardesah, to whom he was betrothed.

Several days had elapsed after this celebration, when on one of those fresh and delightful mornings peculiar to the climate of Java, where nature presents the brightest aspect of life and luxuriance, Ardesah was sitting alone near her mother, with dejection visible in her looks.

"Why is thy face sad, my child, like one of the children of sorrow?" said the fond parent as she looked upon her daughter.

"I could not but be sad, mother, when I thought that there was no safety on earth, and no bright happiness in heaven."

"How, Ardesah?"

"As I slept last night," replied the damsel, "I dreamed that I was on a weary journey. The path I travelled was ornamented with flowers, and every thing was pleasant to behold; but I looked at the sky, and the light of the sun became suddenly as thick darkness, and filled me with terror. As I proceeded, all was gloom around me; the solid ground shook, and gave way, and I sank into an abyss, and methought I was lost to you for ever!"

"Child," said the mother, "will you be troubled with a vision? Is not the sun bright and the earth beautiful, and thou art distressed?"

* The Tung-lah of the Chinese. † Boy, youth. ‡ Torch, the natives carry in dark nights. § Young lady. ‖ Haste, speed.

Such were the words of consolation offered, but the maiden could not easily be soothed, as she felt more than she was willing to avow.

"Can it be," she softly breathed to herself, "Nieponogoro—Caboola?" and she burst into tears.

During this scene of imaginary distress and maternal solicitude, a more obvious and reasonable cause of anxiety appeared in the agitation which was visible around the palace and in the city. News was received from the army, and all were concerned to know the result, and to hear tidings of the king. When the waiting multitude understood that the troops were defeated, and that the monarch was a captive, the cries of regret and despair were raised by the disappointed and dejected people. Confirmatory accounts of the disastrous intelligence were shortly obtained, by a deputation which was sent by the king himself. He informed Nieponogoro of the particulars of the battle, alleged the defectiveness of the arms and ammunition he had had, and the inexperience of his men, in contending against the well appointed and regularly disciplined forces of the Dutch. He extolled the bravery of his soldiers, and lamented the unfortunate defeat; and alluding to the state of the nation and the hopelessness of their cause, he urged upon him, as a condition of his release from captivity, an entire submission to the enemy, with whom they were unable to contend.

These humiliating proposals had a greater effect upon the feelings of the indignant prince, than the destruction of the army. He became desperate with rage, and breathed nothing but vengeance; and the first step he took was to order the deputies to be put to death. He then convoked an assembly of the people, and appeared before them, accompanied with his body guard, and attended in person only by Caboola. He addressed the audience upon the unfortunate and unexpected change in the affairs of the state. He related the object of the embassy which had lately been received, and reprobated the cowardice and defection of his father, whom he denounced as a traitor.

"Shall we," said he, "ever yield to our oppressors, who have no right to rule over us? Have we been defeated? We are not vanquished. Is our cause weak? Brave men will make it strong. The blood of my heart shall be shed in your defence, and my family shall be offered up and slain, but we will never submit."

As he uttered this he seized his son, who was standing by his side, and drawing forth his gollock,* said to the affrighted youth, "You must die, Caboola, to appease the offended gods of heaven." With this hasty notice, at a single blow the head was severed from the body by the father himself, who, as he held it up, yet gushing with the living blood, he called upon a part of his guard, and said, "Take this to the dastard king, and say to him, 'Judge if he who spares not his own son is afraid to hazard his life, or will ever yield to the enemies of his country!'"

The shouts of the savage assembly applauded this brutal act of heroism and zeal, and the company dispersed with acclamations for vengeance and victory. The approbation which was at this moment bestowed upon this act of cruelty and murder by the hand of a parent, was speedily revoked, in the re-action which took place in the public mind. The people mourned for the premature and unworthy destiny which bereft them of a beloved object; and the sternness and ferocity of Nieponogoro himself gave way to feelings of compunctious remorse and regret, as he wept for the loss of a son whom he had sacrificed on account of a father he really loved and an enemy he heartily contemned.

The account of Caboola's death could not long be concealed from Ardesah, whose mother dreaded the effect it might have upon her. She received the intelligence with surprise and dismay, and her cries became frantic in her importunity, at least to see and embrace the headless body of her lover. As these paroxysms subsided, she felt the less impassioned but keener bitterness of grief, when she remembered the premonition of the tragical event she had had in her dream, when it appeared to her that the pillar of the earth was shaken, and the light of the sun was extinct.

The caresses and assiduity of her friends were constant in soothing her distress, and the unhappy maiden, after a short time, wore the appearance of silent resignation and content in her countenance. Her composure, however, was that which proceeded rather from some settled purpose of mind than from reconciled feeling.

As Ardesah was sitting alone in her apartment a forced smile was visible in her looks, as her servant in haste and secrecy handed her a small case, made of bamboo, and imme-

diately retreated. She took it, and as she viewed it said, "This is my consolation and the end of my unhappiness."

Her hair was thrown loosely back, but her dress was arranged with unusual neatness. For a moment her bosom heaved with agitation, and she seemed absorbed in almost breathless supplication to the deities she had been accustomed to worship from infancy. This act of piety being over, the case was applied to her mouth, and having swallowed its contents, she hastily ran to her mother, and throwing herself at her feet said,

"I go to seek him."

"Ardesah!—oh! my child," exclaimed the parent, as she held her close in her arms, "there is death in thy looks."

"Cassa cire," (give me water,) feebly uttered the expiring girl, as she rolled back her eyes, which with their last light seemed to look in upon the darkness and desolation of her bosom.

Her trembling lips were scarcely bathed in the cooling fluid when she faintly observed, "*Suda—bagoose*," (it is enough—good,) and she became united to her betrothed lover in the wedlock of death.

It afterwards was known that the fatal potion she used was obtained from the *bohun-upas*, concerning which many fabulous accounts are related, such as its casting for miles around a deadly atmosphere, &c. But it is certain that the expressed juice alone of that tree is poisonous.

When these tragedies had occurred, Nieponogoro was apprehensive that the public feeling would be turned against him. But the atrocities which proceeded from his own violence he dexterously managed to charge to the account of the enemy, and to urge them upon the people as additional motives for hostility and revenge.

The war is still going on with spirit, and the old king, having no one to intercede for him, continues a dejected captive in the hands of the Dutch.

S. B.

THE FINE ARTS.

SWIFT AS THE LIGHTNING'S GLANCE.

THE FAIRY KING'S SONG.

THE song inserted to-day is a beautiful melody given by Weber to the king of the fairies, Oberon. He conveys Sir Huon of Bourdeaux and his bride, by dint of magic, from Tunis to France, in less time than we can write the same; previous to which he returns thanks for all kindness in this musical adieu. The obligation which the "grateful fairy" considers himself under to Sir Huon is the reconciliation which that knight accomplishes between Oberon and his queen Titania. It seems they had a violent dispute and a separation, caused by a difference of opinion touching the constancy and strength of affection of the sexes. Oberon stoutly maintaining that the lords of creation were superior, and Titania obstinately denying the fact. In the heat and excitation of argument, they made a mutual vow, that until either of them could find a perfect sample of their sex, they would live estranged from each other. Sir Huon of Bourdeaux is the male picture of excellence, and Reiza his bride the female specimen, and to prove their merits, Oberon raises all kinds of impediments and difficulties, which however their firmness and constancy enable them to surmount; consequently the unfortunate vow is annulled, and the two fairies are again made happy.

In taking leave of this great author, and the charming melodies which we have presented to the public through the vehicle of the Mirror, and which to most of its readers were hitherto unknown, we may be forgiven for adding a parting word. In a community which gives such promise of musical attainment, and where the adoption of musical study has so immediately attended the introduction of the art, it is highly interesting to one enamoured of that art, to mark its progress; and doubly interesting to such an individual to lend his aid zealously, but probably feebly, towards the direction of a taste which is still in its infancy. That the five given compositions are of the highest grade, and that the melodies are beautiful, and the sentiment of the poetry finely illustrated by them, we think cannot admit of dispute. We have been taught to believe and feel that poetry and music ought to be combined, to form a pleasing composition. The Italians, Germans, and French, prefer opera in their own languages. Then why should not we do the same in ours? The affection so prevalent among certain persons, of admiration for Italian music, is for the most part pseudo-sentimental; we

do not disguise that the Italian school boasts of a far greater number of fine masters than any other school existing; but to feel their compositions, requires either a knowledge of the science or of the language, without which the general hearer can derive no real satisfaction, and an affectation of the same is merely a silly attempt to ape the taste of some person who is really qualified in these particulars. On the contrary, any individual gifted with a tolerable ear, can appreciate sweet sounds which expressively convey some peculiar sentiment in a language with which he is familiar; and surely common sense points out that the true road to good and sound musical taste, is that which is founded on a knowledge of the best authors who have written in our own tongue. When these are known, far be it from us to abridge the student of a desire to become acquainted with the harmony and melody of foreigners; on the contrary, for a finished musician, it is highly laudable; but all affectation of discarding the compositions of great masters of our own school, in order to, parrot-like, learn the words and apply them ignorantly to the notes of Italian musicians, is a vicious and diseased state of taste, against which it is our duty to protest. B.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MR. CHARLES KEAN.

WE agree generally with the following remarks of our correspondent, and if we offer any of our own, we do so because we are not willing to leave entirely to another the agreeable office of greeting this young candidate for public favour, with assurances of a brilliant career. He is yet under twenty years, but has evidently studied deeply, and has already acquired power which, perhaps, no other individual of his age ever possessed. His readings are not only uniformly correct, they are impressive and beautiful. His singular resemblance to his father is not imitation, but is a mere natural similarity, which flashes upon the audience occasionally through his own original style; and instead of being an obstacle to his future fame, should be only considered as the perpetuated spark of that fire which in the other is so nearly extinguished. There is no doubt but that he will soon become an universal favourite with the public; and if the reiterated peals of applause with which his finely executed conceptions were received form any criterion, his progress to the most distinguished rank in his profession will be both sure and speedy.—Ed.

RICHARD III.—MR. C. KEAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

On the second instant the Park theatre opened for the season with Richard III. The great attraction of the evening was the *début* in America of Charles Kean, the son of the celebrated tragedian. The occasion brought together an overflowing audience, who manifested an intense anxiety to witness his performance. He was received with the most animated and repeated acclamations, which in a few moments died away into deep silence. It was an interesting crisis to all, and must have been powerfully so to the stranger, who had recently sought our shores, and now exposed himself to a comparison with one of the most extraordinary and distinguished actors that ever wielded the passions and feelings of thousands at his pleasure. It is but reasonable to suppose, that he must have laboured under an embarrassment sufficiently benumbing to paralyze for the instant all his energies; and we confess, as he proceeded in the opening soliloquy, we were crossed with a conviction, that the endeavour of the youth before us to measure himself with the wonderful genius of the father, must prove altogether feeble and hopeless. As he proceeded, however, he appeared to gain new powers, and gradually to become warmed with his part. His diffidence vanished before the bursts of approbation with which the lofty dame continually resounded; and when the curtain fell, we were fully of the opinion that he possessed a talent to command success. It cannot be expected that we should at so early a period enter into any analysis of his style. It is certain, however, that it is the result of much study, reflection, and observation; that he has been in an excellent school, where the redundancies and errors which generally accompany genius, have been carefully restrained and corrected. His attitudes and gestures are appropriate and beautiful; his voice is not loud, but pleasing and well managed; and we were astonished that one so young should be able to delineate so forcibly the most stirring and convulsive passions. There were times when he gained a powerful hold upon the attention of his hearers, particularly in those passages where the feelings can no longer find vent by the ordinary ways of physical exertion; but where the long pause, the deep under-

* By the late advices from the East, we learn that the war here alluded to has terminated.—Ed. N. Y. Mir.

tone, and the fine play of the speaking countenance, betray the workings of the soul within.

We cannot accuse him of any servile imitation of his father, but the strange and striking resemblance between them was very perceptible, and, to the warm admirers of the absent veteran, sometimes assumed the appearance of magic. It does not consist in any peculiar manner of reading, or method of rendering any disputed point, but it is in the roll of the eye, the sneer of the lip, and the whole contour of the face and form. Mr. C. Kean has fewer faults than his father, and such as he does possess, will doubtless rapidly disappear before moderate and judicious criticism. He has a habit of lifting his eyes rather frequently to the audience, which, of course, he should entirely forget; but this, in so young an aspirant, and under circumstances of such peculiar interest, we are not disposed to wonder at, but rather to hope, that, in the numerous strange physiognomies which there meet his gaze, he read nothing more alarming than a wish to afford him an impartial trial. He has, however, passed the ordeal, and his acting will, doubtless, profit by the confidence which must have resulted from his first efforts before the American public.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—C. KEAN'S SECOND NIGHT.

Although there be in the leading part, as well as in the whole of this play, wonderful dramatic effectiveness, yet the author has placed the actor in the peculiar situation of personating what never can by any possibility be called a natural character; and hence, in some scenes particularly, he has to bear up against a feeling on the part of an enlightened audience, something approaching to indifference or contempt for an endeavour to impose upon their credulity. It is very true that an auditor does not enter the walls of a theatre with a disposition to weigh probabilities or improbabilities very nicely; but the understanding, it must not be forgotten, is the only key to the heart. Sir Giles Overreach in few words, and some of those his own, for the sake of giving to his daughter the title of right honourable, and consequently enabling his progeny to vie with, nay, to triumph over, some of the genuine old stock nobility, (mortifications from whom he had often suffered,) jeers at the orphan's tears, laughs at the widow's curse, and risks his reputation here and his hopes of an hereafter. Avarice, revenge, envy, and scorn, have all in turn become foundations for a dramatic superstructure; and ambition is a prolific theatrical theme; but so rank and hot a lust for a mere name is "not and unnatural." But to business.—As it regards Mr. C. Kean, the fiery ordeal is passed—it is now no longer a question whether he shall be placed in the first class of actors, even resting his reputation upon the two parts already personated. The bold points of this terrific play were developed by our new acquaintance with skill and power, and we were highly gratified in witnessing the confirmation of his success on Wednesday night by a new audience. Mr. C. Kean may be now considered safe so far, and it only remains to determine the precise degree of his excellence. We see no *veto* which can be pushed in his face, to forbid him from modelling himself upon his father's bust. Vandervelde the younger is not charged with plagiarism from Vandervelde the elder, although his early lessons in marine views were received from his father; and considering that Mr. C. Kean is not yet of age, his judgment, the quality to be least looked for in a very young man, is very wonderful. Indeed we almost regret that before "the gristle of youth is quite hardened into the bone of manhood," he should be able to draw upon his physical resources for such tremendous bursts of passion as they can hardly yet furnish; and we attribute his evident fatigue in the last act to that cause. In confirmation of the opinion given above, we adduce the relenting of paternal affection which occasionally softened the delivery of his harsh and brutal instructions to his daughter; and we noticed the tones of the voice to shape themselves to this with great flexibility. When the crisis in the third act, so trying to the powers of an actor personating Sir Giles, arrived, no fault could be found either with conception or execution; the first shock over of the blank deed, the faculties gradually rally themselves to look for the cause; the suspicions hastily thrown upon Wellborn, the fierce and commanding, and subsequently imploring and abject manner towards Marall, the ultimate fits of ungovernable passion, the final paroxysm, the hysteric laugh, the groan, and syncope—all these were unexceptionable in point of judgment, although the degree of positive power in comparison with his father may be disputed. It remains only to say, that the most efficient assistance was given by the corps generally in all the under parts; a strong conviction of which we do not the less entertain because we do not particularize names.

MISS CLARA FISHER'S FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON.

A large and fashionable audience assembled on Monday evening to witness the first performance this season of "everybody's favourite," Miss Clara Fisher. She appeared in the character of Beatrice in Shakespeare's comedy of "*Much ado about nothing*." The part of Benedict was sustained by Mr. Caldwell, of the New-Orleans theatre. The amusing after-piece of the "*Invincibles*" was also produced, for the purpose of introducing Miss Fisher as Victoire, one of those playful and happy exhibitions of beautiful and graceful acting, for which this young girl has become so deservedly celebrated. We do not deem Beatrice a part calculated to display her powers to the greatest advantage, although it may be observed of her, that even when the decree of the manager takes her from the range of the drama for which nature and study have fitted her, she is still correct, interesting, and delightful; never losing sight of the good sense which may be found tempering her most unaccustomed as well as her most familiar and successful efforts. The scene where she beseeches Benedict to kill Claudio is precisely of a kind most opposite to her powers. Neither nature nor education has fashioned the charming and youthful creature before us to portray the blood-thirstiness of that amiable lady. Yet even here, although of all the circumstances in which fancy could picture her, that of "eating a man's heart in the market place," would be the last, she was admirable, particularly towards the close of the scene; and, altogether contrary to our expectations, just what she should have been.

In Victoire she was, as usual, full of grace and spirit. We should like to see her perform with young Kean. Such an arrangement could not fail to afford universal satisfaction. The most beautiful characteristic of the style of her acting is the play of her features, the continued and continually changing expressions which follow each other over her face, with all the different shades of feeling and passion, of surprise, fear, hope, archness, and anger, which it is her wish to represent. Her countenance seems as admirably created for the display of all the varying operations of the soul, as a stream in summer, to reflect the images of the scenery above and around it. For example, watch her looks when she snatches the stanzas from Benedict, the joy and triumph beaming in her eyes, and the light of successful vanity and love gleaming altogether from her radiant face; then, when her own verses are produced, and seized by Benedict, mark the change—rapid and complete as the workings of thought—and then the gradual yielding, as the archness and merriment break forth again, and she accepts him—"out of pity, for they told me you were in a consumption!" Again, in the little corporal, when she comes forward disappointed, angry, and perplexed, and suddenly thinks of the general's letter, which that incautious old gentleman had committed to her care. How palpably you may read her thoughts, as she turns it over and over again—starts, listens, and exclaims, "Oh! it is open!" These sweet touches of nature are scattered all over her representations, as thick as wild flowers in a summer meadow. We have never seen them equalled; and however there may be parts too cumbersome for her management, which require stronger physical construction, and a loftier style of imagination, the drama abounds with characters of the most agreeable description, which may be appropriated exclusively to her. She is the cherished favourite of the public, and holds a place in their esteem, which it will take any other many a long year to reach.

OTHELLO.—C. KEAN'S THIRD NIGHT.

Of all the characters of the drama no one is more difficult to portray than that of the Moor of Venice; accordingly we prepared ourselves to witness a performance on the part of Mr. C. Kean, which would either confirm or weaken our opinion of his talents. It behoves us, in strict justice, to add, that his delineation of the sea of passions, on which the unhappy chieftain is lost, was, generally speaking, highly to his credit. Were we to give the meed of unqualified praise to this gentleman, we should fall into the error too common to writers in this country, who magnify their respective favourites into that perfection which lasts until it comes into collision with talent that has stood the ordeal; and then, being weighed in the balance against metal with which it ought never to have competed, is found wanting; and its total desertion afterwards is perhaps as unmerited as its sudden and portentous rise. To avoid this in the case of Mr. C. Kean, shall be our endeavour. In our enthusiasm at witnessing this young man treading in the footsteps of his father, perfected in his studies beyond any person who has numbered the same years, and speaking our language with correctness and beauty, let us nevertheless frankly confess, that if we scan his Othello with an impartial eye, we must pronounce it an unequal perform-

ance. The *farewell*, although correctly read, did not give us that idea of heart-broken despair, which the elder Kean used to impart to it with irresistible power; and we complain of a good deal of monotony in his delivery of the dialogue in the bed-chamber scene, both previous to and after the murder; it seems to us that a too precise and lengthened delivery in a scene where so many conflicting passions are struggling for mastery, is calculated to injure the effect. On the other hand, his acting in the scenes with Iago, and the gradual awakening of his suspicions, the almost insanity which bursts forth when they become gradually matured, were given with the fidelity and force of a veteran actor. In short, we hail Mr. C. Kean as a son worthy of the first actor of the age, who bids fair to arrive at the summit of his profession. Q.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

OPERATION FOR BLINDNESS FROM SIGHT.—Dr. Maunoir, of Geneva, has lately performed this operation on a boy eight years of age, who had from his birth been affected with cataract in both eyes. The pupils, which were very sensible to light, had been dilated by extract of belladonna. Both eyes were operated upon on the same day, and by the same method, viz. keratodialis. No unfavourable symptoms followed the operation, and after a short time, the fragments of the lenses having been completely absorbed, the patient had the full use of his eyes. The results of the experiments made upon him soon after the acquirement of his new sense, for the most part coincide with those obtained by Cheselden and Wardrop. The eyes required to be exercised for a considerable time before the individual could judge correctly of distance and form, and the difference of colours. He learnt, however, to form a correct estimation of the latter much quicker than of the former, and very soon fell into mistakes, by drawing his inferences from colour extensively; thus he took a piece of blue paper for a steel knife, &c.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.—At the last sitting of this society, a child was introduced who had lost, by gangrenous inflammation, the right cheek, the lower lip, and a part of the chin. In this horrible state, M. Dupuytren took the child in hand, and by means of a portion of flesh and skin taken from the neck, and placed over the denuded parts, succeeded in obtaining an union and restoring them, so that when the child was presented to the academy, although disfigured, there was nothing repulsive in his appearance.—At the last sitting a long discussion ensued on the discovery of some bones of the extinct bird, which was known in the Isle of France, up to the year 1630, under the name of *dromite* and *dodart*. M. Cuvier took this opportunity of stating, that among the animals now extinct, we may place two species of crocodiles, of which several embalmed specimens have been found in Egypt.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Mr. Lichental, a piano-forte maker, of Ghent, has invented a new instrument, called *piano-viole*, in which, with all the execution of the piano-forte, the sounds of the violoncello may be obtained with the same degree of continuity. The chords are played upon with a bow moved by the keys.

STEAM CARRIAGES.—A steam carriage has been built at Leipsic, which is to run between that place and Dresden. It was to commence running on the first of July. The saving in time is expected to be about one half. The Dresden letter from which we take this information says, that this carriage is provided with an apparatus for discharging the smoke imperceptibly, so as to prevent alarm to horses on the road.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—M. Dureau Delamalle recently read to the French Academy a memoir, the object of which was to show that domestic animals are capable of more extensive development of the intellectual faculties than is commonly supposed; that they have, although within limits not yet ascertained, instinctive qualities, powers of imitation, memory, will, deliberation and judgment; that the individual, and even the race are improvable by the state of knowledge of the persons with whom they live, by education, by their wants, by their dangers, and, in order to generalize the proposition, by the circumstances in which they are placed; and that many of the qualities which are considered instinctive, are, in fact, qualities acquired by their powers of imitation, and that certain acts attributed to instinct, are acts of choice, resulting from intelligence, memory, and judgment. M. Delamalle sustains these various propositions by a number of very curious facts.

POTATOES.—A fact has recently been promulgated in France, with respect to the growth of that useful root, the potato. By nipping off the flowers after they are fully blown, an increase of fully one-third may, it is said, be anticipated in the crop.

For the Mirror.

THINK NOT, THOUGH FATE HAS SEVERED US.

"Oh no, we never mention her."

THINK not, though fate has severed us,
That I can e'er forget:
There's not a smile, there's not a word
But memory treasures yet.
In vain may science spread her page,
Her charms are lost to me;
In festive halls, or silent shades,
Thought flies alone to thee.

Oh give me not the blooming wreath,
To twine around my hair;
It would but mock my dreary heart
To see its lustre there:
Nor ask me why no longer beams
My eye as once it shone,
I would not have a ray left there
When every joy has flown.

Oh ask me not the song to give,
Which once I held so dear;
No, not a note my lip shall breathe,
But those he loved to hear.
Can music with its magic warm
The heart by sorrow chilled?
Or gems restore the smiling peace
That once my bosom filled?

My mind may sink, my cheek may fade,
"As flowers beneath the blast,"
But love like mine time cannot change
Whilst life and reason last.
When thought restores the parting hour,
When last thy look I met,
'Tis seen through tears that hallowed it,
And how can I forget?

R. S.

THE RAMBLER.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Voyage.

*"Them as goes to sea for pleasure, will go to — for
pastime."—Sailor's Proverb.*

WASHINGTON IRVING crossed the Atlantic, and wrote a beautiful little piece thereupon, entitled "The Voyage," which delighted every one. The natural consequences ensued. All the gentlemen who crossed the Atlantic afterwards, concluded to do as Washington Irving had done, and delight every one likewise, so that in the course of a short time there was no scarcity of marine narratives; and the dwellers in great cities, on both sides, had very particular information afforded them of the perils of such as "went down to the sea in ships" during the summer months. These adventurous men and predestined authors kept a regular diary of the days on which they ate lamb, and the days on which they ate chicken, and the days on which the pecuniary concerns of the captain were benefited by the disorganized state of their internals, and they subsisted on rice-water and hope: they severally furnished a description of the ocean in a calm and a description of the ocean in a storm, for which latter purpose the ocean was afflicted with more storms from May to September than sailors ever heard tell of. They stated, for the first time, that the sea was the "symbol of immensity"—that the water was green on soundings, and "cerulean blue" off; and added their testimony, founded upon actual observation, to the mass of evidence already before the world, that it contained many whales, sharks, porpoises, and other fishes, to which were appended brief touches of natural history as they went along, and invariably a piece of fine writing concerning "sunset on the ocean," giving an account how that every-day luminary "goes down behind the wilderness of waters." They, moreover, let the reader have a minute insight into the state of their feelings, the workings of their bosoms, &c. as they leaned over the ship's side, gazed upon the vasty deep, and thought of the friends and home they had left behind them; and also their vague and very extraordinary speculations concerning the land that lay before them—all which, is it not to be found expanded over an infinite number of pages in the infinite number of "Letters from Europe," which quietly repose on the back shelves of the establishments of Messrs. Bliss and Carvill, Broadway, and other incautious booksellers?

Such being the state of things, it would ill become an humble individual to affect singularity by breaking through an established rule; and the subscriber therefore, under the impression that it is a debt due to decorum and mankind, proceeds to inform the human race of what he saw and suffered. If I am not as interestingly minute as some of my predecessors, it must be attributed to the unfortunate fact of having lost a valuable "daily journal" overboard, in which

the most trivial circumstances were carefully noted down, with appropriate moral reflections attached to each, and the following are therefore merely general recollections thrown together without order or discrimination.

In the first place, I hate the sea as much as the father of lies is said, in catholic countries, to hate holy water; and, notwithstanding all the fine poetry that has been written about it, think it, in every respect, the greatest bore in creation. To me, to be

"Once more upon the waters, yet once more,"

brings a miserable feeling of lassitude and confinement, rather than of freedom and exultation. It is the most dreary, weary, dull, monotonous, unsocial place upon which human beings, with any kindly warmth in their hearts or blood, can sojourn. There is not any thing with which the imprisoned spirit can sympathize. On land, though that land be as sterile and barren as the banks of the river Jordan, or the most unfertile parts about Cape Cod, there is still some inanimate object or other to which the heart can attach itself—a rock, a tree, a bubbling spring, which, after familiarity hath made it pleasant to the eye, we are loth to leave behind and glad to see again. Sterne hath beautifully, and no less beautifully than truly said, that man must love one thing or another, and that for his own part, were he in a desert he would love some cypress; but his affections would be sadly puzzled on what to affix themselves in the watery deserts which separate country from country. The dark waves keep tumbling over and over each other, for ever changing yet still the same, till the fatigued eye turns sickeningly away from this very blue prospect. You even feel sorry for the sullen, noiseless birds that keep eternally wheeling and floating above the curling billows, and regret the doom allotted them to figuratively seek "their bread upon the waters," or, what is pretty much the same thing to them—their fish. With all their exemption from the murderous sports of man, how unenviable seems their fate, compared with that of the land birds. They have no constant mate expecting them at evening time—no home—no warm nest into which they may creep and fold their weary wings and be at rest; but when the close of day puts an end to their piscatory pursuits, they squat themselves down upon the cheerless waters with but small assurance of being a live bird in the morning, should some shark or other fowl-loving fish pass that way before they are awake and on the wing. Well; there is retribution in the deed—why should not the destroyer be destroyed? they have preyed upon fish, why not fish prey upon them?

To all who rave and make poetry about the beauty and delights of a summer sea, I especially recommend the middle of the Atlantic during what is appropriately enough termed "a dead calm"—the ship rolling lazily and heavily from side to side, the sails flapping drowsily against the masts, and a burning, blistering sun sucking the melted pitch and rosin out of the seams of the deck. Of all the suicidal situations in which man can be placed, I think this decidedly the most tempting; and believe, if life could be ended by a wish, few of the unhappy passengers would see the shore again; but fortunately it requires some little energy—some slight exertion to drown yourself, and really you are so very listless—so completely unstrung, that a man cannot be at the trouble of tumbling himself overboard. But then, cries the landsman, what a delightful resource must books be in such a situation. Alas! alas! your mind is as debilitated as your body, and just as incapable of bending its faculties to a salutary purpose. Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, or any thing nervous or exciting, is not to be borne; and about the strongest mental food that the mind can digest in this predicament is a diluted love-story in an "Annual." I, for one, am very fond of reading, but I could not do it here: I laid myself down on the deck, ate almonds and raisins, and thought of Job.

Some people prefer a storm to a calm; but their demerits are so equally balanced, that, like the Frenchman who had to choose between hanging and drowning, I cannot make up my mind to give the preference to either. True, the roaring of the wind, the tearing and splitting of the sails, the violent evolutions of the vessel, and the unique blasphemies which strike the ear from various quarters, with the probability of speedily being among the fishes, tend to arouse the spirit, and stir up, as counsellor Philips might say, "the green and stagnant waters of the soul;" while the yesty ocean, ever and anon dashing over the ship and wetting you to the skin, is unquestionably sublime; but some how or other I never could relish the sublime much when it interfered materially with my personal comforts, and am unromantic enough to own that I would rather be seated snugly in a decent inn at the foot of a Swiss mountain than identifying myself with the icicles at the top of it; so, in a storm, I hold it to be a

better thing to go below, doff your drenched garments, fix your berth so that you cannot roll an inch either one way or the other, and quietly betake yourself to the arms of Morpheus, rather than stand gazing at the unceremonious ocean, who repays your sincere admiration in a very unhandsome manner by throwing cold water in your face.

No—the sea, whether in storm or calm, or enveloped in fog, or in its most favourable state curled with a fresh fair breeze, has mighty few attractions to those who spend more than six hours upon it at a time. Our captain, an old sailor, declared that every day he passed there he considered as a blank in his existence, and the proverb quoted at the beginning speaks volumes. What is there in this be-praised element to give pleasure? In crossing the Atlantic all your amusements are not such as are connected with the sea, but such as serve to draw your attention from it. Chess or draughts, backgammon or cards, are the resources called in to while away the tedious hours; for after you have seen one of mother Cary's chickens, a shoal of porpoises, a shark, and a whale, you have seen about all that is to be seen. At first, like other landmen, I was very desirous to "see a whale;" but I soon found that, according to the laws of optics, a porpoise alongside of the ship was just as large and as good a sight as a whale half a mile off, which is about as near as they generally venture; while all you mostly see of the rascally sharks is a fin, or the ridge of a brown back peeping above the water. The eye tires of even the finest prospect; but here you are compelled to gaze day after day on water and sky, and all that can be said of the former is, that it is very blue and that there is a great quantity of it.

It may be thought from this that I am no friend or admirer of the sea; but few like it more than I do on the land, the only place, I believe, where people really fall in love with it. Nothing can be finer than to live in a highly cultivated tract of country merely separated from the sea-coast by a high range of sand-hills. The change in the scenery is so instantaneous, and so complete—so very different, yet both so surpassingly beautiful, for few things can excel, in picturesque effect, a bold and animated line of coast. How freshening it is in the summer time, after roaming through orchards, meadows, and cornfields, to cross the barren sand-hills and find yourself on the lone sea-beach, with no human being within sight or hearing. How pleasant to roam along to some favourite spot and there lie and watch the clear sparkling tide come rolling in over the smooth sand, forcing its way swiftly up a hundred tiny channels—to dream over again all the wild legends of the mighty element before you—the storm the battle and the wreck, and the hair-breadth escapes of those who have been cast away upon it—to be lulled to slumber by the murmur of the slight waves breaking upon the shore, and making most sweet yet drowsy music in your ear—this is delightful; and I have even enough of the hardihood of boyhood to love it in its rougher moods—on a raw and gusty November day, when the sea-gull comes screaming to the cliffs for shelter, when the wave bursts in thunder at your feet, and the thick fog is whirled from the water like smoke by the tempest—on such a day there is something far from unpleasant in standing on terra firma and watching its manœuvres. Besides, it is such a glorious preparative for a warm, comfortable fire-side and a hearty supper—but from passing any length of time on it in ships, or other smaller vessels called, for unknown reasons, pleasure-boats, heaven preserve me and my posterity, (should I have any.)

I have by no means drawn a jaundiced picture, discoloured through the agency of disturbed bile, for though occasionally visited by that most horrible of afflictions, sea-sickness, I am better off in that respect than nineteen out of twenty. What must be the state of those wretched individuals who add enduring sickness or continual qualms to their other stock of sea comforts, I cannot even venture to conjecture. Shakespeare says,

*"There is a soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distill it out;"*

and certainly nothing is so admirably calculated to strip death of all its terrors, and make men meet it with perfect indifference, yea, satisfaction, as a substantial fit of sea-sickness. Persons thoroughly in this state will receive any intimation of the probability of the ship's going down with perfect unconcern—they do not set their life at a "pin's fee." Some Athenian said, when he found the comfortless way in which the Spartans lived, that he no longer wondered at their fearing death so little; and it is only on this principle that I can account for the unnatural tranquillity with which men hear of the chance of running foul of an iceberg, or any other agreeable casualty; while half the peril when on land quietly enjoying the good things of the world, would perturb their spirits con-

siderably, and cause many retrospective glances towards their past state of existence, and great dubiousity touching their future prospects.

Land ho! we have just come in sight of the southern point of Ireland—a few more hours will bring us into the English channel, and the unbounded joy of all on board is the best commentary on the pleasures of the sea. Ah! land, land! we all gaze upon the country of turf and potatoes as wistfully as if it were one of the "islands of the blest;" and the snuffing of the cow in the long boat, as she scents the green herbage afar off, approximates towards the borders of the pathetic. I am circumspect in the choice of my company, and it is consequently seldom that I have any thing to say to the "heavenly nine" or they to me; but on the present occasion I felt something unusual the matter with my brain, and as soon as the evening shades fell, and I could see land no longer, it relieved itself by the following effervescence.

LINES ON COMING IN SIGHT OF LAND.

"Land, land ahead!" the seaman cries,
"Land, land!" re-echoes round:
And happy smiles and glistening eyes
Repay that joyful sound.
The dull and cheerless sea is past—
The warm earth meets our view at last,
With summer's glories crown'd.
Now ill beshrew the twilight gray,
That shrouds it from my sight away!
Well, let it fade, as fades the light
Along the sullen sea;
Yet through the watches of the night
My thoughts will turn to thee.
The fresh green fields—the swelling hills—
The music of the gushing rills—
The humming of the bee:
And scenes and sounds to memory dear,
Are in mine eye and in mine ear.
The carol of the merry lark
Rings through the morning air;
The honest sheep-dog's wary bark
Guarding with watchful care
His flocks upon the green hill's side:
The milkmaid too, with modest pride
And pretty anklet bare,
Tripping along the dewy green,
Is no unpleasant sight, I ween.
These, and ten thousand scenes like these,
Are passing o'er thy breast.
Oh for the wave of thy green trees
To shade my noontide rest!
The pleasant rustling of the leaves,
The warbling of the bird, that weaves
Above me its trim nest—
While cooling breezes float along
Laden with fragrance and with song.
And glorious autumn's golden fruits,
And summer's lingering flowers,
And the sweet woodbine's fragrant odour,
Twining round rustic bowers;
And friends long loved through absent years—
And kind eyes sparkling mid their tears,
Like April's sun and showers—
Await me here. Come, heart, to swell!
Thou salt and bitter sea, farewell!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AGES OF EUROPEAN KINGS.

The oldest sovereign is Charles X. late king of France, who is seventy-three years of age, tall in person, and very hale. The Pope, Pius VIII. is sixty-eight, and in tolerable vigour. Bernadotte, king of Sweden, is sixty-six, and has recently had a severe illness, but is a strong and healthy man. The next is William IV. of England, who is sixty-five, in good health, and does not appear to be more than fifty. Felix, king of Sardinia, is of the same age, and enjoys good health. Frederic VI. of Denmark, is sixty-two years old, and is a very healthy man. Frederic William III., king of Prussia, in his sixtieth year, possesses a good share of health, and bids fair to live to a good old age. The king of the Netherlands, William I., is fifty-eight; he has the appearance of a weather-beaten soldier, as he is; and, although subject to chronic complaints, is robust. Francis, emperor of Austria, is fifty-two, and healthy. Francis, king of Naples, is fifty-one, and gouty. Mahmoud II., sultan of Turkey, is forty-six, and possessed of great vigour of body and mind. His countenance and his eye are particularly striking and impressive, and he is naturally a very superior man. Ferdinand VII., of Spain, is forty-five years old, and has long been a prey to diseases. He has the gout constantly, and is quite incapable of any active exertion; he has, however, lately married his third queen. Louis, king of Bavaria, is in his forty-fifth year, and has lately recovered from a long illness; his merits as a sovereign and as a man of letters are acknowledged to be very high. Nicholas I., emperor of Russia, is thirty-four, is tall and handsome in appearance, hardy and active, and accustomed to laborious exertions. The youngest and only female sovereign is Donna Maria da Gloria, the legitimate queen of Portugal, who is in her thirteenth year. She promises to be beautiful, but her health is delicate, and she is very lame.

London Times.

JEWISH LEGEND.

An emperor, who had little or no religion, called together the jews of his court, of whom there were many, and stated his determination that they should all come into the presence of his people, and prove whether judaism or christianity were the best religion: if the former were shown to be the best, the christians were to be slain; if the latter, the jews were to be destroyed. No sooner did the jews hear this than they fasted, put on sackcloth, and entreated one of the chief rabbis to prevail on the king to alter his intention. As, however, he was inflexible, the rabbi, whose name was Eliezer, asked if he would give him ten days time, and allow him to pay a visit to the court every day. To this the king acceded. Accordingly Eliezer came to see the emperor the next day: but he looked very much dejected and grieved, which the king observing, inquired the cause. To this Eliezer answered, "Before I left, some strangers called, who insisted I should settle some affairs for them which I know to be out of my power, and on my begging them not to trouble me, they departed." "Should they return to molest you," said the emperor, "let me know." And Eliezer, having offered his thanks, retired. The following day Eliezer said to one of his servants, "Take a cane in your hand and give me twenty stripes over my face, neck, and shoulders." At this the servant was astonished, and refused thus to punish so good a master; but at length, as the command could not be evaded, he obeyed, and the blood trickled down the rabbi's body, who immediately had his wounds dressed, and in this woful plight returned to the palace. As soon as he entered, the king inquired what had befallen him? "The two brothers I have named before," said Eliezer, "returned, and wished me to arbitrate between them; I told them I would do so as far as lay in my power, and asked them what they wished me to do. They inquired if I were not a judge of diamonds; I told them I was. One of the brothers then said, 'We have a kind father; he has given me a most beautiful and valuable diamond, and mine is the best.' 'No,' rejoined the other, 'the one that our father has bestowed on me is superior to yours; and this, O rabbi, is the affair we want you to settle.' On hearing this, I desired them to produce the diamonds, promising them to decide fairly; but they replied that their father was living in a distant country, that the diamonds were in his possession, and that they were not to receive them until a certain time. Astonished at their demanding my opinion under such circumstances, I remonstrated with them, when, to my great surprise, they violently assaulted me and gave me these wounds." No sooner had the rabbi made this statement, than the emperor and his nobles appeared exceedingly exasperated; and so enraged was the king that he was about to swear that the two brothers should die for their cruelty and folly; but Eliezer prevented him. "What!" exclaimed the emperor, "shall too such wretches live? He who acts thus is worthy of death!" "Stop, O king," replied Eliezer; "thou—thou art the man! Hast thou not issued a decree as to the two religions God has given to the world? Hast thou not threatened death to those who do not decide between them? And who can tell which is best until the end of time?" Brit. Mag.

AN ABSENT MAN.

There are few that have paid any attention to the finance of England, but must have heard of Dr. Robert Hamilton's Essay on the National Debt, which fell on the houses of parliament like a bombshell, or rather, which rose and illuminated their darkness like an orient sun. There are other writings of his, too, in which one knows not which most to admire, the profound and accurate science, the beautiful arrangement, or the clear expression; and yet this most profound and clear-headed philosophical thinker, and most amiable of men, became so completely absorbed in his own reflections, as to lose the perception of external things, and almost that of his own identity and existence. In public the man was a shadow. He pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; went to his classes in the college on the dark mornings, with one of her white stockings on the one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other; often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned; sometimes invited them to call on him, and then fined them for coming to insult him. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, beg her pardon, "Madam," and hope she was not hurt. At other times he would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way; and yet his conversation, at the same time, if any body happened to be with him, was perfect logic and perfect music. A volume might be filled with anecdotes of this amiable and excellent

man, all tending to prove how wide the distinction is between first-rate thought, and that merely animal use of the organs of sense which prevents ungifted mortals from walking into wells. The fish-market at Aberdeen is still where it used to be near the Dee, and has a stream passing through it that falls into that river. The fish-women expose their wares in large baskets. The doctor one day marched into the place, where he was attracted by a curiously figured stone in a stack of chimneys. He advanced towards it till he was interrupted by one of the benches, from which, however, he tumbled a basket into the stream, and the fish which it contained were speedily borne towards their native element. The visage of the lady was instantly in lightning and her voice in thunder, but the object of her wrath was deaf to the loudest sounds, and blind to the most alarming colours. She stamped, gesticulated, and scolded; brought a crowd that filled the place; but the philosopher turned not from his eager gaze, and his inward meditations on the stone. While the woman's breath held good she did not seem to heed his indifference, but when that began to fail, and the violence of her acts moved not one muscle of the object, her rage felt no bounds; she seized him by the breast, and yelling in an effort of despair, "Speak to me, or I'll burst!" sank down in a state of complete exhaustion, and before she had recovered the doctor's reverie was over, and he had taken his departure.

English paper

HERALDIC BEARINGS.

The other day a one-horse two-wheeled car undulated past me, not so rapidly as to prevent me from observing on its door a spirited painting of Apollo and pair pursuing a "pathless way" through sky and clouds. The emblem is very apt for a coach pannel, more especially a one-horse car. The custom of fancy painting on coaches, long out of fashion, seems likely to be revived; and instead of the thrifty self-coloured travelling carriage, more useful than pretty, we may expect to be regaled with the sight of flying Cupids, non-descript birds, and nosebags gayer than even the incredible botanical discoveries of De Vaillant himself. Without pretending to much taste, I would venture to recommend the superiority of a fancy picture on a carriage, which, at all events, means something, over a silly coat of arms, which means nothing; unless it be that the antiquated dowager within the chariot wishes thus to prove to the world the antiquity of her family.

I had a grandfather, the reflection of which, and the contemplation of his coat of arms, a pelican feeding her young with her own blood, used to inspire my young mind with very lofty ideas—the holy land, crusading, sacrificing, &c. &c.—until I discovered that a near relative claimed public respect under the protection of a demi-lion rampant, and which he asserted to be the authentic family bearing. This led me to consider the silly vanity of both, and I now never look at a coat of arms without a titter of contempt.

The "port-cullis" reminds me always of a gridiron, the "martlet" of an old hen whose legs were crushed by a wheelbarrow; and I never see a "chevron" without thinking of a cow-house unthatched in a squall. An "escutcheon of pretence" reminds me of a bread and butter plate placed on the tops of the cups and saucers, in an overcharged tea-tray; and three "bezants" (pardon my vulgar imagination) are, for all the world, like a pawnbroker's sign. An "armed hand, proper," conveys to me no other idea than a butcher's paw and knife; and a "stag's head, caboshed," seems to indicate a miserable state of the carving science. In the "wreath," I discover the huge hank of party-coloured worsted, from which my old grandmother used to knit my winter stockings; and all manner of "darts and arrow heads" are to me an eyesore since the exciseman clapped his armorial bearing on a little key of whiskey, which my Scotch friends had sent me under the travelling cognomen of kipper salmon. If I regard any of the "fantasies" of heraldry with complacency, it is the race of "wyverns, griffins, and cockatrices," and, as my old schoolmaster used to say, "*hoc genus omne*;" they bring to my mind the days of my childhood, when my coppers and wonder were expended on gilded griffins, like man himself, made of clay, but with the slight difference of wooden legs and a tail, twisted like a *smig* round a prong.

I will not say that armorial bearings are always inappropriate and senseless: what could be more fitting to the corporation of Liverpool than their crest of an overgrown duck? an emblem of their good cheer. Yet, who can refrain from laughter, at the idea of an otherwise shrewd man giving his ten guineas to the herald's office for a search, to ascertain whether his grandfather had painted on his coach door a mule's head "*coupeé*," or a pig "*sailant*," pierced with a javelin through the vitals!

The motto, though seldom used, is the most sensible part

of a coat of arms: *Virtus sola nobilitas—Virescit vulnere virtus—Astra castra, numen lumen*—and many others familiar to every one, convey a beautiful sentiment.

Heraldry was one of the play-things of the chivalric times, when the minds of all were too brutalized to be capable of distinguishing between real glory and the mere name of it. We read in that veritable history, "La Mort d'Arthur," that the renown of Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristram, Sir Lamdrake, and many other knights of the round table, was so great that the mere sight of their armorial bearings on their shields was sufficient to deter others from justing with them; and that often, to enjoy the sport of tilting at all comers, they entered the lists with plain shields. A coat of arms was of some value then, but its worth is sadly degenerated in modern times.

A dust-man no more respects the sixteen quartered paneled chariot than he does "Old Company Cart, No. 50," and would as soon upset the one as the other, when on the wrong side of the road; and my lord's "supporters" would aid him but little in an attempt to bully his butcher or his baker. Under these circumstances, I put it to the good sense of the carriage-keeping part of the community, the propriety of dispensing with their "arms," and following the laudable example stated in the commencement of this, and indulge their own taste and the public pleasure by fancy-painting their coaches. *Courier.*

NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down, said, one day, to a lady of his acquaintance, who had been very negligent of the education of her son, "Madam, if you do not choose to fill your boy's head with something, believe me, the devil will."

When Charles I. was pressed by the parliament to give way to a small catechism for children which they had composed, he said, "I assure you, gentlemen, I would license a doctrine at variance, sooner for men than I would for children; and I make it a great matter of conscience that children should not be corrupted in their first principles."

It is related by Count Segur, as a characteristic trait of Napoleon, that he possessed the faculty of throwing aside the most important occupations whenever he pleased, either for the sake of variety or rest; for in him the power of volition surpassed that of imagination. In this sense he was as much master of himself as he was of others.

Cardinal Mazarin was an extremely handsome man, and had a very fine face: this he was so anxious to preserve, that, not many days before he died, he gave audience to the foreign ministers with his face painted.

Prince Eugene, being always very busy, held the passion of love very cheap, as a mere amusement, that served only to enlarge the power of women, and to abridge that of men.

To the honour of the humanity of Marshal Saxe the following story is told by his physician. The night before the battle of Rancour, M. de Senac observed his illustrious patient very thoughtful, and asked him the reason of it, when he replied, in a passage from the *Andromaque* of Racine,

"Think, think, my friend, what horrid woes
To-morrow's morning must disclose
To thousands; by Fate's hard decree
The last morn they shall ever see.
Think how the dying and the dead
O'er your extensive plain shall spread;
What horrid spectacles afford,
Scorched by the flames, pierced by the sword."

Adrian, the Roman emperor, for talent and learning has been universally allowed to have had but few equals at any period. His memory was so retentive that he could repeat a whole book after having once perused it. He excelled in every branch of learning, and was, without doubt, the best orator, poet, grammarian, philosopher, and mathematician of his time. He was born the twenty-fourth of January, the seventy-sixth year of the christian era; began to reign in the year 117, and finished it in the year 138; and on the approach of his death wrote the following verses addressed to his soul. Thus translated by Prior:

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prone thy trembling wing
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wavering, melancholy—
Thou drest'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

Sir John Tabor went to Versailles to try the effects of the bark upon Louis the fourteenth's only son, the dauphin, who had been long ill of an intermittent fever. The physicians who were about the prince did not choose to permit him to prescribe to their royal patient till they had asked him some medical questions. Amongst others, they desired him to define what an intermittent fever was: he replied, "Gentlemen, it is a disease which I can cure, and which you can not."

Scacazonne, returning one day from Rome, found himself, when within a short distance of Vienne, without cash to purchase a dinner. But resolving not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and, appearing quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He next ordered whatever he considered most likely to prove agreeable to himself, without in the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and ate and drank of the best. When he had at length finished his wine and refreshed himself with a short nap for his journey, he rang the bell, and with a very unconcerned air, asked the waiter for his bill. This being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me any thing relating to the laws of this place?" "Oh, yes, signor," "I dare say, for a waiter is never at a loss. For instance," continued Scacazonne, "what does a man forfeit for killing another?" "His life, signor, certainly," said the waiter. "But if he only wounds another bodily not mortally, what then?" "Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and injury." "And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal a fellow a sound box on the ear, what do you pay for that?" "For that," echoed the waiter, "it is here about ten livres, signor, no more." "Then send your master here; be quick; be gone." Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest conducted himself in such a manner, uttering such accusations against extortion, such threats, and such vile aspersions upon his house, that on Scacazonne purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear his taunts, lent him rather a severe cuff. "I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scacazonne, taking him by the hand, "this is all I wanted of you; truly obliged to you, my good host, and will thank you for the change; your bill is eight livres, and the fine upon your assault is ten; however, if you will pay the difference to the waiter, as I find I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite right." *Liverpool Chronicle.*

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

FROM THE CHINESE.

Where *spades* grow bright, and idle *words* grow dull;
Where *jails* are empty, and where *barns* are full;
Where *church-paths* are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where *doctors* foot it, and where *farmers* ride;
Where *age* abounds, and *youth* is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people, and well-governed state.

LORD CASTLEREAGH AND MRS. DAMER.

Mrs. Damer's prejudice against her cousin, the late Lord Castlereagh, was softened into something like regard by the following characteristic circumstance:—His lordship had promised to make Sir Alexander Johnson chief justice and president of Ceylon, on which Mrs. Damer sarcastically remarked, "The fellow will cheat you; he is a tory." Soon afterwards Lord Castlereagh sent express to Sir Alexander—had his commission drawn out—saw the great seal affixed—shook him by the hand, and wished him joy. This was late at night. On the following morning he fought the duel with Canning. Sir Alexander waited on him, when Lord Castlereagh said, with a smile, "You are come to congratulate me on my escape." "Yes," said Sir Alexander, "and to say that I cannot help marvelling at your fortune last night: who but yourself could have transacted business?" "O, I had a reason for it," said his lordship; "had I fallen before the great seal was set to your commission, you would have lost the appointment, and my cousin would have said of me, 'The fellow, sir, was a cheat—he was a tory.' When Mrs. Damer heard this, the tears started in her eyes. "Go," she said, "to my cousin, and say I have wronged him; that I love his manliness and his regard for honour, and that I wish to renew our intercourse of friendship." *Family Library.*

DR. HUNTER.

About ten years before his end, his health was so much impaired that, fearing he might soon become unfit for the profession which he loved, he proposed to recruit himself by a residence in Scotland, and was on the eve of purchasing a considerable estate, when the project was frustrated by a defect in the title-deeds. This trifle banished his rural plans, and he remained in London, continually declining in health, but pursuing distinction with the same ardour with which he had courted it in his early days. He rose from a bed of sickness to deliver an introductory lecture on the operation of surgery, in opposition to the earnest remonstrances of his friends. The lecture was accordingly delivered, but it was his last; towards the conclusion his strength was so much

exhausted that he fainted away, and was finally replaced in the chamber which he had been so eager to quit. In a few days he was no more. Turning to his friend Combe in his latter moments, he observed, "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die!" He expired on the thirtieth of March, 1783. Hunter sacrificed nothing to pomp; he was indifferent to common objects of vanity. When he invited his younger friends to his table, they were seldom regaled with more than two dishes: when alone, he rarely sat down to more than one. He would say, "A man who cannot dine on this, deserves to have no dinner." After the meal, his servant (who was also the attendant on the anatomical theatre) used to hand round a single glass of wine to each of his guests. These trifles are mentioned as a trait of the old manner of professional life, and as a feature of the man who devoted seventy thousand pounds to create a museum for the benefit of posterity. *Ibid.*

MISS BARTOLOZZI.

This lady, who is well known in the theatrical world as an actress and singer, and sister to Madame Vestris, appeared the other day before the commissioners at the insolvent debtors' court on her petition to be discharged. She was accompanied by her mother. At first she seemed much affected, wept, and it was apprehended would go into hysterics; but the indulgence of being seated having been granted, she recovered her self-possession. It appeared that within the last few years she had contracted debts to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds, principally for stage dresses. Within one year her debt for shoes amounted to upwards of one hundred pounds; for millinery in two years there was an item in her schedule of three hundred and forty pounds to one tradesman, to another four hundred pounds; and to a Mr. Giornardo, within the last year, for various articles of clothing, between eight and nine hundred pounds. The lady was not opposed; but the commissioners observing that she had obtained such large quantities of clothing, and did not appear to be in possession of a very extensive wardrobe, inquired in what manner she had disposed of the property? Miss Bartolozzi and Mr. Cooke, her counsel, endeavoured to make it appear, that although these articles of dress were made up, apparently in a very costly and expensive style, they were not fit to be worn a second night, and that, therefore, they could be considered in no other light than worn-out apparel. The chief commissioner seemed, however, resolved to discover where the dresses were deposited, and at length was informed that they were at the residence of a Mr. Howard, a solicitor. The chief commissioner said that it was evidently a speculation to retain this property for the benefit of the insolvent. She was acting very incorrectly in concealing any of that property, and should it be discovered, the consequences would be very serious to her. The case was then adjourned for a short time, and the property in question having been produced, Miss Bartolozzi again made her appearance, and, without any further comment being made on the case, she was discharged. *Chat of the week.*

GOOCH'S OPINION OF DR. CHALMERS.

On Sunday I went to hear him preach at the Scotch church in Hatton-garden, and at the peril of my ribs succeeded in getting in: and in the evening heard him again, at the Wesleyan chapel, where he preached to a congregation of four thousand. It was a striking sight, every pew full, the standing places crowded up to the very doors. It is difficult to compare strong impressions which we have received at different periods of our life, but I think I may say that I never heard so powerful a preacher; a good deal of his power, however, depends on his manner—an earnestness of heart, a fiery vehemence, which occasionally would be rant, but the vehemence of the manner never rises above the energy of the thought and expression. He has a curious but very useful custom; at the end of a passage, ornamented in the highest possible degree and perfectly on fire with energy, he makes a dead pause, and then states the pith of the passage with the calmness and familiarity of conversation: thus sending his hearers away, not only with warm feelings, but with clear conceptions. *Family Library.*

SOMERSET AND SEYMOUR.

The proud duke of Somerset had employed James Seymour to paint the figures—artists say portraits—of his horses at Petworth, and condescended to sit with his humble namesake at table. One day at dinner his grace filled his glass, and saying with a sneer, "Cousin Seymour, your health," drank it off. "My lord," said the artist, "I believe I have the honour of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from

table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ an humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor he shook his head, and retiring, said, "No man in England can compete with James Seymour." The duke now condescended to recall his discarded cousin. "My lord," answered Seymour, "I can now prove to the world that I am of your blood—I *wont come*."

ANECDOTE OF NELSON.

While Gooch was with Mr. Barrett, the attack upon Copenhagen took place, and on the return of Lord Nelson, the wounded were placed in the naval hospital at Yarmouth. Being acquainted with some of the young surgeons, Gooch, though then but a boy, was not unfrequently at the hospital. "I was," he says in a letter written long afterwards, "at the naval hospital at Yarmouth, on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen, (having sent the wounded before him) arrived at the roads and landed on the jetty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market-place ready to receive him; but making his way through the dust, and the crowd, and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanor to the sailors. He stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say; at length he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying, who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them: Nelson, 'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?' Sailor, 'Lost my right arm, your honour.' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow!' And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards."

TRIBUTES PAID TO THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

Naples and Sicily paid an annual tribute of twenty-four thousand Spanish dollars. Tuscany, by treaty of 1823, was exempt from tribute, but made consular presents of twenty-five thousand Spanish dollars. Sardinia is indebted to the mediation of England for her freedom from tribute, but she has paid considerable sums at every change of consuls. Portugal concluded a treaty similar to that of Naples. Spain was subject to no tribute, but made presents at every change of consuls. Austria, through the mediation of the Porte, was exempt from tribute and presents. England made a present at every change of consuls. The United States adopted the same arrangement as England. Hanover and Bremen, under the protection of England, obtained the same condition, but their consuls paid large sums on arriving at Algiers. Sweden and Denmark paid annually a tribute of warlike ammunition and naval stores to the value of about four thousand piasters. Besides this, these states gave, on the renewal of the treaties every ten years, presents to the amount of ten thousand dollars; and their consuls, on entering on their functions, made presents to the dey.

French paper.

VARIETIES.

THE HORSE.—Who, that has closely noticed the actions of horses upon occasions of state and show, will deny their being endowed with more than the ordinary brute intelligence? Observe the animal in his stable, or when led to water, and the same creature when adorned and harnessed, passing through crowds of spectators. Is there no consciousness of admiration in the sidelong glance of the eye, the constant and sudden shifting of position, the superfluous tramping? And so of the race-horse; see him when clothed, and being led about the course; his neck forming a horizontal line with his body; his eye serene and passive, and "in his 'pace' as meek as is a maid;" then notice him when his rider has mounted, and his housing is thrown off, and every limb and feature is instinct with fire and intelligence. The horse is a noble creature, and, like all generous spirits, is just so far appreciated as to be taken advantage of, and then left for the dogs.

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS.—A German paper, speaking of the swiftness of various birds, says, "A vulture can fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour." Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The common crow can fly twenty-five miles, and swallows, according to Spallangain, ninety-two miles an hour.

MILITARY PENCHANT.—Even literary men have been "bitten" by this mania; or, why do they call a monthly miscellany a *magazine*, and a critique a *review*?

A youth applauded a dancer with rapture, and bawled out "encore" as she leaped off the stage after turning a graceful *pirouette*. "So you think that *one good turn deserves another*," said a person who sat in the same box with him.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a maid-servant, when a procession passes nigh her master's house, like a ship on the coast at the commencement of a heavy gale? A. Because she always runs out to sea (see.) Why is a beautiful and fascinating girl like a butcher? A. Because, *a la beau monde*, she is a "killing creature."

HISTORICAL DOUBTS.—An auctioneer, at a late sale of antiquities, put up a helmet with the following candid observation:—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was a brass or iron founder I cannot tell."

RELATIONSHIP.—By a marriage which took place a few days ago, the lady becomes mother to her brother, sister to her son, grand-mother to her nephew, aunt to her grandson, sister to her daughter, and mother to her sister.

MISS PATON.—The proprietors of the London theatres have come to the conclusion of excluding Miss Paton from their establishments. What will they do with Madame Vestris?

AN ALIAS.—An old offender was lately placed before a learned justice of the peace in the country. The constable informed his lordship that he had in his custody John Simmons, *alias Jones, alias Smith*. "Very well," said the magistrate, "I will try the *two women* first—so bring in *Alice Jones*."

GOOD NATURE.—Louis the fourteenth, in a gay party at Versailles, thought he perceived an opportunity of relating a facetious story. He commenced, but ended the tale abruptly and insipidly. One of the company soon afterwards leaving the room, the king said, "I am sure you must all have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. I did not recollect till I began, that the turn of the narrative reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the prince of Ar-magnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress a worthy man."

THE AFTER MATH, OR SECOND CROP.—The following singular circumstance has lately been related:—About a year ago the hair of a person named George Wright, sixty-three years of age, who resides at Beeston, and which was then dark brown, turned *completely white*; in the course of two months afterwards it came entirely off, and in about two months more he had a fresh crop of dark brown hair, which he now wears.

TOLERATION.—"To what purposes have I a conscience of my own," said John Gerson, chancellor of Paris, "if I must live and die according to the conscience of another man?"

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A person reading the term *jeux d'esprit*, understood it to mean *jews desperate*, and asked another what sort of Jews were meant.

PHILISTINES.—This people, celebrated for their wars with the Israelites, dwelt on a small strip of sea-coast south of the Tyrians. They were originally, it is thought, a colony from Egypt. They possessed five cities under the government of five princes, and confederated together for mutual defence. Trade and piracy were their chief means of subsistence. Their long and obstinate resistance against the arms of the Israelites testifies their valour and love of independence. A sea-faring people, the chief object of their worship was a sea-god, Dagon.

EFFECT OF ADMONITION.—A fellow who was brought up before the magistrates at Birmingham, on a charge of felony, was dismissed with a serious admonition. He appeared much affected, and left the room with a deep sigh, and a silk pocket-handkerchief, the property of a gentleman on the bench, which he had contrived to filch from the table during the impressive harangue which was so considerably addressed to him.

MODESTY.—From the time of the flood to the present period, not one man ever derived any benefit from modesty, and not one woman any harm from it.

GAMBLING.—A new species of gambling has lately been introduced among the lower orders, called "puff-and-dart." It consists in blowing a sort of dart through a narrow tube at a target, on which certain numbers are affixed, any of which if the puffer happens to hit, he wins.

OLD MAIDS.—There are now residing in one house at Bath, a whole family of old maids, consisting of four sisters—the youngest about sixty and the eldest about seventy. When they are seated together at work, their neat, clean, and matronly appearance excites much attention.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Letters from Europe.—Our readers no doubt remember that William Cox, recently embarked for England, for the purpose of establishing with us a foreign correspondence. The letter which we this day publish was received by the packet ship Caledonia, with a request from the writer to retain it until the series could be regularly commenced in London. But knowing the anxiety of the public to hear from him, we have ventured to disregard his wishes, especially as we hope but a short time will elapse before we may expect his communications by almost every opportunity, embracing subjects of the highest interest to the general reader. In reply to the numerous inquiries respecting him, perhaps we may as well take this occasion to say that he arrived in Liverpool in good health after a passage of twenty-five days.

Trans-atlantic editorial liberality.—In looking over a late file of foreign papers, transmitted to us by a correspondent, among the many notices of this periodical, we were pleased to observe the following in the "Chronicle" and the "Free Press" of Glasgow. We take this opportunity to acknowledge the numerous favours of this nature which we have received on both sides of the Atlantic; and if our journal is at present in any degree worthy the support it enjoys, we ascribe it more to this generous assistance of our editorial friends, than to any merit of our own. However flattered we are by the articles which we have selected, it is not our vanity alone which prompts their publication; but we have lately been sadly abused by some of our contemporaries, to whom we have never before alluded, and it is curious to observe the difference between the petty slanders of some of our own countrymen who deem themselves rivals, and the liberal praise bestowed by distinguished foreigners, who have no interest either in our failure or success. It is also our wish to reciprocate the good feeling which, we trust, will ever exist between the two countries.

From the "Glasgow Chronicle," of 19th July, 1830.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Since we formerly mentioned this splendid journal, we have perused the greater part of the numbers which form the seventh volume. In point of elegant typography it surpasses every journal in this country; and many of its poetical and literary articles equal the best of the periodical press of the old world. Every volume contains four admirable engravings, and the music of forty-five popular songs. Its cost per annum is only sixteen shillings and eight pence! We do not wonder that it has a large number of subscribers in America; and have no doubt that did the price admit of the usual allowance to booksellers, it would also have a wide circulation in Britain. The success of such a journal reflects great credit on the editor, and is the best refutation of the charge, that the Americans take no interest in any thing but trade and politics.

From the "Glasgow Free Press," of 26th June, 1830.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Until a file of this work was the other day put into our hands by a citizen of New-York, we entertained no idea of the elegance and beauty to which the arts both of engraving and typography had attained among our republican brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. The "New-York Mirror" is a weekly publication, wholly devoted to literature, and containing in every number, besides many excellent original contributions, both in prose and verse, a variety of selections of the same sort, culled with great taste, and arranged with great neatness and effect. The reading is thus so various as to be adapted to almost every taste; while, as an additional recommendation, there are at regular intervals published in its pages a certain number of the finest popular songs of the day, with the music, printed in the first style of the art. Nor is this all: as frontispieces to stated portions of the work, there are also published along with it some admirably executed engravings of the most celebrated public buildings in the city of New-York—all of them displaying great skill, chasteness, and delicacy. In the portion of the work before us is contained a pretty large variety of those engravings; and while they impress us with a very high idea of American architecture, they at the same time, in point of general execution and finish, equal any specimens of engraving we have seen in this country. It is no wonder that a periodical of so varied and attractive a sort should command the immense circulation which we understand it enjoys among our transatlantic brethren, as well as in Canada and the West Indies. Why is not a work of the same kind started in Great Britain? We surely are not so foolishly proud as to refuse to copy a good idea, from whatever source it may be drawn; and it is not less from a wish to have the excellent idea of the "New-York Mirror" acted on in this country, than a desire to do justice to the taste and talent of a great, because a free people, that we thus have discharged the duty of drawing attention to the subject.

Family Library, No. VII.—Williams's Life of Alexander the Great.—The manner in which the Harpers have published this work, while it is characterized by their usual neatness, will enable every one to possess a copy. It is admirably adapted to the use of schools, although it may with equal satisfaction occupy the attention of the public in general. A neatly executed map affords the student an opportunity of uniting geography with history, which, in many cases, is neglected. It is easy to perceive the superior advantages of studying them together.

Cabinet History of the British Isles.—We have perused this excellent work with much satisfaction. The name of Sir J. Mackintosh will be sufficient to insure it a place in every library. The public could not have been presented with a production which promises to be more useful.

SWIFT AS THE LIGHTNING'S GLANCE.

Sung by Mr. Richings, as Oberon, in the Grand Romantic and Fairy Opera of Oberon, at the Park Theatre, New-York, composed by Carl Maria Von Weber.

ALLEGRO MANESTOSO.

Swift as the lightning's glance, Brave knight, be-hold I bring thee and thine to thy na-tive

France, And the pa-lace of thy king. Kneel at his feet, with the bride thou hast won;

Europe shall ring with the deed, with the deed thou hast done, Europe shall ring with the deed, with the deed thou hast done. Now for

e'er I break the spell, With the grateful fairy's last fare-well! With the grateful fairy's last fare-well!

fare well! fare well!

pp

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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1830.

NUMBER 11.

For the Mirror.

ONE SIGH TO THE HOPE THAT HATH PERISHED.

BY THYRA.

ONE sigh to the hope that hath perished,
One tear to the wreck of the past;
One look upon all I have cherished,
One lingering look—'tis the last!
And now from remembrance I banish
The hopes that my heart hath proved vain—
Ah! vanish, dear memories, vanish!
Return not to thrill me again.

But as the fond ivy clings closest
To that which is withered and dead,
And in its green beauty reposes
On the ruin whose glory hath fled;
Thus to hopes and to joys that have faded,
More fondly doth memory cling,
And o'er the fair prospects long shaded
Its freshness and vividness fling.

The cloud that each moment is bright'ning
With the flash that so soon fades away,
Is the darkest in heaven when the lightning
Hath ceased on its surface to play;
Thus the heart, when some bright dream each minute
Springs up with too dazzling a light,
Hath the gloom of the tempest within it,
And is shrouded the soonest in night.

ORIGINAL TALES.

A TRIP TO THE SPRINGS, OR FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

"Come, Catharine, my love," said Mr. Fenton to his wife, after she had curtsied good night to the last party that left her drawing-room, "now that all our friends have departed, and our children have gone to their rooms, let us have a little chat before we also retire."

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Fenton, re-seating herself, "with whom shall we commence?"

"Nay, Catharine," replied Mr. Fenton gravely, "I think we had better begin at home. I wish to speak to you about our daughter Clara and young Grant. In spite of my express commands, that all intercourse should cease between them, I observed them continually together this evening. This must not be. You have done wrong in not being more watchful. But they must be separated."

"I have proposed," said Mrs. Fenton, "travelling with Clara, in hopes that new scenes, and perhaps new lovers, may efface the remembrance of this youthful passion; but you cannot leave your business to go with us?"

"Why not go without me? Your brother, Mr. Thornton, with his wife and daughter, are going to spend some time at the Springs and Niagara, why not take both the girls and their brother George, and join them? If Clara's constancy stands out a fashionable summer, I shall be surprised."

"This is a charming proposition. I will go to-morrow to Mrs. Thornton, to ascertain when she sets out; and now let us retire, for it is quite late."

While Mrs. Fenton was passing her daughter's room she heard voices within; anxious to tell them of the pleasant tour proposed, which she knew would particularly delight Rosa, the youngest, she tapped gently, saying,

"Are you awake, girls?"

"Oh yes, mamma," cried Rosa, springing up to open the door; "do come in; we are talking over the party."

"I have news to tell you; good news!"

Clara, who was sitting in a melancholy posture at the window, gazing out on the moonlight, looked hastily up, for to her good news was associated with the idea of Philip Grant; but as she caught her mother's watchful glance, she dropped her eyes in embarrassment, and appeared busily engaged in crimping the ruffle on the sleeve of her night-dress.

"News!" exclaimed Rosa; "what are we to have another party?"

"No," said Mrs. Fenton, smiling; "but what do you think of a little excursion, girls? We are to go next week to the Springs."

"To the Springs!" exclaimed Rosa, clapping her hands in rapture, while her sparkling eyes were rendered still brighter

with joy. "Oh how joyful! Dear mamma, I must kiss you for that."

The gay young creature threw her arms around her mother's neck, and clasped her lightly

"Well, Clara, what do you say?" asked Mrs. Fenton.

Clara raised her dark melancholy eyes. "Must I go also?" she said.

"Must you go! certainly, my daughter; you do not suppose we will leave you here alone?"

"Well!" exclaimed Rosa, when she had recovered from her astonishment, "did I ever hear the like! One would imagine we were talking of going to school. Why the girl is certainly witless. This comes of sitting up alone by moonlight, as our school-madam would say."

At this moment they were interrupted by the sound of music. A band of musicians, with wind instruments, after a short prelude began the air,

"Forget not the faith thou hast vowed,
Though fortune forget to be true."

Clara started forward in great agitation. Mrs. Fenton advanced to the window. On the pavement beneath, under the shade of the sycamore trees, was a groupe of young men. The form of one who stood more out in the moonlight could not be mistaken. It was Philip Grant.

"Clara, Clara!" said Mrs. Fenton reprovingly; "this must not be; why will you encourage that perverse young man? I again repeat to you your father's commands, to cast this unworthy passion from your heart. You, who are the heiress to thousands, must not stoop to marry the object of your father's charity."

The moon was shining with unequalled brilliancy. All was still except the night breeze, which wafted towards them the low soft notes of that tender Italian air. The tears rolled down Clara's cheek. Too miserable to reply to her mother's severe chiding, she leaned her head against the side of the window, and wept silently and bitterly. Mrs. Fenton had said all she deemed necessary; and now, seating herself by the side of her daughter, she threw her arm around her, and conversed in a low and soothing tone. The music, her sister, all were soon lost to Rosa, who, in a delightful reverie, was occupied in arranging in her mind the new dresses she would have occasion to order. She had not determined whether to travel in her *gros de napes* or *foulard*, (for cloth habits were even then too old fashioned for Rosa,) when she was aroused by the departure of the musicians. Mrs. Fenton also ceased her parental admonitions, and with her arm around Clara, slowly led her to her bed. She then kissed her daughters, and left them to themselves.

When Rosa found herself actually in the steam-boat, on her way to the Springs, she could not repress her delight. Every thing was new and charming to her. She ran over the elegantly furnished cabins; admired the costly carpets, the marble tables, the rich damask curtains. All she beheld pleased her. She gazed with admiration on the shores of Manhattan island, so prettily ornamented with handsome villas, on the Palisades, the Highlands, and all the varied scenery of the Hudson. Rosa's attention, however, was frequently diverted from these to the passengers. Here was a new fund of amusement and interest. Five hundred persons, of all kinds and stations, were collected around her, and the evident admiration she herself attracted, kept her in a complete state of excitement. Rosa was just fifteen. She had been no where except from home to school, and had now left the latter during a vacation; it can, therefore, be easily imagined that she felt as if in a new state of existence.

To Clara, however, there was but one object of interest, after her farewell glance at Philip Grant. On the city she gazed with a heart swelling with emotion. Leaning over the railing, her eyes were intently fixed on it, until the mists of distance hid from her view the last spire. Then she realized the bitterness of her separation from one who filled her whole heart, and whom she loved with an intensity and ardour of which no one who looked on her calm exterior would think her capable. Clara had ever been a retiring, dreaming girl, living in a world of her own. While at school, if not immersed in her studies she was wandering away from her companions; and her thoughts, roaming over heaven and earth, seemed fixed on every thing except the world before her.

Clara's mother and sister were very unlike her. They did not understand her character, and her intercourse with them gave her little pleasure. Philip had, alone, been able to interest her feelings. Reserved and retiring as herself, young Grant cared but little for the society of those in whom he found no kindred sentiment. Hearts so much alike soon sought each other. To be now torn apart for ever was a blow that nearly overwhelmed them. Clara's melancholy, so evident to all, was attributed by Mrs. Fenton to ill health, which she hoped to remove by travelling. Rosa felt for the sorrows of her sister; but young and volatile, she soon forgot every thing except the beaux and fashionables around her. Their party was enlarged by the addition of some friends of theirs from South Carolina, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Ross. Ellen Ross had been placed at the same school with Rosa, and a violent and romantic friendship had always subsisted between them. While the younger portion of the party were promenading the deck, Mrs. Fenton, with her sister, Mrs. Ross and Clara, were seated together. At this moment Matilda Thornton came running up to her mother.

"Oh ma!" she said, "there are all the Lacys. They have their servants with them. I wish we had brought ours."

"So do I," replied Mrs. Thornton, in a tone of vexation; "but your father would not permit me to bring any."

"And do see, mamma, how plainly they are dressed; black silks with no trimming, and dunstable cottage hats. How provoking that I should have put on my new mandarine dress and crape hat."

"It is unfortunate," said the lady, who could not endure to see people aping their betters; "have you nothing plainer in your trunk? You might change it even now."

"No," replied Matilda, in a disconsolate tone, "I must wear it now; but there is another thing I wished to mention. The Hollins are all here, and be sure you do not notice them while the Lacys are near. I would not for the world let them know such old-fashioned people are our acquaintances."

"Oh yes—you need not charge me. I know it is well enough to visit them while peaches are ripe; but they ought not to be surprised if I cut them here."

These amiable and sensible arrangements being finished, Matilda again took George Fenton's arm, and resumed her walk. Rosa was not without her share of vanity, and the admiration she excited gave a richer bloom to her cheek; and a new brilliancy to her eye. She noticed in particular a young man, who stood alone at the end of the upper deck, his eyes and thoughts, turned from the crowd and scenery around, seemed fixed, she could not but observe, in deep admiration on herself alone. At first Rosa thought this accidental, but her friend Ellen Ross had also seen him, and laughingly congratulated her on her conquest. Rosa was pleased; for young and romantic, she was on the look-out for adventure. When in the course of their promenade the party passed the young man, Rosa often glanced towards him, and when their eyes met, hers were immediately cast down with a blush, and his turned smilingly away. He was very handsome, had the air of a man of fashion, and seemed to equal all Rosa's ideas of a hero. The stranger, perceiving that his admiration was noticed, and that it was not displeasing to the fair object, took advantage of it, by being always near her party, so that he might be at hand to place a chair for Rosa, or pick up her feather fan. He also seated himself opposite her at table, and assisted her when the other gentlemen were otherwise engaged. By his respectful attentions he gained the good will of all the party, and thus soon established a sort of acquaintance between them. Rosa now found his conversation, she told her friend Ellen, as interesting as his appearance.

"I wonder who he can be?" she said. "He is evidently a gentleman. I wish we knew his name—but we can give him one. What shall it be?"

"The incognito?"

"No, that it is too common; he must have something romantic; something like Ronald MacGregor. Ah, yes, Ronald MacGregor. That was always a favourite name with me. How sweetly it will sound, will it not, Elly?"

"Oh, vastly," replied Ellen, with an air of pique.

"And so I suppose you are going to take this Mr. Ronald MacGregor for your hero. You seem entirely to have forgotten my cousin, whom you have promised me to wait for."

"Oh, true; but Elly dear, I have been thinking it was very foolish in us to make such promises as we did at school. I have not seen your cousin for many years, and he may come home engaged to some one else."

"I kept my word, although I had never seen your brother."

"Well, George fell in love with you, which alters the case. Only imagine how foolish I should feel, if, after waiting for him for two years, yet (for he will not be home until then) he should not like me, and then I should be too old to get a new lover, so I think if I find any deserving enough I shall not remember my promise to you."

"This is your friendship, is it? If I had foreseen such faithlessness I would never have refused the rich Mr. Bradley to accept your brother!"

"Elly, you are absurd to-day! It is not probable I shall ever see this stranger again, so do not look across, and I will promise to be cruel to all my true knights, and wait and see how I like your cousin, or, what is more to the purpose, how he likes me."

The cry of "Kaatskill baggage," aroused the school friends from their romantic discussion. The blue misty mountains which had for some time formed so lovely a back ground to the landscape, now quite near, were seen to great advantage, covered with verdure to their summits; no cottage nor field varied the green unbroken surface, until the eye rested on the Mountain-house. This abode of gaiety was placed in a niche near the top of one of those lofty mountains, and looked like a delightful retirement from the bustle of cities and fashionable life. Our party were among those who landed for the purpose of visiting that celebrated spot. Their drive, through every variety of woodland and mountain scenery, embellished by the laurels and rhododendrons in full flower, brought expressions of admiration from every lip. Even Clara uttered an exclamation of delight, when gazing out of the window she beheld the Mountain-house, with its piazzas and high white columns, standing on a pedestal of rocks, in a dark evergreen grove, immediately above her. But as near as the house seemed, two miles of slow toiling the weary horses passed over before the travellers arrived. They ascended the steps of the piazzas, and astonishment and pleasure were depicted on each countenance while they gazed around. The world seemed spread out to their view immediately below them. The hilly country, so lately passed over, was now a plain; the Hudson had shrunk into a brook; and the Highlands, to which a few hours before they had looked up with awe, now from this elevation appeared hillocks. Our travellers gazed a long time with increasing wonder and pleasure until aroused by Mr. Thornton, who came to remind them that dinner was nearly ready.

"All this is very grand, no doubt," he said; "but I must confess, after so long a ride, I would like something more substantial than rocks and trees; so hasten your toilets, ladies."

"Dear me! exclaimed Mrs. Rosa, "I shall not be ready in a long time. Oh! how I wish I had some of my negro women with me; but your silly laws would free them if I brought them out of our state; what shall I do?"

"My dear Mrs. Rosa," said Mrs. Thornton, "there is no necessity to worry yourself about your attire. I informed myself particularly on that subject before I left the city, and I am told by the best authorities that it is not fashionable to dress at dinner while here. No one stays more than two days at this place, and all the handsomest articles are reserved for Saratoga."

"There are the Lacys in the drawing-room," observed Matilda; "they are in their travelling dresses, and I am sure we may do as they do."

The Lacys stood at the head of the New-York fashionables; therefore any dress that was sanctioned by them was of course proper, and our party accordingly dined in their travelling dresses.

The next morning the house was early astir to witness the rising of the sun. Clara, who had spent the greatest part of the night in mournful reflections, did not awake soon enough; the rest of the party arose, and did not regret the loss of a few hours' sleep, when they witnessed the splendid, and to them new spectacle of the brilliant clouds preceding the march of the monarch of light, coming, to all appearance, from out the earth far below them.

"Come, ladies," said George after breakfast, "put on your hats, and let us walk up the peak."

"Not I," said Mrs. Rosa, who sat shivering by the fire; "I cannot expose myself to this wintry air. I declare, Mr. Rosa, if I had had any idea how cold a place this was, I would never have come. I am half frozen."

"It is not always as cold as it is to-day, and a walk, my dear, will warm you."

"No, no, my teeth absolutely chatter here, so you may go without me."

All the party preferred the comforts of a fire to a walk except Ellen, Matilda, Rosa, and George. They were joined by Mr. Augustus Lacy, who offered his arm to Matilda; and, wrapped up to their throats, the party set out. The fashionable pair, Matilda and Mr. Lacy, had not proceeded far before they began to falter. Climbing steep ascents, and springing over rocks, did not accord with tight dresses or French morocco shoes.

Rosa, Ellen, and George amused themselves very much, watching the ascent of the fashionables. Sighing and complaining, clinging to every tree, and resting every five minutes, they at last arrived at the summit, where they threw themselves on the grass quite exhausted.

"Well!" said Matilda, almost out of breath, "if I had known what kind of a walk I was to take I would never have come. I have ruined my French shoes, torn my blonde gauze veil, and almost killed myself. This is no place for people of quality."

"Can you tell me, sir," said Mr. Lacy to George, "why this barbarous place ever became so fashionable?"

"Surely this magnificent scenery is a sufficient reason."

"Bless me! I think there is scenery enough on the river before one gets here to satisfy any reasonable person; there is no necessity to risk one's life for more."

"For my part," said Matilda, "I would never leave the city, were it not the fashion. If I were a fairy I would change all trees into houses, all fields into paved streets, and bushes into people."

"Very good! very good, faith! you have a fine taste, Miss Thornton."

"Is there no charm," said George, "in sitting thus on the very summit of a steep and lofty mountain, while so vast an extent of beautifully variegated country is spread out before you?"

"None to me, on my word," said Lacy. "I see little sense in fatiguing one's self to death to climb up to the moon, merely to see our fine rivers and mountains dwindle into brooks and hillocks, besides running the risk of having one's head snap off by a bear, or some other wild beast. Come, let's go home; 'pon my word, I don't half like remaining in such a desolate spot."

"Bears are seldom seen in summer," said George, "and never so near the house; besides, they will not attack you unless you provoke them."

"Well, I wish I may never see Broadway again, if I would come here were it not the ton."

With a contemptuous smile George sprang up, and proposed to resume their walk. Matilda and Lacy told them to go on and they would follow, and meet them on their return.

"I cannot walk so fast," said Lacy to Matilda; "one would think those ladies had been brought up in the country. As for Miss Fenton, she jumps and skips along like a young fawn."

Rosa, Ellen, and George walked merrily on, enjoying the pleasurable feeling exercising in such cool air always produces. They left the house far behind them, and insensibly penetrated to the darkest recesses of the pine forests. Here the ladies seated themselves on a fallen tree, while George left them to gather some scarlet lilies, which grew on the top of a mass of rocks near them.

"How silent and lonely it is all around," said Rosa; "the rays of the sun can seldom penetrate these massy evergreens. The song of the birds echoes as if in a large hall."

"It is very gloomy here," said Ellen, looking timidly around; "this place looks like a retreat for wild beasts. I do not much like being so far from the house. Ah! Rosa, Rosa! look, what is that horrid thing?"

Rosa looked up—from a recess in the rocks a bear was actually making his way towards them. Ellen fell motionless to the ground, while Rosa uttered a loud shriek. At that moment a stranger rushed between them and the animal, which, after surveying the threatening attitude of his enemy, turned and calmly walked away. George now appeared, and snatching up Ellen, soon succeeded in reviving her. He then led her slowly homeward, motioning Rosa to follow. After the first excitement, Rosa threw herself down on the tree, and relieved her terrified heart by a flood of tears. The stranger knew this would be of service to her, and stood quietly by her side, until she became more composed. When Rosa had recovered a little she raised her eyes, and Ronald MacGregor, the hero of her imagination, stood before her! How charming! He had appeared just at the right moment to save her life perhaps. Now indeed she might think of him. Ellen herself would not object. These thoughts flashed rapidly through Rosa's

mind, and when she again looked up to thank him for the service he had rendered her, the evident pleasure that shone in her eyes made his heart throb with joy. Young and romantic as herself, Rosa's beauty, and the circumstances of their meeting, had made a deep impression on his imagination, and he already began to hope his heart had found a resting-place in the bosom of this fairy creature.

"How singular you should be here just at this moment," said Rosa, as she took his offered arm to return. "I am sure we left you behind in the steam-boat."

"I did intend to go farther, but I was so irresistibly attracted to the Mountain-house, that I was forced to abandon my other plans."

This speech might have passed unobserved were it not for the tone in which it was uttered, and the expression of the eyes, which told Rosa it was directed to herself. This, she was conscious, was not quite proper in an entire stranger, and immediately became grave and silent. Her companion saw the change, and repented the indiscretion by which he was sensible it was caused. Although his endeavours were now in vain to render her as cordial and animated as before, his respect and admiration increased.

Ellen had now become quite strong, and the party moved briskly homewards. The ladies often looked timidly around, although repeatedly assured no danger was to be apprehended, as the animal was no doubt far away. Screams and crashing of branches were heard above them, and the next moment Matilda and Mr. Lacy were seen flying down, springing from rock to rock, with vulgar haste, laces and French shoes being quite forgotten.

"Oh the bears! the tigers!" they cried.

Notwithstanding the entreaties of George for them to stop, the affrighted fashionables hurried on; delicacy and affection were given to the winds, and when our party overtook them, they found them sunk in exhaustion on the grass. Fortunately for all, they reached the road just as an empty carriage was passing. This was stopped by George, who after placing the ladies in it, invited the stranger to take a seat. He declined it, and bowing, turned to depart.

"I am truly indebted to you," said George, "for your services to-day, and should be glad to make your acquaintance. My name is George Fenton."

Now, thought Rosa, he must tell his name. The stranger hesitated, blushed, smiled; said he should be proud to cultivate Mr. Fenton's acquaintance, bowed, and disappeared.

"So," said George, "I thought he would have told us his name; but the gentleman, if one he be, seems inclined to remain incognito."

On arriving at the house they found the post coaches which were to take them away already at the door, and the remainder of their party in alarm at their protracted stay.

"What do you think of my constancy to your cousin now?" whispered Rosa to Ellen, while on the way down the mountain. "What could be more like a hero than the stranger's conduct? I think I am obliged by all rules of romance and chivalry to surrender my heart to him? If I mistake not, he is in one of the coaches behind."

"Oh! I dare say," observed Ellen coldly, "he will follow you all over. But you had better take care how you listen to every stranger you see. He does not seem disposed to make your acquaintance openly."

Clara was placed on the same seat with the friends, and Mrs. Fenton sighed as she noticed the contrast between them. Rosa and Ellen were all bloom and animation and happiness, while every feature of Clara's pale and expressive countenance betrayed her sorrow; and her mother felt a pang of remorse when she saw how great an alteration a few days had produced in this sensitive being. Since they had left home she had been in a state of apparent apathy. Nothing moved her, nothing interested her. She appeared entirely engrossed with her own sad thoughts.

"It is cruel to grieve her so," thought Mrs. Fenton; "but when we arrive at the Springs she will, no doubt, be more amused, and will perhaps recover from this deep dejection."

But at the Springs Clara was the same. She spent most of her time in her own room. All attentions were rejected by a quiet withdrawing, and a cold seriousness, which succeeded in sending from her all whom the interesting style of her beauty had attracted. After a short stay at Lebanon, Mrs. Fenton and her party sat out for Niagara and Canada, and on their return engaged rooms at Ballston Spa. Mrs. Thornton was not at all pleased with this last arrangement.

"How can you wish to stay at so stupid a place as Ballston?" she said to Mrs. Fenton; "all life and fashion is at Saratoga."

"It is for that very reason I preferred coming here. Here is no ceremony; we all do as we please. There they are all slaves to etiquette. Depend upon it, the really best society is here, while the mere dashers and dressers go to Saratoga."

The rest of the party were almost all of opinion that dressing and going to balls was the principal thing they came for; and accordingly, after a short stay, they all removed to Saratoga. While on their way there Matilda and Mrs. Thornton busied themselves arranging their dresses for that day.

"We must appear quite plain at dinner," said Mrs. Thornton; "for the Lacys, and many of the first people, I hear, never dress until evening; we shall then look so much genteeler, as the rest of the company will, no doubt, have on all their finery."

As Mrs. Thornton and her daughter were the most fashionable of all the company, their opinion was always submitted to in these matters. Accordingly, at dinner the ladies of our party all appeared in plain dark silk dresses, with muslin pelerines; and their dismay can be imagined, when the Lacys and their large party entered in full dress! Gay mandarines, palmyrenes, and painted muslins, lace caps, and fancy coiffures dazzled their eyes, and made their plain attire appear still more homely. To Mrs. Fenton, who was not one of fashion's slaves, this was of little moment, and she was much amused at the evident mortification of poor Mrs. Thornton and Matilda. They were so completely disconcerted by this really trivial circumstance, that all pleasure fled. Their appetites failed them, and they could not recover during dinner.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, on their return to the drawing-room, "who could have imagined the Lacys would have dressed so much!"

"Pray mamma," said Matilda sullenly, "how could you be so mistaken? I felt so mean in my shabby silk!"

"Never mind, my child, we will see to-morrow if we cannot look a little better."

The next morning, anxious to repair their fault, the ladies, at Mrs. Thornton's suggestion, selected their gayest and richest dresses for dinner. Covered with lace and ribbons and ornaments, they sailed in triumph into the dining-room, where, to their astonishment and confusion, they beheld the Lacys, and all the rest, in calico and gingham dresses, with brown linen and black silk aprons! Unable to recover from this blow, Mrs. Thornton, on pretence of illness, precipitately arose and left the apartment, followed by her husband and daughter, and the smiles and shrugs of the Lacys. Fortunately for Mrs. Thornton's peace of mind, the Lacys and their friends left Saratoga that afternoon. Her party being now the most distinguished there, she was at liberty to indulge her own whims, and dress in any manner she might fancy. This she did, much to the annoyance of those who looked up to her as their model, and who endeavoured in vain to follow her through all her changes. The evening of this unlucky dinner there was a ball at the Pavilion. Rosa was dancing, and endeavouring to attend to her partner, and to appear as animated as usual; but her thoughts, in spite of her efforts, often wandered to the handsome stranger. She had again seen him at Niagara, and indeed at almost every place where they stopped. He evidently followed her, and contrived often to meet her alone, or while walking with Ellen and George, but never appeared openly. This perplexed and occupied Rosa, and she at last became conscious he interested her more than any of the devoted admirers who continually surrounded her, could ever do. He had not, however, appeared at the Springs. She had not seen him for three weeks, and now began to fear she should never again behold him. All the sweet fancies and agreeable visions she had been indulging in must now be abandoned. Sighing at these sad anticipations, Rosa raised her eyes, and beheld the object of her romantic reverie, the mysterious Ronald MacGregor, before her. He was leaning against the wall opposite, gazing on her with an expression of the greatest admiration. Rosa's eyes fell, and she blushed deeply. The stranger immediately approached, and inquired after her health and that of her party.

"They are all well, I thank you."

"But you are dancing, I perceive; may I not hope for the honour of your hand in the next cotillion?"

Rosa would have danced with him willingly, but he was a stranger, and had acted so oddly; she was aware it was not proper, yet knew not in what manner to refuse him. After a slight hesitation she replied, with *naïveté*,

"I would with pleasure, but I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

"If that is your only objection, I can easily obviate it."

He turned and left the room. In great agitation Rosa watched for his re-entrance.

"If he can procure an introduction," she thought, "I shall

be placed in an awkward situation. He may be an improper acquaintance. I fear I have given him too much encouragement; but he certainly is a gentleman. I am sure Ellen's cousin, Arthur Stanton, cannot be half as handsome or agreeable."

The cotillion was ended. Rosa seated herself beside her mother, and at the same moment beheld Mrs. Ross enter the room leaning on the stranger's arm.

"Ladies," said Mrs. Ross, "permit me to introduce my nephew—Arthur Stanton. Arthur, this is your cousin Ellen, whom I suppose you cannot recognise as the little girl you left eight years ago."

Ellen received her cousin with the greatest pleasure, and was delighted to find that he and the unknown were one. Here was a charming termination to the mystery! Her favourite plan of uniting Rosa and her fondly remembered cousin might now be brought about.

Rosa was silent with wonder and confusion. The eyes of the smiling Stanton were fixed on her with an expression of the deepest tenderness.

"Now, Miss Fenton," he said, "you cannot refuse to dance with me?"

"Oh no," she replied, smiling; "I have no excuse to offer."

That evening Mrs. Fenton joined her entreaties with those of a Mr. Danford to prevail on Clara to dance. As he was a young man of fortune and family, Clara's prudent mother had been much gratified with his attentions to her daughter, and was very much vexed at her extreme coldness to him. When Mr. Danford arrived first at the pavilion, he had been very much struck with the pensive beauty of Clara's countenance, and attributing her dejection to illness, had endeavoured to do all in his power to amuse and interest her. He often urged her to walk or ride with him—was continually by her side when she accompanied her mother to the fountain, or strolled languidly around the piazzas. His assiduities were seldom rewarded except by a faint smile; he even fancied sometimes his approach caused an expression of pain to cross her countenance. Mr. Danford, however, by degrees became too deeply interested in Clara to be easily discouraged by her coldness, particularly as her mother in thanking him for his efforts towards rendering her daughter more cheerful, had entreated him to bear with the listlessness of sickness and still assist her to beguile Clara from the sadness in which she was at present plunged. The attentions of this person had always been unpleasant to Clara; but when repeated refusals could not prevent him from again and again entreating her to accept his heart and hand, and when with her mother to second him he became more urgent and importunate, poor Clara sometimes thought she would willingly lose her life, so that she might but be free from her tormentor. This persecution, joined to her separation from Philip, was fast wearing Clara down. She became thinner and paler every day. Still uncomplainingly she bore her sad lot and scarcely spoke or moved voluntarily. This evening Mr. Danford, whom nothing could daunt, had been very anxious for Clara to dance with him. Her mother also joined him, and urged her to gratify them "only once." At first Clara shook her head dejectedly, too wearied to reply. At length she positively refused, and begged them to let her remain in peace, for she was too weak and ill to speak, much less to dance. Still her tormentor urged her to retract her denials, until at last the poor girl, worried out of all remains of patience, turned suddenly towards him, exclaiming vehemently,

"What! do you wish such a poor, miserable, heart-broken wretch as I to dance! Do you not see I am dying under your persecutions? I will bear this no longer—I tell you I never will dance with you—I never will love you nor marry you—so torment me no longer."

She walked rapidly through the door near which she had been sitting, and followed by her dismayed mother, rushed into her room.

"Clara! Clara!" began the vexed Mrs. Fenton. "How can you behave in this manner?"

"Oh, mother!" said Clara, while the tears burst over her face, "dearest mother, have compassion on me—do not let that hateful man torment me to my dying hour—oh take me home! I am most wretched here!"

"Clara, dear, you know you must not look towards home with hope."

"I hope for nothing—that feeling is gone for ever. I do not ask to go to him—it is not the distance which separates us that I mourn—but you would force from me my only treasure—you would have me forget him—to love and marry another. 'Tis that which distracts me—'tis that which is draining life away."

"Dear Clara, you know I only act for your benefit—do compose yourself."

"No, no!" she replied, walking rapidly around the room; "there is no more composure for me here. I was quiet—I was composed, but you and that detested Danford have worried and persecuted me until I am mad—distracted. But do not hope I shall ever be wearied into your measures. If you wish it, I will vow never to look on Philip Grant again, but I will also vow never, never, to marry that dreadful Danford."

Clara's mother gazed in astonishment on the change a few minutes had created in her daughter. Her face, before so pale, was coloured high with emotion. Her gentle eyes flashed wildly, and her hair, tossed back from her fair forehead, fell disordered on her neck. Mrs. Fenton could scarcely believe that this could be Clara—that she, who had appeared so cold, gentle, and retiring, had such a fund of deep and passionate feeling lying dormant in her heart.

"How must this poor child have suffered!" she thought. "I did not dream she possessed such strength of soul—yes, yes! I see it all now—I have nearly sacrificed my child to gratify my ambitious views. But I will endeavour to rectify my fault immediately, and shall commence by writing to my husband."

Clara, who was still walking in great agitation about the room, now suddenly stopped. A flute was heard beneath the window breathing the same sweet Italian air which she had listened to a few nights before she left home, three months since.

"Mother! mother!" she rapturously exclaimed, "Philip is here—do you not hear him?"

"You are mistaken," replied Mrs. Fenton, who was busily writing. "It is some other flute."

"No, no, I cannot be mistaken. Yes, Philip, I have not forgotten the faith I vowed, although fortune has been 'most untrue.'"

Mrs. Fenton in the mean while finished her letter. Her plans for detaching Clara from Philip, she said, had hitherto been of no avail; she believed that hers was an attachment which nothing could eradicate, and which she feared was destroying health if not life. They were sacrificing their daughter, she added, to gratify their own ambition, and ended by entreating her husband to retract his refusal to their union, and permit her daughter to return home before it was too late. She was in the act of folding up her epistle when Rosa entered the room smilingly with a letter in her hand. Mrs. Fenton broke the seal. It was from her husband, and her surprise and pleasure can be imagined when she found it the same in substance with the one she had just finished to him. Mr. Fenton said that since Philip had been separated from Clara, and had lost all hope of ever obtaining her hand, he had sunk into the greatest dejection. Nothing aroused him. In vain, Mr. Fenton said, he had done all in his power to render him more cheerful! he had lost all life and spirit, and all wish to do or be any thing. He never complained, but that he was suffering was too evident, for he became thinner and paler every day. "I love the boy," added Mr. Fenton, "and cannot bear to see him suffer thus through my ambition; so if Clara has not changed her mind, and if you are willing, I give my consent to their union. I have sent Philip with this letter, so bring them both home as soon as possible, and in heaven's name let them be happy." Mrs. Fenton was delighted to find her husband's sentiments so much in unison with her own. It was indeed a singular coincidence that the husband and the wife should have arrived at the same conclusion at the same time. Joy now took possession of all hearts. The happy Philip, who had been anxiously waiting Mrs. Fenton's decision, was sent for by her and welcomed as her future son. Soon after, our party returned to New-York, and the now blooming and happy Clara was united to Philip Grant. The mystery regarding Arthur Stanton's incognito was soon explained. He had arrived unexpectedly from Europe and was on his way to his father's residence when he met Rosa. The impression she made on his romantic and impetuous feelings was so great that he determined to give up his intention of going home until he made a farther acquaintance with her; her name and place of residence would insure him the pleasure of again meeting her. Mrs. Rosa, he soon discovered, must be his aunt, and fearful of wounding his father's feelings, should he hear that he went to Kaatskill before he saw him, he remained incog until such time as he judged he had succeeded in raising such an interest for him in Rosa's heart that she would not forget him while away. Arthur Stanton was soon the accepted lover of Rosa. The marriage, however, did not take place until the following year. Soon after which, Rosa set out for the south to attend the wedding of her brother George and Ellen Ross, and among the happiest reminiscences of the gay parties is the trip to the Springs.

For the Mirror.

TO A VERY YOUNG AUTHOR.

BY ISIDORA.

Wake, boy, nor in the world of dreams
Thus idly soar on fancy's wing;
Forswear the muse's witching themes,
Nor dare to taste the madd'ning spring.
Arise, and break the "whispering reed,"
And throw the "gray goose quill" away;
For if on fancy's dreams you feed,
You'll lack a dinner many a day.
Wake! seize the plough, the scythe, the plane,
The awl, the chisel, or the square;
Head-work you'll find is wholly vain,
Unless you learn to live on air.
See yonder beau, so smart and trim,
With cambric ruffles, broadcloth fine;
Think you the pen did that for him?
No, boy, he never wrote a line.
And see that other, plump and sleek,
Whose great, round, rosy face displays,
As plain as such a face can speak,
Good quiet nights and well-fed days.
Think you it was the rhyming trade
That brought him such good cheer, my lad?
No, no! an author ne'er display'd
A form so round, a face so glad.
But there goes one whose elbows show,
And face of care, his luckless trade;
The soul that's stamp'd upon his brow
Is but the "mark upon the blade."
Boy, think of garrets, duns, and debt,
Long scores, short commons—bateful themes!
Abjure the rhyming trade—forget
Your journey to the world of dreams.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Brandywine Springs, September, 1830.

Sir—Among the nondescript bipeds of the times, who flourish their ephemeral hour in this haunt of fashion and of beauty, there is one who is a dandy of the first water. The thing has been here now for some eight or nine days; from what part or portion of the confederacy, I know not—though he seems to have a "down-east" accent. He is not a native of Missouri, and is, I dare be sworn, a stranger to alligators and the Red river. He sports an indefinite number of rings on each hand; his numerous brooches and bosom-studs are secured by half-a-dozen chains, that cast a kind of halo over an embroidered vest, ingrained with flowers and "all sorts of things." He holds in his dexter, whenever he promenades the beautiful terrace, a glass, which ever and anon he gives to one of the upper or dormant windows of his soul, with what he supposes a most unapproachable suavity. His face is a vacant, sleepy globe, of an oblong appearance—and his glance is as void of expression as an oyster freshly caught and prematurely exposed to view. He has received the ridicule and pity of so many, that, dull as is his penetration, he begins to see through the smiles of the ladies, and feels the smothered music of their laugh, as they pass him in his eccentric circumgyrations about the premises. Such premeditated dandyism finds no advocates among the sober sojourners here from the city of Brotherly Love. I have sometimes wondered how such an anomaly would feel or proceed in a drawing-room in Arch-street, surrounded by a spiritual band of fair, intellectual quakeresses, each one with "her tresses parted on her sinless brow." His fund of pretty things would be like nothingness before them, and he would "desire to depart."

No place appears to me to secure the affection and the imagination, in a kind of thrall, like these springs. The roads in the vicinity are superior for gig-riding on an afternoon, when it is cloudy without rain; and the evenings! they are like a saint's vision—so pure, animating, and pleasant. The restless tide of fashion and beauty humming in the piazza—the swell of music when the moon is rising over the fair woodlands and fields to the east—the sweet country air, and the wide expanse of scene presented at one glance to the eye, do most marvellously illuminate the understanding and cheer the heart. It is pleasant too, to make up a small and select party to pick blackberries, which are very abundant in the vicinity—"pour passer le temps;" and with a flute and a guitar, brought by some benevolent beau for the use of his intended, and some three or four good vocalists, we manage to fill the woodland side with melody as we assemble beneath some fine tree, after all our mouths are well stained, and the rosy lips of

the fair have become purple from the gathered spoils of sequestered hedges. In such adventures, where a beautiful scene is occasionally presented, *tout à coup*, to the view, and where every thing breathes of leisure and peace, there is a rare combination of circumstances calculated to induce clever thoughts and feelings.

A few miles distant from this nucleus of the graces, the stream, called, in defiance of euphony, *Brandywine*, goes sparkling on its quiet way. I have walked its banks alone, many, many miles. I wish that *Bryant* could see it. Never was nature, in its quiet holiness, more sweetly developed than on the forest-banks of the Brandywine. For leagues they are overhung with the aspen, the willow, and the ash, and the blue tide lapses along to "the music of its own wild chime." It is impossible to resist the solitary sweetness of its cadence, for it trembles like a spell upon the ear and heart. At intervals, high precipitous rocks, over which the green shrubbery of the wood hangs its rustling drapery, are discerned, towering into the air, poised so carelessly to the eye, that a breath of the summer breeze would seem to move them. Many elegant and tasteful *chateaux* have been built on high and picturesque portions of the shores, and present an appearance impressively beautiful—in many cases their white walls and luxuriant gardens appear to skirt some precipitous steep that looks frowning darkly down upon the blue river beneath. Description fails to portray the soothing sounds and influences that spring up at every step of a sojourner's progress through these calm recesses. It seems to me that the vale of the Arno, or Chaumony itself, could hardly yield more "thick-coming fancies." No man of mind or heart can retire from such a spot without unanalyzed pleasure and food for future contemplation. A number of manufactories, in very romantic locations, skirt the stream—they are generally built with taste, and add much to the *coup d'œil*. The country round about is rife with the storied associations of the wars and conflicts of the olden time. Hereabouts, in former times, the sanguinary giant of battle stamped his iron feet, and scattered his glowing death-shot; and the onset shout has rung of old where swains now hie to breathe declarations and read answers of peace in the partial eyes of their beloved ones, and where the song-bird overflows the bowers with a rich stream of melody. If you imagine this description imbued with the *vis poetica*, you must recollect that the place is redolent of its influence. There are a number of common-place powder-mills about the Brandywine, that are not so agreeable to muse upon when one bears in mind the tetchy and eccentric nature of their contents, for gunpowder has the irascible reputation of *taking fire* at the slightest offence. On the gates of these houses are inscribed the words "*no admittance*;" a precaution, it appears to me, quite unnecessary. By the way, my ears were grievously disturbed at Wilmington by the explosion of a powder-mill. Although situated nearly two miles from the town, it shook it like an untimely fig-tree. It is generally supposed to have been struck with lightning. No living thing was destroyed, except an adolescent grimalkin, who was singed and done for in the twinkling of an eye. If her sufferings were great, it is a consolation to her surviving kindred in the cat-line, to know that they were brief. She died in youth. It was not her melancholy lot to grow old and find the keen discrimination of her whiskers blunted in the lapse of years, or to behold uncaught mice bounding before her languid eye. No! she went when her velvet paws were uncramped by the diseases to which all cats are subject; and few of her race will be permitted to cause such a pother in their moments of dissolution; for certes her death made a great noise in the world. As she was blown out of the centre of the earth's attractions and has not since been heard of, there is no hypothesis in the soothing belief that she has gone to the *skies*!

Apropos of Wilmington, I hope every one who visits that borough will spend one *first day afternoon* (Sunday) in the Friend's Meeting-house. It is situated on an eminence west of the town; it is embowered with a few fine trees, and commands a landscape of serene and extended beauty. Let one listen to some good speaker, moved eloquently by the spirit, while he glances out of the open window between the rustling leaves to the south and east, and he will bear a charmed feeling from the spot not soon to be forgotten. To the south, through locusts, poplars, and willows that crowd the eminence, the view embraces the pleasant vale of Christiana with its sinuous stream; to the east the sunbeams fall in a rich flood upon the green meadows, the heavy clumps of trees, and the pillared gates and statues near the distant and magnificent groves of Eden Park. Beyond, the Delaware stretches with its cloud-like sails; and the lands of Jersey melt blue and faint into the distance. It is a place to drink deep at the well of devotion and poetry.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

PETER THE PIRATE.

"Unknown to fear, the bucanier,
Self-crown'd the ocean ranger,
Blow high, blow low, his course will steer,
His element is danger."

It may not be known to the reader, that the little town of Baltimore, in Munster, was once the rival of Algiers in maritime audacity, or that the strong-hold of the Irish bucaniers was destroyed by the daring servants of the dey. Such, however, is the fact: Baltimore was reduced by the pirates of the Mediterranean in the year sixteen hundred and thirty-one, and the neighbouring country pillaged. Nearly the whole of the inhabitants were carried into captivity, and the history of the melancholy affair is sufficiently romantic and novel to excuse the telling.

The renowned Patrick Deignan was wont to say, that there was rebellion in the sound of the *O*; treason, he declared, lurked within its magic circle, and therefore he held it impossible that one who allowed this rotund character to precede his name could be loyal. The doctor had not much acquaintance with history, or he could have illustrated his doctrine by reference to the annals of other days. There was a time when it was dishonourable in a big or little *O* to be either a good subject or an honest man. Sir John Davies assures us, that every chieftain in his time kept a pair of Donald Beans on his establishment, for the purpose of supplying his larder with beef and mutton, borrowed from the domains of his neighbours; and every one knows, that until within the last fifty years the whole of the western coast was almost exclusively in the possession of Milesian pirates or smugglers. We read in the old chronicles collected in Harris's *Hibernica*, that various expeditions, under the bournments of the day, were undertaken against their strong-holds; but, although many of them obtained an atrocious distinction, none of them ever arrived at the opulence and extent which were attained by Baltimore in the beginning of the seventeenth century. It, as well as the adjoining district, was peopled by the O'Driscolls, a hardy, daring, and maritime race. Their chief strong-hold was at one time full of all the luxuries and wealth, not only of Europe, but of Asia; and they did not fail to lay under contribution every merchant vessel that ventured out without a convoy. Their vessels were to be met in every sea; and in the pride of lawlessness, they even ventured to chase the corsairs of the *Ægean*, who interfered with their plans. The terror which they inspired was chiefly owing to the bravery and skill of a youthful leader, named Leary, but who was then, and has been since, known as "Peter the Pirate." In a population devoted to unlawful pursuits, but little respect was shown to birth, and Peter was never happy enough to know his parents. The chief of the O'Driscolls had reared him in his own house, educated him in his own terrible profession, and hailed with gladness the development of those nautical qualifications which ultimately placed him over the fleets of Baltimore. In his skill and prowess the O'Driscolls had such confidence, that they attacked and fought with a certainty of success; and under his command they never encountered defeat.

Though in the spirit of the ancients—which made Sir Francis Drake a robber and a hero—they did not think piracy dishonourable, yet they did not decline the more gentle offices of trade. They imported such commodities as the people of Munster needed, and exported such productions as their wants did not consume. The blending of the piratical with the mercantile character argued a certain degree of civilization; and they had arrived at the moral conclusion, even now recognised, that it was not proper that merchants should be plundered by any one but themselves. They had already chastised the corsairs; and the largest fleet that ever left Baltimore sailed, under the command of Peter the Pirate, for Algiers. It soon swept the Mediterranean of the infidel bucaniers, and even anchored, it is said, under the walls of the Dey's capital.

Its return was hailed with enthusiasm by the O'Driscolls; bonfires blazed on the hills around, and the shouts of gladness that issued from the populace might have been easily heard at the city called Cork, which, by the way, is not more than a good score miles distant. Of course, the most particular honours were paid the naval hero, Peter the Pirate. He felt—how could he feel otherwise—flattered; but his heart was sad; there was a significant negligence of his apparel, and, like the Persian monarch, he sighed not from the preposterous idea that his gallant comrades should perish in less than a century, but because Honor O'Driscoll did not respond to his languishing gaze—in a word, because she did not return his

W. G. C.

love. The fact is by no means creditable to her taste; for if the contemporary minstrels are to be believed—and their songs have reached our times—Peter the Pirate was not wanting in those attributes which the daughters of bucaniers admire. He might have sat for the picture of Lord Byron's Conrad; for his was that "magic of the mind."

"That moulds another's weakness to its will."

But he was efficient in those softer graces that recommend gallants, when ladies are critical. He could speak his passion in a tone suited to a soul of sensibility; and, although a hundred victories had shed their honours on him, yet his name was associated with deeds, the bare relation of which might terrify even men to sleep at midnight. The severity of his character would have readily found apology in the estimation of those with whom he associated, had he not suffered in their good opinion by acts of cruelty and vindictiveness towards his unprotected followers. The necessity of discipline might excuse him in the eyes of pirates, were he not prone to take pleasure in the miseries he inflicted. His brow, too, was downcast and forbidding; his lips seldom emitted joyous laughter; and he shunned those pastimes in which the thoughtless children of crime sometimes indulged. The qualities for which he was known had failed to recommend him to Honor O'Driscoll. Her gentle nature but ill suited the dangerous occupations of her kindred, and the gentleness of her disposition turned away instinctively from the recital of those deeds of blood which filled her townsmen with a sanguinary enthusiasm. She had early found—as all ladies are likely to find—a congenial spirit in a youthful kinsman. He was as brave, but not so experienced as Leary; and he had endeared himself to his townsmen by several acts of brave disinterestedness, which marked him at no distant day for a desirable ocean-ranger.

His attention to Honor, and her visible partiality, had not escaped the pirate. His pride, however, would not permit him to doubt of success, and the moment which covered him with glory he judged as most likely to recommend him to the father of the maiden. His proposal was not received by the pirate chieftain with any extraordinary manifestation of delight, and from Honor he experienced a decided refusal. He turned away unmurmuringly, but with a clouded brow, and next morning his favoured rival was found in the streets a corpse. This act of domestic violence aroused the vengeance of the whole family of pirates. Suspicion fell on Peter—circumstances confirmed it—and he had to fly precipitately from Baltimore.

The hardy children of the sea were not without a reasonable portion of sensibility. They lamented the fate of the youth, and they sympathized with Honor. The shock affected her spirits—her head. She promised to forget the departed, but could not; and in less than four months from the death of her lover she was gathered to her fathers. The pomp of funeral ceremonial was then fully recognised in Ireland; and the old pirate had enough of the country in him to desire the reflected honour derivable from a splendid "wake and burial." The wine of France and the gin of Holland flowed copiously, while *potheen* was considered by these aristocrats of the ocean too vulgar a beverage for so joyous an occasion as the death of a chieftain's child! The unseemly revelry had continued for three days, when a strange sail appeared in sight. She neared, and quitted the land in a suspicious manner; but the pirates were too busy with mirth and wine to heed a solitary bark, and towards evening she entirely disappeared.

The *keeners* had poured forth their dismal chant of sorrow, and the revellers from exhaustion had retired, when a wild and tumultuous shout filled the streets with hostile alarm. Those who had not been entirely steeped in forgetfulness hurried out; but their amazement was complete, when they saw, by the light of the burning houses, that their strong-hold was invaded by the swarthy Africans—the inhabitants of Algiers! For three hours the streets ran with the blood of the O'Driscolls. They made a brave—a desperate stand. They fought for existence, and their courage was inflamed by a national, a professional hatred of their enemies; but their daring was in vain; the strangers prevailed—the ignited houses filled the air with a dull red canopy, and the cries of women and children pierced the ears of their relatives, who struggled, without effect, to save them from worse than butchery!

Amongst the conquerors there was one, says the metrical chronicle of the time, who outdid his fellows in atrocity and desperation. The pirates who guarded the habitation of their chief fell hastily before his sabre, and he strode like a demon of destruction into the chamber of death.

"You pollute not this floor with your presence," said the O'Driscoll, drawing his sabre; but the stout stranger quickly resumed it from him, and flung it on the ground.

"I have come," he said, "unbidden, because I ought to have been an invited guest."

"What?" exclaimed the chief, "that voice?"

"'Tis Peter the Pirate's," interrupted the renegade. "Old man, am I revenged? Your power is gone; your whole race are bond-slaves, and Honor shall be mine."

O'Driscoll stood unmoved; he saw that resistance was useless, and considered remonstrance unmanly. With an ironical smile, conceived in the bitterness of revenge and fatherly tenderness, he bowed to the ruffian intruder, and inquired if he would convey his bride to the soil of Africa.

"I care not for your taunts," said Peter; "where is your daughter?"

"Here!" cried the old man, as he turned down the white pall that concealed the face of the dead beauty. The pirate was shocked at the sight, and in that moment of good feeling stooped to kiss the lips of the corpse. The father, indignant at the familiarity, which he considered little less than pollution, suddenly grasped his battle-axe, and before the Algerines could interfere, separated the pirate's head from his body.

Such is the history which contemporary bards have left us. The O'Driscolls were carried into captivity, and the town destroyed. The sad event was long remembered. It has been made the subject of melodies and epics; and Mr. Crofton Croker has translated one of the songs, which a fugitive pirate sang on the occasion. It is as follows:

THE IRISH BUCANIER.

"Our oars we ply, when seas run high,
And loud the winds are roaring;
Now down the depths, now up the sky,
On eagle billows soaring!

And when we hail the gentler gale,
With glees our stout hearts glowing,
Abroad we spread the spritied sail,
And catch it while 'tis blowing.

For us enough, or fair or blue,
Waves calm or wildly foaming,
So we may launch, through smooth or rough,
Adventurously roaming!

Unknown to fear, the bucanier,
Self-crown'd the ocean ranger,
Blow high, blow low, his course will steer,
His element is danger!"

CHARACTER OF AN HEIRESS.

"Louisa Creswell, with a form and eye and charms well calculated both to inspire a passion and to harbour one, was decidedly incapable, at least as yet, of the latter. Whims she had, and wishes, momentary preferences, kindness, softness; but love she could not entertain. She could not feel it, and yet she made huge attempts thereat. She read of passion—the volumes of a novel, or of Byron, told what it was; she heard of affection, as what she should feel. And yet she was incapable of that secondary or artificial feeling, which even the coldest hearts arrive at. Such is the plain truth—a truth that no one, who knew her suspected, and that indeed few, in this sage world, could believe true of any woman. Such a temperament in the common walks of life would have succeeded admirably, and such do, perhaps, bid fairer for happiness than warmer ones. For in such hearts Hymen is apt to light up the flame that Cupid might have puffed for ages at in vain.

"But, unfortunately, poor Louisa was an heiress, she had the gift of thousands, sufficient to content and elevate, in a worldly sense, whomsoever she might select. She was good, too—*bonne*, as the French say, which means more than good; and though despising neither rank nor title, she could have done without either. She wanted happiness, and had certainly, she thought, wherewithal to purchase or command it. This rendered her, contrary to her nature, difficult to please; and she waived and put aside, with all the easy firmness and impertinence of an established beauty, the thickening addresses of the common race of dandies.

"A man of humbler claims, though of no less pride, succeeded in making some impression. Fitz-Erne was he. No personage was so uncommon, or more handsome; he was dark, reserved, susceptible, just the stuff for a hero—and though never condescending to be sentimental, or giving tokens of such faculty, yet he must be so. Now what had Louisa to do with sentiment, seeing she neither had, nor comprehended it? So it was! the incomprehensible had charms for her, and Fitz-Erne was smiled on.

"Fitz-Erne, on his part, if he had fixed upon one maxim in life, it was that of not being interested or ambitious in his loves. He had steeled his heart against high-born beauty; he meant, it seemed, high-born beauty with the pride and indifference of birth about it. But the said beauty, decked in smiles, in meaning smiles, acting kindness, looking preference—for that he was not prepared. It perplexed, flattered, frightened

him. Pride and vanity had a smart wrangle together within him, but the heels of pride were tripped up. He loved the lady for her charms, her heart. For him to have doubted that she had one, would have been infidel indeed. Louisa's eye, though generally languid, could yet light up. Her form and expression promised feeling, which propriety and good breeding, no doubt, concealed. And the said feeling and warmth which Fitz-Erne supposed in her, was more valuable in his eyes, because, like other charms, it lay veiled. Moreover, the beauty uttered no silliness—she had been too well bred. Temperament and education had endowed her with an apathy that was at once modish and convenient, and rendered her fortunately contented with looking perfection, without encountering the more arduous attempt of speaking or of acting it.

"Fitz-Erne, however, was mistrustful. His character, however firm and decisive in all other considerations, was wavering and wayward in this. Pride checked him at one time, the fear of being ridiculous at another; suspicion would at times intrude. He was a suitor after the fashion of Sheridan's "Falkland," except that his suspicions were of himself, more than of his mistress. Miss Creswell grew soon weary of those tortuousities of sentiment. Though Fitz-Erne was of a sincerity in all these moods that actually put him to torture, still, as he externally covered all with the most smiling and easy air, his conduct naturally appeared to the lady as mystification—as coquetry, in fine; which in man is the most despicable of all realities or appearances.

"The explication of this conduct on the part of Fitz-Erne may appear hereafter. It of course alienated Miss Creswell. Why did she not listen to any one of the nobler or high-born suitors that attended her steps? She did not so, but met their approaches with coldness. Strange inconsistency of human nature! She sought a passion, who was incapable of feeling one, and would not be contented with less. Young Willoughby crossed her path, and the mixture of feeling and foppery that appeared in him charmed her. He possessed the mad gaiety of youth, while that of Fitz-Erne was of the manly and caustic kind. Then he was frank, free, open, without a shadow of mistrust or of hidden thought. It was a relief to talk with him after having conversed with Fitz-Erne. And although the latter had put him on the first step in life, had impeded the first wing he raised therein, still that moment of success was sufficient for Willoughby. He kept the place that chance and Fitz-Erne had thrust him to, and took with happy audacity the station that it would have required some years' experience naturally to have attained." English at Home.

EXTRACTS FROM CHINESE AUTHORS.

Away with anger and vexation! These are sure to induce premature old age. In a world of ten thousand various concerns, how is it possible that every thing should be perfect! One cannot help sighing to see men such fools as to be always vexed and sorrowing. If you were rich as a king, it is impossible to prevent every year, and every where, numbers of such being laid under the green turf. Whilst, therefore, you may live in pleasure, enjoy it. Why labour to find out for yourself causes of anger and vexation.

Against sorrow, the only argument brought, is the consideration that in a former state of existence, poverty or riches, and all other circumstances, were settled by fate, and sorrow is useless.

Against anxiety. If a man lives a hundred years, the amount of days is only thirty-six thousand, and the greater part of that time is passed either in sickness or in sleep. None enjoy perfect health and the absence of sorrow. To see, after a life vainly spent, declining old age, is a matter deserving sincere commiseration. The vanity of life is still more clearly seen in those who do not attain to a hundred years of age. What use then is there in being constantly anxious and running hither and thither with wave-like restlessness? From this time henceforward awaken to a proper discernment of the case, and let your heart and your body have a little leisure and repose.

The vanity of this world! From ancient times to the present but few who are born into the world attain the age of seventy. Abstract from three score years and ten, childhood and old age, and the time between is but a short period. Besides, there is the scorching heat and the hoar frost, with trouble and vexation. The autumnal moon does not always shine bright. And in the season of flowers they do not always blossom beautifully. Even in the prime of life, health is not the certain portion of man. Therefore, when the flowers do blossom, and the moon shines, sing aloud your song, and hasten to drink from the full golden cup: there is your money

in the world than you can ever gain, and more offices at court than you can ever fill. Be contented; high offices and much wealth are often causes of sorrow and anxiety, which soon turn the hair gray. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, pass in rapid succession, swift as the fingers can handle the words. The bell announces eventide, and quickly follows the crowing of the cock to report the approach of morning. Consider, and mark the men who have passed before you: how many of them in one year are laid under the grassy sod. And among the many hillocks raised over the dead, at the annual season of visiting the tombs, one-half of them remain unswept—the family of the tenant beneath has become extinct!

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

SINCE our last young Kean has completed his first engagement on the American boards. In addition to the characters already noticed in the Mirror, he has appeared in Sir Edward Mortimer, in the Iron Chest, and in Shylock. The house on every occasion of his performing has been full and fashionable, and his reception enthusiastically flattering. We shall not enter into an analysis of the above mentioned parts at the present time, but simply assert that every renewed opportunity of witnessing the display of Mr. Kean's powers confirms the first impression of our belief, that he is destined to reach the highest rank of histrionic excellence.

Most of our readers have probably turned over the pages of any given number of "annuals." Many of them may have been enraptured, as in duty bound, with the fair clean type and lustrous paper, and splendid engravings of the last year's Keepsake. These may perhaps remember a very pretty picture contained in that magnificent volume, entitled the Widow of Ems—and perhaps too they may not have forgotten the story that accompanied and illustrated that picture. It is upon this story that some ingenious gentleman (we believe that his name is Bailey) has founded the new farce of *Perfection*, and he has performed his task gracefully and with skill. The plot of the piece is sufficiently slender, and indeed it may be called only a mere outline, to which it is for the ingenuity of the performers to give body and colouring. The dramatis personæ are Sir Lawrence Paragon, (Placide) a worthy old bachelor, lamenting in solitude and Welsh flannels the fastidious nicety of his marrying days in which he would not marry, and extremely anxious for the conjugal execution of his nephew, Mr. Paragon, (Simpson) whose notions of female excellence are even more extravagant than the baronet's, and who is modestly resolved to marry no woman who is in any particular short of "perfection." With this reasonable purpose in his mind and on his lips, he is introduced by the uncle to Kate O'Brien, (Miss Clara Fisher) a ward of the baronet's, who, being warned of his high requisitions, has a plot to subdue and punish them. Her contrivance is to win his affections without appearing to possess one of the accomplishments upon which he has always so strenuously insisted in his helpmate, and is successful. He makes her a solemn and very pathetic tender of his hand which is accepted, and is immediately horrified with the information that his adored mistress is a cripple—that it is her lot "to limp through life upon a timber toe." Here begins the drollery of the farce, continued through two scenes, the first between Paragon and his servant, Sam, (T. Placide) and the second with the uncle, both of whom, by a series of allusions, apparently unintentional, to the misfortune of his bride, work upon his excited feelings and wring from him sundry most ludicrous exclamations of grief, mortification, and despair. A violent struggle ensues between love and honour on the one hand, and his horror of a wooden leg upon the other—but the former are triumphant. He returns to his mistress and declares his resolution to marry her, let what may come of it; and the piece ends with the surprise and delight of the magnanimous lover on finding that his lady dances like a houri, and is indeed perfection, with the joy of his bachelor uncle and the usual congratulatory and matrimonial addresses before the fall of the curtain. Placide was dry, natural, and very entertaining, as usual, in the baronet, and Simpson young, (much younger than many younger men) lively, and laughable in the bewildered lover. Mrs. Blake and Mr. T. Placide had little to do in Susannah and Sam, and did that little correctly and with a becoming spirit of resignation. But to us, whose ears are the most susceptible portions of our composition, the charm, the bright spot of the evening was a delicious Irish ballad, sung most deliciously by Kate O'Brien's charming representative. There is a pathos in her voice that reaches the very lowest depths of the feelings, and makes

them to gush forth as the waters from the rock at the touch of Moses' rod. Like her face, it is most excellent and apt for the expression of all feeling; the soft and tender notes of music fall from her lips as gentle and as sweet as precious balsams from Arabian incense trees. What can be more touching or more beautiful than "Home, sweet home," or "Since then I'm doomed" as she sings them; or what more exquisite than this simple ballad of "Kate Kearney" as it steals forth in liquid melody from her rich and expressive voice? There are more astonishing, many, no doubt, better singers in the world than she; multitudes who can execute more difficult passages, and dazzle their hearers with far more brilliancy and power; but in the *sentiment* of music, in the perfect adaptation of tone and look and gesture to the feeling of her words, she has few superiors, we had almost said few equals. What an heroic, martial, chivalrous spirit glows in her "Bonnets of blue"—what unsophisticated lightness of heart beams in her eyes and exults in her voice in "The merry Swiss girl"—what a tender and delicate enthusiasm when she sings of the "fatal glance" of Kate Kearney! For ourselves, all critical as we are, and far too busy to be sentimental, we were completely overcome, and many a time since we heard the song, have had our gravest meditations interrupted and our most momentous cogitations put to flight by the bewitching recollection. It was but this very day, while concocting a sage article upon the affairs of France, that we fell into a reverie in the very act of writing, and upon returning consciousness were startled at finding the paper covered with innumerable repetitions of

"She looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;"
and occasional reiterations of the concluding line—
"For fatal's the smile of Kate Kearney."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHARLES J. KEAN.

THE extraordinary success of this popular young tragedian, and the genius he has discovered in the delineation of the most arduous characters of the drama, have already ranked him among the most gifted in his profession; and have produced a corresponding desire in the public mind to become acquainted with his early history, and his professional character, stripped of the thousand rumours which always attach themselves to, and are in some measure inseparable from, the rapid and sudden distinction to which genius ever attains. We have therefore taken some pains to possess ourselves of an authentic narrative on the subject, which we are happy to be enabled to lay before our readers.

Charles John Kean was born in the city of Waterford, in the county of the same name, in Ireland, on the eighteenth of January, 1811, and is now in the *twentieth year of his age*. His father, the celebrated Edmund Kean, who for the last sixteen years has filled so large a space in the history of the stage, from his earliest infancy down to the time of, and for some time after, the birth of his son, was attached to various provincial theatres in Great Britain, where his professional exertions hardly more than contributed to his subsistence. In this capacity he was employed, when, in the year 1809, he met with his present wife, then Miss Chambers, who was descended from one of the first families in Ireland, and to whom he was united at Stroud, not merely against the will, but without the knowledge of her friends.

By this marriage Mr. Kean had two children, of whom Charles was the second, and is the only survivor, the elder having died at the age of about five years. During all this period Mr. Kean had continued travelling through the country playing at the provincial theatres, and thus furnishing himself with the means of supporting his family, which, from the state into which those theatres had at that time fallen, was no easy matter. His earnings scarcely ever exceeded thirty shillings a week, and the uncertainty of receiving even that amount, not unfrequently added to his embarrassment. The period was, however, rapidly approaching when his prospects began to brighten. His originality of conception and boldness of execution of the first tragic characters, began to excite attention, which was not long in settling down into admiration; and his fame, which at first gradually spread throughout the provincial towns, at length reached the metropolis, and procured for him an engagement at Drury Lane, where he made his first appearance in Shylock on the twenty-sixth of January, 1814. In the representation of this part, according to a contemporaneous critic, "the originality of his style, and the vigour of his genius, drew down the most enthusiastic applause, which increased with every scene, and at length became absolutely tumultuous. His fame increased with each

successive repetition, and it was admitted that he might safely challenge competition with the most distinguished ornaments of the stage." He appeared in rapid succession in the other characters, for the representation of which he has become so distinguished, and, by the almost unanimous voice of the public, the very highest rank was soon conceded to him. As a necessary consequence he was caressed by men of the first distinction and rank in the kingdom; his family shared in his elevation; fortune smiled upon him, and from the society of a strolling company, and the reception of a pittance scarcely sufficient to supply the ordinary wants of nature, he found himself, as if by magic, the companion of the greatest and the best of whom the proud metropolis of England could boast, with almost unbounded wealth placed at once within his grasp.

Charles was at this time between three and four years old, too young of course, to perceive the strong contrast which his father's affairs now presented, to what they so recently had been, although he participated most fully in their enjoyment. At the age of five years he was sent to one of the first preparatory schools in England, about ten miles from London, under the care of the Rev. Edward Polehampton, Rector of Greenford Parish, adjoining Harrow on the Hill. Here he remained until he was thirteen years of age, when, having finished his preparatory course, he entered Eton college. It should here be observed that the plan of education which was marked out for him, was such as should qualify him for the best society, of which, while a mere child, he had already had a glimpse, and for the enjoyment of which his father's increasing fame and fortune promised him every facility. With these anticipations his education was commenced and carried on; and calculating, as on a moral certainty, upon their being fully realized, his habits of life and his early associations were formed accordingly. His companions were selected from the first rank in point of title and distinction, and his suavity of manners, no less than his literary proficiency, while they gained for him the respect of all who knew him, promised him a high standing in the sphere in which, but for subsequent circumstances, he was destined to move. With these prospects bright before him, and with a mind cultivated even beyond his age, he entered Eton college, where he continued for three years. During this time he was no less remarkable than he had before been for his proficiency; and the same kindness and amiableness of deportment, which had in earlier life been his distinguishing characteristic, continued to secure for him the most affectionate regard of his youthful associates. While at Eton, he was conspicuous for his attainments in the upper division of the college, and when, having completed his course, he was about to take his leave, he was presented by the head master, as well as by his private tutors, and many of his classmates, with tokens of respect and admiration for his good qualities, accompanied with the liveliest wishes of all for his future happiness.

At this time, it became somewhat uncertain to what young Kean should turn his attention. In consequence of domestic circumstances, which are well known, and to which it is necessary only to advert, a separation between his father and mother had taken place. The fair prospects which lay before him during the whole of his life now began to fade, and he was compelled to abandon the hope, which at one time he had had such good reason to entertain, and for which by education he was so well qualified, of enjoying leisure sweetened by the possession of a handsome fortune. Still, however, the idea of going upon the stage never entered his mind. When about completing his studies at Eton, a cadetship in India was offered him through the interest of Mr. Calcraft, a distinguished member of parliament. This would have yielded him a competent support, and perhaps would have been accepted, but for the circumstance to which allusion has already been made, and the sacrifice of feeling which he would have been obliged to make. He returned home on the first of August, 1827. Finding his mother suffering severely from ill health, and resolving to forego every prospect, however fair, which required him to leave her, he at once declined the offer of Mr. Calcraft. The misunderstanding between his father and mother still continued, and young Kean found himself thrown entirely upon his own resources, not merely for his own subsistence but for that of his mother. The embarrassing, and to a sensitive mind like his, heart-rending situation in which he was thus placed, can perhaps hardly be conceived. Without means which could be brought to bear upon the exigency of his situation, and with ideas of personal pride, which his education and prospects could not fail to produce, and which so far from preparing him to breast the billows of adverse fortune, were rather calculated to unnerve him under a trial so severe, what was to be done? His mind was made up fully as to one thing, that he and his mother must rise or fall together; and that

whatever prospect might present itself, if inconsistent with this fixed determination, was to be most unhesitatingly rejected. His necessities, at length, pressed him to a determination as to the course to be adopted; and, as the only one which promised him immediate relief, he embraced a proposal made to him by Mr. Price, to perform at Drury-lane. This engagement was for three years, and on the first of October, 1827, just two months from the time of his leaving college, he appeared for the first time in the character of Young Norval, in Home's tragedy of Douglas. He was warmly received; and although his performance was, abstractly considered, in many respects exceptionable, it gave promise of that genius which even the short period that has since elapsed has so fully developed. His voice wanted strength and compass; his manner evinced an unacquaintance with effect, and his person was deficient in that bold and manly firmness which time alone could confer. These were defects for which every allowance was made, and which it was foreseen, as the event has now proved, time and experience would supply. In the course of this engagement he also appeared in Selim, in the tragedy of Barbarossa, and in Frederick in Lovers Vows, in which latter part, from the similarity it bore to his own situation, and the generous feelings of filial affection in which it abounds, and which, it is well known, formed a distinguishing trait in his character, he acquired a great share of reputation. After having gone through these pieces before a London audience, he determined to try the sister kingdoms, and accordingly appeared in Dublin and Edinburgh, as well as at some of the provincial theatres in England, where he enlarged his range of acting, but without entering upon the higher parts, in which he has since evinced such a decided superiority. He now resolved on excelling in a profession into which he was forced by circumstance; over which he had no control, and having studied closely some of the less heroic and passionate of the tragic characters, he returned to London, and in the autumn of 1828, opened at Drury-lane as Romeo. It was evident that he had greatly improved as well in the physical power of embodying his conceptions as in his acquaintance with the stage, and the expectations which his first appearance had excited were, in a great degree, fulfilled. After a very successful course of performance at Drury-lane, he once more determined to try the provinces, where he increased his reputation, while, at the same time, by unremitting application, he was enabled to extend the range of his characters, and impart greater vigour and boldness to their representation.

In the fall of 1828, he once more returned to London, and it being the vacation at Drury-lane, he opened at the Haymarket, where he repeated his principal parts, and appeared for the first time in Reuben Glenroy and Sir Edward Mortimer. It was in this latter character that he first made a most decided impression upon the critics of the metropolis. The boldness of conception, and the physical energy which he threw into this arduous part, gained the admiration of all who saw him during its frequent repetitions, and stamped him at once an actor of no ordinary promise. The circumstances attending its first representation, although somewhat out of place here, are deserving of notice. During the summer of 1828, while he was playing at the Sunderland and Durham theatres, in conjunction with a favourite comic actor, the manager expressed a wish to unite the talents of both in the same play, and suggested to young Kean the propriety of his studying the part of Sir Edward Mortimer for that purpose. In this suggestion he readily acquiesced, and his reception was so flattering, that although he had undertaken the character at short notice, and was comparatively imperfect in it, it was repeated amidst the most enthusiastic marks of approbation. This encouraged him to a more close and careful study of that play, and although he had not then, and to the present moment has not had the benefit of seeing his father in it, it is decidedly one of his best and most effective pieces of acting. This fact is the more worthy of observation, as it goes strongly to acquit him of the charge of imitation, and to entitle him to the signal and extraordinary merit of great boldness and originality of conception.

After the completion of his engagement at the Haymarket, he visited the continent, and played at Amsterdam, and at the royal theatre at the Hague, where he was honoured with the presence of the king and queen and the royal family of the Netherlands. On his return to England, in the latter part of 1829, finding that his father was at Drury-lane, he relinquished the residue of his engagement there, which it will be recollected was for three years, and had not as yet expired, and once more visited the provincial theatres. Here he first ventured upon the higher range of characters, Othello, Richard III., Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, &c. upon which he then resolved to stake his claims to distinction. In these the fame

he acquired was as sudden as his appearance in them had been rapid. Night after night they were repeated to overflowing houses, and the tremendous bursts of applause with which they were received, while they bore the fullest testimony to his extraordinary genius, inspired him with confidence in his own powers, and excited him to renewed and unceasing exertion. The fame consequent on so successful and brilliant a career as his last season in England, soon spread itself across the Atlantic, and the prospect of encouragement in this country, having been confidently held out to the young tragedian, by those who had witnessed and admired his fine acting, he determined on a visit to America. He accordingly left England on the sixteenth of July last, and arrived in New-York on the twenty seventh of August following. He was immediately engaged at the Park theatre, where he appeared on the first of September, as Richard III. to an overflowing house, by whom he was received with the most enthusiastic acclamations, which his performance so well merited. He has since appeared with signal success, and each night been greeted with crowded houses, as Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Shylock.

The length to which our remarks have already extended, will necessarily abridge the observations which we feel ourselves called upon to make on Mr. Kean's general style of acting. The model which he has placed before him is undeniably his father's school, than which a more perfect one, whatever may be said to the contrary, has never been established. In pursuing it, however, he stands perfectly clear of the charge of imitation. His conceptions are his own, chastened and improved by a close observation of the beauties which shone so conspicuously through every part of his father's acting, and which, perhaps, would hardly have been attempted to be traced to any other than himself, but for the close resemblance, in a physical point of view, which exists between them. The first painters that ever have lived, have not scrupled to improve upon the beauties of others, and yet who ever denied their claims to genius on that account, or presumed for a moment to detract from their merit, by denouncing them as imitators? Or who has pretended that the host of writers who have moulded themselves upon the excellencies of the British classics, and who, in many instances, have proved superior to them, are to be condemned as plagiarists, and held up as objects of ridicule, not of praise? The most that can be said is, that their school is the same, and that as they are physically similar, so there is a point of resemblance between their conceptions.

Those who have observed Mr. C. Kean's acting, must have perceived that his forte is strong feeling. Hence his great excellence in Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Edward Mortimer and Shylock. In all these, he represents the bursts of passion in each one so strongly drawn, with the most perfect truth to nature, and, in many instances, with a chasteness not even to be found in the splendid acting of his father. In the delineation of madness he is inimitable, and in such scenes as the last in Sir Giles Overreach, nothing can be finer than the transition, rapid yet distinctly marked, from disappointment to vexation, and from vexation to despair. Although the tongue is silent—the eye—the countenance—the manner—all speak to the heart in a language which it does not refuse to answer. It is related, particularly with reference to this scene, that on one occasion a physician who had observed him with intense interest, was so fully persuaded that he had fainted in reality, as to rush behind the scenes, and insist upon drawing blood, from which he was scarcely diverted by the positive assurance of the actor, that it was but fiction!—At another time, the actress who performed the part of Margaret, was so much affected by the despair of Sir Giles, and the conclusion of the scene, as to forget the play, shed tears upon the stage, and almost sink down from agitation when the curtain fell!

We have adverted to his delineation of madness. On this subject we are well assured of the correctness of the following anecdote. Dining with some gentlemen, one of whom was a distinguished surgeon, at Stratford-upon-Avon, at the last Shakspeare jubilee, the subject of madness coming up Mr. Kean rose and went through a mad scene in pantomime. The expression of countenance and the manner of the young actor astonished his spectators, some of whom vented their admiration in the strongest terms of praise. The surgeon, however, to whom Kean had principally bent his attention during the scene, remained silent, which the latter interpreted into disapprobation. Somewhat hurt at what he considered a failure, he observed that he never had seen a madman, although he had often in vain expressed a desire to get admission into Bedlam. "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Kean," said the surgeon, recovering himself, "if you will but visit Bedlam and go

through the scene you have just given, you will find no difficulty in procuring admission immediately."

The awfully impressive manner in which he pronounces the curse in Sir Edward Mortimer—"May those fiends who strangle babes for very wantonness, shrink back and shudder at your monstrous crimes, and shrinking, curse you!"—and the action accompanying it, of stretching forth his arms and fixing his eyes intently upon Wilford, is a touch of nature as original as it is fine. This was among the earliest of those brilliant points which have since acquired him so much notice. After he had appeared several times in that character, he happened to visit, in company with a literary friend, a splendid collection of paintings, then just opened. Among the rest was one by Sir Thomas Lawrence, representing Satan calling together the fallen angels. The painting happening to catch the eye of his friend, the attitude and expression which had been given to Satan struck him at once, as bearing a strong resemblance to that of Kean in Sir Edward Mortimer, which he instantly pointed out to the young actor, exclaiming, "My heavens, Kean, there you are as Sir Edward Mortimer in the Iron Chest, and painted to the life!"

One evening when he was playing Shylock at Worcester, a gentleman who was well acquainted with his father, happening to enter one of the boxes, in the midst of the scene with Tubal, observed to a friend that he was glad to see that Kean was restored to health, and that he appeared to act with more spirit and energy than he had evinced for a long time. The latter, who observed the error into which his friend had fallen, immediately undeceived him by remarking that it was not Kean, but his son whom he then saw. The surprise which such a communication produced, was only equalled by the compliment which had led to it, and the interest with which the stranger witnessed the residue of the delineation of the unfeeling Jew, convinced him that the praise he had supposed he was bestowing upon the father, was but a just, although unconscious tribute to the genius of the son.

We are in possession of a number of other anecdotes which we shall probably give hereafter, going to illustrate the remarks we have felt bound to make upon Mr. Kean's style, but which the length to which this article has already extended, compels us at present to exclude. Enough has already been said, we think, to show that his claims to public favour rest upon the most enduring basis; and when we add to the genius which all concede he possesses, the most unexceptionable purity of private character, we cannot conceal the pleasure which we feel in the idea, that to the American public will be due the credit of fostering and cherishing one, who notwithstanding his youth, has already taken a conspicuous station among the best actors of the age. G.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Bishop Hobart.—The Right Reverend John Henry Hobart, bishop of the protestant episcopal church of this state, died at Auburn, on Sunday morning last, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, after having held the office of bishop of this diocese for nineteen years. His virtues as a christian and a man, which endeared him to all who knew him, will long be held in remembrance, not only by the congregations of the three parishes composing Trinity church, but also by the whole episcopal communion throughout the United States. In England he is spoken of as one of the most accomplished scholars and gentlemen that has ever visited its shores from the western world. In his own country, where

"None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise,"

his departure has left a chasm which cannot be easily supplied.

Horticultural Ball.—The splendid fete given by the Horticultural society at Niblo's saloon, on Monday evening last, surpassed in brilliancy and magnificence any thing of the kind ever witnessed in this city. Should we attempt a description, it would, in dramatic parlance, "prove a complete failure," for our senses were too much dazzled and delighted with the *tout ensemble* to attend to detail. Let it suffice, that there were brilliant transparencies, devices, and illuminations; pyramids of the most delicious fruits; scenes of oriental enchantment; houries and sylphs to animate the scene, and lots of delightful Adonis's to enjoy it.

Bell's Life in New-York.—There is now before us the first number of a new weekly paper, entitled "Bell's Life in New-York, and American Weekly Messenger," edited by W. L. Prall, Esq. This work has been produced in a style of typography which reflects much credit on the publisher. It is to be conducted on the plan of Bell's Life in London, and if the spirit and ability displayed in the first number be kept up, there can be no doubt of its success. The editor is a gentleman of talents, wit, and fancy; and the following extract, from his introductory address, will exhibit him as an honourable and generous competitor in the race for public favour. He says,

"We interfere with no one's interest or pursuit, as we poach on no neighbour's grounds, and enter on an arena purely our own, we hope to avoid all strife, to cultivate peace and harmony with all, and to merit and receive a respectful consideration among the more brilliant luminaries with which our city is adorned. This is our course, this our desire; and with the olive branch in our hand, we cordially invite a good understanding with all our editorial brethren, and unite in wishing them and ourselves the most cheering prospects of success."

I KNEW A SICILIAN MAID.

A POPULAR SONG, COMPOSED BY BARNETT, AND SUNG BY BRAMHAM, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE, AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE, LONDON.

I knew a Sicilian maid, Whose sire was a tes-ty old elf; And who al-ways was great-ly a-fraid, That the maiden would choose for her

self: So he kept her quite under con-trol, By means of a good lock and key, And I saw her one ev'ning, poor soul, Look

down from her lattice on me. And I saw her one ev'ning, poor soul, Look down from her lattice on me.

SECOND VERSE.
With iron her lattice was barr'd,
And to none could she utter a word,
And I thought it both cruel and hard,
That a maid should be caged like a bird
So at night when sleep com-est thou, dear maid,
I flew with a step light and free,
And I said, should the house be on fire,
Sweet maiden, come downward to me.

THIRD VERSE.
Some branches I burnt, and the smoke
By the wind to the house was convey'd,
Then cried "fire" till the father awoke;
And let out the poor trembling maid.
He was very near dead with affright,
Tho' nor flame nor a spark could he see,
And the maiden came down with delight,
And quickly was wedded to me.

VARIETIES.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET,
Or the Bankrupt and the Banker.

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter had come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-cover'd ground,
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree;

"O! what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if to keep him alive he would grant

Him shelter from rain;
A mouthful of grain,
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow.

If not he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear cricket, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Quoth the cricket, "Not I!"

My heart was so light,
That I sang day and night,
For all nature look'd gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?"

"Go then," says the ant, "and dance winter away."
Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turn'd the poor little cricket.

Folks call this a fable, I'll warrant it true;
Some crickets have four legs and some have but two.

OLD EPIGRAM,

On the Taxes on Powder and Tea, by Mr. Jekyll.
You tax our powder and you tax our tea!
We soon shall have no beaux—not even Bo-hea!

SPIDERS.—Professor Weber, of Leipzig, states, that he watched a little spider as it was constructing its web between two trees. The three principal points to which it was attached, formed, as usual, an equilateral triangle. The two upper threads were fixed to the trunks of the trees; but not finding a point to fix the lower upon, the spider suspended from its extremity a little pebble, by way of counterpoise. The pebble being heavier than the animal, kept the web perfectly extended. A curious paper was lately read at the Paris Academy of Sciences on the construction of a spider's nest in the earth. This spider is a native of Corsica. The nest is in the form of a well, two inches deep, and six lines in width. The interior is lined with fine web, and the top is furnished with a kind of lid, with hinges, which shuts when the insect is in. This lid, which is composed of earth and web, consists of upwards of forty layers.

MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE.—Proposals are in circulation for a public meeting to consider the expediency of erecting a national monument to Shakspeare, worthy of the genius of the poet, (impossible!) the progress of the arts, and the grandeur of the empire. We heartily wish the design success.

A provincial actor performing the part of Augustus, in the tragedy of "Cinna," during the late severe winter, evinced his delicate sensibility to cold by the very un-Romanlike action of rubbing his hands together. A few audible hisses from some classic spectators in the pit reminded the performer of his want of noble bearing. Nothing disconcerted, the actor exclaimed, with a loud oath—"Idiots! a Roman knows just as well as a christian when the thermometer marks fifteen degrees below zero."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Who does not sometimes forget the day of the month, or the day of the week? It is said that M. de Bonnard, a well-known French academician, asked his own name of one of his friends when he was about to sign a contract of marriage. One of Napoleon's courtiers, talking to Louis eighteenth, in the year 1814, began, "Sire, your genius and your victories—" A similar *lapses lingua* is just now amusing the good people of Paris. A peer of France exclaimed to his jealous and angry spouse, "I assure you, my dear Fanny!" forgetting that that was the name of the fair one whom the lady suspected of being her rival.

A friend conversing with Talleyrand about the portrait of a ministerial personage, not remarkable for eloquence, exclaimed—"What a striking resemblance! It positively wants only the faculty of speech." "No wonder," replied Talleyrand, "it was sketched in the house of lords."

SAND.—Showers of reddish dust have lately fallen in various parts of Italy. This phenomenon was, in the first instance, attributed to an eruption of Mount Aetna; but it is now believed to have been sand transported from the plains of Africa by a violent sirocco.

QUILLS.—Quills are things that sometimes are taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

THE MERCHANT AND THE BLIND MAN.

"Fact—not fable."—Halleck.

OGILVIE was born at Edinburgh, in Scotland, and bred a watchmaker. Being wrecked in his fortunes, his eye-sight gone, and his wife dead, he resolved to quit his native country and seek for new friends in the city of London. The sister of his deceased wife requested that she might take his only child, an infant, and adopt it as her own; he consented, and she called the child Julia. Ogilvie soon prepared to bid adieu to Scotland; and that he might have a companion in his misfortunes, he bought a dog, named him Pompey, and put a brass collar on his neck, with these words, in large letters engraven upon it, "Pompey asking alms for his blind master."

Thus equipped, Ogilvie and Pompey set out on their journey, and arrived at the Red Lion inn, on the twentieth of June. The next day Ogilvie was conducted to the parish of St. Giles, where he took lodgings at two shillings and sixpence per week. Being now settled, his host accompanied him and Pompey to the piazza of Covent-garden theatre, where, by the side of the pillars, he took his stand. This situation he occupied on all business days for upwards of eighteen years. Ogilvie's custom was never to speak, but always to hold his hat in his hand, with Pompey by his side. When any person dropped money into the hat he made a bow, but never uttered a word, unless he was first spoken to, and then his answer generally was "yes" or "no."

Mr. Lovel, a merchant in the West India trade, whose counting-rooms were at old City Chambers, and his dwelling in Soho Square, was in the daily habit of passing under the piazza. One afternoon, observing the blind man and his dog, he stopped, and taking hold of the collar, read aloud the inscription. He then addressed the blind man thus, "Pray tell me, sir, by what means you lost your sight?"

"By that scourge of mankind, the small-pox," he answered.

Lovel, putting a one pound note into his hand, bid him go; and walked off. On his way home, his thoughts dwelt on what he had just seen and heard, which filled his bosom with deep sorrow; and what aided to create greater sympathy for the blind man in the mind of Lovel, was the circumstance of his having, only six months previously, lost his own wife by the same disorder, leaving him and his little son John, then six years of age, to bemoan her untimely death. That very night Lovel resolved that he would ever after, either in going into the city or on returning to his house, throw into the blind man's hat a shilling or more, and for eighteen years he kept his determination. During this time Mr. Lovel was prosperous in business, he gave his son a collegiate education, bred him at the Temple, and he became a distinguished barrister.

The earl of Derby having employed the young barrister in a suit of consequence, in which the interest of the crown was concerned, on the trial of the cause the principle contended for by the young barrister was argued with so much ability and eloquence, that the result proved favourable to his client. The information of the facts coming to the ear of the king, his majesty was pleased to confer on him the honour of knighthood.

Mr. Lovel had occasion to apply to the underwriters at Lloyd's, to effect an insurance on a large ship and its cargo, of great value, bound to London from the island of Jamaica. But a letter of advice had been received that morning at Lloyd's, stating the total loss of his vessel and all on board in a hurricane, the day after she sailed from port. This information was overwhelming, and drove Mr. Lovel almost to despair. He called his creditors together, and gave them a just and true account of his affairs; he told them that he could pay them ten shillings in the pound, by delivering up all his property, which he was ready to do. The creditors cheerfully accepted his offer, and executed to him a general release.

Five years previous to the failure of Mr. Lovel, a most singular and extraordinary occurrence happened to the advancement of Mr. Ogilvie's fortune. A celebrated duchess of Piccadilly, with a few friends, one evening attended Covent-garden theatre, to hear Kotzebue's play of Pizarro, which had been adapted to the English stage by Mr. Sheridan. When

the amusements were ended, her grace on leaving the house, and just as she was stepping into her carriage, discovered that she had dropped from her finger a diamond ring, of the value of twelve hundred guineas. She instantly proclaimed her loss, with an offer of fifty guineas to the person who might find it. Ogilvie, who stood near, and heard all that had been said, requested her grace to extend her hand and let Pompey see the finger on which she wore the ring, to which she instantly complied, and then drove off for her palace. In less than two hours after all was quiet in and about the theatre, and the flambeaux in the vicinity were extinguished, Pompey found the ring, and delivered it to his master, who early next morning went to the palace of her grace, who received him with joy and gladness. On Ogilvie's presenting her the ring she offered him a prize of twenty guineas, as promised, but he wholly refused receiving the money. She then gave him a half ticket in the lottery then drawing. Ogilvie accepted the ticket, thanked her, bid her good morning, and returned to his stand in the piazza. Eight days after this interview the ticket drew a prize of twenty thousand pounds. The money he deposited in the hands of Mr. Newland, president of the bank of England, made that gentleman his confident, agent, and banker, and the public were ignorant of his good luck, as well as the duchess of Piccadilly, who did not know the number.

Ogilvie still continued in his old place under the piazza; his friend the merchant as usual, day by day, dropped his shilling into the hat, until the whirlwind came, and all the treasures of this man of humanity were drowned; were sunk in the bottom of the ocean. Thus driven by misfortune Mr. Lovel had to abandon his walk under the piazza, and had not passed that way in fifteen days. This circumstance very much alarmed the mind of Ogilvie: he felt that he could not be mistaken, because he knew his voice, and could distinguish his walk from that of all other persons. Fortunately he knew his name. "I will not delay a moment," said Ogilvie, "to search out and find my friend! my benefactor! Perhaps that benevolent man may now stand in need of the very charity which he has so long and so bountifully bestowed on me?"

He prepared himself with money, called a hackney coach, and drove direct to the house of the merchant, in Soho-square. On his arrival Mr. Lovel was not a little confused, and began to apologise for having neglected him so long, but observed there was a cause.

"I hope you will pardon me, sir," said the blind man, "for the liberty I have taken, when I assure you that I am actuated by the purest motives of gratitude, in coming to inquire the cause of your absenting yourself from the piazza?"

"I believe you, sir," answered Lovel. "I shall most willingly give you the particulars of my losses and misfortunes," which he fully related.

As he ended, Mr. Ogilvie put into Mr. Lovel's hand two bank notes, each of five thousand pounds, which he had that morning received of his agent, Mr. Newland, and requested his acceptance of the money as a token of his affection and gratitude, observing, at the same time, "I do not, my friend, consider this sum sufficient to discharge the debt I owe you; but I hope it will enable you to begin business again; and be assured, I shall seek every opportunity to do you good all the days of my life."

So saying he departed, and went to his stand in the piazza. Mr. Lovel commenced business *de novo*, and in a little time he stood as the first West India merchant on the royal exchange.

The following season Sir John (the son of Mr. Lovel) visited the city of Bath, being the scene of summer amusements for all the people of fashion, and at that time was principally crowded with the company of the nobility and gentry from all parts of Europe. While at Bath, Sir John became acquainted with Lady Erskine, from Edinburgh, and her ladyship introduced him to Julia, whom she had adopted as her own daughter on the death of Julia's aunt, which happened two years before. Julia was the most celebrated beauty and belle of Scotland. The expression of her countenance, the exquisite propriety of her stature, and the exact symmetry of her shape, attracted and fixed the admiration of Sir John. In her air, walk, and gesture, she mingled dignity with grace. Her eyes, which were of a dark grey, spoke the great sensibility of her mind, and the sound of her voice was like the

sweetest music. Sir John was a man of sterling integrity, deep learning, mildness of temper, and greatness of soul. At the assembly he had the good fortune of having Julia for a partner in the dance, and the next day he met her at the Font. The nectar of the waters of these wells, as Beau Nash, the old king of ceremonies at Bath, used to say, produced a pulsation of the heart which "none but lovers feel." Sir John declared his passion for Julia, and became her accepted lover, and the consent of Lady Erskine to their union was readily obtained.

The next day they set off for London. On her arrival, Lady Erskine took the lovers with her direct to the palace of her grace the duchess in Piccadilly, who received them with open arms. When she was informed of the intentions of Sir John and Julia, she insisted on their being married at her palace, as soon as the parties had made their arrangements, and so it was settled. The next day Mr. Ogilvie, the father of Julia, and Mr. Lovel, the father of Sir John, met at the palace, when the lovely Julia for the first time in her life had the happiness of seeing her father. On her being introduced to him, the old man lost the power of utterance. Copious tears were shed, and the scene was truly affecting, although it was a joyous meeting to them and to all the company present. Mr. Ogilvie gave his full consent to Julia's union with Sir John, and settled on her ten thousand pounds. Mr. Lovel settled on Sir John an elegant house in Golden Square of the value of ten thousand pounds, and gave him twenty thousand pounds in money. Sir John and Julia insisted that their fathers should retire from business, and live with them in Golden Square, and that Pompey should accompany them, to which they consented.

Her grace gave them a most splendid wedding, and just before the ceremony commenced, which was performed by the Lord Bishop of London, as a token of love and esteem, she put on the finger of Julia the diamond ring which her father and Pompey found at the theatre. J.

THE ESSAYIST.

A WET SUNDAY AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

"How do persons contrive to amuse themselves on a wet Sunday?"

"They stay at home and read their Bible, sir."

"But what do they do whose Bibles happen to be at the bottom of a trunk, beneath a miscellaneous assortment of travelling necessities and conveniences?"

"We can lend you a Bible, if you please, sir."

"Thank you; I'll ring for it presently."

This dialogue took place,

"As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,"

between a pedestrian tourist and a pretty black-eyed wench, who was chamber-maid, waiting-maid, bar-maid, and boots, at the Hafod arms hotel, Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire. She was pretty enough, smart enough, and lively enough to have suggested to a traveller of Yorick's complexion many other ways of amusing himself, (under the circumstances,) than the one so properly proposed. Even I doubted the moral fitness of journeying a hundred miles to read the Bible at the Devil's Bridge. There is a time and place for all things. "There is some help, too," says Cowley, "for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter." I set to work, therefore, and cut mine very considerably shorter. They were upon such a reduced estimate, indeed, that I do not think Joseph Hume himself would have had the conscience to make the "tittle of the whole," less.

It was a very miserable morning; the rain, ever and anon, dashed in gusty splashes against the window, and trickled down the panes, or collected in large uncomfortable-looking drops on the frames, eight in a row, seldom more, and very often only five. It was one of my amusements to count them. The wind roared above, and the cataract roared beneath, the Devil's Bridge. The tops of the highest mountains were shrouded in undulating wreaths of mist. Kites, on level wing, sailed, wheeled, and poised themselves, up and down the romantic glen that faced my room, through which the tur-

hid Rheidol foamed its way over enormous masses of black rock. To look upon such a scene out of a square hole in a wall three feet by two, called a window, instead of exploring it, wandering amid its sublime grandeur, and pausing at every step to feel, in silent homage, the stupendous majesty of nature, was a penance which ought to have atoned for a great many more sins than I have ever committed.

The air was raw and chilly, and found its way through chinks and crevices in spite of brown paper, which had been humanely poked into some of them; so that the tips of my fingers grew shrivelled, the end of my nose was as cold as the north pole, and my feet ached. There was a handsome fireplace in the room, and an elegant stove, which only wanted a comfortable turf fire, (such as I smelt in the kitchen,) to make me enjoy my breakfast. But the grate was so black, and the bars were so bright, and the very chimney was so shining, as far as it was visible, that I was loth to disfigure such excellent housewifery. To say the truth, I don't think it had ever had a fire, for few persons travel this wild part in winter; and by way of hinting, I suppose, that an occasional Lapland day in summer must be borne with, there were no such implements to be seen as poker, shovel, and tongs.

Still the rain rattled against my window, and the wind roared, and the mist on the mountains deepened. A colony of swallows, that had settled themselves under the eaves of the house, seemed the only living things that enjoyed it. I would not swear, however, that their vagaries were meant to indicate their delight; but it certainly appeared to me as if they could not contain themselves for joy. They popped in and out of their nests, scudded before the wind, dipped, soared, chased each other, with all sorts of frolicsome motions, darted back to their nests, chirped and twittered, as if it was fine fun to them, and then sallied forth to repeat their gambols. Not so a melancholy, respectable-looking, elderly rook, whom I watched. Where he had come from I know not; and he seemed as much puzzled to make out where he had got to. His nest-tree must have been miles off; probably in some part of the noble grounds of Hafod house. He had alighted on the barren peak of a craggy rock which overhangs the grand cataract. Whether he had never seen it before, or whether the seeing it now reminded him how he had missed his way, was a doubtful point; for his *caw! caw!* was translatable into either "Heaven bless me, how very fine!" or, "the deuce take it, I have come wrong!" A *caw! caw!* more expressive of surprise I never heard from a rook in my life; and I should be inclined to say it was the surprise of vexation; for after he had turned his head first on one side, then on the other, about half a dozen times, with that knowing air so peculiar to rooks and crows, he set off again from the glen, cawing all the way like a man who "grumbles in his gizzard audibly," as he trudges back the wrong road to get into the right one.

A plate of excellent toast, a loaf of home-made bread, some faultless butter, two eggs, half a dozen savoury slices from a kiln-dried ham, milk that would call a blush into the cheeks of the best London cream that was ever thickened with chalk, and bohea such as Shee himself would celebrate (no blunder, he who succeeded Lawrence—Shee, and a genuine lover of bohea,) in the next edition of his "Rhymes on Art," made me for a moment, (a lover's moment, which is never less than an hour,) forget wind and rain and mist, and all that I had missed by being debarred from an early morning walk over the hills. So complacent even did my feelings become under the bland influence of this temperate luxury, that I benignantly opened an album which I had tossed from me the night before with superlative disdain.

Why is a book, commonly kept by one fool to be written in by other fools, called an *album*? "I have not the least idea," said an accomplished young gentleman, to whom I once put the question, just after he had been scribbling some lines in the album of one of our modern Sapphos, which proved he had not the least idea, not even such a little one as would have been large enough for an album.

I closed the album and walked to the window. I felt the fidgets coming fast upon me. I tried to hum a tune, forgetting it was Sunday; but nothing could I hum, save "the rain it raineth every day." There were two cards on the chimney-piece, one on each side of a grotto made of alum, which I mistook for a petrification, and got laughed at by the pretty chambermaid for my blunder, though she assured me many other persons had fallen into a similar one. I read these cards twice over; criticised the style of both; admired the typographical execution of one, and laughed at the march of intellect pedantry of the other.

I can give no stronger proof of the situation to which I was reduced than this authentic relation of my amusements; and,

were it necessary, I could farther tell the colours of the carpet, the pattern of the chairs, the length of the sofa, the number of cracks in the cornice, and the very board which creaked under my steps as I paced up and down the room. Four times, in less than two hours, I saw the strapping cook-maid pass under my window with a heavy basket of turf on her arm, and I began to consider whether she was laying in a store for the whole day's consumption, or whether the kitchen fire could possibly burn such a quantity in so short a time. I decided in favour of the former, but could not imagine, as there was no immediate want, why she should paddle through the dirt and rain, unless it were that she knew, from physical prognostics of which I was ignorant, that, bad as the weather then was, it promised to be much worse.

It was now eleven o'clock—not a symptom of a fine day. The very swallows had left off their gambols, and the kites had departed to their nests among the highest crags. The wind had abated, but the rain had increased to such a degree as to give me a lively image of the deluge. In no quarter of the heavens could I see a promising bit of blue sky; nowhere could I behold that semi-transparent appearance in the clouds which betokens the presence of the glorious sun behind, and foretells his triumph over the spongy element. My pretty chamber-maid came into the room.

"Shall you sleep here to-night, sir?" said she.

"Why do you ask, my dear?"

"Because of making your bed, sir."

"I don't know; it will depend upon what the day turns out."

Five minutes afterwards, the worthy landlady made her appearance.

"Shall you dine here to-day, sir?"

"What can I have?"

"Any thing you like, sir."

"Have you any fish?"

"No, sir. We get our sea-fish from Aberystwyth, and that is twelve miles off."

"But you have fine trout in the Mynach."

"We used to catch plenty of trout; but since the smelting-houses for the lead-mines have been established on the banks, the water that runs from them has played the deuce with the fish, and we don't see one in a month."

"You have excellent mutton, I know."

"Yes, sir; but we are out of mutton to-day."

"I thought you killed your own mutton."

"Oh no, sir. We get our mutton from Llanidloes, and that is fifteen miles off; but we kill our own chickens."

"Very well. A roast chicken will do, if I am forced to dine here; but it will depend upon the weather."

"Yes sure, sir;" and she bobbed her curtsy, leaving the room with a detestable smile upon her countenance, as if she was sure of me.

I had now to "cut my wishes" still shorter. I hate chickens, and I love Welsh mutton and trout. I began to think with Dean Swift, that the "stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes;" while I tried to persuade myself, with Addison, that a "contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world."

"After all," I exclaimed, "what have I to complain of? It happens to rain a little—no, not a little; but, little or much, who would not prefer a thoroughly wet day amid these picturesque hills, and in sight of that romantic glen with its beautiful waterfall, to a mere April shower in Fleet-street or the Strand? I can get neither Welsh mutton nor trout from the Mynach; but what can be better than a barn-door chick? Besides, it cannot rain this way for ever, and a lovely evening will be doubly welcome coming after so cheerless a morning." Thus I soliloquised, and concluded with confessing that Sterne was right, "there is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence."

I took a book out of my pocket, and sat down as quiet as a lamb to read it. It was "A Pleasant Conceited Comedy, wherein is showed how a man may choose a good wife from a bad. 1602;" ascribed, in Garrick's collection, in MS. to Joshua Cooke. What fulness of thought—what play of the imagination—what nervous simplicity of style, these fellows of the olden time possessed! Their writings have all that freshness and individuality which are the characteristics of minds that look into themselves. Whether much or little is found, something is sure to be found better than can be got from the undigested produce of other men's minds. This "pleasant conceited comedy" is an admirable drama; rich in humorous situations, sparkling with wit, original in characters, and containing some scenes and incidents of great force and beauty. It would act well, if adapted to the modern stage by one who had a true feeling of the only alterations it would

require for such a purpose. How infinitely Charles Kemble would deliver the following "jest!"

Fuller. Love none at all; they will forswear themselves, And when you urge them with it, their replies Are, that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries.

Anselm. You told me of a jest concerning that; I prithee let me hear it.

Fuller. That thou shalt.

My mistress in a humour had protested That, above all the world she lov'd me best: Saying, with suitors she was oft molested; But she had lodg'd her heart within my breast;

And aware, (but me,) both by her mask and fan She never would so much as name a man.

"Not name a man?" Quoth I, "yet be advis'd, Not love a man but me! Let it be so."

"You shall not think," quoth she, "my thoughts disagree'd In flattering language or dissembling show;

I say again, and what I do I know I will not name a man alive but you."

Into her house I came at unawares; Her back was to me, and I was not seen;

I stole behind her, till I had her fair, Then with my hands I closed both her ean.

She, blinded thus, beginneth to bethink her, Which of her lovers 'twas that did hoodwink her.

First she begins to guess and name a man, That I well knew, but she had known far better;

The next, I never did suspect till then; Still of my name I could not hear a letter;

Then mad, she did name Robin, and then James, Till she had reckon'd up some twenty names:

At length, when she had counted up a score, As one among the rest, she hit on me:

I ask'd her if she could not reckon more, And pluck'd away my hands to let her see;

But, when she look'd back and saw me behind her, She blush'd and ask'd if it were I did blind her?

And since, I swear both by her mask and fan, To trust no she-tongue that can name a man."

A bright sunbeam fell upon my page, in the second scene of the fifth act, while I was pondering on the bitter truth contained in the first two lines of the following passage, the whole of which had deeply fixed my attention by its simple pathos:

O misery! thou never foundst a friend:

All friends forsake men in adversity:

My brother hath denied to succour me,

Upbraiding me with name of murderer;

My uncles double-bar their doors against me:

My father hath denied to shelter me,

And curs'd me worse than Adam did vile Eve.

I that, within these two days, had more friends

Than I could number with arithmetic,

Have now no more than one poor cipher is,

And that poor cipher I supply myself.

All that I durst commit my fortunes to

I have tried, and find none to relieve my wants.

My sudden flight, and fear of future shame,

Left me unfurnish'd of all necessities,

And these three days I have not tasted food.

The touch of Ithuriel's spear was not more electrical in restoring Satan to his original shape, than this sunbeam was in restoring me to my original self. I threw down the book. I sallied forth. The sky was at once stormy and serene; above me, it was laughing summer; towards the horizon voluminous masses of dark clouds were rolling themselves sullenly away in every varied form of Alpine mountain, frowning battlements, and vast forests of impenetrable gloom. I stood upon a bold projecting crag which overhung the Rheidol, and watched its roaring waters, leaping, thundering, and meandering down the glen, winning its chafed course to the ocean through a channel strewn with enormous fragments of black shining rock, which looked as if they could have been hurled there only by giants of a former world, or some terrible convulsion of this. It was a scene of grandeur and desolation of magnificence and ruin, as much beyond the power of language to describe as of the pencil to portray. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, mountains piled upon mountains reared their majestic summits, and spread their vast sweeps of abrupt or gradual ascent. Some of them were covered with woods, dense, sombre, and interminable; some were entirely barren, and exhibited features of savage beauty in their rugged chasms, beetling promontories and jaggy defiles; some were tinted with the hues of the various mosses which alone clothed their sides; others, fruitful of a short but abundant herbage, had flocks of sheep and cattle browsing along their ridges, and looking no bigger than hares and kids; while here and there might be seen patches of cultivation, the green pasture, and the sloping corn-field, reposing in sheltered valleys, spread out at the feet of these gigantic hills. Mountain streams, clear, sparkling, and falling upon the ear in lulling murmurs, descended on all sides, sometimes like a silver thread twining a long and rocky channel, now partially concealed by trees and underwood, now gushing forth in graceful curves, and then bounding over a jutting crag, forming a pretty cataract in miniature; or, at others, falling in broad sheets over zig-zag ledges of rocks with the most picturesque effect imaginable. Contrasted with these living waters were the huge dark fissures through which, in winter, roll the turbid torrents formed by the melting snows and heavy rains.

When I had satiated myself or rather, when I grew absolutely fatigued with ecstasy and admiration, I proceeded on my road to a spot called the "Parson's Bridge." Before I left the Hafod arms, I obtained the requisite information for find-

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

RIGHT REV. JOHN HENRY HOBART, D. D.

Pro ecclesia Dei.—Hooker's last words.

As if in the illusion of a dream, we find that this illustrious prelate has suddenly disappeared. His absence sheds a general gloom over our city. Thousands lament, that the cherished light of their holy altar is unexpectedly extinguished. As with deep reverence we turn toward the high priest, we are called to mourn, that he is removed from the ministration of the Lord's sanctuary. He has been withdrawn from earth; and now only can we discover, how faithfully he kept alive the hallowed flame, and how emphatically he was a great man in Israel.

His first dawning boyhood promised a bright day; and this promise was most splendidly realized. Born in the city of Philadelphia, on the fourteenth day of September in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five, he spent there the interesting period of his youth. In him were happily associated, even in his early life, those intellectual and moral traits of character, which are the germs of all true greatness. He had a mind that never wearied; he had a nerve that never was relaxed.

His rare qualities attracted the attention and conciliated the esteem and love of many, who were his superiors in age. When he was yet a lad, great things were predicted of him. His intellectual and moral standing, both at school and in college, won the greatest meed of commendation for his talents, his deportment, and his untiring industry. At Princeton, when in his nineteenth year, he graduated with great reputation. He received the first honours of his class. He was then elected tutor, and was thus led to linger for a time on the same classic ground. But he had resolved to make a dedication of his soul and body to the sacred functions of the ministry of Jesus. He soon left his literary toils to enter on this hallowed work. While in his college course he had very often been induced by his young friends to make a declaration of his religious views. And so ardently did he espouse, even at that early period, before his nineteenth year, the cause of primitive episcopacy, that his fellow-students frequently alleged he would one day be a bishop. He was at the very heart a protestant episcopalian. He approached the altar with a firm step; when in his five and twentieth year, he was ordained; and so zealous, so laborious, so undeviating was his devotion to the distinguishing principles of episcopacy, that in the American church he became at last the very chief of the apostles.

As a preacher, he was devout, earnest, solemn. His enunciation was peculiarly dignified; and his expositions, his expostulations, his entreaties, and his appeals were framed after the best models of those great men, who have declared in our own tongue the wonderful works of God. He had a peculiar delight in the works of HOOKER, BARROW, HALL, HORSLEY, WATERLAND, and kindred spirits. He breathed much of their devotion in the exercises of the pulpit; and in his polemical controversies, from the same quiver which supplied them with shafts he drew his powerful weapons. "Evangelical piety and apostolic order" was his motto.

The first field of his ministerial efforts was the church at Hempstead, Long Island. Both there, and when first called to be an assistant minister of Trinity church in this city, his sermons were committed to memory with great care. His increasing duties and engagements soon rendered it impracticable for him to pursue this course, and he abandoned it. But by the change, he lost little of his power to arrest and to engage his hearers. It often happens that an intellect, by no means transcendent, may light up by the fires of youth a fitful evanescent popularity. But to maintain a splendid reputation in the pulpit for a long term of time, demands the effort of no ordinary genius. Dr. HOBART was a popular preacher in our city for the space of nine and twenty years. He was not a blazing meteor, but a burning and a shining light, that continually increased in splendour. His last efforts were among the very best that he produced.

His numerous unexpected calls to write, would often not admit of careful and deliberate composition. But he was ever prompt, on the most sudden and extreme emergencies. His pen was always ready; and it was always able.

When the infirmities of the late Bishop MOORE of New-York required, that an assistant bishop should be elected in the diocese, Dr. HOBART was the choice of the convention, and in the year eighteen hundred and eleven he was duly consecrated. He forthwith entered on the duties of his high office, with a distinguished earnestness and energy. The diocese numbered in its convention at that time less than thirty clergymen; and in the whole region west of Utica, there was but a

single missionary crying in the wilderness. At the last convention (A. D. 1829,) the number of the clergy had increased to a hundred and thirty-four; and in the western counties there were more than thirty missionary heralds, lifting up their voices in the name of Christ and of his Church. For nineteen years the heart that has now ceased to palpitate was glowing with a warm interest, in that holy cause which it espoused as the great cause of the divine Redeemer. Among the prelates that adorn the church in our land, the late mitred worthy was

"The greatest champion of the cause."

Over the largest of the American dioceses, he has left memorials of his episcopate, which will never be forgotten. He was a valiant, spiritual veteran. "The church," said he in one of his most popular discourses now in print, "the church in her faith, her ministry, her order, her worship, in all her great distinctive principles—maintain her at all hazards. For amidst the agitations and tumults of error and enthusiasm, she is the asylum of the great and good; amidst the conflicts of heresy and schism, she is the safeguard of the truth, as it is in Jesus, of all that he and his apostles ordained to advance the salvation of a lost world."

With an untiring hand, for almost twenty years, he bore the ark of God into the remotest corners of his vast diocese, an extent of forty-six thousand square miles. And wherever the ark rested, there was a blessing from the Lord. But his intense efforts could not be longer borne, his frame sunk under his extreme exhaustion; and it might be truly said, he lived and died for the church of God—in the last words of the immortal Hooker, "*pro ecclesia Dei.*"

In his private intercourse, he combined many of the most admirable qualities. He was embarrassed in no circle where he appeared. He was polite, conciliating, affable; with a retentive memory and lively mind, he could at once identify, in social interviews, the countenances of all those whom he had ever seen. Abroad, he was a cheerful guest; at home, he entertained with an unbounded hospitality. The rich and poor have lost in him a noble, generous friend.

The wide influence, which he secured by his great talents and attainments, seemed like a magic charm. His voice was the prompt voice of thousands; and for this they had high sanction. "I have known," says the venerable Bishop WHITE of Pennsylvania, in a letter to a friend just published in a daily paper of this city, "and have had occasions to remark, the character of my now deceased friend, from his very early boyhood; and can truly say, that I have never known any man, on whose integrity and conscientiousness of conduct I have had more full reliance than on his."

When such a man, such a prelate, has moved before the public eye, engaged their understandings, warmed their hearts, for thirty years—his sudden exit from the world must cause a deep sensation in all ranks. And it was so. In the full possession of his faculties, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, the dying prelate, amid the most hallowed and triumphant sentiments of our faith, was called to resign his soul into the hands of his Redeemer. He was at Auburn, on his annual tour of duty; but a bilious fever there arrested him in his career. For ten days he lay upon his bed of sickness; and with two of his devoted clergy and one of his affectionate sons at his bedside, he departed at the early dawn of the sweet day of rest!

Soon, the melancholy tidings reached the city. Like an electric flash, it instantaneously arrested all. All felt the shock; and by its suddenness and its severity they were bewildered, they were palsied. The remains were brought to the metropolis. Amid the most general, solemn, touching sympathies, they were conveyed to the ancient church of Trinity parish, and with impressive funeral rites they were there reposed beneath the holy sacramental altar. All the churches in the city are now veiled in solemn weeds; all the clergy and vestrymen, the religious and benevolent societies, and a great number of the leading members of our community, attest their sorrow by some funeral badge. The diocese cannot repress her grief; her sister dioceses sigh responsive. The beacon is extinguished; there is an awful gloom!

It will be the work of his biographer, to give the full testimony of this great apostle with so bright a name—to tell of his distinguishing characteristics, and his writings, and his extensive influence, and his triumphant death. But when this towering son of our soil, that so lately stood among us, has been just felled; and standing by the newly prostrate trunk, as we now view its branching honours, and contemplate its rich foliage and its precious fruits that were for the healing of the nations, as they lie scattered in profusion at our feet; we are irresistibly impelled, to gather at least a small memento of what so late stood in majesty and pointed to the skies. S.

ing out this place. I was to walk along till I came to a church; and I was to go through the church-yard, and then I should see a path which would lead me to the Parson's Bridge. I detect the common-place mode of hiring a guide on these occasions, who conducts you by some beaten road, and entertains you all the way with a hacknied cut-and-dry description of "beauties which he never saw, and raptures which he never felt." Half the pleasure is to explore, to toil, and to wonder, in silence, what novelty awaits you at every turn, or what scene is to be spread before you when you stand panting on the top of some hill, up which you have managed to scramble at the expense of violating every grace of figure, and all elegance of motion.

I came to the church, which I mistook at first for a small farm-house, as any one might from its appearance; nor was it till I saw the porch, the bell at one end, with a long iron chain descending from it for the purpose of ringing it, and the little black grave-stones, set in white frames of wood and-plaster, that I knew it was a church. I made for the church-yard, but the gate had a padlock on it.

Here I may be allowed to express my regret that they who had the care of my education never thought of having me taught Welsh. The neglect has already proved the source of some serious inconveniences, and heaven knows how many more I may yet have to endure before I get out of the principality. When I first entered it, I very innocently inquired the name of every place I came to, and of every unknown object I met with; but the answers I received were just as intelligible to me as if I had been travelling among the Magyars, whose *Hogy, Wogy, Pogy* poetry Dr. Bowring has so beautifully translated. The alphabet was no assistance to me. Written words, or appellatives, were as unreadable as their pronunciation was unpronounceable. The last effort I made was at a turnpike-gate, between Pennybont and Rhayader, in Radnorshire. The name of the gate was painted on the toll-board; it consisted of about eleven consonants and one vowel, as thus, Cwmddfigorbdt. I asked the old woman in a man's hat (with a red silk handkerchief tied under it so as to cover both her ears, and hang down in a comfortable tail behind,) who kept it, what was the name of the gate?

"Cumbodfigorbith, sir."—"Cumbodfigorbith?"—"Yes, sure, sir."

"Cumbodfigorbith," I repeated, as I walked on, but immediately stopped to write it down in my note-book, quite satisfied it was not a word that could be carried safe in the memory another hundred yards.

But to return to the church-yard. The gate, as I have said, was padlocked; there was a small house close to it, the only habitation in sight. I knocked at the door. A rosy-cheeked lass, with a malicious pair of black eyes, that scarcely eighteen summers' suns had looked upon, came to it.

"I see the gate of the church-yard is locked," said I.

"Yes."

"Will it be opened soon?"

"Not soon."

"What am I to do? This is the way to the Parson's Bridge, I believe? Is there any other way?"

"Round-about."

"Round-about?"

"Round-about."

I now found that she could only understand English a little, and could hardly speak it at all. She looked mortified and embarrassed, in spite of a very innocent and good-humoured smile, which gave her an opportunity of disclosing a set of exquisitely white teeth. I wished from the bottom of my heart that I could speak Welsh, for there was a something in her manner and appearance which told me we could have carried on a very interesting conversation; but I could not, so I tried to make the most I could of her round-about.

"Do you mean through that gate?" said I, pointing to one half off its hinges, which seemed to lead into a cow-yard, where two pigs were enjoying all the luxury of muck up to their very snouts.

"Yes—round-about," she repeated, at the same time waving her hand with a semicircular motion, to indicate the road I was to go. I took the hint and departed.

It was late in the evening when I returned to the Hafod arms, with an appetite better adapted for a turkey than a chicken. As I approached the house, a sudden bend in the road discovered my pretty chambermaid engaged in a piece of innocent flirtation with a tall strapping youngster, who had hold of her hand in a very tender manner. She blushed a little as I passed. I was too hungry to moralize or be sentimental. I proceeded to "mine inn," and regaled myself temperately upon one of the smallest chickens I ever saw, except under the maternal care of a hen. London New Monthly Mag.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Pittsfield, Ms. September 14th, 1830.

DEAR SIR—I reached this delightful village on Saturday, and am so charmed with its beauty, both natural and artificial, animate and inanimate, that I feel in no haste to take my departure. Massachusetts, that is, what little I have yet seen of it, is a well watered garden; and the inhabitants, so far as my brief intercourse with them has enabled me to judge, are hospitable, polite, and intelligent. For beauty of person and endowment of mind, the females are not surpassed by any that grace your great babel of York.

On Sunday morning I accompanied the two Misses ***** to church, and in the evening attended a pleasant little social party of both sexes, at the house of Mr. C. Yesterday morning I visited the Pontoosuc woollen factory, where I spent several hours in examining its various departments, and listening to the interesting explanations of my polite cicerone, Mr. S. As this is the first opportunity I have ever had of inspecting an American concern of this character, and feeling much interested in the subject of domestic manufactures, I shall trouble you with a short and imperfect description, which you are liberty to publish or throw under your table, as your humour may happen to be.

In this establishment there are employed at present about one hundred persons, of both sexes, perhaps fifty of each; and it is capable of working annually about one hundred thousand pounds of the best American and Saxony wool, manufacturing daily what would be equal to one hundred and fifty yards of superfine broadcloth. Mr. S. informs me, that the business is generally transacted by the proprietors and stockholders themselves, who employ no disinterested agents.

For convenience and pleasantness of location the Pontoosuc factory has few, if any competitors; being perfectly secure from the inundations of freshets, and yet always certain of a plentiful supply of water. It is situated about two miles from the village, at the outlet of a beautiful lake, from which it derives its name. This lake, which fills an area of ten or twelve hundred acres, forms a never-failing reservoir for the supply of the factory. A substantial stone dam, at the outlet, creates a head of water, with power amply sufficient for all the purposes intended. Near this dam is a grist-mill, with four run of stones; and a canal of sixty rods in length supplies the factory below. After performing its duty at the factory, the water falls into its natural channel, but is soon put again in requisition at the fulling-mill, about twenty rods further.

The main building of this interesting establishment, standing at the termination of the canal, which supplies its machinery with the means of motion, is one hundred and forty-five feet in length by forty-eight in width, and four stories high, exclusive of the attic. Here the water falls from its artificial conduit, into the buckets of an overshot wheel of eighteen feet diameter, and as many in length, which revolves in the centre of the building. Having made this descent of about twenty-two feet, it is conducted to its natural channel by means of an arched passage. A short distance further, on the same line, stands the dye-house, and beyond that the wool-house. In the rear, and parallel with these edifices, there is a row of eight tenements for the workmen, two and a half stories high, with a garden to each. A short distance east of the factory, on the public road, stands the store or warehouse of the establishment, near to which is an extensive boarding-house. The residence of the superintendent is situated between the factory and the store, so that the whole together forms quite a little village.

I have been thus minute and particular in this attempt at description in order to impress you with the magnitude and importance of the concern. Perhaps, however, you have in your mind's eye the picture of a few rough wooden shanties, as combustible and unsubstantial as a poet's dream, or the schemes of modern politicians. No such thing. The above-mentioned buildings are all of brick, except the wool-house, handsomely and substantially erected on an everlasting foundation of immovable adamant. Besides those I have already mentioned, there are a number of other buildings connected with the establishment, such as a drying-house, a machine-shop, with several smaller tenements.

Trusting that you have now a tolerable idea of the external appearance of this seat of industry and fountain of wealth, let us take a peep at the interior. Come, my friend, I will be your cicerone, and we will enter the main building at once.

This edifice, as I told you before, is divided into five stories, including the attic; in the latter, however, you will find neither of the nine ladies you so often flirt with, but instead

thereof, ten as industrious jennies as were ever set in motion by water, steam, or any other power. Each story of this building, the first excepted, is one entire room. On the first floor are twenty shearing frames, seven gig-mills, two presses, and one brushing machine. In the apartment above this are eleven carding machines, four billies, and one picking machine. I suppose it would be deemed indiscreet to have the billies and jennies in the same apartment. In the third story are twenty-five broad power-looms, producing broadcloth fit for the duke of Orleans, or even a better man, La Fayette himself. In the fourth story are four sating looms, four for weaving cassimere, and four burling desks. Above all are the spinning jennies—all at work, like a colony of bees.

If you enter the dye-house you will see four large vats for dyeing blue, and two enormous copper kettles, one of which holds eleven hundred gallons. On viewing it I thought of the cabbage story, and some of the wonderful vegetables which are sent to you editors as bribes for a puff oblique. In this building there is also an apparatus for scouring wool.

In the fulling-mill are three gig-mills; six fulling stocks, I think they call them, together with a warping and spooling machine. Every thing is in motion, with a clatter that does not very forcibly remind one of the music of the spheres. But examine the cloth, sir, after it has received the finishing touch, and say if there is any thing superior now walking up and down Broadway, with a dandy inside of it.

By the way, if I recollect rightly, Mr. Ellsworth, of your city, has a constant supply of cloths from this factory, which you can examine and satisfy yourself. Nay, so firmly am I convinced of your good taste in these matters, that I have no doubt when next we meet, of seeing you in a domestic coat, made of cloth manufactured at the Pontoosuc works. Having visited the woollen factories in Leeds and at Exeter, in England, I can truly say that I am equally pleased with the establishment I have here attempted to describe.

This establishment is situated in the midst of highly cultivated farms, and surrounded at a distance with lofty mountains. It forms a pleasing scene of manufacturing industry, amidst the general agricultural pursuits of the surrounding highly picturesque and romantic country. And let me ask you, setting aside the prejudices of political partizans, is it not right that the fleeces, shorn from the flocks which speckle the neighbouring hills, should be thus transformed, by native industry, into an article of the first importance, while domestic markets are thus formed for the consumption of the agricultural products of the industrious farmer?

Adieu, for the present. My next will probably be dated at Lebanon springs, when you may expect some account of the Shakers.

J. A. G.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A NIGHT ON FLATBUSH ROAD.

THERE is nothing in the world I dislike so much as to hear people telling their dreams. Dreams generally are so fantastic—so unconnectedly absurd, that I always shudder with terror when I see an old lady preparing to relate the visitations of her sleep. I would rather "endure the tooth-ache patiently" than hear her; and yet when she begins, some horrid spell comes over me, and I cannot move out of the way, but listen with ears minutely acute; in vain I endeavour to let the words pass by unheard, but no—they sink deeply upon my heart, and benumb for a while my faculties with superstitious dread. I have frequently caught myself dozing at the religious harangue of our pastor; but never could I sink into the same oblivion when a sage dream unraveller was recounting the horrors of the midnight slumber.

I had occasion, some years ago, to visit the family of a relation, who then were spending the autumnal months at Flatbush. Night had approached before I thought of returning home, but as the day I had spent was one of the most felicitous I had ever enjoyed, it gave me abundance of courage to face the long gloomy road before me. I was in the act of giving orders for my wagon to be prepared, when my old aunt appeared and entreated me to remain until morning. Some short dialogue ensued, wherein I positively declared my intention of going on.

"You are mad to persist," she said, upon finding her previous arguments unavailing. "I am warned some danger awaits you."

"How!" reiterated I, "warned some danger awaits me?"

"Yes! in my sleep last night you appeared—the dream I had was frightful—it betokens ill."

I trembled, but concealed my uneasiness by answering with apparent unconcern,

"Dreams! phew—they are the plague only of bodily infirmity—they never trouble the healthy, and portend nothing."

So speaking, I endeavoured to reach the door, but was prevented. She insisted upon my hearing her dream—I begged her to postpone it—she would not. I shook with apprehension, like a poor fly caught in the spider's snare. I had no power of escaping, and so I suffered myself to return to my seat. I sat down, and the supernatural tale commenced. I will not recall to my remembrance, by repeating the substance of the dream, the same chilling ideas that I that night endured; it was a narration so unearthly—so replete with horror—so void of every thing like nature, that when it was concluded, the warm blood in the channels around my heart felt as if it had changed into streams of freezing water. I waited a few minutes, hoping to recover some energy by conversing on livelier subjects, but I was mistaken—agonizedly deceived—for dreams and their mystified forebodings continued the topic while I remained. I tried hard, but I could not turn the current of the conversation—it had set in so powerfully engrossing, that no dexterity of mine could alter it.

When I rose to depart, night had considerably advanced; my heart beat heavily, a suffocating sensation lay in my throat, and a cold, damp perspiration overspread my skin. The old lady had disclosed her dream—it gratified her garrulous disposition, and she now evinced none of the solicitude for my remaining that she had previously done. I noted the apathy with which she saw me get into the wagon. I could have sworn she wished her sage predictions verified. She asked me once—a cold, formal once—to remain; had the invitation seemed cordial, her offer would have been accepted, notwithstanding the fixed determination I had before expressed of going onward; for no business, however urgent, would have driven me to undertake the road while chilled with the same feelings that I then suffered.

I left the house and drove on. The vast sheet which had enveloped the sky in total darkness was beginning to separate into forms more minute, and through the intervening spaces the wan moon, which was dimly rising, occasionally showed its sickly disk. The road was lonely, gloomy, desolate; not a being nor a dwelling could be seen; a long range of trees rose frowning on each side to a considerable height; all was still—nothing was heard except the rushing of the wind through the wood, and the screeching of the owl, whose sepulchral cries deadened my heart with a weight like lead.

I whistled—I sang—I whipped and talked to my horse, but nothing could invigorate me with courage; the dreariness around me was too dismal, and the fantasies of the dream passed before my eyes like a hideous phantasmagoria. As the road emerged from the forest, showing the wide stretched plains, a new instrument of fear came over me. I recollected the sanguinary battle that was there fought during the revolutionary war. Every little circle of protuberances that I saw on the earth I imagined were the spirits of some of the fallen heroes, and every moment I expected the ground would open before me and protrude the ghost of some Hessian to upbraid me with his unfortunate fate.

My fears became agonizing, my heart sickened, and I wished myself dead. I reached the foot of the hill, whose summit commands the beautiful view of the bay and harbour of New-York; my horse slackened his pace, and as he walked slowly up, I heard the sound of footsteps behind me. A tremor like an ice bolt, ran through my veins, and transfixed me to my seat. I listened with terrific suspense—the footsteps approached with a heavy quick tread—I lost all power of urging my horse on, for a feeling, like the horrors of the night-mare, seized upon my faculties.

"He! he! he!" burst an hysteric laugh close upon my ear. My jaw dropped, my eyes started wildly from their sockets, and my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth.

"He! he! he!" continued the sardonic exclamation, and a figure appeared by my side. The moon at that moment glimmered through the haze of a thin cloud; its light fell upon the object of my terror, and showed me a creature not apparently, nor as I believed, of this world. Its form was dwarfish, scarcely approaching four feet in height, with broad brawny shoulders, supporting a head larger than all the rest of the body; it was shaped like a cone and uncovered, with long clotted locks hanging down over the back like snakes.

My horse, as if participating in my fear, started back and stood still. My unearthly visitant turned round, and giving another unnatural laugh he fixed his eyes upon me!

"I am lost!" I inwardly gasped when I saw the repulsive horror of the visage; no language can describe the expression it then had. I had read and seen paintings of the inmates of Pluto's regions, but nothing had I ever seen so horrible as the revolting countenance before me.

I remained for a few minutes petrified; my eyes fixed on—I knew not what. The figure, during this time, laughed and yelled, and made all manner of idiotic grimace, throwing his body at the same time into various fantastic attitudes.

My heart beat thickly in my throat. It was now verging towards midnight. I was in the middle of a dark, dreary road, far from a house, the moon was struggling behind a long line of vapour to make its brilliancy visible, but without effect, and the dimness of its light only served to make the surrounding gloom more ghastly. I clasped my hands in devotion, and afterwards endeavoured to speak to my ominous companion, but failed—an icy feeling choked my utterance. I tried again, and the accents trembled on my tongue:

"In the name of heaven——"

"He! he! he!" interrupted the same horrible laugh. My horse started forward at the sound, the monster followed, and before I reached the top of the hill, he leaped from behind into the seat alongside of me. Every feeling of horror that ever possessed man seized upon me; I felt not like one of the human species; I congealed into a mass of snow, my eyes became bewildered, my brain reeled, and uttering an hysterical scream, I sunk down senseless.

When I recovered, I found myself in bed in a neat apartment. It was broad day; an attendant was by my side. I was informed I was at the house of Mr. G., that I was sent there by the keeper of the turnpike-gate, to which place my horse had rode up and was stopped. I returned my obligations for the attention I had received, but declined giving an account of what had happened.

I shortly afterwards learned that the being I had encountered was a poor idiot, who was in the nightly practice of prowling about the country, frightening strangers, and known to all neighbouring farmers by the name of chuckling Sam. R.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE SPECTRE.

There is a story going the rounds of our periodicals, that a Miss G. of respectable family, young and very beautiful, attended Lord Byron for nearly a year in the habit of a page. Love, desperate and all-engrossing, seems to have been the cause of her singular conduct. Neglected at last by the man for whom she had forsaken all that woman holds dear, she resolved upon self-destruction, and provided herself with poison. Her designs were discovered by Lord B. who changed the poison for a sleeping potion. Miss G., with that delicate feeling of affection which had ever distinguished her intercourse with Byron, stole privately away to the funeral vault of the Byrons, and fastened the entrance, resolving to spare her lover the dreadful knowledge of her fate. She there swallowed the supposed poison—and probably died of starvation! She was found dead soon after. Lord Byron never adverted to this subject without a thrill of horror. The following, from his private journal, may perhaps have some connexion with it:

"I awoke from a dream—well! and have not others dreamed!—Such a dream! I wish the dead would rest, however. Ugh! how my blood chilled—and I could not wake—and—"

"Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than could the substance of ten thousand men—
Armed all in proof."

"I do not like this dream—I hate its foregone conclusion. And am I to be shaken by shadows? Ay, when they remind us of—no matter—but if I dream again, I will try whether *all* sleep has the like visions."—*Moore's Byron.*

She came to me last night—

The floor gave back no tread;
She stood by me in the wan moonlight—
In the white robes of the dead.

Pale—pale, and very mournfully
She bent her light form over me—

I heard no sound—I felt no breath—

Breathe o'er me from that face of death—

Its dark eyes rested on my own,
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone—

Yet in their fixed, unchanging gaze,
Something which told of other days—

A sadness in their quiet glare,
As if love's smile were frozen there;

Came o'er me with an icy thrill—
Oh—God! I feel its presence still!

And fearfully and dimly

The pale, cold vision passed,
Yet those dark eyes were fixed on me

In sadness to the last,—
I struggled—and my breath came back,

As to the victim on the rack,
Amid the pause of mortal pain

Life steals to suffer once again!—
Was it a dream?—I looked around,

The moonlight through the lattice shone;—
The same pale glow that dimly crowned

The forehead of the spectral one!
And then I knew she had been there—

Not in her breathing loveliness,
But, as the grave's lone sleepers are

Silent and cold and passionless!
A weary thought—a fearful thought—

Within the secret heart to keep;—
Would that the past might be forgot—

Would that the dead might sleep!

N. E. Review.

AUTUMN.

We shall not write a sentimental article upon this venerable and thread-bare subject. We think, however, that our readers ought to be apprised of the fact that summer has departed, with all its deep and unvarying greenness—its fierce sunshine, and its nights of insupportable heat and musical mosquitoes—and that autumn is before us, breathing lightly, but even now perceptibly, the breath of change upon the beauty of nature. Some of our forest trees are already changing, very slightly, indeed, but still enough to show that the brown spoiler is among them.

And we welcome the time of autumn. 'Tis a season of thanksgiving and beauty and exceeding joy. Talk as we may of the sunny atmosphere of France, and the soft blue heavens of Italy, they suffer in comparison with the glorious Indian summer of New-England. Then it is that our forests and our hanging hill sides are coloured with dyes deeper and richer than any which Claude or Poussin ever mingled—varied and magnificent as if the rainbow of a summer shower had fallen among them, stretching away to the dreamy haze of the horizon, shaking their bright leaves against the sky like birds poising upon their golden wings in the mid air; or swaying in waves of blended gold and shadow before the passing wind!

But an autumn sunset—that blending of heaven's own glory with the rich beauty of earth—it is like a dream of a better world. The sun goes down behind the hill or the forest, and the clouds that waited like vassals around him, glow with the remembrance of his glory—every light wreath of vapour changes to a golden pavilion fitted for the abode of angels, and the first great star of evening burns through the glory of the sunset—

"A diamond set in gold."

Oh! we have gazed on a scene like this, until changed and purified and made better by its communion with nature in her exceeding beauty, and passing away from the dull images of earth, our spirit mingled, in imagination, with the mysterious intelligences of heaven. Ibid.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LONDON CARCANET.

RELIGION.

Man, in whatever state he may be considered, as well as in every period and vicissitude of life, experiences in religion an efficacious antidote against the ills which oppress him, a shield that blunts the darts of his enemies, and an asylum into which they can never enter. In every event of fortune it excites in his soul a sublimity of ideas, by pointing out to him the just judge, who, as an attentive spectator of his conflicts, is about to reward him with his inestimable approbation. Religion also, in the darkest tempest, appears to man as the iris of peace, and dissipating the dark and angry storm, restores the wished-for calm, and brings him to the port of safety.

One riseth by another's fall, and some do climb so fast,
That in the clouds they do forget what climates they have past.

PRIDE.

The proud heart is the first to sink before contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than any other can. Oh, there is nothing in language that can express the deep humiliation of being received with coldness when kindness is expected—of seeing the look, but half concealed, of strong disapprobation from such as we have cause to feel beneath us, not alone in vigour of mind and spirit, but even in virtue and truth. The weak, the base, the hypocrite, are the first to turn with indignation from their fellow-mortals in disgrace; and, whilst the really chaste and pure suspect with caution, and censure with mildness, these traffickers in petty sins, who plume themselves upon their immaculate conduct, sound the alarm bell at the approach of guilt, and clamour their anathemas upon their unwary and cowering prey.

DEATH.

It is doubtless hard to die; but it is agreeable to hope we shall not live here for ever, and that a better life will put an end to the troubles of this. If we were offered immortality on earth, who is there would accept so melancholy a gift? What resource, what hope, what consolation would then be left us against the rigour of fortune, and the injustice of man?

THOUGHT.

The ever active and restless power of thought, if not employed about what is good, will naturally and unavoidably engender evil.

To mortal men great loads allotted be;
But, of all packs, no pack like poverty.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

MIND.

The mind which, like the delicate leaves of the mimosa, shrinks from every touch, is ill calculated to solicit the assistance of the powerful, or to gain the favour of the great. The very looks of the prosperous it construes into arrogance; and it is equally wounded by the civility which appears to condescend, and by the insolence which wears the form of contempt.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Give me but the liberty of the press, and I will give to the minister a venal house of peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile house of commons—I will give him a full swing of the patronage of his office—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him, to purchase up submission, and overawe resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack with that mightier engine the mighty fabric he has raised; I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it beneath the ruin of the abuses it was meant to shelter.—SHERIDAN.

They mourn, but smile at length, and smiling mourn;
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when all wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

VANITY.

The most lasting families have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death; they flourish and shine perhaps for ages, at last they sicken; their light grows pale, and at a crisis when the off-sets are withered and the old stock is blasted, the whole tribe disappears. There are limits ordained to every thing under the sun. Man will not abide in honour. Of all human vanities, family pride is one of the weakest. Reader, go thy way; secure thy name in the book of life, where the page fades not, nor the title alters nor expires—leave the rest to heralds and the parish register.—BORLASE.

VILLAGE BELLS.

I was induced to ascend into the belfry, where I found ropes for eight bells—those musical tones which extend the sphere of the church's influence by associations of pleasure, devotion, or melancholy, through the surrounding country. What an effective means of increasing the sympathies of religion, and exciting them by the fire-sides, and on the very pillows of the people! Who that, as a bride or bridegroom, has heard them, in conjunction with the first joys of wedded love, does not feel the pleasurable associations of their lively peal on other similar events? Who, that through a series of years has obeyed their calling chime on the sabbath morning, as the signal of placid feelings towards his God, and his assembled neighbours, does not hear their weekly monotony with devotion? And who is there that has performed the last rites of friendship, or the melancholy duties of son, daughter, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, under the recurring tones of the awful tenor, or more awful dumb peal, and does not feel at every repetition of the same ceremony, a revival of his keen but unavailing regrets for the mouldering dead?

Things have remained for some time in this situation, at once so critical and so delightful, and all parties seemed afraid, by a single word, to break the heart which held them in their places; but such a state is not made to endure long; the march of human time goes on; its law is to leave nothing unchanged; and while the heart would fondly cling to the fragile bliss of the present, it finds itself left behind, sighing in vain after what is gone for ever.

Idleness is the great fomentor of all corruptions in the human heart.—BLAIR.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MR. C. KEAN.—HAMLET.—Throughout the whole range of the acted drama, there is hardly any one so difficult of representation as the tragedy of Hamlet. Abounding as it does in fine sentiment, addressed no less to the understanding than to the heart, it possesses few of those palpable points which are equally intelligible to all, and which afford even to an indifferent actor an opportunity of interesting an audience. To the multitude it is *coriary*, while to those who take pleasure in tracing the workings of the human heart, it is an intellectual treat of the highest order, combining incident and philosophy with so admirable a skill, that, while it pleases and delights the imagination, it strengthens and matures the judgment. These, however, are advantages which, while they are universally felt and acknowledged, render the delineation of this play, particularly of the character of Hamlet itself, arduous and difficult; and when we recollect that this was an obstacle with which the most celebrated performers of any age had contended, and which many of them had not been able to overcome, we confess that it was not without some discouraging anticipations that we visited the theatre to witness Mr. C. Kean's representation of the philosophic prince. He had, however, scarcely appeared upon the stage before our apprehensions were quieted, and we soon perceived that his conception and his execution were such as the poet had fancied. There was no noisy ranting—no trick—no aiming at effect—every thing was easy, chaste, and natural. This we consider the highest possible praise. The actor who merits it, shows that he disregards the idle plaudits of the moment, which boisterous declamation is always sure to some extent or other to call forth, and that instead of acting to the ear, he portrays to the understanding. Such was the case with Mr. C. Kean's performance of Hamlet.

There is one merit which has been conceded to him, even by those who are far from being warm in their admiration of his performances generally, that of a clear, melodious, and distinct reading. Perhaps there is hardly a play in the English language so well adapted for its display as Hamlet. It imparts to its fine moral lessons a beauty and an interest which they would seek in vain in gesticulation or action, however appropriate; and while it rivets the attention, instructs and exalts the mind. This is pre-eminently one of Mr. C. Kean's merits, and one, which, if he had no other, would entitle him to the highest rank in the list of tragic actors. But in addition to this, his fine action throughout, the chasteness of his gesticulation, and his thorough acquaintance with what, in technical phrase, we believe is called the business of the play, stamp his Hamlet as a most finished performance, and convince us, that he excels no less in philosophy and sentiment, than in what we have before given him credit for, strong and intense feeling and passion.

We have not time to enter into a minute examination of the performance; but we cannot omit adverting with marked approbation to the first scene with the ghost, his instructions to the player, the interviews with Ophelia, and particularly the pathetic delivery of

"I did love you once."

.....

"To a nunnery, go," &c.

and the closet scene with his mother, as finished in the highest possible degree. Upon the whole, we think that Hamlet is one of Mr. Kean's best characters, and one in which he cannot fail of making a strong impression; and we hope, on his return, to have the pleasure of witnessing its frequent repetition.

After having written the above remarks, the following communication was handed to us. Though it treats on the same points that we have just recapitulated, yet as it is more detailed and complete, we publish it entire.—*Ed. N. Y. Mir.*

HAMLET.

So far as Hamlet depends solely on himself, so far as he is independent of what is technically termed "support," Mr. Kean acquitted himself with wonderful ability. The Queen, Horatio, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern, (which two latter names we abominate,) seemed systematically set to annoy him; and as thoroughly as frequent mistakes could accomplish so desirable an end, they were marvellously successful. It was fortunate that Mr. Kean was "at home" in the play; and these constantly recurring errors did not materially discomfit him; if he had been easily dispossessed, the entertainment would have been spoiled. It is unhappily true that, while the perfection of the histrionic art is requisite to the complete illustration of Shakspeare, an insignificant performer has the power to ruin, by dint of mere blunders, the

finest scene of the drama; and when we see the truth of this acted out, we are very ill-disposed to "forget and forgive." Yet, notwithstanding these reservations, which detracted much from the general effect, we have seldom seen Hamlet so well sustained, and so unanimously approved.

In giving a detailed account of this performance we hardly know where to begin; and, having begun, should be as uncertain where to conclude it. The beauties of Hamlet are so intellectual, and their delivery requires such temperance, nothing short of the most careful study and discriminating practice (aided by superior genius) will ever meet with eminent and enduring success; and when this is attained, the merits of the performance will be so equal, a selection must be made at the expense of the majority, it being impossible to record the whole.

It is within the scope of description to impart the terrors of a devastating tempest with a spirit and energy little inferior to reality; but the same power is weak to convey the sweetness of a moonlight scene; and (to apply the illustration) the same pen which, with "ample room and verge enough," might give a faithful sketch of Richard, would fail to portray with any tolerable accuracy, the delicate colouring of Hamlet. Its beauties are of that quiet, contemplative character, which can only be appreciated by the actual spectator. We cannot do justice to Mr. Kean's soliloquies by saying they were pronounced with "good emphasis and good discretion;" that this line was spoken with great pathos; that, with masterly irony; while both were answered with loud applause. In attempting to designate, therefore, we have merely a hope of conveying to our readers an idea of this actor's constant discrimination in observing old points, and introducing new ones; and since we cannot say *how*, will point out a few instances *where*, he does well.

We note his instructions to the player as the very best scene. This alpha and omega of acting was pronounced with great clearness and propriety, and received with enthusiastic applause. We have never before heard it delivered so finely.

Hamlet presents the best field for fine acting of any play in our language; and Mr. Kean very satisfactorily attested his abilities in this particular. As examples, we quote perhaps the most successful:

"Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

"Tis not alone my inkly cloak, good mother,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For these are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please; give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow—
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury;
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god had seemed to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

A transition in the soliloquy on death was new and eminently fine:

"Who would fardels bear
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country—from whose bourne
No traveller returns," &c.

In the scene with Ophelia (immediately following) the fine climax of ill-disguised affection and feigned madness ending with "to a nunnery, go," was wrought up with great judgment, and concluded with exquisite pathos.

The respect and awe with which he listened to the ghost of his father was very happily conceived; his fear had less of acting and more of reality than we have usually seen displayed. This was especially the case in the concluding scene of the third act, where Hamlet's alarm is finely contrasted with the Queen's wonder, the ghost being to her invisible.

Mr. Kean has been censured for occasional ranting; this evening, at least, there was no ground for such criticism. His Hamlet was as thoroughly exempt from extravagance as the most strict interpretation of his lesson to the player requires. He did better than this. He delivered many passages with moderation, which all Hamlets whatsoever are wont to pronounce with violence. The last line of the following was an honourable instance:

"I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick;—
If he do blench, I know my course."

This line, so well adapted to the "strut and bellow," is a stumbling-block to all Hamlets that we "have seen play, and heard others praise." Mr. Kean gave it in a firm, decided tone, yet within the compass of ordinary conversation, his manner, meanwhile, corresponding with his utterance.

In the celebrated line,

"Is it the king?"

he was exceedingly happy; but we were surprised that no applause followed it. For the most part, every thing worthy of such notice received it; we have seldom seen so discriminating an audience; but this one line, in our judgment, "a most palpable hit," was entirely unobserved.

We quote another passage of singular excellence that was observed, and loudly applauded:

"What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?"

The intonation given to the word *crawling*, was very happy, and spoke a volume of sarcasm.

We have always been jealous on the subject of innovations, and are ever slow to acknowledge their propriety. But Laertes' and Hamlet's leaping into the grave of Ophelia, a moment after the corse is lowered, has ever seemed to us an outrage on propriety and humanity itself. We can conceive of no degree of fondness nor grief that amounts to a cause for such monstrous indecorum; nor are we able to imagine a degree of angry excitement sufficient to induce the brother and the lover of a newly-buried maiden, to grapple with each other, and utter vociferous and revengeful language while standing upon her coffin! Still, it is so "set down;" and so it is usually performed. But Mr. Kean intercepts Laertes at the words

"Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in my arms."

and standing in the front of the stage, discloses himself:

"This is I; Hamlet the Dane!"

He then causes Laertes to approach and grapple with him where he stands. A most sacrilegious outrage on the ashes of the dead is thus dispensed with. And, in a mere theatrical sense, apart from all considerations of impropriety, there is so much of awkwardness, of buffoonery, of boys' play, in jumping into a grave to scuffle, we are rejoiced when we see a man of sufficient judgment and independence to adopt a different course. Young, we believe, was the "original" of this innovation: it is much to Mr. Kean's credit that he follows his distinguished precedent. One thing, however, should be observed: Hamlet, in his subsequent address to Laertes, must omit the following line:—

"To outface me with leaping in her grave!"

The play with the foils would have been exquisite, if Hamlet had been well "supported" in it; by which we mean to say (for without an explanation the remark is a mere truism) Mr. Kean showed himself an admirable "master of fence," but was not well seconded by Laertes: and we wonder at this, too; for we have seen him "play a bout" with the elder Kean, in the same character, with excellent skill.

To "sum up" for Mr. Kean: his performance was, for the most part, unexceptionable; his audience, large; and his success, signal.

A word to the king. We advise him to practise *dying* till he can expire without raising a laugh. It is absolutely scandalous that the closing scene of Hamlet should be ruined by the titter of an audience, which his majesty's manner of giving up the ghost imperiously provoked.

We cannot conclude without adverting to the subject on which the editor of the American commented, on Saturday last—the perpetual slamming of doors, rattling of footsteps in the lobbies, loud talking, &c. The thing has become intolerable. We venture to say, one half of the audience lost, at least, one half of the play from this provoking interruption; and whatever may be the necessary means for correcting it, the manager is bound promptly to supply them. In the first place, the lobbies should be carpeted throughout, without which the noise of footsteps will continue in despite of all precautions. The locks to the box doors should be such that they will open and shut without rattling; and the doors themselves so prepared with list, that, when closed, even with vulgar violence, they may not ring like the clashing of thunderbolts. In addition to this, the police should be doubled, quadrupled, or increased in still greater proportion, until order supersedes misrule, and is really established as a precedent. It is wonderful that these evils have been suffered to exist so long: they incommode every individual spectator; and the manager owes it to his own credit, no less than the convenience of his patrons, to have some efficient remedy speedily applied. CASSE.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—This play, which is not often represented on our boards, was produced on Monday evening, for the benefit of Miss Clara Fisher, with the cast of Mr. C. Kean as Romeo and Miss Fisher as Juliet.

Romeo differs from all the other characters in which, during his short residence in this country, Mr. C. Kean has become known to the American public. Its feeling, although intense, is not of that manly and spirited character which is found in Richard, Othello, or Shylock, nor yet of the philosophic description which runs through Hamlet, but rather of a morbid cast, which, without becoming sentimental, gnaws and corrodes the mind, and finally drives it to despair. Still, however, it affords ample room for fine acting; and the soft and tender scenes with which it abounds, although of a character which to the manly mind seem somewhat sickly, can only be rendered effective by a first-rate and highly-gifted performer. It affords no opportunity of passing off a counterfeit passion upon the audience; and noise and rant, however they may be adapted in some plays to command a temporary approbation, would be in this miserably out of place. In this Mr. C. Kean's discrimination was obvious, and his performance of Romeo throughout showed that he never for a moment lost sight of Hamlet's direction to the players, and "held the mirror up to nature." The balcony scene was given with admirable effect, and the rapid transition from tenderness to anger and revenge, in the scene in which he slays Tybalt, drew down the most enthusiastic approbation. His reading of the soliloquy,

"I do remember an apothecary,"

was beautiful; and the deep pathos which he threw into the last scene, where he drinks the poison, and expires with Juliet's name still quivering on his lips, was, we will venture to say, unequalled. We might dwell upon other beauties, but it is unnecessary. Those who witnessed Mr. C. Kean's delineation of Romeo will anticipate any remarks which we could possibly offer in praise of it; and all will agree that it was a performance in no wise calculated to detract from the distinguished standing he has already taken among us as a tragedian.

Mr. Kean goes next to Philadelphia and Baltimore. In the former city, we understand, his engagement commences this week. He will return here in the early part of November, to fulfil a re-engagement, which we are happy to hear has been made with him. In the mean time we congratulate him on his triumphant success in this city—the result of no adventitious aid, but the reward to which his splendid talents fully entitle him—and heartily wish him the same encouragement elsewhere, which crowded houses have bestowed upon him during every successive night of his performance here.

MR. FORREST.—This noble tragedian has commenced an engagement on the Park boards, under the usual auspices of success which await his popular representations of some of the finest characters in the whole range of the drama. In his peculiar line of parts, those which require bold delineation and forcible expression, masculine vigour of conception and impassible energy of manner, our "American Forrest" stands without a superior, perhaps without an equal. The masterly sketches of Roman grandeur, and his original and inimitable embodyings of the magnanimity, the unshaken firmness, and acute sagacity of the aborigines of this country, will ever secure to him the ready admiration and warm support of all enlightened and impartial audiences. But wherefore dwell on the excellence of Forrest? It stands engraven upon the hearts of his fellow-citizens, and has often furnished a delightful and enlivening theme to our pages.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Algiers and France.—The conquest of the former by the French arms, and the revolution which immediately succeeded in France, are events of such magnitude and importance, that we think a small portion of the Mirror may with propriety be devoted to reflections which naturally grow out of them.

The Barbary powers, stretching several hundred miles on the Mediterranean coast, comprise a great part of what was once denominated *Mauritania*. This district of country is considered by writers the finest region in Africa, yielding in profusion some of the most valuable productions of the earth, among which may be enumerated sugar, wool, cotton, grain and meats of most kind; oil in immense quantities, honey, the richest fruits, and almost every other commodity that is essential to the enjoyment, or that contributes to the support of man. But notwithstanding these advantages, and the consequent luxurious manner in which its inhabitants might be both fed and clothed, such have been their habits,

taught by a barbarous power to whom they were subject, that for ages they have been so accustomed to a system of murder, rapine, and plunder, that all those civilized nations whose commerce was connected with the countries bordering on the Mediterranean sea, have been placed under the humiliating necessity of paying them an annual stipend, or otherwise run the risk of seeing their subjects or citizens robbed and murdered, whilst those who survived were sure to be condemned to slavery of so shocking a character as scarcely to be preferable even to death itself. This arose from the difficulty of sending to a great distance across the water a sufficient military force to subdue them. None but a nation like France, having the command of powerful means, and having a position near them, would have dared to make the attempt. But so great a scourge have they been to the christian world—such have been their cruelty and their audacity—such their murderous propensity and their love of piracy, that at length it awakened the indignation, and called into action the vigorous arm of the French monarchy, which, with a spirit and an energy worthy of all praise, has succeeded in completely overthrowing that frightful and bloody despotism, expelling the dey and most of his adherents, and seizing all the public property and treasure in gold and silver to an almost incredible amount, much of which, the price of lawless booty, it is believed had lain concealed in vaults even for many generations. This almost immeasurable fund is now happily brought to light, and will find its way into Europe, where its free circulation among a christian people, will, in all human probability, be the means of conferring lasting benefits on the world.

In the issue of this bold project of the French government, every civilized nation had a deep interest; and all must feel themselves the debtors of that august power for the prompt and honourable manner in which they have accomplished the great work. We cannot doubt it will be the harbinger of civilization and of a liberal and enlightened policy throughout the whole of that region, which has so long slumbered under the dominion of ignorance and of slavery, governed and controlled as it has been for centuries by the worst and most detestable portion of the human family, whose vile propensity was the effect of circumstances.

The revolution which has just taken place in France was, we believe, as unexpected as it was wonderful in its character. The unanimity of sentiment and the identity of feeling which seemed to pervade almost the entire population—the scrupulous regard shown both for public and private property—the energy, zeal, and daring spirit exhibited by every class of that people—and the peaceable and quiet manner in which they resumed their private pursuits after fulfilling their duty, all unite to show how accurate is their knowledge of political rights, how confirmed is their hatred of an odious and debasing tyranny, and how deeply and thoroughly are they impressed with an exalted sense of moral obligations. We believe it is altogether without a parallel in the history of political movements. The dethronement of a king and the expulsion of his corrupt advisers and adherents, giving his place to an enlightened successor, and establishing and confirming a government upon free and liberal principles, resting at once on the solid basis of truth and justice, and receiving the acclamations, and commanding the full respect and confidence of the people throughout all the departments of so extensive an empire, and the whole accomplished within the space of a few days, is an occurrence calculated to strike the mind with much more than ordinary astonishment. It shows conclusively that the universal dissemination of the principles of rational liberty had fastened on the minds of the whole population. And here we think the subject demands the most solemn contemplation.

So great an event, bursting forth in the heart of Europe, may not unaptly be compared to a tremendous earthquake, whose vibrations will be felt to the remotest extremities. It is impossible the contagion should not spread. Other governments on the continent of Europe furnish the strongest motives with the people to rise in their majesty and shake off the cruel trammels of tyranny and oppression; and since nothing is so seducing under all circumstances as example, this great and sudden change in the French government cannot fail to be viewed with fearful solicitude by all the surrounding despotisms. Had the present revolution, however, partaken in any degree of the sanguinary and terrific character which marked the former one, other nations would contemplate it with horror, and would stand aghast at its alarming approaches. But seeing so much effected for the happiness of the French people by a single blow, and at a very small sacrifice, and with a celerity and good order which even the dreams of the veriest enthusiast would not have anticipated, we must think it bears along with it a most por-

tentous aspect. The neighbouring powers will probably find so much employment at home, that any attempt at an interference with the internal concerns of France would evince a higher degree of folly than has been shown by the unhappy monarch, who in defiance of the admonitions of wisdom and the voice of experience, has fallen, as it were, the voluntary victim of his own stubbornness, pride, and bigotry, and must consequently end his days in exile and wretchedness. Under such changes it is impossible to believe that a single crowned head throughout the continent of Europe, can contemplate so interesting an event without emotions of alarm and terror.

Female Politicians.—Politics are at best *caviare* to the mind of a delicate female. We do not mean to assert that the fair sex should never mingle in conversation about politics in its more enlarged sense, should be ignorant of the history of their own country or that of Athens, or take no interest in events of importance to the moral or civil welfare of mankind. It has been our delight within these few last days to have heard the cause of French liberty asserted and vindicated with the most *naïve* and thrilling eloquence by a lady no less distinguished for her mental accomplishments than her beauty. Such themes are peculiarly adapted to awaken the sensibility of a well-educated woman, and receive from the vivid impressions, peculiar to the sex, an animating and enlivening interest. But this is not the paltry politics of the beer house or the poll. The eternal wrangling of discordant opinions about men and offices, and the petty details of elections and caucuses, can have little charm for the refined taste or polished judgment, and lend no grace to the intercourse of the domestic circle. A more disgusting object cannot well be conceived than a blustering woman, with stentorian voice, clamouring for the success of an alderman, and offering bets upon the number of votes which may be calculated upon for a favourite constable. Disagreeable as the subject is from the lips of a female, so long as it is confined to a private party, it is calculated to do little harm. It may impair the harmony of one social circle, interfere with the domestic arrangements of one family, and drive from its intercourse all sensible company. Here the evil rests. But when a lady, forgetting the inborn and retiring dignity of her sex, steps forward as a public declaimer, and actually enlists in the party warfare waged by the press, it is difficult to restrain the expression of pity, if not contempt, which the spectacle must excite in every well informed mind. Abandoning the privacy for which she was by nature ordained, and by education fitted, she renders herself the conspicuous object of public criticism, the target at which all the shafts of political malice and bitter acrimony will be aimed. And what has she to gain by so unequal a contest? Is it office she seeks? Her sensibility should have shrunk from competing with male hunters, thronging, probably round a tavern, and ridiculing her silly pretensions and unblushing effrontery. Is it the triumph of a political favourite she would promote? How paltry are her efforts, and how insignificant must they, from necessity be, when contrasted with the systematic and combined opposition of her antagonist. No, there can be no excuse for a female deserting her allotted privacy, and volunteering to encounter gladiators in the political arena. She has all to lose—nothing to gain; success itself would come unrecommended by its appropriate triumph.

Music.—This delightful art seems to have taken deep root in the taste and affections of the Philadelphians. They have three theatres open, and musical performances have lately occupied the pre-eminence in all. Mrs. Austin and Madam Feron at one house, the Plumers at the other, and the French opera at the third, have afforded opportunities for the entertainment of musical amateurs, not often within their reach. The combined talents of the two first named singers offered peculiar attractions, and will, we sincerely hope, be presented at our own theatre. We regret to learn by the papers that Mrs. Austin was seized with a sudden indisposition in one of her most exquisite cantatas and compelled to withdraw, amidst the deep sympathies of a numerous audience. Her recovery is hailed as the pledge of renewed and unsurpassed delight, the loss of which no other source could have supplied. We anxiously await her re-appearance, so generally called for, on the boards of the Park.

Valuable curiosities.—The following is from a late French journal. We hear that vases in rock crystal, oriental agate, jasper, and other rare and precious materials, richly ornamented with enamel, gold, precious stones, &c. of the Florentine manufacture of the sixteenth century, have been found in the palace of the dey of Algiers, together with various suits of Spanish and Moreaque armour, equally fine and curious, all of which will most probably be brought to enrich the museums of Paris. Among the gold coin found, there are several of the time of Charles V. Some are very curious, and will be deposited in the cabinet of medals.

A SOLDIER'S THE LAD FOR MY NOTION.

SUNG BY CLARA FISHER, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE, AT THE PARK THEATRE.—COMPOSED BY A. LEE.

ALLEGRO.

A sol-dier's the lad for my no-tion, A sol-dier's the lad for my notion, We girls must al-low that his row de dow dow, Sets the hearts of his hear-ers in

mo-tion. With his row, with his dow, with his row de dow, row de dow, row de dow, dow, With his row, with his dow, Oh, a

sol-dier's the lad for my no-tion, Oh, a sol-dier's the lad for my no-tion. Then the air mi-li-taire, So de-light-ful-ly in-

spir-ing, Then the air mi-li-taire so de-light-ful-ly in-spir-ing. To a sol-dier my heart is de-vot-ed, For who like a sol-dier can love?

MAESTOSO.

loco

p

D. C.

VARIETIES.

THE MOTIONS OF A CHILD.—How easy, and artless, and beautiful are all the motions of a child. Every thing that he does is graceful. All his little ways are endearing; and they are the arms which nature has given him for his protection, because they make every body feel an attachment for him.

TIBERIUS.—When the inhabitants of Hium sent ambassadors to Tiberius to condole the death of his father Augustus, a long time after he was dead, the emperor considering the unreasonableness of it, requited them accordingly, saying:—"And I also am sorry for your heaviness, having lost so valiant a knight as *Hector*, who was slain about a thousand years before."

THE WEEPING WILLOW.—If you ask me to point out one tree more graceful than all others, I would point you out the weeping willow. Its long silk-like boughs droop not less pensively than the eye-lids of some sleeping beauty. And when the air stirs them what a delicious motion waves among them—where is the painter who can impart that motion to his canvass. Where the poet, whose strains have such music in them as that which lives in the weeping willow? Where throughout all the works of nature is any object more beautiful than this?

IRISH HOSPITALITY.—Curran, in one of his celebrated speeches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country:—"The hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies; it springs

like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold and confiding; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.—The proclamation of William the fourth at Bristol took place in a torrent of rain, which continued during the best part of the ceremony. A wag, observing the drenched appearance of the cavalcade, cried out, "Here beginneth the *rain* of William the fourth."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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VILLAGE TALES.

Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.

ROSEDALE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

I DON'T know how it happened when we were house-hunting the other day, that nobody ever thought of Rosedale. I should have objected to it, both as out of distance—it's a good six miles off—and as being utterly uncommendable by one rational person to another. Rosedale! the very name smacks of the Minerva press, and gives countenance to the nonsense and trumpery thereunto belonging. Rosedale cottage! the man who, under that portentous title, takes that house, cannot complain of lack of warning.

Nevertheless is Rosedale one of the prettiest cottages that ever sprung into existence in brick or on paper. All strangers go to see it, and few "cots of spruce gentility" are so well worth seeing. Fancy a low, irregular white rough-cast building thatched with reeds, covered with roses, clematis, and passion-flowers, standing on a knoll of fine turf, amidst flower-beds and shrubberies and magnificent elms, backed by an abrupt hill, and looking over lawnly fields to a green common, which is intersected by a gay high road, dabbled with ponds of water, and terminated by a pretty village edging off into rich woodlands: imagine this picture of a place tricked out with ornaments of all sorts, conservatories, roseries, rustic seats, American borders, gothic dairies, Spanish hermitages, and flowers stuck as close as pins in a pincushion, with every thing, in short, that might best become the walls of an exhibition room, or the back scene of a play: conceive the interior adorned in a style of elegance still more fanciful, and it will hardly appear surprising that this "unique bijou," as the advertisement calls it, should seldom want a tenant. The rapid succession of these occupiers is the more extraordinary matter. Every body is willing to come to Rosedale, but nobody stays.

For this, however, it is not difficult to assign very sufficient cause. In the first place, the house has the original sin of most ornamented cottages, that of being built on the foundation of a real labourer's dwelling; by which notable piece of economy the owner saved some thirty pounds, at the expense of making half his rooms mere nutshells, and the house incurably damp—to say nothing of the inconvenience of the many apartments which were erected as after-thoughts, the addenda of the work, and are only to be come at by out-side passages and French window-doors. Secondly, that necessary part of a two-story mansion, the staircase, was utterly forgotten by architect, proprietor, and builder, and never missed by any person till the ladder being one day taken away at the dinner hour, an Irish labourer, accidentally left behind, was discovered by the workmen on their return perched like a bird on the top of the roof, he having taken the method of going up the chimney as the quickest way of getting down. This adventure occasioned a call for the staircase, which was at length inserted by the by, and is as much like a step-ladder in a dark corner as any thing can be.* Thirdly, and lastly, this beautiful abode is in every way most thoroughly inconvenient and uncomfortable. In the winter one might find as much protection in the hollow of a tree—cold, gusty, sleety, wet; snow threatening from above like an avalanche; water gushing up from below like a fountain; a house of card-paper would be the solidier refuge, a gypsy's tent by far the more snug. In summer it is proportionably close and hot, giving little shade and no shelter; and all the year round it is overdone with trippery and finery, a toy-shop in action, a Brodignagian baby-house.

Every room is in masquerade: the saloon Chinese, full of jars and mandarins and pagodas; the library Egyptian, all covered with hieroglyphics, and swarming with furniture-crocodiles and sphynxes. Only think of a crocodile couch, and a sphynx sofa! They sleep in Turkish tents, and dine in

a gothic chapel.† Now English ladies and gentlemen in their every day apparel look exceedingly out of place amongst such mummery. The costume wont do. It is not in keeping. Besides, the properties themselves are apt to get shifted from one scene to another, and all manner of anomalies are the consequence. The mitred chairs and screens of the chapel, for instance, so very upright, and tall, and carved, and priestly were mixed up oddly enough with the squat Chinese bonzes; whilst by some strange transposition a pair of nodding mandarins figured amongst the Egyptian monsters, and by the aid of their supernatural ugliness really looked human.

Then the room taken up by the various knick-knackery, the unnamed and unnameable generation of gew-gaws! It always seemed to me to require more house-maids than the house would hold. And the same with the garden. You are so begirt with garlands and festoons, flowers above and flowers below, that you walk about under a perpetual sense of trespass, of taking care of doing mischief, now bobbing against a sweetbriar, in which encounter you have the worst; now flapped in the face by a woodbine to the discomfiture of both parties, now revenging these vegetable wrongs by tripping up an unfortunate balsam; bonnets, coatskirts, and sounces in equal peril! The very gardeners step gingerly, and tuck their aprons tightly round them before they venture into that fair demesne of theirs, which is, so to say, over-peopled. In short, Rosedale is a place to look at, rather than live in; a fact which will be received without dispute by some score of tenants, by the proprietor of the county newspaper who keeps the advertisement of this matchless villa constantly set, to his no small emolument, and by the neighbourhood at large, to whom the succession of new faces, new liveries, and new equipages driving about our rustic lanes, and sometimes occupying a very tasty pew in the parish church, has long supplied a source of conversation as unfailing and as various as the weather.

The first person who ascertained, by painful experience, that Rosedale was uninhabitable, was the proprietor, a simple young man from the next town, who unluckily took it into his head that he had a taste for architecture and landscape-gardening and so forth; and falling into the hands of a London upholsterer and a country nurseymen, produced the effort of genius that I have endeavoured to describe. At the end of a month he found that nobody could live there; and with the advice of the nurseryman and the upholsterer, began to talk of re-building and new modelling; nay, he actually went so far as to send for the bricklayer; but fortunately for our man of taste he had a wife of more sense than himself, who seized the moment of disappointment to disgust him with improvements and improvers, in which feat she was greatly aided by the bills of his late associates; put a stop at once to his projects and his complaints; removed with all speed to their old residence, an ugly, roomy, comfortable red brick house in the market-place at B—; drew up a flaming advertisement, and turned the grumbling occupant into a thriving landlord. Lucky for him was the day in which William Walker, esq. married Miss Bridget Tomkins, second daughter of Mr. Samuel Tomkins, attorney at law! And lucky for Mr. Samuel Tomkins was the hour in which he acquired a son-in-law more profitable in the article of leases than the two lords to whom he acted as steward both put together!

First on the list of the tenants was a bride and bridegroom come to spend the early months of their nuptial life in this sweet retirement. They arrived towards the end of August, with a great retinue of servants, horses, dogs, and carriages, well bedecked with bridal favours. The very pointers had white ribbons round their necks, so splendid was their rejoicing, and had each, as we were credibly informed, eaten a huge slice of wedding-cake when the happy couple returned from church. The bride, whom every body except myself called plain, and whom I thought pretty, had been a great heiress, and had married for love the day she came of age. She was slight of form, and pale of complexion, with a profusion of brown hair, mild hazel eyes, a sweet smile, a soft voice, and an air of modesty that clung about her like a veil. I never saw a more lovable creature. He was dark and tall and stout and bold, with an assured yet gentlemanly air, a loud voice, a confident manner, and a real passion for shooting. They stayed just a

fortnight, during which time he contrived to get warned off half the manors in the neighbourhood, and cut down the finest elm on the lawn one wet morning to open a view of the high road. I hope the marriage has turned out a happy one, for she was a sweet gentle creature. I used to see her leaning over the gate, watching his return from shooting, with such a fond patience! And her bound to meet him when he did appear! And the pretty coaxing playfulness with which she patted and chided her rivals the dogs! Oh I hope she is happy! but I fear, I fear.

Next succeeded a couple from India, before whom floated reports golden and gorgeous as the clouds at sunset. Inexhaustible riches, profuse expenditure, tremendous ostentation, unheard-of luxury, ortolans, beccaficos, French beans at christmas, green peas at easter, strawberries always, a chariot and six, twelve black footmen, and parrots and monkeys beyond all count. These were among the most moderate of the rumours that preceded them; and every idle person in the country was preparing to be a hanger-on; and every shop-keeper in B. on the watch for a customer; when up drove a quiet-looking old gentleman in a pony-chaise, with a quiet-looking old lady at his side, and took possession, their retinue following in a hack post-chaise. Whether the habits of this eastern Cæsar corresponded with his modest *debut*, or his magnificent reputation, we had not time to discover, although from certain indications I conceive that much might be said on both sides. They arrived in the middle of a fine October, while the China roses covered the walls, and the China-asters, and dahlias, and fuschias, and geraniums in full blow, gave a summer brilliancy to the lawn; but scarcely had a pair of superb common-prayer books, bound in velvet, and a bible with gold clasps entered in possession of the pew at church, before "there came a frost, a nipping frost," which turned the China-asters, and the China-roses brown, and the dahlias, and geraniums black, and the nabob and the nabobess blue. They disappeared the next day, and have never been seen or heard of since.

Then arrived a fox-hunting baronet, with a splendid stud and a splendid fortune. A young man, a single man, a handsome man! Every speculating mamma in the country fixed her eyes on Sir Robert for a son-in-law; papas were sent to call; brothers were enjoined to go out hunting, and get acquainted; nay, even certain of the young ladies themselves (I grieve to say it!) showed symptoms of condescension, which might almost have made their grandmothers start from their graves. But what could they do? How could they help it, poor pretty things? The baronet, with the instinct of a determined bachelor, avoided a young lady as a sparrow does a hawk, and discovering this shyness, they followed their instinct as the hawk would do in a similar case, and pursued the coy bird. It was what sportsmen call a fine open season, which being translated, means every variety of wintry weather except frost—dirty, foggy, sleety, wet; so such of our belles as looked well on horseback, took the opportunity to ride to cover and see the hounds throw off; and such as shone more as pedestrians would take an early walk, exquisitely dressed, for their health's sake, towards the general rendezvous. Still Sir Robert was immovable. He made no morning calls, accepted no invitations, spoke to no mortal till he had ascertained that there was neither sister, daughter, aunt, nor cousin in the case. He kept from every petticoat, as if it contained the contagion of the plague, shunned ball-rooms and drawing-rooms, as if they were pest-houses, and finally, had the comfort of leaving Rosedale without having even bowed to a female during his stay.

The final cause of his departure has been differently reported; some hold that he was frightened away by Miss Amelia Singleton, who had nearly caused him to commit involuntary homicide, (is that the word for killing a woman?) by crossing and recrossing before his hunter in Sallow-field-lane, thereby putting him in danger of a coroner's inquest; whilst others assert that his landlord, Mr. Walker, happening to call one day, found his tenant in dirty boots on the sphynx sofa, and a Newfoundland dog, dripping with mud, on the crocodile couch, and gave him notice to quit on the spot. For my part I regard this legend as altogether apocryphal, invented to save the credit of the house by assuming that one of its many inhabitants was turned out, contrary to his own wish. My faith

* This instance of forgetfulness is not unexampled. A similar accident is said to have happened to Madame d'Arblay in the erection of a cottage built from the profits of her admirable *Camilla*.

† Some of the pleasantest days of my life have been spent in a house so furnished. But then it was of fitting dimensions, and the delightful persons to whom it belonged had a house in London, and a mansion in the country, and used their fancy villa much as one would use a marquee or a pleasure boat, for gay parties in fine weather. Rosedale, unluckily place, was built to be lived in.

goes entirely with the Miss-Amelia version of the history; the more so, as that gentle dame was so inconsolable as to marry a former beau, a small squire of the neighbourhood, rather weather-beaten, and not quite so young as he had been, within a month after she had the ill luck not to be run over by Sir Robert.

However that may have been, "thence ensued a vacancy" in Rosedale, which was supplied the same week by a musical family, a travelling band, drums, trumpets, harps, pianos, violins, violincellos, trombones, and German flutes—noise personified! an incarnation of din! The family consisted of three young ladies who practised regularly six hours a day; a governess who played on some instrument or other from morning till night; one fluting brother, one fiddling ditto, a violin-cello music-master, and a singing papa. The only quiet person among them, the "one poor half-penny-worth of bread to this monstrous quantity of sack," was the unfortunate mamma, sole listener, as it seemed, of her innumerable choir. Oh how we pitied her! She was a sweet placid-looking woman, and younger in appearance than either of her daughters, with a fair open forehead, full dark eyes, lips that seemed waiting to smile, a deep yet cool colour, and a heavenly composure of countenance, resembling in features, expression, and complexion the small Madonnas of Raphael. We never ceased to wonder at her happy serenity until we found out that the good lady was deaf, a discovery which somewhat diminished the ardour of our admiration. How this enviable calamity befell her I did not hear—but of course that din! The very jars and mandarins cracked under the incessant vibration; I only wonder that the poor house did not break the drum of its ears; did not burst from its own report, and explode like an overloaded gun. One could not see that unlucky habitation half a mile off, without such a feeling of noise as comes over one in looking at Hogarth's enraged musician. To pass it was really dangerous. One stage-coach was overturned, and two post-chaises ran away in consequence of their uproarious doings; and a sturdy old-fashioned country gentleman, who rode a particularly anti-musical, startlish, blood-horse, began to talk of indicting Rosedale as a nuisance, when just at the critical moment, its tenants had the good fortune to discover, that although the hermitage with its vaulted roof made a capital concert-room, yet that there was not space enough within doors for their several practisings, that the apartments were too small, and the partitions too thin, so that concord was turned into discord, and harmonies went crossing each other all over the house—Mozart jostled by Rossini, and Handel put down by Weber. And away they went also.

Our next neighbours were two ladies, not sisters, except as one of them said in soul; kindred spirits determined to retire from the world, and emulate in this sweet retreat the immortal friendship of the ladies of Llangollen.* The names of our pair of friends were Jackson and Jennings, Miss Laura Jackson (I wonder whether Laura really was her name! She signed herself so in prose and in verse, and would certainly for more reasons than one have disliked an appeal to the Register; besides she ought to know; so Laura it shall be!) Miss Laura Jackson and Miss Barbara Jennings, commonly called Bab. Both were of that unfortunate class of young ladies, whom the malicious world is apt to call old maids; both rich, both independent, and both in the fullest sense of the word cockneys. Laura was tall and lean, and scraggy and yellow, dressing in an Arcadian sort of way, pretty much like an opera shepherdess without a crook, singing pastoral songs prodigiously out of tune, and talking in a deep voice, with much emphasis and astounding fluency all sorts of sentimentalities all the day long. Miss Barbara, on the other hand, was short and plump and round-faced and ruddy, inclining to vulgarity as Laura to affectation, with a great love of dancing, a pleasant chuckling laugh, and a most agreeable habit of assentation. Altogether Bab was a likeable person, in spite of some nonsense, which is more than could honestly be said for her companion.

Juxta-position laid the corner-stone of this immortal friendship, which had already lasted four months and a half, and cemented by resemblance of situation, and dissimilarity of character, really bade fair to continue some months longer. Both had been heartily weary of their previous situations:

* I need not, I trust, disclaim any intention of casting the lightest shade of ridicule on the remarkable instance of female friendship to which I have alluded in the next. An union enduring as that has done, from youth to age, adorned by rank, talent, and beauty, cemented by cheerfulness and good humour, and consecrated by benevolence and virtue, can fear no one's censure, and soars far beyond my feeble praise. Such a friendship is the very poetry of life. But the heartless imitation, the absurd parody of the noble and elevating romance is surely fair game, the more so, as it tends like all parodies to bring the original into undeserved disrepute.

Laura keeping house for a brother in Aldersgate-street, where as she said she was overwhelmed by odious vulgar business; Barbara living with an aunt on Fish-street hill, where she was tired to death of having nothing to do. Both had a passion for the country. Laura, who except one jaunt to Margate, had never been out of the sound of Bow-bell, that she might ruralize after the fashion of the poets, sit under trees and gather roses all day long; Bab, who in spite of yearly trips to Paris and Brussels and Amsterdam and Brighton, had hardly seen a green field except through a coach window, was on her side possessed with a mania for notability and management; she yearned to keep cows, fatten pigs, breed poultry, grow cabbages, make hay, brew and bake, and wash and churn. Visions of killing her own mutton fitted over her delighted fancy; and when one evening at a ball in the Borough her favourite partner had deserted her to dance with her niece, and Miss Laura, who had been reading Miss Seward's letters, proposed to her to retire from the world and its vanities in imitation of the illustrious recluses of Llangollen, Miss Barbara caught above all things with the prospect of making her own butter every morning for breakfast, acceded to the proposal most joyfully.

The vow of friendship was taken, and nothing remained but to look out for a house. Barbara wanted a farm, Laura a cottage; Barbara talked of cows and clover, Laura of nightingales and violets; Barbara sighed for Yorkshire pastures, Laura for Welch mountains; and the scheme seemed likely to go off for want of a habitation, when Rosedale in all the glory of advertisement shone on Miss Laura in the Morning Post, and was immediately engaged by the delighted friends on a lease of seven, fourteen, or one and twenty years.

It was a raw blowy March evening, when the fair partners arrived at the cottage. Miss Laura made a speech in her usual style on taking possession, an invocation to friendship and rural nature, and a deprecation of cities, society, and men; at the conclusion of which Miss Barbara underwent an embassage; and having sufficiently admired the wonders within, they sallied forth with a candle and lantern to view their ruralities without. Miss Laura was better satisfied with this ramble than her companion. She found at least trees and primroses, while the country felicities of ducks and chickens were entirely wanting. Bab, however, reconciled the matter by supposing they were gone to roost, and a little worn out by the journey, wisely followed their example.

The next day saw Miss Laura obliged to infringe her own most sacred and inviolable rule and admit a man—the apothecary—into this maiden abode. She had sate under a tree the night before listening not to, but for a nightingale, and was laid up by a most unpastoral fit of the rheumatism. Barbara in the meanwhile was examining her territory by daylight, and discovering fresh cause of vexation at every step. Here she was in the country in a cottage "comprising," as the advertisement set forth, "all manner of convenience and accommodation," without grass or corn, or cow or sheep, or pig or chicken, or turkey or goose—no laundry, no brew-house, no pig-sty, no poultry-yard! not a cabbage in the garden! not a useful thing about the house! Imagine her consternation!

But Barbara was a person of activity and resource. She sallied out forthwith to the neighbouring village, bought utensils and live stock; turned the coach-house into a cow-stall; projected a pig-sty in the roseroy; installed her ducks and geese in the orangery; introduced the novelty of real milk-pans, churns, and butter-prints amongst the old china, Dutch-tiles, and stained glass of that make-believe to the gothic dairy; placed her brewing vessels in 'the housekeeper's room,' which to accord with the genius of the place had been fitted up to represent a robber's cave; deposited her washing-tubs in the butler's pantry, which with a similar regard to congruity, had been decorated with spars and shells like a Nereid's grotto; and finally, in spite of all warning and remonstrance, drove her sheep into the shrubbery, and tethered her cows upon the lawn.

This last stroke was too much for the gardener's patience. He betook himself in all haste to B. to apprise Mr. Walker; and Mr. Walker, armed with Mr. Samuel Tomkins and a copy of the lease, made his appearance with breathless speed at Rosedale. Barbara, in spite of her usual placidity, made good battle on this occasion. She cried, and scolded, and reasoned, and implored; it was as much as Mr. Walker and Mr. Samuel Tomkins, aided by their mute witness the lease, and that very clamorous auxiliary the gardener, could do to out-talk her. At last, however, they were victorious. Poor Miss Bab's live stock were forced to make a rapid retreat, and she would probably have marched off at the same time had not an incident occurred which brought her visions of rural

felicity much nearer to reality, than could have been anticipated by the liveliest imagination.

The farmer's wife of whom she had made her purchases, and to whom she unwillingly addressed herself to resume them, seeing, to use her own words, "how much madam seemed to take on at parting with the poor dumb things," kindly offered to accommodate them as boarders at a moderate stipend, volunteering also lessons in the chicken-rearing and pig-feeding department, of which the lady did to be sure stand rather in need.

Of course Barbara closed with this proposal at a word. She never was so happy in her life; her cows, pigs, and poultry, *en pension*, close by, where she might see them every hour if she liked, and she herself with both hands full, learning at the farm, and ordering at the cottage, and displaying all that can be imagined of ignorance and good humour at both.

Her mistakes were innumerable. Once, for instance, she carried away by main force from a turkey, whose nest she had the ill-luck to discover, thirteen eggs, just ready to hatch, and after a severe combat with the furious and injured hen, brought them home to Rosedale as fresh-laid—under a notion rather new in natural history, that turkeys lay all their eggs in one day. Another time she discovered a hoard of choice double dahlia roots in a tool-house belonging to her old enemy the gardener, and delivered them to the cook for Jerusalem artichokes, who dressed them as such accordingly. No end to Barbara's blunders! but her good-humour, her cheerfulness, her liberality, and the happy frankness with which she laughed at her own mistakes, carried her triumphantly through. Every body liked her, especially a smug little curate, who lodged at the very farm-house where her pigs and cattle were boarded, and said twenty times a day that Miss Barbara Jennings was the pleasantest woman in England. Barbara was never so happy in her life.

Miss Laura, on her part, continued rheumatic and poorly, and kept closely to her bed-chamber, the Turkish tent, with no other consolation than novels from the next town and the daily visits of the apothecary. She was shocked at Miss Barbara's intimacy with the farm people, and took every opportunity of telling her so. Barbara, never very fond of her fair companion's harangues, and not the more reconciled to them from their being directed against her own particular favourites, ran away as often as she could. So that the two friends had nearly arrived at the point of not speaking, when they met one afternoon by mutual appointment in the Chinese saloon. Miss Barbara blushed and looked silly, and seemed trying to say something which she could not bring out. Miss Laura tried to blush rather unsuccessfully. She, however, could talk at all times, her powers of speech were never known to fail; and at the end of an oration in which she proved, as was pretty evident, that they had been mistaken in supposing the company of each all-sufficient to the other as well as in their plan of seclusion from the world, she invited Miss Barbara, after another vain attempt at a blush, to pay the last honours to their friendship by attending her to the hymeneal altar, whither she had promised to accompany Mr. Opeldoc on the morning after the next.

"I can't," replied Miss Barbara.

"And why not?" resumed Miss Laura. "Surely Mr. Opeldoc—"

"Now, don't be angry!" interrupted our friend Bab. "I can't be your bridemaid the day after to-morrow, because I am going to be married to-morrow myself."

And so they left Rosedale, and I shall leave them.

For the Mirror.

IS THERE NOT GLORY IN THE SPELL.

BY EVERARD.

Is there not glory in the spell of this resplendent hour,
That wakes of joy the fountain-well, and fills us with its power?
A dream-like influence it wears, that will not soon depart;
'Tis with a pointed diamond writ upon the bounding heart:
And oft, in days to come, when care may cloud the sunny brow,
Some scene will rise on memory's eye that kindles pleasure now:
Till, like a flood of sunshine poured upon the heart and brain,
We shall drink of recollection's wave, and live these hours again.

For who will lose the tranquil thoughts that on this quiet eve
Upon the tablet of the soul their graven glory leave? (asky—
The glow of moonlight fields and woods—the pomp that fills the
The flush of beauty's ripening cheek—the gladness of her eye?
Oh, like a talisman which cheers a pilgrim on his way,
Each scene in after hours will glow in memory's living ray;
For, as the sky is warm and bright when the sun long hath set,
So visions of this peaceful haunt will bless the spirit yet!

With what a leaden and retarding weight
Does expectation load the wing of time.

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles at the brim.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JUNIUS.

It will be recollected that some months since we stated our impression that Horne Tooke was the author of the series of letters, published under this fictitious title, and which acquired so powerful an influence over the politics of the times in which they were first published, and which still continue to excite the most lively curiosity and interest. This conviction was derived from facts developed by two American writers, in whose statements we believed the most explicit reliance could be affixed, viz., Dr. J. A. Graham and Col. J. Fellows, of the latter of whose works we gave a full analysis and review. We are extremely gratified to find the opinions and conclusions to which we were then led, and for entertaining which we have received no small share of reproach from one of our contemporaries, so amply corroborated and ably enforced by no less high an authority than that of the editor of the London New Monthly Magazine. We copy the article entire, as one likely to reward the attention of all readers curious in matters of literary history.—*Ed. N. Y. Mir.*

THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF JUNIUS.

The real object of this publication (it comes from New-York!) is to establish the right of Horne Tooke to the authorship of Junius's Letters. After the many pretensions that have been made to this discovery, it required some nerve to start another—resting, as it does, *wholly* upon constructive evidence. If the new claimant prove the true one, it will add another confirmation of the common remark, that what is most obvious is least observed. No man was, notoriously, more mixed up with the active agents of the times, and no man's conduct and sentiments more truly symphonize with those of Junius. Too much reliance has been placed upon Junius's *good faith*—to which Woodfall's edition of his Letters proves he was but little entitled—or he would, probably, have been discovered long ago.

The editor, or discoverer, we are almost tempted to call him, traces Horne's history, in Stephens' Life, and shows, fact by fact, how intimately, or rather how identically, circumstances in the life of Horne correspond with the occasions of Junius's Letters—how naturally particular incidents in Horne's conduct produced the explosions of Junius's Letters. The first letters known to be from the hand of Junius appeared in April and May, 1767, under the signature of Poplicola; and these are all but brought home to Horne. Wilkes was in exile at Paris, and Horne was just returned thither from a distant tour with a pupil. The contents show the writer must have been some time absent from England—they refer to matters become stale—nay, one of them replies to a letter published in Woodfall's Advertiser some months before. They express the resentments of Wilkes, and are precisely what might have naturally been excited by the communications of Wilkes to Horne. Soon after Horne's return to Brentford, in August of the same year, appeared another letter of Junius, with the signature of "Faithful Monitor;" relative mainly to the Townsends, in which he says, "I have served under the one, and have been forty times promised to be served by the other." Now Horne certainly, and with great zeal, supported Charles Townsend, while a member of Grenville's Ministry, and was promised a court chaplaincy by the brother. In the following year, Horne's activity was conspicuous on several public occasions, particularly in bringing to justice the murderers of Allen, killed by the military in a riot in St. George's Fields—again, in prosecuting M'Quirk for murdering Clarke at the election at Brentford—and again, in the case of the Kennedys, for the murder of Bigby. On all these occasions, which excited considerable sensation at the time, Junius, under different signatures, addressed letters to the "Public Advertiser," written, all of them, in the very self-same spirit which animated Horne.

Horne's quarrel, about the same time, with Onslow, is all but decisive. Horne and Onslow had sparred at a public meeting of the Surry freeholders, and very shortly after Horne published a letter, with the signature of "Surry Freeholder," charging Onslow with an act of ministerial corruption, to which Onslow replied, and announced his intention of prosecuting the printer. In consequence of this threat, Junius writes a note to Woodfall, inquiring "if Onslow means to keep his word about prosecuting—yes or no will be sufficient." The next step is Horne's empowering the printer to give up his name, and enclosing a second letter to Onslow, in the character of "Surry Freeholder." This is followed by a note from Junius, on which he writes, "I know Mr. Onslow perfectly. He is a silly fellow—depend upon it, he will get

nothing but shame by contending with Mr. Horne. As to Junius, I must wait for fresh matter, as this is a character to be kept up with credit." The circumstances all but identify Junius and the Surry Freeholder. It is worthy of remark, too, that the whole of the correspondence between Horne and Onslow is published in the edition of Junius's Letters, directed by himself, and arranged studiously, so as to include all his political writings.

Resulting from Onslow's prosecution was Junius's well-known letter to Lord Mansfield. Onslow got a verdict against Horne for four hundred pounds. On the eighth of November, 1779, a rule was obtained to show cause why this verdict should not be set aside, much against the good-will of Lord Mansfield; and the twenty-sixth of the same month was appointed for the argument before the twelve judges. "What was Horne to do? Boldly attack the chief justice—denounce him as a tyrant, unjust and partial in the exercise of his official duties; render him odious to the people, represent him in such a manner that his brother judges, for the preservation of their own characters, will refuse to support him." Accordingly, on the twelfth, four days after the application for a new trial, comes a philippic from Junius against Mansfield to the printer, with a private note, in which he says, "we have got the rascal down, let us strangle him if it be possible." The letter probably had its effect—the decision of the court was reversed. A fresh perusal of the letter will show clearly the *personal* motives of the writer; and the private notes, with other letters by Junius on the same subject, under other signatures, will go far to identify Horne and Junius.

Beckford's celebrated remonstrance and reply to the king, both known to be written by Horne, and Junius's letters on the same matters, under his own signature, and that of "Modestus," will furnish still farther marks of identity.

But nothing, perhaps, is more conclusive than Junius's letter to the duke of Bedford. On the fourth of September, 1769, Horne, with many others, was proposed to be made a freeman of the borough of Bedford, and the duke, with circumstances of some indignity, interposed his veto against John Horne only, remaining perfectly silent in regard to all the rest. Eleven days after this insult, Junius announces to Woodfall in a private note, a letter to the duke for the following day. The letter shows there was no political or public cause for the vindictive attack—it arose wholly from the personal insult offered to Horne by the duke. The second sentence in the letter is, "You have *nice feelings*, my lord, if we may judge from your *resentments*!"—and there is nothing but this of the duke's to Horne.

Or if this fail to establish the identity between Horne and Junius, the correspondence between Horne and Wilkes—the pretended quarrel between Horne and Junius on the same subject—together with the subsequent private correspondence between Wilkes and Junius, will, we really think, leave scarcely a shade of doubt upon the mind of the reader.

This, then, is the chief of what may be termed the internal evidence—we have only been able to glance at it—but the editor enumerates some of a more external kind. Woodfall did not publish his complete edition till 1812, that is, not till a few months after Horne Tooke's death. Woodfall was apparently in the secret. In the preliminary essay, written, it is known, by Mason Good, the acute American points out several passages which seem to indicate Woodfall's acquaintance with it. In this essay, too, which discusses the several claims that had been made to the authorship of the letters, many *evasions* appear, and these universally involve the name of Horne Tooke. He is not even mentioned in the list of claimants, though Thicknesse, as early as 1789, published a volume vindicating his title. Horne Tooke himself, more than once, upon challenge, avowed his knowledge of the author; to some one who spoke to him of the quarrel between him and Junius, he said, "Junius was my best friend;" and once, in a discussion as to the originals being still in Woodfall's hands, he said, abruptly and peremptorily, *they were all surrendered*. Lord Grenville is said, on the authority of Mr. Baker, we believe, to hold five letters which indisputably prove the name of the author. He has provided, it seems, for the publication of these documents on his death, and, in the mean while, the duke of Buckingham and Lord Nugent are pledged to silence. Lord Grenville, it is added, has said, the author is not any of the persons who have been suspected. This may have been said, supposing it to have been said at all, the American thinks, in ignorance of Thicknesse's work, to which, certainly, little attention was ever paid—it is not, for pretty obvious reasons, even enumerated in Woodfall's list. At all events, the volume before us—were it only for the close research it displays, and able development—deserves re-printing in this country. It must excite further inquiry.

For the Mirror.

THE PEASANT MAID.

BY ISIDORA.

THEY tell me of a distant land,
Where skies are bright and fair,
And of a kind and gentle hand
To guide my footsteps there.
They speak of gardens, blooming fair,
A rich and stately dome,
With marble halls and fountains rare—
They say it is their home.
They promise robes of beauteous dye,
Rich jewels for my hair;
They tell of sights to please the eye,
Sweet sounds to charm the ear.
They tell me, slaves upon my will
In humble guise shall wait;
They speak of honours greater still—
A high and happy fate.
They lead me to the mirror stream,
Where snow-white pebbles shine—
And tell me fancy's fondest dream
Ne'er showed a form like mine.
They say, this kind and noble pair,
'Tis for this face of mine—
These clustering curls of golden hair,
And eyes that brightly shine,
They wish to lure me from my home,
Their splendid lot to share;
To grace their high and stately dome,
And dwell a princess there!
They say my beauty would inspire
The theme of every tongue—
And that their minstrels to the lyre
Such charms have never sung.
They say no child their arms has blest,
None lives their wealth to claim;
And they with honours will invest
The lowly peasant's name.
'Tis true I love their words so sweet,
I smile, perforce, to hear;
And run to gather garlands sweet
To bind this golden hair.
And then I seek the mirror stream,
This wondrous form to view;
But oftener, in my silent dream,
I see another too.
My father! with his silver hair,
And eyes that cannot see;
He loves me, not for beauty rare,
He never looked on me!
But when I lead him, morn and night,
Where the green paths are dry,
He says I am his orb of sight,
The daylight of his eye!
My mother, too, with kisses kind,
She never called me fair;
But, while her arms are round me twined,
I know that I am dear!
Would splendid robe and jewels rare,
And slaves, and heaps of gold,
Make me forget my mother dear,
My father, blind and old?
And they have taught me, morn and even,
Upon my bended knee,
To pray the gracious God of heaven
From sin to keep me free.
And is it not a sin to be
Estranged from friends so kind?
They tell me, sweet serenity
Dwells in a lowly mind.
They teach me duty is the way
That leads to endless bliss;
Ah! then my duty bids me stay—
What tie so strong as this?
Away, away! thou dazzling dream
Of splendour, false and vain!
I'll seek no more the mirror stream,
Nor tempt my pride again!
Farewell! ye kind and noble pair—
If in your splendid dome
Ye held a gorgeous prisoner there,
Whose heart was in her home—
Whose eye, amidst the glittering train,
Beheld a father's tear;
Whose ear, through music's softest strain,
A mother's sigh could hear:
Ye would not bless the chance which led
Ye to our mountain home—
Nor seek to lure a peasant maid
To share your splendid dome!
And when I seek the mirror stream,
'Twill be to drop a tear;
And grieve that flattery's witching theme
E'er bade me worship there!

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

To a gentleman of this city.

No. I.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

DEAR SIR—I shall pass over the better half of my voyage, so far as it regards the time, for, with the exception of cutting through fields of gulf-weed in the stream passing; islands of ice off the banks of Newfoundland, starting up like white clouds in the distant horizon, and assuming the most fantastic shapes as you approach them, of churches, castles, and peopled towns; a shoal of porpoises now and then coming down upon the ship, leaping from the water, with flocks of gulls careering over their heads; the swift dart of the shark, and the blowing of the whale, or the occasional speaking or exchanging signals with some solitary wanderer like ourselves over the vast deep; all is one lengthened ocean waste. Far as the eye can reach wave succeeds wave, heaving its blue bosom to the sky, and lashing and foaming with its own turbulence. A few hours of sun, and a short calm, and then come dark clouds and swelling winds, and torrents of hail and rain, and were it not for the duties of the ship, a life at sea would be one of endless suffering.

We had taken tea below, and the second-mate and myself were busily employed in contriving a snare for a huge rat that had lately much annoyed the steward, when we heard the welcome cry of "land! land!" Rat and trap were left; we jumped on deck, and mounted the shrouds to the mizen-top-gallant mast, and beheld Foul island looming up its bluff base and summit in the far-off horizon. This was the thirty-first day of our departure from New-York, and though we were only in sight of a mere mass of rock, of scarce six miles in circumference, barren of all but a little green turf, confined as long as I had been, for the first time in my life, to a drear watery waste, you can have little idea of the delight with which I again looked out on terra firma. Shrouded in a soft twilight, it seemed like fairy land, and most gladly would I have lowered the boat and have set foot thereon.

Foul island is of no importance except to the mariner, it lying in the centre of his track between the Shetland and Orkneys, and is generally the first land made on an eastward passage to the North sea. We soon passed it, and early the next day came up with Fair island, which is about the same size and latitude. This being well watered, it has become, from the summer rendezvous of a few fishermen, to possess a permanent population of between three and four hundred. We backed the topsails, and lay to, and were immediately boarded by a dozen men or more, who had boldly ventured into the rough sea for the purpose, eager to barter fresh fish, eggs, and fowl for salt meat, tea, coffee, and sugar. I can assure you they were welcome visitors, for our stock of fresh provisions had been some time exhausted.

These islanders inhabit rude huts, half under ground, are completely exposed to the rough ocean winds, and for more than two-thirds of the year are enveloped in fogs, thick clouds, and storms, principally depending upon fish and the passing vessels for their support, and yet, with all these discomforts, their number is fast increasing, and no offer can induce them to emigrate. They hospitably urged us to go ashore, and our captain declared that, if it were consistent, he would have rather visited them in their rude habitations than the finest city in Europe. Touched with the same romantic disposition, a rich gentleman from Boston some time since left his ship to her voyage, and actually passed three months on the island in its gratification. They gratefully remember his generosity and kindness during his stay among them, and are very particular in their inquiries after their "governor," as they call him, from every vessel they board, no matter to what port of America she may happen to belong.

In two more days we had crossed the German ocean, made the naze of Norway, a dark rugged pile of mountains, and were rapidly passing up the Skager rocks, along the Jutland coast. We now began to experience a little of the pleasures of ship sailing, having left the heavy sea- swell for a smooth rapid current, with land continually in sight, a clear sun, and a cracking breeze just abaft the quarter. We soon weathered the Skaw, and crossed to the Swedish shore. These unadorned descendants of the Goths paint every thing red; neat continued villages were thus presented to the eye, and to so great a predilection is the favourite hue carried, that not only the hull, but even the sails of their boats are of this colour. The coast is generally low on the Cattegat, and destitute of wood, yet a little back from the villages I could occasionally copy a more varied and romantic residence, situated on the

declivity of a hill, and surrounded by tastefully arranged patches of grass and cultivated ground, and embowered by the towering beech and fir. These were probably the seats of some lord of the manor, who perhaps could trace his pedigree back to the time of their leading forth and settlement by the immortal Odin. But the pride of lineage and the blaze of heraldry concern not me, and as we half lowered our fore and main-top-gallant sails, as a salute to Cronberg castle, and let go our anchor in the roadstead on the thirty-sixth of our passage out, I shall bid you adieu, leaving Elsieur, Hamlet, and Sound-dues till my next.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

BISHOP HOBART.

THE following very affecting record of the last moments of this truly eminent divine, drawn up by his kind and attentive host, has already been published in several papers. Its appearance in our pages might therefore be deemed superfluous, but that the intense interest universally felt in the subject will render its preservation invaluable to all readers.—*Ed. N. Y. Mir.*

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH

OF THE

RIGHT REVEREND JOHN HENRY HOBART, D. D.

Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this State.

This right reverend prelate and pious servant of God, expired at the parsonage house of St. Peter's church in the village of Auburn, the residence of his friend, the writer of this article, at four o'clock on Sunday morning, September 12, 1830, being, it is believed, about fifty-six years of age.

The following article is not destined to draw the character of this distinguished ornament and defender of the christian cause; in it there will be no attempt made to delineate the features of that noble and energetic mind, nor will it be employed in ordinary obituary reflections.

The writer is under the impression that the public, especially that portion of it which is attached to the episcopal church, will be impatient to have before them the particulars of the last days of this extensively known, and ardently beloved individual. Under the pressure of no common emotions, he deems it his duty to employ the first moments he has, after having finished his attentions to the body of the friend of nearly thirty years, in giving the afflicted members of the church, and the weeping relatives and personal friends of the deceased, such particulars as cannot well be expected from another, and which a sense of painful responsibility impels him not to delay. Should the task be found imperfectly performed, let my apology be read in that oppressive weight of feeling which cannot be removed till time has reconciled me to the prevailing stillness and gloom of a dwelling visited by death, to the absence of assiduous physicians, and the retiring of anxious attendants and inquiring friends.

Bishop Hobart arrived at my house on the evening of Wednesday the first of September, in ordinary health, with the exception of a slight cold, which he said made him a little chilly. He rested well that night, and complained of nothing unusual the following morning. He preached that morning in St. Peter's church, and administered confirmation to nine persons. His sermon, alas! his last sermon, was uttered in his usually impressive manner, and listened to by a full congregation with a profound stillness and attention. The text was Job, xxviii. 28.—*The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.*

On returning to the parsonage house, he complained of coldness and of oppression at the stomach, from which his friends have known him to suffer very severely for more than twenty years. He ate little at dinner, and shortly after retired to his room, where he slept sometime. At tea he ate nothing, and soon after returned to his room, where he bathed his feet in warm water and went to bed. On entering his room, as he was dressing himself, to hand him some letters, I found he complained still more of being unwell. He was urged to abandon the idea of meeting his appointments for the two next days, and take some active medicine. To this measure he expressed great reluctance, though it was repeatedly pressed upon him by different members of the family. The Rev. Mr. Hollister, of Skeneateles, called about twelve o'clock, noon, with a conveyance to take the bishop to Pompey, where there was a church to be consecrated the following day. About half an hour before this, Dr. Morgan, of this village, called to pay his respects. On discovering the bishop's evident tendency to indisposition, he seconded the remonstrance of the writer against proceeding on his tour of duty. The bishop yielded to his advice, and the doctor went to his office to prepare some medicine, which he kindly offered to administer

himself, and proposed to remain till the operation was over. This he did.

It may be interesting to some to be informed of a coincidence which will be here stated. On the ninth of September, 1826, the writer having been but a few weeks a resident of this place, Bishop Hobart held confirmation in the church here. Towards evening of that day he was taken suddenly ill while alone in his room. A young man who has attended him in his last illness, being in an adjoining apartment, heard him fall; the writer was alarmed and ran to his assistance, and found him lying on his face, faint and somewhat convulsed. Orders were instantly given to call a physician, and Dr. Morgan, then an entire stranger to all concerned, was providentially found in the street, and in a few minutes was with the bishop. By a timely prescription and careful attention, the threatened illness passed over, and the next day found our prelate consecrating a church at Moravia, nearly twenty miles from this place. Whenever the bishop has subsequently made any stay in this village, the doctor has called upon him. The bishop was from the first very much pleased with this gentleman, and, as will be seen, grew fond of him, and placed the utmost confidence in him to the last. We now return to the narrative.

The medicine given as above stated took a happy effect, and the prospect was, that after a few hours of repose, and some further medicine, the bishop would be relieved. He rested well for the greater part of the night of Friday, the third; and, though during most of the following day, Saturday, the fourth, he suffered considerably, he found himself much better and more comfortable on Sunday, the fifth, and it was supposed that he would be soon wholly relieved. It was evident, however, that under the most favourable circumstances, he could not in safety attend to his appointments for the two following weeks. During the middle of the day, a letter dictated by himself, was addressed to his son, Dr. William H. Hobart, in the city of New-York, expressing the opinion of the bishop himself that he was convalescent; but as he concluded that he should not have sufficient strength to perform the duties of his visitation appointments, it would be advisable for him to return home as soon as he should be able to travel, and he wished his son to come on for the purpose of attending him on the way.

On Monday, the sixth, the editor of the Gospel Messenger suggested to the bishop the propriety of issuing in the form of an extra, the notice which has been seen generally by the readers of newspapers. In that extra, which was read to the bishop, he requested the alteration of the original expression of the writer, and substituted for it, "his disease is now yielding to judicious treatment." On Tuesday, the seventh, the symptoms were more unfavourable, but there was nothing by any means alarming either to the physician or himself. During Wednesday, the eighth, the bishop's disorder assumed a severer character, but he was evidently much more comfortable through a large portion of Thursday, the ninth, but on Friday, the tenth, and towards the evening of that day, it assumed a fatal aspect. About nine the bishop's son arrived. His introduction into the room of his venerated father produced emotions better imagined than described, and which will not be soon forgotten by those present. The bishop was in full possession of his powers of mind and voice. The inquiries he made after his family, the pious counsels he addressed to his child, the fervour of his religious feelings, the ardour of his affectionate language produced for a time a most thrilling and overwhelming effect. Painfully interesting as this interview was, it was truly gratifying to those who had hitherto surrounded the bishop's bed, that Dr. Hobart could hear from his father's mouth not only his last admonitions and affectionate entreaties to make the Saviour of his soul the supreme object of his love, but that he might have from it an assurance that the father had the fullest confidence in what his physicians had done for him. This sentiment was very frequently expressed during the whole of his sickness. Though he had the advantage of the counsel of several of the most distinguished and able medical gentlemen from other villages, and though he was very much gratified by their visits, and still more by their untiring attention, he never failed to assure both them and his attending physician that he had the most entire confidence in the latter. To him he often addressed the most grateful, pious and tender remarks. Again and again he would say, "My dear doctor, give me your hand, it soothes me, you have been very kind and faithful to me, you have been most judicious in your treatment of me, you will not lose your reward, for whether I live or die you have done your duty. God will bless you, my Saviour will bless you." To his other attendants he was continually addressing the most warm acknowledgments, imploring upon them the richest

blessings. On receiving the slightest refreshment or relief, his first expression was, "God be praised," and then he would tenderly and repeatedly thank the immediate agent. Time will not permit any thing like a narrative of his conversations and remarks to those in his room. Throughout his sickness none were admitted who were not necessary to his comfort.

Though Bishop Hobart did not consider himself alarmingly ill, till the latter part of his sickness, still he frequently observed, even in the earlier part of it, that it was the *third* attack of the kind, and one such, he had no doubt, "would some day be his end." "Perhaps," said he, "this may be that one—if so, God's will be done—O pray for me that I may not only *say* this, but *feel* it, *feel* it as a sinner; for bear me witness, I have no merit of my own—as a guilty sinner would I go to my Saviour, casting all my reliance on him—the atonement of his blood. He is my only dependence—my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, my God, my Judge." Such was the tenor of much of his conversation; and it is most earnestly wished that the writer had the ability as well as time to record in the glowing language of the departed prelate, the evidence he gave of deep humility, of living faith, of animating hope, of the joys of heaven.

On Sunday, the fifth, he requested the writer to perform in his room the office of visitation of the sick, in which, with his prayer book lying on his bed before him, he joined with that delightful fervour for which his manner has been so often admired. Frequently, through the day and the night, he would request either the writer or the reverend brother who was with him all the time from Tuesday P. M. till he died, to use some short prayer. This practice was continued till he became too much exhausted to be benefited by it. He often asked for some portions of Bishop Andrew's litany to be read. In his own repetition of them there was a thrilling effect upon those present.

On Saturday morning the indications were so wholly discouraging, that his physicians advised that he should be informed that they considered him in a very dangerous situation. Though the bishop had evidently regarded his case as very doubtful, he might not be aware that his time was so near out as it proved to have been.

The painful office of making the communication fell upon the writer, and it was suggested that if he had any thing to do or say, there should be no delay. An allusion was made to his wishes as to the Lord's Supper. "Oh yes," said he, "the sacrament—the sacrament, that is the last thing, that is all, let me have it." There was a firmness and composure in his manner as he uttered the words, "God's will be done," which moved every heart, and confirmed all present in the conviction that the pious affection of this venerated and beloved bishop could not be shaken by the approaches of death.

The sacrament was soon administered by the writer, and long will that solemn scene be remembered by all who beheld the transaction, as one of the most tender and moving character. When the person officiating came in the confession to the words "by thought, word, and deed," the bishop stopped him and said, "you know the church expects us to pause over those words—pause now, repeating one of the words at a time, till I request you to go on." This was done—and the pauses in each case were so long that a fear passed over our minds that he had lost his recollection or fallen asleep. This, however, proved not to be so, he repeated each word, and after the third pause, added, "proceed, I will interrupt you no more." At the proper place he requested to hear read the ninety-third hymn; as soon as the reading was ended he sung clearly the second and third verses.

From this time, which was about nine o'clock in the morning, there was no very important change. During the night he said very little, and for about four hours before he expired was nearly, if not quite insensible to what was passing around. He sunk into the arms of death without a struggle, and his face soon assumed that engaging expression which has in life so often delighted those who loved him.

The most expeditious preparations were made for his removal to the city for interment. A respectable body of the inhabitants of the village assembled at the parsonage house, where after a few remarks by the writer, he performed that service in the Clergyman's Companion, prepared by the bishop himself for similar occasions. The body being placed in a hearse, (Sunday, three o'clock P. M.) a procession was formed; the writer and some members of his family, with the wardens and vestrymen of St. Peter's church, with some other members of the congregation followed the corpse in carriages, (Dr. Hobart having previously taken his departure.) The bell of St. Peter's church was tolled till the procession reached the edge of the village, when the people on foot and some others returned, and several carriages proceeded with the

body to Weedsport, eight miles, where a canal boat was in readiness—and it was committed to the care of the Rev. F. H. Cumming, who it should be stated had been the constant attendant of the bishop, night and day, from Tuesday P. M. The qualifications of this gentleman for a nurse, and his untiring assiduity made him a most important aid to the writer and his family during those trying days. He was so acceptable to the bishop, that he was unwilling to have him a moment from his room, except now and then he would command him to go and get some rest.

The foregoing has been written to meet the supposed expectation of the distant public, and the bishop's more immediate friends, that the writer would make them acquainted with the most prominent facts and incidents in the last days of that eminent man, whose death fills the church with mourning.

JOHN C. RUDD.

A FABLE.

Once there was a fairy that had more benevolent and enlarged views than most of her species. She said her people had done very wrong in confining all their gifts to mankind, who had long since ceased to be worthy of their glass slippers, magic rings, wonderful mirrors, and pretty little luck-pence; her heart burned to be of service to the brute creation. So she stepped up to a cow, which was grazing by the way side. "Cow," said she, "what do you wish for most in the whole world? If you will tell me, you shall have it?"

The fairy was not much bigger than a grasshopper, and the old cow thought it was very presumptuous in her to pretend to have so much power.

"However, there is no telling," thought the cow, "for those little mosquitoes that do me so much mischief are a great deal smaller than she is."

Then the cow said, "If I might have my wish, I would be a bird. I do not like to be tied up in the barn every night, and never to be allowed to go but into one pasture. The birds have no troubles; they are free and happy. They can fly away from danger, and in winter they can warm themselves by the sun. Then they are at liberty to go all round the world, and gather information from every country. I am weary of this life of servitude and sameness."

When the fairy heard these words she touched her with a little wand, and the cow changed to a bird, and flew merrily away. Soon after the fairy met a robin, and she said, "Pretty robin, what should you most like in the world?"

"I should like to be a whale," said the bird; "I think it is very degrading to be such a little mite of a creature as I am; I always look on every thing large with envy. Besides, I should like to live away down under the water, because I should be so safe there; hawks could not find me, or the guns of cruel men reach me."

The fairy thought he was a foolish bird, but she did as he wished her; and he plunged into the water with a mighty noise. As the fairy stood by the sea-shore she saw another great whale afar off, and she jumped into an argonaut shell, and went to the whale, to ask him if he were happy.

"No, I am not," replied the whale; "but I am sure I should be if I had been made a horse, instead of being a whale. Those beautiful creatures do not have to wait upon themselves; they are fed and tended, and their coats brushed to shine like the sun. No harpooners pursue them; no sword-fish and a thresher unite to torment them; they live in plenty, and die in peaceful old age."

"It is very strange," said the fairy, "that every one should be unhappy where God has placed them; how true it is that each one knows his own sorrows better than another."

She granted the whale his wish, and flew away, well contented that she had that day done three benevolent actions.

The next year the kind-hearted fairy sought out the creatures she had changed, and asked them if they were very happy?

"Oh, I was very silly," said the cow, "when I changed the petty troubles I had known and tried, for greater ones I had never heard of. I was a fool to think there was more freedom in the air than on the earth. I have lived in perpetual terror of the hawks and the guns. Oh, I wish I were a cow again."

The fairy changed her to a cow, and the grass tasted sweeter to her than it ever did. Upon inquiry it was found that the others were as unhappy as she had been. The whale, wounded by sword-fish, and pursued by harpooners, was dying to breathe the sweet air of heaven once more, and to build its nest among the green summer boughs; while the horse, whipped and goaded during the day, and tied up through the night, longed for the freedom of the waves again.

And thus it is with mortals. Every one wishes to be what

he is not. The poor man thinks that poverty is peculiar for its trials and temptations; that if he were rich, in the midst of his possessions, he would never more be troubled with care; but notwithstanding, he is often weary of a world that has no new excitement to offer; fretted by ten thousand pretended claims on his generosity, embittered by ingratitude, and sickened with the heartless flattery of contending heirs. The uneducated man envies the idol of literary fame; every thing seems bright and golden in his path, and he does not know how often the darling of popular favour mourns for the peaceful spirit of the unambitious, and the untroubled faith of the ignorant; how often he despises the friendship, which he sees is but a selfish desire for temporary importance; and how, in very heart-sickness, he shrinks from the publicity which the world will heap upon him, and the rancorous animosity it is sure to bring in its train. Content is the whole of wisdom—the amount of all philosophy. Every class of mankind has an equal share of happiness; and if we do not believe it, it is because we have a more distinct knowledge of our own troubles than of any others. We may believe that if we could exchange places with the wealthy and the celebrated, we should have philosophy enough to avoid their restlessness and languor; but we deceive ourselves. Mortals cannot escape a mingled destiny. For wise purposes there is a drop of bitterness at the fountain; it mixes with all the waters of life; and whether we drink from an earthen or golden cup, we cannot escape our portion.

DUKE OF ORLEANS AT PHILADELPHIA.

The duke of Orleans, now king of France, spent several months in Philadelphia in the year 1796. His whole conduct here was devoid of pride or discontent. The times seemed to indicate a total loss of rank and fortune, yet he was cheerful and resigned; nothing, indeed, could be more unpresuming and gentlemanly than his demeanour here. My intercourse with him was frequent. He came to Philadelphia from Hamburg in the ship *America*, commanded by Captain Ewing. On landing, he was invited by David Coningham, now alive, to lodge at his house in Front-street, where he was visited by many gentlemen of the city, and entertained very hospitably for several weeks. Mr. Coningham, as one of the house of Coningham and Nesbitt, was consignee and owner of the ship.

Not long after his arrival in Philadelphia he was joined by his two brothers, the dukes de Montpensier and Beaujolais. These young princes had been confined by the authorities of France, in the chateau d'If, situate on an island in the Mediterranean, opposite to Marseilles, and obtained their liberty on condition of going to America. For want of a better conveyance, they took their passage in a brig that had on board upwards of a hundred of our countrymen, just released from slavery at Algiers. They bore their exile with becoming fortitude, appearing like their elder brother, submissive and cheerful. I saw them often in society. On one occasion, meeting the three brothers in the street, Mr. D'Orleans (for so the elder brother was always called) told me that he had just heard that his good friend Captain Ewing, of the ship *America*, was at the wharf, on his return from Hamburg, and that he wished to take him by the hand, and introduce his brothers to him. I accompanied them to Ross's wharf, where the *America* had that moment hauled in. Captain Ewing came on shore, and was received by Mr. D'Orleans with the warmest cordiality, and presented to the brothers. This evidence of kind feeling on the part of the princes, and total absence of all pride or notion of superiority, showed that in them exalted birth and royal education were no obstacles to the adoption of our own plain republican manners.

Shortly after they travelled all three on horseback to Pittsburgh. I saw them pass along Market-street, equipped as western traders then used to ride—having a blanket over the saddle, and their saddle-bags on each side. When they returned, Mr. D'Orleans hired a very humble apartment in Fourth, near Prune-street, where I visited him. He did me the favour to trace the route he had just taken, on a map that hung in his room, and told me that they managed very well along the road; taking care of themselves at the taverns, and leaving their horses to be groomed by the *only* servant they had with them. "We could have done very well," said he, "without any servant, had we not been anxious about our horses."

These distinguished exiles afterwards descended the Mississippi, and went to the Havana, and from thence to Cadiz; and subsequently having made their peace with the brothers of Louis the sixteenth, the present king Philip married a princess of the reigning Bourbons of Naples.

We had in Philadelphia at the time they were here Talleyrand, the duke de Liancourt, Volney, De Noailles, Talon, and many others; but of whom returned to France, and played a part in the past republican scenes of the revolutionary drama.

It is worthy of remark, that the king of England and the king of France have both been in Philadelphia. National Gaz.

LAFAYETTE.

The following is an extract of a letter from Paris, dated August tenth, to the editor of the Boston Sentinel.

"General Lafayette can now be ranked with Washington without exaggeration. His late conduct has capped the climax of his glory. Few people at present realize the degree to which he is entitled to our admiration. When, on the first days of the contest, I was told that he had come to Paris from La Grange to accept the dangerous post of leader of the armed people, I could hardly credit the news. Who could then have divined the issue? And had it not proved successful, think of the terrible consequence to the old veteran. To escape to America with his life, was the utmost he could have hoped in such an event. But he not only accepted the command, but did not fear to appear on horseback in military dress in various parts of Paris in the prosecution of his arduous undertaking. But his fearless devotion to the cause of liberty constitutes the smallest part of his claim to our admiration. It is his magnanimity, his wonderful disinterestedness, and the purity of his patriotism that rank him with Washington. It must be recollected that he is an avowed republican, that he has always desired a republic for France. And yet the new king, Philip I., is indebted to him personally for his crown. Yes! I am confident of this extraordinary fact. It is not generally known that a republic would certainly have been established, of which Lafayette might have been at the head, had it not been for his noble and disinterested preference of his country to himself. But he reflected that a republic, at this crisis, would be at the risk of foreign or civil war, or both. He was not afraid of either. He knew that he and the people could maintain a republic against both foreign and domestic foes. But he knew also that the duke of Orleans would make a "republican" king, and at the same time not endanger the public tranquillity. The magnanimous Lafayette, then, did not hesitate to give the duke his support, without which he never could have reigned. This I gather not from newspapers, but from the state of the public mind, expressed in innumerable ways, and particularly when the people came so near stopping the deliberations of the chamber of deputies the other day, and when no body could calm them but Lafayette. People now cry about the streets medals of "Lafayette, Pere des Français."

FRENCH MEDALS.

We have been favoured by an esteemed friend with two French medals, struck in commemoration of the late revolution in Paris. One is of gold, the other of silver. They bear the same inscription and devices. On the one side the tri-coloured flag waves from a staff which is fixed in and supported by the temporary barricades which were hastily thrown up in the great conflict. The fleur de lis also rears its head from the same foundation, and the whole is surmounted by the words "Aux intrepides citoyens de Paris." ["To the intrepid citizens of Paris."] In a line beneath the piles of granite blocks, trunks of trees, &c., is the word "barricades," and around the lower edge of the medal the words "Des 27, 28, 29, Juillet, 1830." On the banners are inscribed 1789—1830. On the reverse, Lafayette, veteran de la liberté, 1789—1830. Baltimore Gazette.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES X.

The ex-king of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace while a peasant from Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter encouraged by the gaiety and playfulness of the young count, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and, to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his province. The prince with all the ingenuousness of childhood, expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labour which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood. "Ay!" said the man; "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed." "Well then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes, "you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me some pocket money, for which, after all, I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money and give it to your wife and children; but be sure not to

mention a word of the matter to a living soul, or you will be finely scolded." On leaving the apartment, the honest dependant acquainted the governor of the young prince with the conversation that had taken place. The latter after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret; adding, that he should have no cause to repent of his discretion. At the end of the month the young Count d'Artois received his allowance as usual, and watching the moment when he was unobserved, hastily slipped the whole sum into the hands of his *protégé*. On the same evening a child's lottery was proposed, for the amusement of the young princes, by the governor, who had purposely distributed among the prizes such objects as were most likely to tempt a boy of the count's age. Each of his brothers eagerly hazarded his little store, but the Count d'Artois kept aloof from his favourite amusement. The governor, feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason of this unusual prudence?—still no answer from the count. One of the princes, his brothers, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young count so hard that in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed, "This may be very well for you; but what would you do if, like me, you had a wife and five children to support?"

EXCERPTS.

In the struggle of contending interests, though peace is sometimes lost, intellectual energy is roused; and while the strife of emulation, and the restlessness of ambition disturb the quiet of society, they produce in their collision the genius that adorns it.

WITH A TRIFLING PRESENT.

Not want of heart, but want of art
Hath made my gift so small;
Then, loving heart, take hearty love
To make amends for all;
Take gift with heart, and heart with gift,
Let will supply my want;
For willing heart, not hearty will,
Nor is, nor shall be scant.

Such favours, so conferred, though unsought,
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one hating to be obliged—
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

FAREWELL.

Oh Anna! do not say "farewell,"
Though we be doom'd to sever;
'Tis like the sullen passing bell,
Of pleasure gone for ever.
Ah! find a gentler language then,
The mournful truth to tell,
Say 'parted friends may meet again,'
But do not say farewell.
Oh! do not say farewell.
It tells of pleasure past away—
It tells of future sorrow;
That summer smiled on yesterday,
And winter comes to-morrow.
Around the heart it seems to throw
A melancholy spell
Of mingled memory and woe;
Oh! do not say farewell.
Oh! do not say farewell.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.

CHARLES THE TENTH'S JOURNEY.

The following are additional particulars to the already known description of Charles the tenth's journey:

The cortège was closed by seventeen carriages filled with the baggage of the royal family. There were several of them laden with gold.

The most singular and most curious part of the cortège were some pale-faced and bilious persons, who, in token of their distress, followed those who preceded them barefooted, with their hands on their backs, and their eyes fixed on the ground, moving mechanically, without taking the least notice of what passed around them, totally absorbed in the contemplation of their misfortunes. Notwithstanding the coarse clothing that covered them, and the workmen's dresses they had put on, there was no difficulty to recognise them. These were a few Jesuits who had figured at the court of Charles the tenth, and who undoubtedly could find no other asylum than that of his mournful cortège.

An immense crowd of peasants and bourgeois ran to the roads on his passage. Curiosity was depicted on all countenances, and pity on some. For the remainder not a single word escaped; neither acclamation nor reproach disturbed the mournful—the lugubrious silence. The cortège advanced

in the midst of the waves of the multitude; and the steps of the horses and wheels of the cannon were distinctly heard. All the spectators contented themselves with beholding the fallen court; but no one expressed either astonishment, hatred, or sympathy. Wherever the cortège passed, the national flag was flying. The tri-coloured cockade decorated every button-hole, and the tri-coloured flag waved on every building and window. Some of the postillions even wore this emblem of our victory.

The dead body of a *garde du corps* was found extended on the road near Nonan Court. He died, no doubt, from fatigue. Both men and horses had been for several days deprived of food and rest.

At Tilleres, a small bridge between Nonan Court and Verneuil, the cortège halted. The royal family alighted at the inn, and dined at a postmaster's. Their repast consisted of eggs and fruit. The duchess of Angoulême scarce stopped a few minutes, but went immediately to the village church to pray.

The room where the royal family dined faced the street—the windows were open, and a crowd, eager to see the fallen monarch, besieged the doors of the inn to witness his departure.

During the whole time Charles the tenth did not pronounce a single word; he not even addressed his grand-children, whom he had ordered to be placed by the side of him.

For the Mirror.

LA DELAISSÉE.

BY CLIO.

Alas! *une Delaisée*, without a beau,
I'm doom'd to pass the autumn, and forego
The envy of my sex, the love of his,
And all because I said I liked blue better
Than crimson for *mon chapeau*; and a kiss
Denied him for his very silly letter,
Written from shady Weehawk, where his wine
Was more the cause of love than charms of mine.

Alas, that gentlemen, when *un peu bleu*,
Should think all other people of their hue;
Or fancy love that's vinous, suits as well
As the pure spring of deep unsullied feeling,
That quiet flows in the heart's shaded cell,
Its silver rippling stream of light revealing
With timid glow, when flowing o'er the eye—
Or o'er those dew drench'd flow'rs, the cheek's soft dye.

And then, alas, to think these thoughts *how vain*—
These sighs, that may not bring him back again—
That prey upon the heart's declining bliss.
Why suffer his *congé*, before a better
Had made his *dévoir* too. Ay, aught but this.
If he would only write another letter,
I think I could forgive him, though he were
Constrain'd to kiss me thrice in my despair.

But no—I see it all, with Delphic eye—
The future and the past, the last "good-by."
Now at some *soirée*, flatter'd by some fair—
More favour'd, if not fairer—all his graces
Calling forth with soft obsequious air,
To choose the choicest comfits, coolest places—
And whisper tender nothings in her ear—
Nothings, which I would now delight to hear.

While I am doom'd to trudge, with *pa* and *Clo*,
The Battery's tedious round—or bid to go,
At ten, when out, and leave the coterie,
When wit the ice bands of form is breaking,
And the loud laugh and hyden revelrie,
Their home-bred maxims of restraint forsaking,
Make midnight vocal with their sweet *fracas*,
And stolen kisses punish with ha! ha!

The opera, and the concert, and the balls,
The promenades, the bright illumined halls;
Alas to me is lost their witchery,
And all their sights, and sounds, and sighs, and flutter;
And nods, and smiles, and love's light archery;
And thoughts and feelings ladies may not utter.
But cherish—ah, too oft as buds of flow'rs,
The canker that consumes as love does ours.

I'll rise no more at six a blush to wear,
Nor put in cannon curls my golden hair;
I will not smile, as all young ladies should,
To show their pretty teeth; and my Dunstable
I will resign for slouchy green silk hood;
And eat of every thing upon the table;
I'll take to reading mathematics, too,
And look as vile as Lady Montague.

I'll wash my pretty hands in Carter's soap,
And for a ribbon wear an abbess' rope;
Do any thing but please the gentlemen;
And if at length I do consent to marry,
'Twill only be to vex and worry them;
Unless, indeed, at length I should get Harry:
And then!—But, oh, till then my falling tears
Shall note the number of my lonely years.

FINE ARTS AND THE DRAMA.

MUSIC.

THE Marsellois Hymn, as it is usually termed, given on the last page of the present number, written by one Rouget, early in the French revolution, the music attributed to divers composers, among others to Méhul, but with no certainty, is a remarkable specimen of the prodigious effect which the union of poetry with melody is capable of producing on the passions. The maddening influence of this beautiful and energetic appeal in behalf of liberty, without doubt occasioned a more general recourse to the advice "*Aux armes, citoyens*," than the finest orations, or the best penmanship could have accomplished under any circumstances. There were various other revolutionary compositions, generally of a very mean cast, among which we point out the famed "*Ca ira*." This song, from the terrific and blood-thirsty sentiments it contained against "*Les Aristocrates*," whom it doomed "*a la Lanterne*," without mercy or reservation, has not remained in the same esteem as the Marsellois Hymn. Indeed it cannot but recall scenes acted in the reign of terror, for which all well disposed Frenchmen are compelled to blush, and which go very far to saddle them with the opinion which Voltaire has given of their nature and disposition; added to this, the music is not of a superior grade, nor is preferable to Yankee Doodle, which, except for its associations, we cannot compliment as a national anthem. The effect produced by the singing of the Marsellois Hymn lost none of its pristine vigour, when it heralded the return from Elba of Corporal Violet, as the French termed Buonaparte, and the second deposition of the Bourbons. The power it possesses has been equally proved in the third rejection of that besotted and bigotted family. On the restoration of Louis the eighteenth, *Le desiré*, as he was misnamed, the Marsellois Hymn and the tri-colour flag gave place to "*Vive Henri quatre*," and the *drapeau blanc*—all revolutionary airs of course being suppressed; and after the famed hundred days and the battle of Waterloo, when Louis re-ascended the throne, in addition to the suppression of all songs containing even an allusion to liberty, flowers of all kinds were precluded from being worn as nosegays, in sympathy for the misfortune which had occurred to the Bourbons through the type of a violet. So suspicious were the authorities in France of the conduct of the people, and so weak in manifesting their fears. At that time, in addition to the beautiful old air and chorus called "*Vive Henri quatre*," another national anthem was adopted, bearing the words as chorus, "*Vive le Roi, Vive la France*." This composition is decidedly very beautiful, but not comparable to the Marsellois Hymn, the modulation of which is superior to that of any similar piece of music which has fallen under our observation; and as it has now become, with every chance of remaining so, the recognised national air of France, an acquaintance with it cannot but be agreeable to our musical readers. We should observe, that several notes have been altered from quavers to crotchets, and vice versa, to suit the English version; but it is so obvious, that any person acquainted even slightly with music, can use the same copy for both the French and English poetry.

The effect produced by this inspiring air, as lately sung at the Park theatre in both French and English, is not easily to be forgotten. Richings' majestic and portly person seemed to dilate beyond its usual ample proportions while giving utterance to the martial strain; and a worthy French patriot, who volunteered for the first time to appear on the stage, gave the couplets with astonishing energy. The letter R rolled round his mouth like distant thunder, in the word *marchons*; and his little round person seemed inflated beyond its natural limits. As for the audience, they shouted and stamped and encored, in a most patriotic manner; and the number of persons who whistled the melody next day was alarming. B.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE attractions at this house are continued with uncommon splendour. Forrest is drawing crowds to witness the masterly and successful representations of his favourite characters. He has not performed any new part since our last notice. Mrs. Austin, the first female vocalist in the country, has re-appeared, and in that very popular drama of our C. *Rokeby*. Her estimation in public opinion daily increases, and will continue to do so as long as the charms of music fail not to effect their wonted influence upon the human heart. To these brilliant stars another is destined soon to succeed, which will, unless fate is peculiarly adverse, produce no ordinary impression in the dramatic world: it comes in no less imposing a person than that of Edmund Kean; and his name has magic in it, which requires no comment of ours.

For the Mirror.

THE REVELLER'S FESTIVAL.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

There was mirth in the brimming bowl,
And wit in each jovial call;
And the merry shout rang freely out
From the reveller's festive hall.

"Fill, fill the goblet high—
"Drink, drink the rosy wine!
"Bright liquid gem in love's diadem,
"Immortal joys are thine!"

Then they filled "to hoary time,"
Each echoed it forth with glee;
"For to him belong the laugh and song,
"And his votaries all are we."

"Let's mingle the joys of the glass
"With the witching strains of the lyre;
"For the cup of delight but sparkles at night,
"Its beams in the morning expire.

"Now fill 'to the present hour,'
"A bumper, a bumper to this!
"The future and past to the winds we'll cast,
"For here is our heaven of bliss!"

But hark! that awful crash!
Like the spheres when rent asunder!
While the scream and groan with death-like tone,
Are heard through the peals of thunder!

Alas for the reveller's joy!
For the angel of death hath passed;
And the funeral bell with its chimes can tell
How fearful hath been his blast!

Glory to him who falls
Where combat the free and the brave!
The trump of fame shall echo his name,
And beauty strew flowers o'er his grave.

Tears for the blooming maid,
Who sinks 'neath the blight of decay;
She has fled in her prime e'er the dark clouds of time,
Could shadow the light of her way!

Joy for the aged sire
Who falls like the leaf in its sere;
He has passed to that shore where bliss evermore
Shall reward him for faithfulness here.

But alas for the reveller's death,
Oh who shall his memory cherish?
The tear-drops that fall o'er the wine-bibber's fall
Are in anguish for him doomed to perish!

ORIENTAL MAXIMS.

ATTACHMENT to the world is the origin of all vice.
Old men have no need of any greater malady than old age.
The ignorant is not a man, and the learned without virtue is not learned.

Whatever perfections you have, do not boast of them, for you will not be believed upon your word.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself: though you have a thousand, not one of them loves you so much as you ought to love yourself.

Have no intercourse with an envious person, with one who has no regard for you, with a fool, an ungrateful man, with an ignorant man, with a miser, with a liar, with a vulgar man, or a calumniator.

Life is a dream, and death is the time of waking, and man fits between the one and the other like a phantom.

The only way of not being bored in good company, is to say witty things yourself, or sit still and listen to the witty things of other people.

The crow will become white before the man who seeks for knowledge without application will become learned.

The world is like an inn, in which the traveller sleeps to-day and leaves to-morrow.

A man without money is like a bird without wings, or a ship without sails.

Do not shut your gate against those who wish to enter, and do not refuse your bread to those who wish to eat.

Take warning from the misfortunes of others, that others may not take warning by your own.

Words are for women, actions for men.

Eat and drink with your friends, but neither sell to them nor buy of them.

Though your enemy may appear no more formidable than an ant, consider him as an elephant.

P. S.—The volume from which we have concocted the above is gray, very gray, with years and cobwebs. There are about an hundred or two more maxims remaining, which, if we live, (for we are already very aged,) we intend to do into English. They are most of them true, take an aged gentleman's word for it.

N. E. Galaxy.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Letters from St. Petersburg.—We commence this week the publication of a series of interesting letters, written in the capital of Peter the Great. They have been politely furnished us by an attentive friend.

Family Library—History of Insects.—We have read the eighth number of this most valuable series, (just published by the untiring Harpers,) with unusual interest and satisfaction. Of all studies perhaps there is none more captivating than that of animated nature, and it is scarcely possible to write any thing upon this branch of knowledge that shall be entirely incapable of affording pleasure or advantage to the reader. From Pliny and Aldrovandus and Spallanzani down to Buffon and Goldsmith, and the still more accurate and curious investigations of modern naturalists, the subject has continued to afford matter for research; and every succeeding observer has brought to light new and interesting facts and materials for astonishment and delight to the inquiring student. The present volume is peculiarly useful and agreeable, as it presents only such details as are amusing and instructive, without descending to speculative inquiries or dry details of experiments which, however important to the cause of science, are not likely to prove attractive to the reader who has neither time or inclination to pursue the study of natural history in all its ramifications. The article upon bees in particular is remarkably interesting, comprising, as it does, almost all the discoveries of Huber, whose work upon these wonderful insects attracted a few years since so much attention. The ants are also treated of largely, and much to the pleasure and edification of the reader. We think this volume, and such as may succeed it in the same series, will be found invaluable for academies, as it certainly is worthy of a place in every library. The perusal of it has been to us like a green spot in the desert of dull and foolish books, through so many of which it is the unhappy destiny of editors to wade.

Crabbe's Dictionary of General Knowledge.—A new stereotype edition, greatly improved and enlarged, of this valuable manual is about being published by Mr. Sleight, of this city. We have examined specimens of the work, and are truly pleased with its typographical neatness, and with the beauty and spirit of the numerous engravings which illustrate the most important definitions.

The Barony.—This is an interesting romance, in the true vein of the author, who is no less popular and familiar a personage than Miss Anna Maria Porter. Although the school of Scott and Bulwer have somewhat dimmed the lustre of all former favourites with the public, there is still left a large class who will greedily devour the present work, and thus revive old and delightful impressions.

Miss Sterling.—This accomplished pianist is about treating the musical coteries with another concert. We feel bold to prophesy it will attract a full, fashionable, and delighted audience.

New Comedy.—One of our most popular writers, distinguished alike for the brilliancy of his wit, the caustic vein of his humour, and the vividness of his description, is engaged in the production of a dramatic sketch, in which the native features of the American character are to be prominently displayed. From the success of all the former attempts of the author in every department of literature which he has approached, and from his acute powers of observation and his intimate knowledge of men and manners, we are disposed to augur very favourably of the proposed undertaking. Mr. Hackett who has struck out, with singular boldness, a new line of original characters, will undoubtedly be offered a fine opportunity of signaling himself, and increasing his stock of well-earned reputation.

New Tragedy.—Of all the difficult undertakings in literature we consider the least easily surmounted to be that of composing a regular tragedy. In this country no attempt of the kind has yet bordered even on an approach to success. The field is, therefore, open, and the present times are peculiarly auspicious to any writer who will enter the lists. One native tragedian stands ready with his masterly powers to ensure success to even an ordinary production. We are glad, therefore, to learn that a writer in Philadelphia, who has already gained considerable credit, has finished a tragedy for the stage, in which Mr. Forrest is to fill the prominent character. We sincerely wish the author and actor success.

Sketches of China.—We have read Mr. Wood's Sketches of China, just published by Carey and Lea, and are much pleased with the work. It is embellished with several engravings from original designs.

MARSEILLOIS HYMN.

WITH THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH WORDS.—COMPOSED BY JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE.

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

Ye sons of free-dom, wake to glo - ry, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires ho - ry, Be-hold their
 Al - lons, en - fans de la pa - tri - e; Le jour de gloir - e est ar - riv - é; Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni - e L'é - ten - dard

tears and hear their cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-rul ty-rants mis-chief breed-ing, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fan
 san-glant est levé.— L'é - ten - dard san - glant est levé.— En - ten - dez - vous dans les cam - pag - nes Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol -

band, Af - fright and des-so - late the land, While peace and li - ber - ty lie bleed - ing? To arms! to arms! ye
 dats? Us vien - nent jus - ques dans vos bras E - gor - ger vos fils, vos com - pag - nes. Aux ar - mes, ci - to - y -

2d TIME CHORUS.

brave, Th'a - veng-ing sword un - sheath: March on, march on, all hearts re - solv'd, On vic - to - ry or death!
 ens! for - mez vos ba-tail - lons! Mar - chez! mar - chez! qu'un sang im - pur a - breuv - e vos sil - lons.
 Mar - chons! mar - chons! nos

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
 The dogs of war let loose are howling,
 And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 And shall we lawless force, with guilty stride,
 Spread desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
 To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But Freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

Quo veut cette horde d'esclaves,
 De traîtres, de rois conjurés?
 Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
 Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
 Français, pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
 Quels transports il doit exciter!
 C'est nous qu'on ose menacer
 De rendre à l'antique esclavage!
 Aux armes, etc.

Quoi! des cohortes étrangères
 Feraient la loi dans nos foyers?
 Quoi! ces phalanges mercennaires
 Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers?
 Grand Dieu! par des mains enchaînées
 Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient!
 De vils despotes deviendraient
 Les maîtres de nos destinées!
 Aux armes, etc.

Tremblez, tyrans; et vous, perfides,
 L'opprobre de tous les partis;
 Tremblez—vos projets parricides
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.—
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre:
 S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
 La France en produit de nouveaux
 Contre vous tous prêts à se battre.
 Aux armes, etc.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
 Portez ou retenez vos coups;
 Epargnez ces tristes victimes
 A regret s'armant contre vous;—
 Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
 Mais ces complices de Bouillé—
 Tous ces tigres qui, sans pitié,
 Déchirent le sein de leur mère.
 Aux armes, etc.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
 Liberté, Liberté chérie,
 Combats avec tes défenseurs:—
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
 Accoure à tes mâles accents;
 Dans tes ennemis expirans,
 Vois ton triomphe et notre gloire.
 Aux armes, etc.

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For the Mirror.

A DEATH SCENE.

Written in memory of Mrs. Eliza Beck.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

SHE died! We could not save her—mourners stood
Around her bed, and tears flowed thick and fast
From many an unsealed fountain; and there came
Physicians in, and ministered, and spoke
Of hope while life remained. It was in vain.
All human power was powerless before death.
All felt it—and the words of comfort, breathed
By each in turn to each, fell on the heart
Like drops of water on the unyielding stone,
Producing no impression. None mistook
The tokens the destroying angel sent
Of his approach; and none deceived themselves—
Although they strove with a false kindness still
Awhile to blind each other.

Grief grew loud
And louder, as the fearful consciousness
Came rushing o'er the mind, that earthly things
Were passing from her ear. The voice of prayer
Was offered up to heaven; and that one voice
She knew, and blessed, e'en with her parting breath.
Then all around grew dim. The objects loved,
Best loved in life, became like distant things
On which she had no hold. The fleeting soul
Could not be stayed, when it was called by Him
To whom it owed its being—and she died!
Died once to live through all eternity.

The spark of life went out just as the sun
Was setting in his glory; and the light
Lingered in softened shadows round the room,
As if it were intended for a type
Of light beyond the grave. Her eyes were closed
For ever on it here—and yet she looked
As if she had but gone to sleep, to take
Her natural rest after the toilsome day,
So placid and so tranquil was her brow—
So calm and undisturbed each feature lay
In its unbroken stillness. There was peace
Stamped on that quiet face. And oh, I thought
While watching the departing spirit there,
'Twas not so very hard a thing to die!
No struggle told of pain or agony—
No sigh escaped, as gently from the lips
The last breath passed—and the heart's throbbings ceased
So easily, the nearest scarce could know
When first its pulse was still.

It must be thus
The christian dies! The world but little knew
Of her, or hers. Fame had not heard of her.
She dwelt amidst the quiet scenes of life,
Unenvying and unenvied—but her heart
Was full of warm affections, and the earth
Had been to her a pleasant place. She loved
Its varied gifts—its fruits, and plants, and flowers,
All, all were blessings—sun-light, clouds, and rain,
Alike were good to her well-balanced mind.
But most she loved her husband, children, home—
They were her idols; and it was not meet
That the heart's worship should be given long
To aught of human mould. 'Twas thus decreed,
And it is done.

A little spot is all
She now requires for her last resting-place.
There the green turf may grow, and flowers may bloom,
And sun and rain may come; but she will ne'er
Have thought or care for them again. A stone,
A simple stone, will tell her humble name
To passers by—but her best monument
Will ever be engraven on the hearts
Of those who knew, nor yet knew half her worth,
Till she was gone.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"His was the way to rise, and he was blest."

JOHN ****, the son of a respectable butcher, in Westminster, London, was, at the age of ten years, employed to serve his father's customers with beef, &c. at their houses. Among the most noble and liberal of his patrons, was the lady of Lord Dartmouth, who soon became so much pleased with the punctuality and fidelity of the butcher's boy, that she often condescended to treat him with such cakes and other dainties as were considered suitable to his age and condition.

After having served the family daily, for about two years, he called one morning, as usual, mounted on his little pony, with a large tray of meat before him, and was informed that his patroness had gone out in the coach with her lord for the benefit of the air. At this moment, while in the act of delivering his tray of provisions to the servant at the gate, his attention was arrested by a female voice from one of the windows of the palace, which exclaimed in startling accents, "Robbery! robbery! Stop the thief! He that runs yonder! The villain has stolen my lady's jewels! The casket is under his arm!"

The quick-eyed butcher-boy caught sight of the fugitive in a moment—dropped his tray—put spurs to his pony, and darted off with great swiftness in pursuit of the robber. Fear added wings to the felon's speed, for with him the race was for life or death. Through three different streets was he closely followed by his intrepid pursuer on his panting pony, when he suddenly turned to the left, into a small ally, which led to the little gate that opened into "the bird-cage walk," on the west side of St. James's Park. As he passed the gate the butcher's boy was close at his heels; but the straitness of the entrance compelled the latter to dismount, which gave the fugitive some advantage. The pony soon succeeded, however, in squeezing through the passage, when his young master again vaulted on his back and resumed the pursuit with a speed that soon brought him within hearing of the sentinel on duty at the corner of the park near the horse-guards, to whom John cried, "Stop the robber! stop the robber! He has stolen a casket of jewels from Lady Dartmouth!" &c. The soldier ordered the man to stand, but was only answered with a blow, which was instantly repaid by a death-wound from the bayonet of the sentinel.

John now came up, and after the proper explanations secured the casket of jewels, which were of great value, and bore them off in triumph to the palace of Lord Dartmouth, (who had just returned home with his lady from their morning ride,) where he found the whole family in a terrible consternation at so bold and daring a felony; for the stolen casket not only contained all the rich jewels of her ladyship, but also the diamond star of the earl, which was of immense value. Lady Dartmouth had fainted, and the earl, between the loss of his jewels and the situation of his wife, was nearly distracted.

The appearance of the butcher's boy, however, with the casket in his hand, soon restored order and happiness to all concerned. Words were inadequate to express the feelings which glowed in the bosoms of Lord and Lady Dartmouth; for the chivalry of John had completely won their hearts. On the following day the earl sent for the boy's father, and requested permission to take the lad, and educate him at his own expense. With this proposal the father instantly complied, and was ever grateful to the earl for his kindness. The boy immediately became an inmate of the palace, and was in due time placed in one of the best public schools, where he made such rapid progress in the Latin and Greek languages, that he was soon fitted for the university. At college the development of his intellectual powers was still more successful, and he became one of its brightest scholars. Always at the head of his class, he was rewarded with two of the first premiums, received the honours of the university, and had the credit of being the most learned of its members—being equally acquainted with the elegant as with the profound branches of science and literature.

Let us here leave him for a moment in the successful pursuits of his brilliant career, and return to the palace of his noble patrons.

Twenty days after the incident which placed our youthful hero under the earl's protection, Lady Dartmouth's confidential chambermaid was found lifeless, suspended by the neck from a bed-post. In her bosom was a paper developing the particulars of the robbery, which was perpetrated by her lover at her own suggestion, while she was preparing to elope with him to the United States. The temporary absence of the earl and his lady, on their morning ride, was the moment fixed on for the perpetration of their project. She seized the casket of jewels, placed them in his hands, and bid him fly to a place of rendezvous already agreed upon. In de-

scending the great stair-case, however, Smith (for that was the felon's name) was met by a female, who recognised the casket and gave the alarm, as before stated. Grief for the death of her lover, remorse for her crime, and shame for an anticipated exposure of her frailty, prompted this wretched girl to perpetrate this last and irreparable act of rashness. Her confession concluded in the following terms: "It was I who stole the casket—I gave it to him—I urged him to fly—I have been the cause of his death—I am the guilty one; guilty of all! Oh! the horrors of a guilty conscience! Alas! alas! there is no hope! All on this side the grave to me is darkness, black as the regions of despair! Endless misery on the other closes my prospect."

In the meantime the fortunate agent of this disclosure was pursuing his studies with the success before mentioned. On completing his course at the university, where he graduated with the most flattering honours, he became a private tutor to the young earl of F***, through the recommendation of the whole faculty of his alma mater. At the palace of the young nobleman he continued for two years, devoting all his time and attention to the intellectual advancement of his noble pupil, who not only made great improvement under his judicious instructions, but gradually conceived the most ardent friendship for his excellent tutor, who, in return, loved the pupil as a father loves a son.

But this course of instruction was fated to be interrupted by an incident as singular as unexpected. The young earl's widowed mother unfortunately conceived an affection for the amiable tutor, and had the imprudence to confess her passion to the astonished object! This confession was met by a prompt but respectful repulse, which threw the lady into a violent rage. On retiring from the library, where she had sought and held this mortifying interview, she met her son, who had just returned from a short excursion on horseback. An éclaircissement took place, which resulted in exculpating the tutor from all blame, although the young earl was at first disposed to think differently. Though mortified and grieved for the weakness of his mother, he was immediately reconciled to his friend, but told him that he must that very night leave the palace, and never enter it again while her ladyship lived. At the same time his lordship assured him of his undiminished esteem, and promised him that on the vacancy at Lambeth, which was shortly expected, he would exert all his influence to have him created an archbishop. Within twelve months from that date the butcher's boy became "His grace of Canterbury," and was seated in his princely palace at Lambeth, dressed in his pontifical robes, with the key of St. Peter suspended at his bosom; a man full of wisdom, piety, and benevolence.

J. A. G.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER TWO.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

The sovereignty of Denmark over the waters leading to and from the Baltic, has been considered absolute from the earliest ages, and the origin of Sound-dues is unquestionably owing to the protection and assistance extended by the Vikings, or armed cruisers, to foreigners trading in those seas, or coming to share the rich fishery that formerly abounded here. These dues, at first arbitrary, have now for nearly two centuries been established and fixed by treaty; and, as ten or twelve thousand vessels annually pass the Sound, and hundreds are not unfrequently detained at anchor in the roads by head winds, they seem no more than a fair equivalent to the Danish government for the maintenance of a strict maritime police among them, the taking surveys, and the expense of erecting and furnishing light-houses along the coast.

We had scarcely brought to when a sail-boat came alongside; the captain and myself jumped in, and as we only lay about two miles distant from the shore, we were soon landed at the health-office. Here we underwent a short impatient examination, the officer asking a thousand questions, keeping us without an iron railing, and handling each successive paper that we passed through to him with long slender iron

pincers. At length our certificates were pronounced in "order," the bill of health "clean," the gate was thrown open, and we once more found ourselves on terra firma. We had been joined by one of the firm of our attentive correspondents, and immediately proceeded to the counting-room, for the transaction of our business. Sound-dues were soon settled, the order of supplies made out, when, there being no prospect of a wind, we concluded on a stroll through the town, and a visit to Hamlet's garden. What a contrast did Elsinour present to any thing American! There all is new and fresh and young, and here it looked so remarkable, so quaint, and so antique. A momentary awe came over me as I gazed on the relics of time, and my thoughts turned back with the charm of song to the deeds of other days. More than a thousand years ago this was the capital of the kingdom; now it is the mere stopping-place to pay Sound-dues, obtain supplies, and take a pilot! The limits of the town, however, do not seem to have been curtailed. It possesses a population of about six thousand, has several churches, and a theatre. The streets are narrow, without side-walks, leaving the pedestrian to seek his way through them as he best may; the houses are of brick and stone, with tiled roofs, and mirrors attached outside to the windows of many of the principal houses, that reflect the figures of all who pass to those within. I caught several pretty girls obtaining these furtive glances, and would recommend the arrangement to our Broadway belles, as preferable to sit gazing boldly in front of their open Venetians.

We found the garden at the extreme end of the town, and entered it through a dirty yard. A smooth lawn, checkered by trees, and shrubbery, and statues of plaster, spread out from a steep ascent to a high plain; groups of children were at play, and a few ladies promenading along the gravel walks. We took a turn or two, and then ascended by a zig-zag path to the summit of the hill. This was separated from another of equal height by a narrow dell, through which gurgled a clear rivulet, and walks ran along the brow, and were shaded by high forest trees. The prospect from hence was varied and beautiful. Far to the left lay the deep Cattegat, the town of Helsingborg, a train of villages, and a long line of Swedish coast was in front; to the right stretched out the Sound, whitened by the sails of a numerous fleet from every clime; and before rose Elsinour, and strong Cronberg castle, flanked with towers, and dear to the English reader as the ghost scene of "Denmark's buried majesty." Half up the eminence stands a white stone building, with a flat roof and surrounding parapet, once the residence of the noble Hamlet, and now that of the governor of the town and castle. Here, along the brow of the hill, was his favourite walk, and here where we stood tradition points out his grave, and the scene of his untimely end; and who can tell but in the purling brook beneath the fair Ophelia was "pulled down to muddy death," and lies buried on its grassy bank! In looking down the narrow dell it were certainly no hard matter for imagination to conjure up the funeral train, the "bringing home of bell and burial;" and hear the loved and loving, yet guilty queen, scattering her gathered flowers, and in low and plaintive accents sigh,

"Sweets to the sweet, farewell!
"I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
"I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
"And not have strew'd thy grave!"

History is not positive of even the name of Hamlet, and tradition is obscure and contradictory of his life and death; but what care we—he lived and breathed in the imagination of the prince of poets; and when the spot that is consecrated by his birth and burial shall have lost its charm of natural scene and prospect, it will still be dear in association to the lovers of the noblest reasoner, and the most singular and incomprehensible being that the wild genius of Shakspeare ever drew. ***

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LINGTON, WITH OTHER FUGITIVE POEMS.

8vo. pp. 87. G. & C. & H. Carrill. 1830.

"You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education," remarks Sir Richard Steele, "but if he happens to have any leisure upon his hands, will turn his head to one of those two amusements for all fools of eminence, politics and poetry." Had the composition of novels been included, the observation would be equally applicable to the present day. So far as numbers are concerned, we have an abundance of politicians, novelists, and poets. The shelves of the booksellers are loaded with effusions of writers in these several departments—with impracticable theories, inflated narratives, and maudlin verse; with suggestions and schemes of government that

can never be acted on; scenes, characters, and events that never had existence; and "namby-pamby madrigals of love," that never should be read. He whose duty requires him to take some note of current literature, cannot but be surprised, if he turn his thoughts back for a single year, and reflect what a host of books, in the three departments we have named, have, in that brief space, passed in review before him. He will indeed be apt, like Cassio, to remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; for it must be confessed, that a very small portion of the books that are every day issuing from the press, are of a kind to make a permanent impression on the mind. Of poetry, this is true in a particular manner. Within a few years, a great number of poets have sprung up in this country, some of them exhibiting evidences of a very considerable degree of genius; yet among them all, how few are there that have written what will be remembered when themselves are passed away? A recent Boston work contained, we believe, the names of something like a hundred living American poets, (heaven save the mark!) but we much doubt if a candid critic would not be sadly puzzled to single out from these, a dozen who stand the least chance of being read and admired in another generation. When we have named Bryant and Halleck, Percival and Hillhouse, Dana and Sprague, with perhaps one or two others, we have named all whose works really do their country honour. There is a wide, we had almost said, immeasurable distance, between these and the younger crop of poets. The productions of some of the latter are well enough in their way, but it is a bad way. They do not sufficiently bear in mind that

"Verse is the mellow fruit of toil intense,
Inspired by genius, and informed by sense."

They too easily satisfy themselves, and seem not to know that the outpourings of an excited mind are not necessarily poetry. Their "random gleams of wit" show the possession of genius, but genius not properly cultured and restrained. Mere genius, unaided by study and labour, never produced any thing truly great. Eloquent passages, happy expressions, irresistible touches, may proceed from unassisted genius; but poetry does not consist in casual warmth of language, brightness of thought, or felicity of expression. He who would have his page glow with steady lustre, instead of being lighted with occasional glimmerings, must not trust entirely to the first promptings of a heated mind, but must consent to labour in various moods; he must revise his productions when the ardour of composition is passed; must strengthen what is weak, prune what is redundant, clear the obscure, repress the exuberant, weigh every word, and condense every thought. Poetry is an art, and a very difficult art. Sensibility, a nice perception of the beautiful, an ear for harmony, and a soul easily thrilled, are the gifts of nature: and, in so far, poets may be said to be born. But it is one thing to appreciate the beautiful, and another to describe it: it is one thing to be moved, and another to move the reader. Dexterity in the use of language, skill in the arrangement of parts, aptness in the choice and application of images and illustrations, are the result of study and practice.

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As they move easiest who have learned to dance."

This does not seem, however, to be the opinion of the younger poets of this country. They pour forth their effusions as if there were a well-spring of song within them, which must have vent. They write every thing that occurs to them, and publish every thing they write. Hence it is that they never rise above that middle flight, that *aurea mediocritas*, which however desirable an elevation in fortune, is an unenviable height in poetry. It is a just remark of Horace,

"Ego nec stultum, sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice."

The author of the work which we have named at the head of these remarks, is in some degree amenable to their censure. There is scarcely a page of the beautiful octavo lying before us, which does not exhibit evidences both of genius and carelessness. Several of the pieces seem to have been poured forth at the impulse of some burning thought, and not to have been touched again after the ardour of the moment had passed away. Others, which we remember to have met with before in the periodicals of the day, and a good number of which our own paper was the medium of originally conveying to the public, show marks of having since undergone revision; but it appears to have been exercised merely in the substitution of one word for another, without the motive of preference being always very obvious; and not in any attempt at condensation of language, or impregnation of additional meaning. The use of the *painful file*, recommended by the Latin satirist, is a task not easily performed by a young poet.

One cannot well bear to see his production dwindle away under the exercise of a severe taste—to see whole stanzas blotted out, or compressed into single lines; yet let him who admires the informed harmony of the *Æneid* remember, that its beauties are almost as much the result of labour, as of inspiration; that Virgil spent whole days in revising and correcting the effusions of an hour; in smoothing the numbers, retrenching the language, improving the imagery, and adding new grace or vigour to the thoughts.

The volume before us is made up of about twenty short poems, exclusive of some ten or a dozen sonnets, and the longest piece in the book does not contain more than a hundred and sixty or a hundred and seventy lines. Yet in this small quantity of matter, the writer has managed to crowd more beauties and blemishes than we remember to have met with before within the same compass in any recent collection of poems. With the exception of one short piece, the one beginning "Breathe no more the notes of sadness," which is truly about as unmeaning an affair as was ever set to music, there is not a single production in the book that is not characterised in a greater or less degree by beauties, many of them of no common order. With equal truth it may be observed, that there is not a single poem which is not stained with obvious faults. These seem to us to consist, for the most part, in affectations of language, in ambitious prettinesses, or sweet words used to eke out the line, or make it harmonious, without adding any thing to the idea. In the thoughts themselves, our author never subjects himself to criticism. The moral of his pieces, as far as they have any moral, is always excellent. There is not an impure allusion or morbid sentiment in the volume. His melancholy is tender and graceful, and he sorrows not as those who are without hope. His patriotism is that of one who loves his country; not only because it is his country, but because he understands her institutions and appreciates their value. His love is a refined and delicate passion, not mixed with any of the trite nonsense about *lava-blood* and *hearts of flame*, which the imitators of Lord Byron have rung the changes on till one is almost sick of Lord Byron's own exquisite pieces to Thyrza. He writes like a man of strong sense, a warm heart, kindly affections, generous impulses, and keen sensibility. He does not seem to have teased and worried himself into an artificial excitement for the purpose of perpetrating poetry—to have *screwed his courage to the sticking place*; but his page appears to present a true transcript of feelings naturally awakened. Though not *addicted* to betting, that argument of fools, we would not hesitate to lay a wager that the tender and touching little poem, entitled the "Return," was really written in absence, and at the inspiration of the commendable feelings which it expresses. So also the blank-verse effusion, entitled "A Sketch," seems to have flowed spontaneous and warm from a father's heart, swelling with love, and fluttering with a thousand half-formed hopes and fears concerning his child. It was Waller, we believe, who declared he would blot from his works any line that did not contain some motive to virtue. This, in its literal acceptation, is praise which no poet has ever yet deserved; but the book before us, in the moral purity of all its contents, and in the ennobling end and tendency of some, is not surpassed by any similar collection of occasional pieces with which we are acquainted. In these respects, the author may truly say, that he has written "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

The author seems to entertain great fondness for sonnets, and, as is generally the case with men of genius, he shows much excellence in that which he is fond of. For our own part, we cannot own much admiration for this species of poetry. We have no great pleasure in seeing the muse fettered with unnecessary restrictions. It may show a good deal of ingenuity and patience to work upon a thought until it is dilated or compressed into exactly fourteen lines; and so it does to poise an egg upon its end, or solve a riddle, or devise a conundrum. But these are not proper avocations of inspired minds. There is no reason why fourteen lines are not as good a length for a poem as forty; and so, on the other hand, there is no reason why a writer should not extend his effusion to forty, particularly if he cannot crowd it into the former compass without a violence to the thoughts which he wishes to express. The absurdity is in forcing the poet into shackles which answer no good purpose. If one in writing naturally comes to the conclusion of his subject in fourteen lines, it is well; but if not, let him add other lines, until that which is within him is fully embodied and unboomed. It seldom happens, we believe, to sonnetteers, that fourteen lines are the exact measure of their minds. Either the thought falls short, and they have to crowd in unnecessary words to eke it out, or it is too large for the narrow limits, and has to be half told.

The author of *Lexington* has surmounted this difficulty by an ingenious device. When the proper limits were too contracted for his purpose, he has extended his idea, or his train of ideas, into another fourteen lines, and we see no reason why the series might not be continued to any length; thus making a sort of poetical chain, each link of which should be a perfect sonnet. But our main objection to this species of poem, the un-called for restraint which it imposes on the mind of a writer, is not removed by this artifice. So great an obstacle to excellence is the limitation of the sonnet, that we doubt if the English language affords a perfect example of that sort of poem; an example in which there is no diffuseness in the expression for the purpose of dilating it to the proper dimensions, no introduction of irrelevant ideas, or no obscurity from too great condensation to bring it within the required limits. The famous sonnet of Gray, which is put forward by his biographer as perfect, is stained both by tautology and plagiarism. The frequent tinkling recurrence of rhymes necessary to the legitimate sonnet is another objection; it suits not an English ear, and is not in accordance with the spirit of the English language. The majesty and sonorousness of the Spanish, or the soft melody of the Italian, may render this iteration pleasing; but in our more nervous and more various language it has quite a contrary effect.

The sonnet has one recommendation—its brevity. This, indeed, we have no doubt is the characteristic which renders it popular with both writers and readers. The argument in its favour is the same that Goldsmith urges in favour of his "Elegy on the death of a mad dog."

"And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long."

Of the sonnets in the volume before us, it is but just to say that they are remarkably free from the most common fault—fatiguing expansion of a single idea. Several of them are crowded with meaning, which is yet clearly and fully expressed; and they bear the appearance of poems brought to a conclusion, not because they were fourteen lines long, but because the writer had fully delivered himself of the ideas which he undertook to convey. If this is the result of art, the author of *Lexington* has succeeded well in what is said to be the perfection of art—its concealment. We quote one specimen, but are almost afraid that the reader will find in it a refutation of a part of the objections which we have urged against this species of poem.

TIME.

I speak to time.—Byron.

What voice may speak to thee, tomb-builder, Time?
Thou wast, and art—and shalt be when the breath
That holds communion now is hushed in death.
Upon thy tablet, Earth—a page sublime—
Are chronicled the wrecks of buried years!
The cities of the lava-sepulchre—
The relics of God's wrathful minister,
Yield up their hoarded history of tears.
The pyramid, and mausoleum proud,
Attest of thee, and tell of those that were;
Of sounding names now heard as empty air,
That once were as the voice of nations loud;
The Persian and the Greek are kindred there—
Feuds are forgot when foes the narrow dwelling crowd.

The principal poem in this work, and the one from which it derives its title, is truly a fine and spirited lyric. It is not free from errors of carelessness; but its beauties are both great and numerous, and compensate for the trifling faults which a critical perusal may detect. The author begins by a happy description of the evening previous to the battle which was the commencement of the glorious war of our revolution. He pictures it as beautiful and still—as calm

"as childhood's sleep,
The seraph rest that knows not care;
Still as the slumbering summer deep
When the blue heaven lies dream-like there;"

and then, by a sudden and thrilling transition, brings the reader at once in view of the "fearful gathering" which took place on the following morning. The entire portion of the poem in which those hardy fathers of our independence are shadowed forth, is highly graphic and spirited.

There was a fearful gathering seen
On that eventful day,
And men were there who ne'er had been
The movers in a fray;
The peaceful and the silent came
With darkling brow, and flashing eyes;
And breasts, that knew not glory's flame,
Burned for the patriot-sacrifice;
No pomp of march—no proud array—
There spake no trumpet sound—
But they pressed, when the morn broke dim and gray,
Dauntless, that conflict-ground;
Sadly, as if some tie were broken—
Firmly, with eye and lip severe—
Dark glances passed, and words were spoken,
As men will look and speak in fear:
Yet coursed no coward blood
Where that lone phalanx stood
Rock-like, but spirit-wrought—
A strange unwanted feeling crept
Through every breast—all memories slept,
While passion there a vigil kept

O'er one consuming thought—
To live a fettered slave,
Or fill a freeman's grave!

In this passage the critical reader will not fail to perceive some of those errors of haste or inattention to which we object. In the line, "Rock-like, but spirit-wrought," we confess we do not exactly understand the import of the word which we have italicised. In the next line, *strange* and *unwanted* seem to us near of kin to tautology; and a little further on, the epithet *consuming* is erroneously applied. It was that thought or that determination which sustained the "peaceful and the silent"—it was an animating, inspiring thought, not a "consuming" one. But these are specks too minute to require comment; and yet, to own a truth, these specks, small as they are, are all that the most critical can find to complain of in this uncommonly animated and thrilling poem.

The whole management of the poem of *Lexington* is very fine. The contrast between the two hosts, the shock of the encounter, the apostrophe to war, (bating only that such personifications as "fiend of war" and "red havoc" are cold things) the contrasted description of the result, and the closing stanzas, are all finely conceived and finely executed. In this energetic poem there is much of the spirit of Halleck's admirable lyric, *Marco Bozzaris*; and it is somewhat singular that a similar blemish weakens the concluding lines of both these noble effusions. *Marco Bozzaris* ends with tautology and an imperfect figure, and *Lexington* with an error of grammar. Halleck says,

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

What is immortal is, of course, not born to die, and it is scarcely correct to say of names that they are born. The concluding lines of *Lexington* are as follows:

"Plataea's splendour is not thine,
Leuctra nor Marathon;
Yet look where lives in glory's line,
The day of *Lexington*!"

Leuctra and *Marathon*, as well as *Plataea*, should be in the possessive case; and we cannot with strict propriety speak of a day as living in glory's line. It may be said that these blemishes are trivial; they are nevertheless blemishes, and the reader has a right to complain of them, since the author has sufficiently shown that it is to carelessness, and not to inability to remove them, that their existence must be attributed.

"The Appeal," which follows next to *Lexington*, and the merits of which entitle it to "its pride of place," is another poem of which it would be injustice not to say a word in praise. With the exception of an imperfect figure in the first stanza, (*Launch names upon a flood*) there is scarcely a faulty line in it.

We shall proceed now to the pleasant task of copying one or two of the smaller poems of this collection as samples of their general merit. The first one which we give place to, and which we remember to have seen a year or two ago, "The son of Napoleon," recent events had well nigh rendered prophecy. "The banner of his race" does indeed "float once more," and it is not by any means certain that young Bonaparte will not yet be called to act a conspicuous part under that standard which so often waved his father to victory.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

Son of the mighty conqueror!
Thy course is well begun;
Thy home should be the field of war,
Where noble deeds are done:
Thou hast a heritage of fame—
Then bear thy crest on high;
And be the lustre of His name
The light that fires thine eye.

Ay, smile! thy heart may well rejoice
To mingle with the throng,
That heard red battle's earthquake voice,
And peal the victor's song:
Then lead thy sweeping squadrons forth,
The van of carnage dare;
More than thy dukedom's wealth, is worth
One hour of danger there.

The imperial bird again shall soar
Its flight near glory's sun;
The banner of thy race once more
Shall float where fields are won:
Then be thy flashing sabre drawn—
The sword thy grasp befits;
Another *Jena* yet shall dawn,
Another *Austerlitz*!

Speed, warrior-boy, in honour's race,
Nor shun the conflict's rage—
When history gives thy name a place,
Let glory light the page.
Still be that leaf of life unread,
Which tells thy destiny;
The muse may gather from the dead
Enough for prophecy!

The following are the opening lines of a poem descriptive of the achievements of the pencil. The topic is selected with taste, and treated gracefully. The whole effusion is a succession of well delineated and admirable pictures.

PAINTING.

'Tis to the pencil's magic skill
Life owes the power, almost divine,

To call back vanished forms at will,
And bid the grave its prey resign:
Affection's eye again may trace
The lineaments beloved so well;
The speaking look, the form of grace,
All on the living canvass dwell:
'Tis there the childless mother pays
Her sorrowing soul's idolatry;
There love can find, in after days,
A talisman to memory!
'Tis thine, o'er history's storied page,
To shed the halo-light of truth;
And bid the scenes of by-gone age
Still flourish in immortal youth—
The long forgotten battle-field,
With mailed men to people forth;
In bannered pride, with spear and shield,
To show the mighty ones of earth—
To shadow, from the holy book,
The images of sacred lore;
On Calvary, the dying look
That told life's agony was o'er—
The joyous hearts, and glistening eyes,
When little ones were suffered near—
The lips that bade the dead arise
To dry the widowed mother's tear:
These are the triumphs of the art,
Conceptions of the master-mind;
Time-shrouded forms to bring to start,
And wondering rapture fills mankind!

We should willingly give place to other extracts from the volume before us, but must not devote too much of our space to one subject. The reader will have seen from the passages we have quoted, that the author of *Lexington* makes a liberal use of compound words, sometimes with exceeding felicity, and sometimes when the expression has nothing but sound to recommend it. In turning over a few pages we have patriot-sacrifice, spirit-wrought, rust-encumbered, lightning-gleam, warrior-land, carnage-field, ocean-wave, and many others. Among the verbal inaccuracies we notice a frequent use of *ye* instead of *you* in the objective case. The word *flowers* is sometimes employed, contrary to the example of good writers, as a dis-syllable, as in a little poem called "A Thought," at page 57.

"Yet we find midst the gloom that our pathway o'er-shaded,
A few spots of sunshine, a few flowers unfaded."

By the way, the comparison used in the lines from which we make the foregoing quotation has a great deal of beauty:

"Memory still hoards as her richest of treasures
Some moments of rapture—some exquisite pleasures;
One hour of such bliss is a life ere it closes—
'Tis one drop of fragrance from thousands of roses."

We remember a passage in the *Gour of Lord Byron*, in which the opposite of this thought is dwelt on with much power, but at much greater length. It may not be out of place to cite the lines:

"'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then fled as if by death pursued;
But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of memory seemed to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime:
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moments pour the grief of years."

One of the poems in this fascinating volume is addressed to Mrs. Felicia Hemans, to whom it pays a deserved and delicate compliment. In some respects there is considerable resemblance between these two writers. They are both characterised by tenderness, grace, and purity, and they both love to dwell on similar themes, and draw from them similar lessons. The author of *Lexington* has more spirit and fire. Mrs. Hemans shows more extensive reading and greater abundance of imagery. In this particular the writer whose work is under consideration is somewhat deficient. His classical allusions are the same that have been used a hundred and a hundred times, till they are as familiar to the reader who never looked into an ancient author, as to the ripest scholar. His natural imagery and illustrations seem rather to have been gleaned from books than from a close observation of "nature's infallible volume." But with all his faults and deficiencies—and he has many—we know not when we have risen from the perusal of a poetical work with greater pleasure. It is no disparagement to its accomplished writer to say, that we were first attracted to his production by the uncommon neatness of its exterior. We commenced our review in no very amiable mood, and designed to speak some severe and wholesome truths to the young poetsasters of this 'happy soil, where bards like mushrooms grow.' For a little while, in running over the pages, our pencil was employed only in making references to faulty passages; but we soon became attracted, in spite of ourselves, by the beauties of thought and expression, which are to be met with in every page; and we now close the volume, and our notice of it, with thanks to the author for the agreeable treat he has afforded to us. We may truly say, applying to himself his language to Mrs. Hemans:

"Not with familiar images alone,
Pictured upon the heart, thou wak'st thy chords;
Soul-stirring thoughts, and themes of lofty tone,
Like Sibyl-gleams, flash from thy burning words!
Sing on—sing on! that choir indeed is best,
Whence strains like thine come thrilling to the breast!"

THE SONGS IN ROKEBY.

Having been frequently requested to insert in this journal the words of some of the beautiful melodies in the opera of Rokeby, we have obtained permission to comply in part, and enrich the present number with the exquisite effusion called the "Sicilian Knight," which was sung by Mrs. Austin in a most bewitching manner. This shall be followed by others from the same drama, as soon as our limits will permit. The music, which is perfectly delightful, will shortly be published by Bourne.—*Ed. N. Y. Mir.*

THE SICILIAN KNIGHT.

Gentle zephyrs of morning were stealing
Mid the dew-spangled leaves of the grove,
Where a knight, to his lady love kneeling,
Breathed anew his professions of love.
While his war-steed, impatiently neighing,
Chid the gallant young hero's delay,
And the loud bugle's clamorous braying
Called the soldier to battle away.

Though she listens in silence, her blushes
Are confessing an answering flame,
And the sparkling tear tenderly gushes,
As he whispers of danger and fame.
One embrace—a farewell—and 'tis over,
For his gallant steed bears him afar,
And she prays to the saints for her lover,
As he hies to the Palestine war.

Many months sighed the maid in seclusion,
And in dreams saw the chivalrous youth
Plunge the Saracen host in confusion,
In supporting the banner of truth.
And that banner was gilded with glory,
As it gleamed like a comet afar,
And the deeds are recorded in story,
He achieved at the Palestine war.

Yet, amid the rough battle's commotion,
Would his fancy retreat to the grove,
Where he last breathed the vows of devotion
To the fair one who sanctioned his love.
But the rude din of war is now over,
And her champion returns from afar,
While she blesses the day that her lover
Boldly hied to the Palestine war.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE EFFECTS OF A DULL SERMON,
OR THREE HOURS WITH TIME.

It was a sultry afternoon in the month of August. Clara was not, as I had hoped she would be, in her seat at church. My disappointment and a hearty dinner made me wish myself back at home; and I beheld with dismay the Rev. Dr. Spintext, so celebrated for his acuteness in drawing distinctions, and for his ability in expounding mysteries, wipe away the perspiration with his blue cotton handkerchief, as he repeated, for the third time, in a climacteric of emphasis, a text from the Apocrypha. A wicked, heathenish languor came over me; my head was dropping upon the desk in front of me, when I felt my elbow slightly touched by some person in the aisle. I turned around, and observed a significant, queer-looking old gentleman, in whose face was combined a singular appearance of youth and age. His face was wrinkled all over; yet the wrinkles were not the furrows of decay; each one was full of elasticity and life; and his eye, which was protected by long gray lashes, exhibited the buoyancy and good humour of youth. His person was enwrapped in a loose gray cloak, which effectually prevented a close scrutiny into the figure of the wearer. I had, however, no time for observation, for the old man, leaning over the pew door, immediately addressed me in a low voice, and asked,

"Will you step out with me one moment?"

I was heartily glad to get an excuse for leaving the theopolemic arena; and hoping that the congregation would think I was suddenly sent for on important business, I immediately unbuttoned the door, and followed the old man out of church. As we proceeded down the aisle, I observed that the doctor stopped, and the people stared, as if astounded at my irreverence; and all eyes were turned upon me. To my surprise not a creature looked at, or seemed even to observe the old man, who moved along as noiselessly and swiftly as a cloud. When we had at last fairly got out into the church-yard, and were alone, my new friend turned to me,

"You have no disposition, I perceive," said he, with a humorous yet courteous glance of his eye, "to stay and see that old screwdriver boring into non-essentials, and destroying bad instruments in trying to prove worse theories? Come, I have invited some friends of mine to a symposium with me to-day. You will be pleased with their acquaintance. You will go with me? Get on my back?"

This was all said sooner than I can repeat it, and the deed

followed the invitation with infinite rapidity. Quicker than thought I found myself astride of the old gentleman's shoulders, and before I could recover breath, we were above the steeple of the church. As we began to ascend, my future host stretched out from underneath me a pair of huge black wings, with which he made the air to scream, as if severely wounded by the rapid strokes of their pinions. His old gray cloak floated off behind us, in the shape of a dark vapour, and was soon lost in ether. The rushing wind struck off a very genteel wig, with which his bald head had been protected; and my new friend, now stripped of his different masks and coverings, flew, confessed and proven to my astonished eyes, *old father Time*. There could be no illusion. There was his horrid scythe in one hand, and his hour-glass in the other, and his single gray forelock, floating in the wind; and certainly no genius nor devil could fly half so fast. Up, up we flew. What a situation for a poor sinner like me!

My health was not very good; and my friends had lately been telling me that my days were short, and that my *time* was passing fast away; but this was rather faster work than either my friends or myself expected to see going on. My whole life, and all the thoughts and feelings of my life, seemed centered in a single point. I thought of my many insults, neglects, and abuses of the old gentleman; and horror stupified me when I remembered that I had, several times, tried even to kill him. "It is all over with me, now!" thought I; "this autocrat of the world, this ruiner of empires, this humbler of proud and wicked hearts, is about to take his swift revenge." My limbs relaxed, my muscles seemed to melt, when the old gentleman, turning his head partly round, spoke in a sharp tone, (as if to chide me for my want of confidence,) and bade me hold on tighter. I felt re-assured by his manner.

"You much mistake my character," said he; "you have nothing to fear from me. I have read your thoughts and pity your feelings. I am not revengeful; no man ever suffered ill from acquaintance with me, unless he abused my gifts. But I can't talk and fly well at the same time. I will converse with you more at freedom when we get to our journey's end. In the mean time carry my hour-glass, for I have got more than my usual load, and can scarce grasp all."

So saying, he reached me his glass, and I felt not more comforted by his words than by the view of sundry black bottles, nicely wired and waxed, which disclosed themselves to my eyes in his act of turning. I took courage and a firm seat at once. If I had been singing the third verse of "Away with melancholy" in mine own parlour, I could not have felt more easy and comfortable. Our conversation was momentary and monosyllabic, until I observed that we were descending over a sharp ledge of the Rocky Mountains. Here we laid on our wings, and soared along more leisurely, while old Time looked about, as if uncertain where to land. Occasionally he struck with his scythe at some projecting point or eminence, when instantly the face and surface of the mountain became changed. A single touch of that magic weapon wrought wonders as we passed along. A fertile plain would in a moment occupy the place of a barren ledge of rocks; or a lake reflect back the clouds and the neighbouring scenery, where just before some bleak Atlas had reared his head. While hovering about this region we had a very unembarrassed conversation upon the subject of the future destinies of this part of the world. The prospects of the Indians—the growth of the western states—the dissolution of the Union—these, and other topics of the same character, seemed to be familiar matters with my companion; and I must say, that upon this occasion I gained some knowledge of Time's intentions, which certain great men would give all their present prospects to possess. But I need not say, perhaps, that as to my prospective information thus obtained, my mouth is sealed. At length we alighted upon a romantic lawn, which nature had made a garden after her own sweet simple fashion, where wild roses gave their sweets, and the honeysuckle encircled the untrimmed althea, receiving and breathing perfume. We directed our footsteps to a grove of venerable oaks, which spread their magnificent branches hard by.

"These oaks," said Time, "mortals would say have defied my power. But I feel pride in stating that they have been planted and nurtured and preserved by myself. Here is my favourite retreat. When sick of the abuses and unkindness of mankind, here I have often found the wished-for retreat of the philosopher of nature. How sweet retirement is, Mr. Cypress."

I was glad to find that the old gentleman was getting to be sentimental; for the seclusion and sweetness of the spot had already made me rather lack-a-daisical. But suddenly check-

"Here," said he, "I have invited my friends to meet me, I must apprise you who they are. You must not expect to find my equals; I, of course, have none. They are my dependent family connexions. Spirits, like me; all alike, and yet all different; parts of me, yet distinct, and to a certain extent independent sovereigns; not so old as I am, yet born at the same time. These are mysteries, I grant you, and you need not ask to understand them. My friends are the *Hours*. Not the sickly nymphs whom the mawkish fancy of the Grecian poet conjured up. No, my young friend, I know that it has been abusively said of me, more than once, that I occasionally am lazy, and borrow speed and swiftness from the smiles of woman; but I pledge you my word that these reports are only the base slanders of my enemies."

Here the old gentleman spoke with emphatic indignation, and unconsciously striking his scythe against a huge rock, upon which we were casually treading, there sprang up where the blow was given a pure, bubbling spring of water. I smothered an ill-restrained exclamation. The old gentleman took no notice of the matter.

"Pardon my feelings," he continued, "I am getting old, and perhaps peevish. My friends are twelve young gentlemen, (I say young, according to our mode of computation,) hearty, hard-working, industrious, good fellows, who have been fellow-labourers with me since I first followed my present business. You will find them agreeable if you choose to have them so, or they will be cross and ill-natured, as you see fit. They partake a great deal of the fashion of the times, and are not unfrequently a little irregular; but this, I assure you, arises from nothing but their accommodating disposition. Within that grotto, which you see upon your right, we sometimes meet, and talk over matters, leaving some one or more of the twelve on the watch; and if any thing goes wrong in our absence, we rectify the error at the next leap year, or (if that won't answer) we have a new calendar, or new style, manufactured, to set things right again. But come, let us go in."

So saying, we entered a spacious grotto, where I perceived the company had already begun to assemble. I have read of the cave in Antipharos; of the heaped up treasures, and kingly glories of the chambers of the east. I have seen in my dreams the gorgeous magnificence of the palaces of Arabian magi, but what, O Time, can compare with the spectacle which now burst upon me! Here was indeed the *mnemonic of ages*. Antiquity, modern years, the four quarters of the world, might here have each claimed some precious curiosity. The crowns and sceptres of monarchs, the robes and stoles of orators, the gowns of philosophers, the cimeters of heroes, were here. The riches of the world, spiritual as well as physical, here met, and were apparent to the eye of sense; and I found that my heart was affected by their contemplation, with the same emotion (though to an intenser degree) which I have felt when reading what history has said of them. Here were embalmed and encased in ethereal adamant the faith and constancy of suffering martyrs, the tears of oppressed virtue, the fame of the conqueror, the pangs of the vanquished, the pride of the usurper, the aspirations of the poet. In fine, (for I cannot attempt even the heads of a catalogue of the collection,) here were the essences of all the virtues and vices, passions and emotions, glories and disgraces, which ever entered into the hearts of men, or marked their career, embodied and rendered palpable to vision. I had no opportunity for a close examination, although my curiosity drew me very powerfully towards an immense collection of books and manuscripts, over which was written in golden characters, "Alexandrian Library." I could barely make a few reflections, when my host, taking me by the arm, whispered in my ear, "Here are treasures which the world accuses me of having destroyed; bear witness how I am belied." We had entered so noiselessly that the Hours did not at first perceive our approach. They had all arrived except Twelve O'clock, and also except Four, Five, and Six O'clock, whom Time said he had directed to stay behind, and wait upon Dr. Spintext and his congregation. We concealed ourselves behind an ancient statue, while Time hastily sketched the characters of some of the guests. There was a strong family likeness between all of them, and all wore sharp, short wings. Each had a small sickle hanging at his back, under his wings, yet all were dressed differently, and were dissimilar in their conduct.

"That tall, lean, straight young man, standing by himself," said Time, "is One O'clock. He is the most unsocial of the whole family, and feels vain of his being number one. He has to work in the heat of the day, however, and you observe his retiring shirt collar and moistened kerchief give proof of his exertions. I often attribute his apparent melancholy to fatigue and exposure to the sun. He possesses some singular

and unique qualities, and we are always happy to own him for one of us. Two O'clock stands a little on his right, with his back half turned towards us. He is as fat again as One O'clock, but I assure you not the less active. He eats a great deal, and yet is always hungry and full of business. He has lately got into the brokerage profession, and has almost as much to do with exchanging money and taking up notes as Three O'clock, whom you see approaching him. I have expostulated with both of them against pursuing a profession for which they are certainly not so well qualified as Five, Six, or even Seven O'clock; but young men now-a-days, you know, will choose their professions for themselves. Seven O'clock is taking a seat there at the tomb of Therites. I'll lay you a wager now that fellow's got his hour-glass filled with an infusion of tea, instead of sand. I am afraid, sir, that young man has acquired an affection for some old maid. He's become scandalous, and makes remarks upon his absent companions; but what is most suspicious, he will not drink wine. It will do your heart good presently to see him fill his glass half full, and when his health is proposed, sip it with a simper, like nothing temporal, I assure you. That fine looking fellow, combing his whiskers, and who looks as though he had just escaped from a friseur's show-window, is Master Eight. He has many good qualities, sir, and possesses infinite versatility of talent. He has chosen, it seems, to-night to be tricked out for a ball, or an opera; and to carry his operations among the fair sex; not that he cares two-pence for them. By no means; the girls have laid a great many traps for him, particularly in the country; but they have found out, at last, that he was born too early in the evening for them. He is a literary and political character besides, and many a public meeting for charitable purposes has been held under his auspices. What I say of him now, Mr. Cypress, I may say of all of us. Though each has his own business to attend to, yet we all attend to each other's; we have to be like lawyers, *'omni laudē cumulate'*, a sort of jack-of-all-trades people, learned in *'omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.'* We have all manner of people to deal with. You will perceive, sir, by examining closely, that Master Eight has a pack of cards sticking out of one pocket, and a camp-meeting hymn book out of the other. Whether piety or picking pockets employs his next moment, depends mainly upon the character of the mortal he meets. Nine O'clock, whom you observe figuring about those mirrors, is nothing more nor less than Master Eight set in motion. He has not so much starch but more fire and vivacity; but when he chooses, he is insipid enough.

Here old Time gave a tremendous yawn.

"By my hour-glass," said he, "I never can look at that cross fellow with two heavy eyes, without getting sleepy."

I directed my gaze to the person who gave cause to this exclamation, and perceived a sleepy looking old fellow with a book in his hand, whom I took to be Ten O'clock. But that yawn had closed the lecture on heads. The whole company simultaneously started and rushed towards our covert. In the same breath we advanced upon the Hours, and answered all inquiries by timely congratulations and welcomes.

"My dearest friends," said the old gentleman, bowing with the grace and elegance of his most polished manner, "I am quite delighted to meet you all again. I trust I have not kept you long in suspense. At least, I hope you have made yourselves happy. Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance my friend, Mr. Cypress. He is a very respectable mortal of good family—can get tick wherever he goes, and never suffers his clock to strike the hours. He has a friendship for us, gentlemen, and wishes to make the most of us."

Here I was almost crushed by the embraces of half-a-dozen of my new associates.

"But come, my friends, to business. *'Tempus fugit'*, is my motto, you know. Be seated. I promised you last new-year's eve, you remember, to give you a taste of the new importation of Burgundy. I have secured the boys, and have them here."

As he said this we seated ourselves at a long table, and our host drew forth twelve veritable bottles of rich red Burgundy—burning red.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I will give you my certificate that these are the true, genuine boys; *'insignes pietate viros'*, as Virgil has it. But where did I get them? you ask. Why in a very good place. The same spot where I picked up my friend Ascanius here. To make a long story short, the sexton's back was turned, I caught hold of my forelock, the bottles were under my arm, I touched Mr. Cypress's elbow, and we were here in no time—fill, gentlemen, fill—bumpers—your health—I am happy to see you all, at this hour."

"My dear Tempus," said Nine O'clock, "your spirits are as ethereal as your wine. That 'iron tongue' of yours, as

Will Shakespeare used to call it, is as quick and voluble as the piston of the North America."

"Like causes produce like effects," said Seven O'clock, in a low tone. "They both are set a going by steam."

"Not of the tea-kettle," said Nine.

"Nay, now, my friends, this is ill-timed for gentlemanly hours," interposed Time. "I hold that it is quite enough for us to be abused by our enemies; let us not suffer our keen wits to wage war either upon each other's spiritualities or temporalities. I, for my part, am sober and pious as the world goes, yet, although I have kept pace with the improvements of different ages, and have accommodated myself to the different fashions of the day, yet I find that my enemies are universal. In attempting to please all, I have pleased none. Mankind, I find, have been determined to find fault with me ever since I had any thing to do with them. In every age I have been accused of being worse than ever I had been before, and of getting worse and worse every day. Is there a term of obloquy with which I have not been visited? Am I not reproached by all manner of cunningly devised phrases of the poets, and by down-right Billingsgate of the mob? Yes, gentlemen, and it is so with us all. We are, in the same breath, accounted swift and tedious, long and short, certain and unknown. *'Tempora mutantur'*, says the classic; 'the times are out of joint,' cries the poet; 'hard times, bad times, poor times, miserable times,' ejaculate the *canaille*. What are we not in the esteem and on the foul tongues of our malicious slanderers? Yet, we bring them daily good gifts, and many of them, particularly the political part of the world, are content to live and be waiters upon us. I sometimes seriously think of getting rid of the connexion; but the moment that I hint of an intention to move into another country, all the world weeps, and goes distracted at the thought. However, we must 'grin and bear it,' my friends, and in the mean time, *here's to better times.*"

Here I ventured to remark, on the behalf of some of my earthly friends, that I thought the judgment of Time, although in general impartial and controlling, to be in this instance prejudiced and too indiscriminate. I insisted that many mortals loved Time, and the things of Time, above all things; and that for this very affection they suffered martyrdom every day. I referred to the cases of newly married lovers, and people about to be hanged; and was proceeding in my vindication with some zeal, when I was rather abruptly called to order by two or three of the company for "making a speech against time," as they called it, and was reminded that I was not in congress. As I was attempting an explanation, we were interrupted by the approaching sound of some bacchanalian ditty outside the grotto.

"Twelve O'clock has not been at his studies to-night, I opine," said Seven O'clock. "When he arrives it is generally time for decent people to go home."

By these characteristic remarks I was prepared to see Master Twelve, who now staggered into the room, bowing and bending with the most ludicrous affectation of dignified politeness, and after divers circumgyrations, took his seat by One O'clock. The appearance and conduct of this personage were rather disordered. His face was pale and haggard—his eye dead-drunk. His clothes were cut after the newest pattern of modern grace, but exhibited unequivocal symptoms of having been in a recent fray. A watchman's broken lantern supplied the place of his hour-glass, and the bladeless handle of his sickle, suspended from his neck, performed in its wearer's hand the function of a quizzing-glass. These shocking evidences of dissipation drew down upon the new comer the sharp rebukes of old Time. His reproofs, however, were 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and the old gentleman turning to me, assured me that these aberrations from the right road were only seldom, and always the unfortunate result of unavoidable circumstances.

"I will show you that young man," said he, "night after night dying his locks gray in the smoky fumes of his lamp, and wasting his pale cheek over his midnight studies to benefit the world. But hark what he has to say for himself."

I turned my head towards the culprit guest, and observed that he was trying to steady himself by leaning upon One and Two O'clock, who to my surprise now began to put on entirely different characters.

"Gentlemen," he at last stammered out, "I ask to be forgiven—I have been in bad company, and have had no Burgundy to drink. But you know it's my nature to be always late—but better late than never. Shall I tell you what glorious mortals have been with me to night? Well, they were—they were good fellows—they said I was 'the very witching time of night,' and when I was going, they told me if I couldn't stay I must send my little brother One. Father

Chronos, your blessing—gentlemen, my love to you. I drink the hours, all the hours, and nothing but the hours."

Here the crazy spirit, observing me, broke through all restraint, and pitching his body in a straight direction towards me, extended both arms for an embrace. I hastily sought to avoid him by getting under the table, but in the attempt I struck my head with a cruel violence against its sharp corner. The blow for a moment stunned me. At last I recovered, and raising my head, found that I was back in church. The gloom of evening was gathering about me; the pulpit and pews were vacant, and the sexton coming up, told me he wanted to close the doors.

X. Y. Z.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE LATIN AND THE GREEK LANGUAGES.

So sensible were the Romans of the influence of language over national manners, that it was their most serious care to extend, with the progress of their arms, the use of the Latin tongue. The French, for nearly two centuries past, have adopted and carried into practice the same principle. The French is now the general language of diplomacy, and of the several courts of Europe.

The ancient dialects of Italy, the Sabine, the Etruscan, and the Venetian, sunk into oblivion; but in the provinces, the east was less docile than the west to the voice of its victorious preceptors.

This obvious difference marked the two portions of the Roman empire, with a distinction of colours, which, though it was in some degree concealed during the meridian splendour of prosperity, became gradually more visible as the shades of night descended upon the Roman world.

The western countries were civilized by the same hands which subdued them. As soon as the Barbarians were reconciled to obedience, their minds were opened to any new impressions of knowledge and politeness.

The language of Virgil and Cicero, though with some inevitable mixture of corruption, was so universally adopted in Africa, Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Pannonia, that the faint traces of the Punic or Celtic idioms were preserved only in the mountains, or among the peasants. Apulcius and Augustin will answer for Africa; Strabo for Spain and Gaul; Tacitus, in the life of Agricola, for Britain; and Vellius Paterculus, for Pannonia. To them may be added the language of the Inscriptions.

The Celtic was preserved in the mountains of Wales, Cornwall, and Armorica. It may be observed that Apulcius reproaches an African youth, who lived among the populace, with the use of the Punic; whilst he had almost forgotten Greek, and neither could nor would speak Latin. The greater part of St. Austin's congregations were strangers to the Punic.

Education and study insensibly inspired the natives of those countries conquered by the Romans with the sentiments of that people; Italy gave fashions, as well as laws, to her Latin provincials. They solicited with more ardour, and obtained with more facility, the freedom and honours of the state; supported the national dignity in letters and in arms; and, at length, in the person of Trajan, produced an emperor whom the Scipios would not have disowned for their countryman. Spain alone produced Columella, the Senecas, Lucan, Martial, and Quintilian.

The situation of the Greeks was very different from that of the Barbarians. The former had been long since civilized and corrupted. They had too much taste to relinquish their language, and too much vanity to adopt any foreign institutions. Still preserving the prejudices after they had lost the virtues of their ancestors, they affected to despise the unpolished manners of their Roman conquerors, whilst they were compelled to respect their superior wisdom and power.

There is not, it is believed, from Dionysius to Lihanius, a single Greek critic who mentions Virgil or Horace. They seem ignorant that the Romans had any good writers.

The influence of the Grecian language and sentiments was not confined to the narrow limits of that once celebrated country. Their empire, by the progress of colonies and conquests, had been diffused from the Adriatic to the Euphrates and the Nile.

Asia was covered with Greek cities, and the long reign of the Macedonian kings had introduced a silent revolution into Syria and Egypt. In their pompous courts those princes united the elegance of Athens with the luxury of the East; and the example of the court was imitated, at an humble distance, by the higher ranks of their subjects. Such was the

general division of the Roman empire into the Latin and Greek languages.

To these may be added a third distinction for the body of the natives in Syria, and especially in Egypt. The use of their ancient dialects, by secluding them from the commerce of mankind, checked the improvements of those barbarians. The glothful effeminacy of the former, exposed them to the contempt—the sullen ferociousness of the latter, excited the aversion of the conquerors. Those nations had submitted to the Roman power, but they seldom desired or deserved the freedom of the city; and it was remarked, that more than two hundred and thirty years elapsed after the ruin of the Ptolemies, before an Egyptian was admitted into the senate.

It is a just though trite observation, that victorious Rome was herself subdued by the arts of Greece. Those immortal writers, who still command the admiration of modern Europe, soon became the favourite objects of study and imitation in the western provinces.

The elegant amusements of the Romans were not, however, suffered to interfere with their sound maxims of policy. Whilst they acknowledged the charms of the Greeks, they asserted the dignity of the Latin tongue, and the exclusive use of the latter was inflexibly maintained in the administration of civil as well as military government. The emperor Claudius disfranchised an eminent Grecian for not understanding Latin.

The two languages exercised at the same time their separate jurisdiction throughout the empire; the former, as the natural idiom of science; the latter, as the dialect of public transactions. Those who united letters with business were equally conversant with both; and it was almost impossible, in any province, to find a Roman subject, of a liberal education, who was at once a stranger to Greek and Latin. Times.

MISS M'CREA.

All our readers are familiar with the melancholy story of this young lady, as related in the history of our revolution. To this day her untimely and cruel fate is the subject of universal sympathy. Travellers visit the scene of her sufferings, and drop upon her grave the memorials of their tears. Her unhappy history has not, however, been fully and truly recorded. It is related of her, if our memory serves us, that she was betrothed to a British officer, at the time when Burgoyne's force, to which he was attached, had reached, in their daring expedition, the neighbourhood of Saratoga. The country was full of armed men, both of the British and American armies, and every day witnessed scenes of carnage and combat between their advanced posts and skirmishers. The lover of the lady was stationed at Fort Edward, and becoming apprehensive of her safety, sent a party of Indians to her residence, Sandy-hill, only four miles distant, to convey her safely to the fort, promising to them a reward on their return. Some hours having elapsed, he became impatient and alarmed at the delay, and dispatched another party of Indians, on the same errand, with a similar promise of reward. The former had succeeded in escorting her and her companion safely to a spring, under a pine tree, midway between Sandy-hill and the fort, where they met the second party. A contention, according to the story, arose between the two parties, for the honour and reward of conducting her to the fort, and the dispute becoming angry, was settled by putting her to death, each party throwing their tomahawks at her head, as she stood near the pine tree. It has even been pretended that the marks of the tomahawks were still to be seen in the tree. This account, as we learn from a friend, who recently visited the spot, is chiefly fabulous, and to the Indians is extremely unjust. But one party of Indians was sent for the lady, and they had conducted her on horseback to the spring under the pine, where they halted. At this moment a skirmish was going on in the neighbourhood, and Miss M'Crea received a rifle ball in her side, fired at the party by some one of the American troops. She was mortally wounded, and the Indians, being obliged to retreat hastily, and finding her an impediment to their progress, tomahawked her, and placed her under the tree. The Americans came up in a few minutes, and among them was Mr. Baker, who is still living at Sandy-hill, and who formerly knew Miss M'Crea. He states that Miss M'Crea was breathing when he came up, and the gun-shot wound in her side was mortal. She was buried under the tree, together with a young American lieutenant, who was shot in the skirmish. The female attendant of Miss M'Crea is also still living at Sandy-hill, and her statements accord with this. Miss Janet M'Crea is represented as having been very beautiful. According to Mr. Baker and the attendant referred to, she was about nineteen years of age, tall, and well formed, with auburn

hair, blue eyes, and a fresh complexion, slightly freckled. About three years ago her remains were disinterred, and carried in funeral procession by the maidens of the neighbouring country to Fort Edward, where they were buried, and a monument erected over the spot. The pine tree is still a striking object, from its age and immense size, but the spring, which it formerly designated, is dried up.

Boston Palladium.

A CUNNING SCOTCHMAN.

Mr. Gordon, the author of *Personal Memoirs*, came to London in a Scotch smack. The following is highly dramatic, and almost reminds us of the graphic sketches in the *Waverley* novels. "The crowded population of the environs of London, and the approach to it by Westminster, struck me with astonishment; though fifty years ago, there were but few houses in St. George's fields, and the number of stage coaches and private coaches was not a tenth of what it is now. I had a letter to a Scotch grocer in Piccadilly, from a relation at Aberdeen, and I thought it would be a prudent measure to deliver my credentials to the vender of figs. On my presenting my letter, he gave me a great many bows, and when he had perused it, he begged me to walk into a small dark room behind his shop. 'Weel,' said my friend, in a most perfect Buchan accent, 'what can I do for ye, captain?—(this was speedy promotion.) My cousin tells me he kens your family—I have several of your name my customers.' 'I want,' I replied, 'a lodging for a day or two, before I go to visit a relation at Enfield.'—'An' what may his name be, if you please? I serve twa families there.' When I satisfied him, and added that he was master of an academy, and had three-score of boarders, his eyes glistened, and he rejoined, 'I hae a relation by the mither's side o' the name of Morrison; may be ye are of the same kin? at any rate, I would be greatly obliged if you wud mention to your uncle that I sell tea and sugar, and a' kind o' groceries as cheap as ony man within the city of London or Westminster, and will be obliged to you to tak' a caird o' my shop—he'll find it to his advantage to deal wi' me. I'm sorry I canna gie ye a bed myself, for I ha' unluckily let my first stage, and am rather hampered for room, for I ha' a sick mither; but I will introduce you to an honest man, and vary ceeril; he lives in Suffolk street, near Charing-cross—but as ye dinna ken Lunnun, I'll send my shop-boy to show you the road; it's No. 6. The man's name is Mitchell, and he keeps a tailor's shop—you'll be wanting new claihs, and you canna do better than get fra him—he's an honest man.' I had tact enough to perceive that Mr. Mackey, from his discourse, seemed to have his own and his friend's interest at heart more than mine; nevertheless, I thanked him for his kindness, and would accept of his offer of giving me a few lines to the tailor, and I would get into a hackney-coach, and save him the trouble of sending his lad with me. 'Na, na,' replied he, 'that will cost ye a shilling—keep your siller in your pouch—ye'll ha' occasion for it, I see warrant. Suffolk-street is nae a quarter of a mile off.' I told him that I had left my baggage in the smack, and that I had nothing to carry but what was on my back. Mr. Ogilvie, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed on the passage, and had brought me to town, at this moment passed in his carriage and spoke to me. 'He seems a ceevil-like gentleman,' rejoined the grocer; 'what's his trade?' 'I be-jieve,' said I, 'he is a West-India merchant.' 'Gin ye hae ony interest with him,' continued Mr. Mackey, 'I wish ye would speak a guid word for me. I wud serve him wi' his ain commodities, and may be buy from him.' But on my saying that I had never seen or heard of him till yesterday, he gave up the chase as hopeless. The introductory not being written, my worthy friend presented me with a dozen of figs in a paper, saying, 'I dare say ye have a sweet tooth in your head—trie thae figs, they are very frash, and let your uncle taste ane or twa o' them—they are particularly guid for the bairns, and when you come back frae Enfield, call in and tak your breakfast—I ha' guid honey, and noo and then a yellow haddock that the skippers wha deal wi' me bring up.' On promising that I would see him again, we shook hands and parted, his last words being, 'See what ye can do with your uncle for me.'"

Liverpool Mercury.

LOCAL ATTACHMENTS.

The thirty-fifth number of *Silliman's Journal of Science*, in an article under the head of "Architecture of the United States," has the following remarks:

"Place in a village a handsome public monument, or pillar, or church, and I do not hesitate to say that, all other things being equal, those villagers will be bound more to one another, and to their village, than those of another. Place by another a group of trees, with a fountain playing in the midst; have

beneath them tasteful seats, and make it a place to which experienced age and prattling infancy will go for company or amusements; a spot where the villagers will assemble in the evening for cheerful conversation, and I venture to say that these people will love their homes more, and think less of changing; will improve them more; that they will be wiser, that their taverns will be less frequented, and that every good feeling will more prevail among them, than would have been the case without. Place in a town or city a spot with spreading trees, and pleasant walks between, a spot which would serve as an agreeable promenade, and the feelings of that people will flow in a kinder and smoother channel; there will be more happiness than there would have been. It is a delightful amusement to saunter along the French promenade about sunset, and observe the happy groups of all ages that throng them; to watch the rapid sale of bouquets, at the platforms which line the sides, (flowers only are admitted there.) As an American looks at the cheerful scene, he must think with pain of his own cities, where every thing seems calculated for dull labour, or lynx-eyed gain. It is doubtless owing, in some degree, to the provision of such places in foreign countries that their natives resort less to taverns for amusement than with us, and that intoxication consequently is less frequently seen.

"The French have their Boulevards, the Spaniards their Prado, the Italian their Corso; all of these have their public gardens, and we have our tipling shops, the bane and disgrace of our land, and shall have them, I fear, till we provide more innocent places of resort. All attempts to check this current of feeling are vain; the stream must flow, and if we give it a channel, will refresh and beautify the land it would otherwise have desolated and destroyed."

So much for the effect on the morals of a people. The reaction on the mind is also of very great consequence. A flourishing state of architecture, it is true, implies a good degree of previous mental culture; but no cause, perhaps, operates with more quickness, certainty, and power, in refining the mind, thus prepared, than this. It is placing objects of taste before the public, which they cannot help seeing, about which they must converse, whose beauties they must analyze; on which, in short, all will turn critics, and the sure consequence will be a refinement of taste, an elevation of mental character, which will carry itself into all the concerns of life. The principle of accommodation is one of the most powerful and useful in our nature. Place a civilized man among savages, and his thoughts, feelings, and habits will, before many years, be strongly assimilated to those of the savage; place a savage in refined society, and his character will in a short time undergo a change. Place a number of tasteful public edifices in a town, and the private buildings of that town will become classic and tasteful; build private edifices on the principles of good taste, and I do not hesitate to say, that their interior will correspond—that in cleanliness, good order, regularity of the system within, there will be a sure and rapid improvement, re-acting strongly on the mind, as well as on the moral character of the occupants.

Raleigh Register.

MRS. DICKINSON.

Mrs. Eleanor Dickinson (a member of the society of friends) has just published "The Mameluke," a poem, with several miscellaneous pieces, which evince very considerable poetical talent. The following passage is from the first canto:

The moon has left her starry throne;
Her gay attendants, one by one,
Have faded from yon blue concave,
Or dipped their torches in the wave.
Dim night, wrapped in her sable vest,
Has rolled her chariot to the west.
The eastern glows; a rosy streak
The blushing tints of morn bespeak.
Bright floods of glory, soft unfold
Heaven's postern; rolling liquid gold
Before his radiant disk, the sun
Reclines on ocean as a throne;
And views around reflected rise,
The splendid radiance of the skies:
Now soars, with light refulgent crowned,
And spreads his golden sceptre round.

THE TRI-COLOUR.

Many inquiries have been made of late as to the true origin of the tri-coloured flag, and of what it is emblematical. We find the following explanation in a paper before us:—Before the revolution the city of Paris had colours of its own—red and blue—the white being the colour of the king and his army. After the taking of the Bastille, the armed bourgeois of the city having taken the name of the National Guard, added the white to the two previous colours of Paris, for the purpose of indicating that the king was no longer a separate estate, and that his power had passed into the hands of the people.

National Gazette.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LOCOMOTIVE CUTTING AND EXCAVATING MACHINE.—MR. G. Palmer of the city of Worcester, has been engaged upwards of ten years in bringing this extraordinary engine to its present state of perfection, and for which his late majesty was pleased to grant him letters patent on the eighth of June last. This engine operates by steam, and is particularly adapted for large national undertakings, such as ship canals, levelling hills, in forming new lines of roads, railways, &c. The construction of this engine is such that on the most trying soil it will cut at least a ton per minute, and on more favourable soil it will excavate up to three tons per minute, cutting at a single blow six feet wide and three feet deep, delivering the soil into carts, or on either side of the excavation to form a bank. When cutting gravel for road-making, it will separate the stones from the earth with like rapidity. Its operation might be still further extended, but the impossibility of vehicles succeeding each other in due time to move off the soil will ever prevent its being carried to the extent of its possible operations.

Previous to seeing this engine, most persons have conceived it to be a ponderous piece of machinery. It is not so; its power not being derived from great weight and dimensions, but from the peculiarity of its construction, which is, at once, simple, ingenious, and new; and from this combination is obtained its extraordinary powers of execution.

L. V. Mer.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK AND BOWERY THEATRES.

We attended the Park theatre on the first evening of Mrs. Austin's engagement, and have been attracted there nightly on her ensuing performances. The band and chorus have both received considerable additions and changes. The orchestra has now an accession in number, and musters four first violins, all strong players and able musicians. Mr. Pons has been removed to the bassoon, on which he is an admirable artist. Chioffi's trombone is as prominent as usual. Mr. Kyle, jun. the son of the present director of music at West-point, is engaged as flute player, and is evidently a young man of promise. The clarionets are in the hands of Mr. Roca and a brother-in-law, we understand, of Mr. Schott, the well-known professor of that instrument. The horns are played by the same persons as last season, Messrs. Nida and Brown, and they cannot be exceeded in the United States for orchestral business. The band, consequently, is now perfectly efficient, and that department can do justice to all compositions of the most difficult description which may come before them. It may be objected by those who wish to cavil that a better trumpet player, or better horn, an equal bassoon, a better flute, and a better clarinet, may be found in America than the professors of those instruments at the Park; for playing concertos, perhaps, this may be the fact; but it by no means follows that concerto players are equal to orchestral business, nor does excellence on particular instruments command general effect; on the contrary, in some instances it proves detrimental to it. To cite a case to support our position, compare the band of the Italian opera at Paris with that in London; the professors of the latter individually stand unrivalled, and vastly superior to the French on their separate instruments; but there is a subdued union of sound and a simultaneous expression belonging to the Parisian band to which that in London must yield; and this quality is attributable to the Park band beyond any other American orchestra. We have omitted to add that Davis, who served his apprenticeship under the severe Garcia, and Deluce, the leader of the operas then and since, retain their relative situations of *chef d'orchestre* and *contra basso*. For the chorus among the women an alteration has taken place; and we are happy to notice the return of the stentorian tall-man, Pearson, to the head of the male department. For the principals in opera, Mrs. Austin is assisted by Mrs. Blake, *vice* Mrs. Sharpe; and the business hitherto allotted to Mrs. Hackett is divided between Mrs. Wallack and Mrs. Durie. Richings and Jones also share the singing business; the acting parts falling to the former, the difficult vocal parts to the latter. In making this arrangement we cannot but applaud the system of the worthy manager; he goes into the field, and throwing down his gauntlet, challenges competition. He is aware that a number of vocalists may be congregated, but a half operatic establishment is not the vehicle to display their talents. You may hear two or three songs sung, but an opera you do not witness except at the Park theatre, where the company are familiar with that species of the drama. He retains the best stock singer he can find,

a musician who understands his business, and he engages a *prima donna*, consulting in her selection that which he conceives to be the taste of the town. For the *buffo* department he cannot be exceeded in Placide, assisted by Hilson and Barnes. Let any person witness the *Tempest*, and examine the cast; let him see *John of Paris*; let him be present at a representation of the *Caliph of Bagdad*, and then let him confess, that in addition to the first talent on this side of the Atlantic, that he has witnessed the most complete operatic establishment existing, and one which is justly the boast of the city. Let other theatres go to what expense they please, the cost which Mr. Simpson incurs in giving to the public an intrinsically good entertainment, supported by the most approved talent, not only tends to give character to the drama, but must eventually repay him as correct musical taste advances and quackery diminishes.

The opera of *Cinderella* has been announced as in preparation for a length of time. We are given to understand that it is to be got up with the greatest splendour. The music is from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, with selections from his other works. *Cinderella* will be acted by Mrs. Austin, and there is a very fine *buffo* character for Placide, and a comic part for Barnes. Hilson also is included in the cast as a lively valet. The story of *Cinderella* is well known to every body; many have seen Rossini's *Cenerentola*, and the French *Cendrillon*. The opera has the advantage of all the wonders of the original tale: pumpkins become coaches, rats footmen, &c. and nothing is left undone to please both eye and ear. We have no doubt that it will prove very attractive, and repay the manager for labour and expense.

Since writing the above we attended the Bowery theatre, for the first time this season, and are sorry to commence our strictures on that establishment with finding fault. If the performances had been of the first order, we should have suppressed part of the foregoing; but such was not the case. Madame Feron and Mrs. Knight, in the "Marriage of Figaro," were the magnets which attracted us thither. We found Mr. Segura, the first violin player in America, at the head of a very meagre band; Mr. Cuddy, whose talents are undoubted, it is true, assisted; and Mr. Knight sat at a *piano-forte*, for what purpose we do not exactly understand; but Mr. Segura and Mr. Cuddy cannot make a weak band "do the work" of a strong one; and the clarionets, horns, bassoon, and trombone positively were of the worst description; drums and trumpets there were none. The effective music of "Even as the sun," was cut up in a wretched manner by numerous mistakes. Madame Feron gave her song, called the "Arab Steed," with much spirit; her execution of rapid divisions is very brilliant. Our friend C. termed the passages in which she excels "*tours de force*;" and we think her beauties of style are comprised in that term. We would rather see Mrs. Knight in female attire than in the very ungraceful costume which she selected for the page, although she sang well and acted prettily. By the by, why did she not play the Countess, which is considered the part of a *prima donna*, and by some selected in preference to that of Susanna? Mrs. Dickons and Miss Stephens performed the two characters, as did Miss Stephens and Miss Tree. Mr. Plumer, an improving singer, should have acted Fiorello, and Mr. Hamblin the Count.

The chorus of the first act was very deficient, although Madame Feron exerted herself to the utmost to lead it. The *finale* to the second act was extremely imperfect; and the Antonio of Holland, and the Figaro of Roberts, were not beyond mediocrity. A very odd man came on as Fiorello, and Basil resolutely persisted in singing his *solo* a bar behind the band, which had a curious effect. Most of the audience seemed to feel that opera at the Bowery is out of its element; and we sincerely believe, that it would be equally conducive to the interests of the manager of that establishment and the two ladies, if their services were transferred to the Park.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The North American Review for October, 1830.—The punctuality with which this quarterly journal is issued, furnishes strong and indisputable evidence of its popularity.—Unless value were attached to the appearance of a critical publication, there would be little eagerness or curiosity manifested by the public for the possession of its opinions, and less readiness or industry on the part of its publishers and proprietors. The *North American Review* does not, however, require, at the present day, any eulogium upon its merits; they are too well known and appreciated. The last number furnishes a variety of interesting articles to the scholar, the student, and the mere man of letters. The remarks on Bishop Doane's Lectures on Hebrew Poetry is replete with lofty senti-

ment and chaste diction, and will bear comparison, both for learned research and masterly expression, with the prime articles in the best foreign reviews. A comprehensive view of the magnificent wealth stored up in the ample domains of scriptural classics, is presented to the reader in the most captivating forms, calculated to awaken literary investigation and diffuse liberal feelings. The notice of the American Annual Register is by no means happy. It gives little or no insight into the contents of the volume professed to be reviewed—is evidently imbued with some sympathetic party feelings for the author, yet lectures him indirectly and unintelligibly as to certain defects in his work. The style in which it is drawn up is altogether unworthy of the character of the oldest periodical in the United States. It would have reflected little credit on some of our better conducted newspapers. How came it to be made a leading article? The ideas thrown out on painting, and on the best specimens of the art, both at home and abroad, strike us as peculiarly worthy the attention of students of the fine arts. The long political treatises and analyses will attract considerable notice—they are characterized by sound doctrine and correct principle. Yet do we fear that our northern trimesterian may render itself as obnoxious to the charge of local jealousy as the southern is acknowledged to be, despite its talent and boasted liberality, by some of its warmest yet not over-zealous admirers.

Tales and Sketches, by a Cosmopolite.—This work, announced by us some time since as being in preparation, and from which an extract was made in our columns, has just issued from the press of Mr. E. Bliss, of this city. It comprises ten distinct articles. There is much variety of character and incident in the parts we have read, and many of the scenes are exceedingly well described. One of the sketches, in blank verse, is of a dramatic character, and offers a favourable specimen of the writer's powers in that difficult branch of composition. New books, and re-publications from the English press, throng upon us so fast that we have scarcely time to give each a perusal as it appears. In the present instance, we have little more than glanced at the contents of the work under notice, but shall at some future day recur to it, for the purpose of affording our readers a further "taste of its quality."

Sandford and Merton.—It is truly asserted in the preface to the new edition of this tale, just published, that "the history of Sandford and Merton, written fifty years ago, is at this moment the most interesting and edifying of children's books; highly entertaining, exhibiting the best examples, inculcating a virtuous conduct, the high use of reason, just moral principles, and useful truth in regard to physical nature, all in the most intelligible and attractive style." The American editor places a just confidence in himself when he asserts that he serves the true interests of education by giving this book its most possible cheap form. This object he has effected by omitting a great deal of unnecessary matter, and much also that was above the comprehension of the juvenile understanding. How far he has succeeded, the voice of the public long since decided. The first edition has been for some time out of print, and the demand for the present is universal.

Woodworth's Melodies.—These poems will be published about the beginning of November. Since the appearance of the first edition, in 1827, the author has produced many new pieces of superior beauty, which are now added to the former selection. Independent of the original frontispiece and vignette title-page, the present volume will be embellished with three copperplate engravings, illustrative of the same number of songs. We trust that the public in general, and the readers of this journal in particular, will not be backward in patronizing a writer who has so frequently contributed to their entertainment. Subscriptions received at this office.

The Denounced.—Whoever has read the "Tales by the O'Hara Family," will, at the very mention of the name, recall the thrilling incidents, the picturesque scenery, and the harrowing, yet faithful representations of human life and character, which awaken with singular and irresistible power the most lively emotions of interest and curiosity. It is impossible that the author of such a production can put forth any thing that shall fail of effect, and foreign criticism has already pronounced a favourable judgment upon the present attempt. Our own opinion is as yet unformed respecting its merits—but our anticipations are highly excited, and, we will venture for once to prophecy, will not be disappointed.

Mr. C. Kean.—This distinguished actor and amiable young gentleman, has just completed a brilliant engagement at Philadelphia. He will return to this city about the tenth of next month. We promise him a most enthusiastic reception.

SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM, NEVER!

ANDANTINO.

She ne-ver blamed him, ne-ver, But re-ceived him

when he came, With a wel-come kind as e-ver, And she tried to look the same: But vain-ly

she dis-sem-bled, For when-e'er she tried to smile, A tear un-bid-den trem-bled In her blue eye all the while.

2d Verse—She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom,
She never thought of sighing,
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom;
She knew her cheek was alter'd,
And she knew her eye was dim.

But her sweet voice only falter'd,
When she spoke of losing him.
3d Verse—'Tis true that he had lured her
From the isle where she was born;
'Tis true he had inur'd her
To the cold world's bitter scorn;

But yet she never blamed him,
For the anguish she had known,
And tho' she seldom named him,
She thought of him alone.
4th Verse—She sigh'd when he caress'd her,
For she knew that they must part,

She spoke not when he press'd her
To his young and panting heart;
The banners waved around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound,
They pass'd—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

Varieties.

FEMALE HEROISM.—A great many women took an active part in the combats in Paris, and several distinguished themselves by feats of extraordinary courage. A young and pretty girl, nineteen years of age, who, during the three days, appeared in front of the combatants armed with a musket, acquired such an ascendancy over the citizens, that they regarded her almost as their captain. Intrepid on the field of battle, she lavished her kind attentions on the wounded when the firing had ceased. So much heroism, devotion, and humanity, excited the enthusiasm of all who witnessed it. On the evening of the third day this young girl was borne in triumph through the streets of Paris. A great crowd accompanied her, shouting cries of joy. In one hand she held a sword, and in the other the tri-coloured flag. Lighted torches shed a brilliancy on this gay cortège.

MILITARY DUTY.—A Yankee being warned to do military duty, requested the captain to excuse him. The officer told him that he might state the case to the company, and if they would vote in the affirmative, he should be excused. He accordingly made the following address:—"Fellow-soldiers, I am rather hard of hearing, and don't always understand the word of command. Besides, at the age of sixteen I was drafted to go into the army; but my father went in my room, and

was killed, and never got home. Now, if I had gone myself, and got killed, I should have got clear of military duty to all eternity." He was excused by acclamation.

THE VISCOUNT D'ARLINCOURT.—The Viscount d'Arlincourt is scarcely forty years of age. He is accustomed to receive those who visit him with that dignified affability which characterizes one who prides himself on his talents more than his rank. His address is fascinating, and he is considered as one of the most finished gentlemen in France. The ladies in particular admire his tall and elegant figure, and his fine black eyes, the expression of which is full of talent, mingled with a degree of melancholy sensibility. There are few such happy families as that of the Viscount d'Arlincourt: his home is a perfect clysium. The viscountess is revered by all who know her; her society is delightful to all who are permitted to partake of it; and her two daughters are brought up in the most careful manner, and are highly accomplished; their talents and personal charms are heightened by the religious instructions they have received.

MADAME DE GENLIS.—Madame de Genlis died recently in France at the advanced age of eighty. This lady was probably possessed of as great talent for the correct education of youth as any of her contemporaries of either sex. Her "Theatre of Education" has long been a model for dramatic didactic composition, being within the comprehension of the

most youthful intellect, and stored with precepts of the purest morality and usefulness. It is no small tribute to her merit to state, that she was governess over the early years both of the ex-king of France, Charles X, and of the present king of the French, Louis Philippe; she may be termed the female Warwick of her time—"the setter up and puller down of kings."

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—These societies are virtually supported by law in Peru. Its president, General Gamara, has published a decree in accordance with an act of the constituent congress, prohibiting the importation of liquors after the present year. All naval and merchant vessels attached to the country are forbidden to consume them, and even their sale is prohibited under the penalty of confiscation. This step is rather more *ultra*, (as politicians would say) but we hope may be as efficacious as the milder means used in our own country.

Guard yourself against your enemies: guard yourself doubly against your friends.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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For the Mirror.

LINES ON AN OLD PICTURE

OF A MONKISH STUDENT OF THE MIDDLE AGES,
BY IANTRE.

GRAVE old student, oft ere now
I've gazed upon thy placid brow,
And little thought thou wouldst have power
To cheer full many a languid hour;
Yet now, while on my couch I rest,
With pain and weariness oppress,
Thy calm still brow above me bends,
And seems like some familiar friend's.

Grave old student, time has laid
A gentle hand upon thy head;
That brow and form still wear the trace
Of manly beauty, early grace:
Thy hand is mark'd by time's dark stain,
And swollen is each blue, starting vein,
Yet still a trace of beauty lingers
Amid those well turn'd slender fingers;
That face, just lifted from the page,
Though mark'd by the deep lines of age,
And furrow'd, it may be with cares,
Still intellect's high beauty wears.

Grave old student, has thy mind
New and precious truths divined?
Or art thou still pondering o'er
Knowledge oft-times conn'd before?
Pure and hallow'd thought lies hid
Neath thy dark eye's downcast lid;
Thou art one whom time has found
No mere cumberer of the ground.

Grave old student, while I gaze
Fancy brings back early days,
When learning, hid in cloister'd nook,
Beneath the stole conceal'd her book;
But in thy time, although she wore
The trappings still of monkish lore,
She dared to throw the cowl aside,
And show unveil'd her brow of pride.

Grave old student, when the trace
Of years is left upon my face,
When round my furrow'd temples wave
The snowy blossoms of the grave,
Fain would I hope my changeful brow
May then be calm as thine is now;
But vain such hope—life's wintry years
Seal not the source of woman's tears.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A MOMENT.

"THE moments are precious, Isabella," urged Deringcourt, to the beautiful and timid girl, whose ingenuous countenance wore the mingled expression of tenderness and doubt—when, after a long and agitating interview, he rose to leave her. "The moments are precious! let me have your decision now. You cannot recall the sweet confession you have just made; why then sacrifice to idle ceremony the happiness of both our lives?"

"It will seem so like an elopement," murmured Isabella, deeply agitated.

"Impossible," replied her lover. "We will hasten to your father immediately after our marriage. You are certain of his forgiveness; and who will dare to censure or question what he approves?"

"I wish for his presence," said Isabella, more firmly.

"But circumstances are imperious. We must separate, unless you consent to accompany me. The period of my absence is uncertain; and without I am assured of your love, I shall have no wish to return. Any delay will be highly ruinous to my prospects. One word then: are you mine, or must we part?"

"Give me one moment for reflection," faltered Isabella.

Deringcourt bit his lip in vexation; for he, in common with many others, believed, that when a woman loves, she never reflects.

"I believed her too young and too fond to reflect," thought he, as he gazed on the lovely form before him, and tried to read in her beautiful downcast eyes the decision he began to fear. "Your moments are long ones," he said, in a tone of reproachful tenderness.

That tone went to the heart of Isabella, and the promise trembled on her lip, when her eye fell on a letter which had been handed to her just as her lover entered, and which she had forgotten in the mingled emotions to which their interview had given rise.

"Another moment," she said, "till I read my father's letter."

Deringcourt could scarcely conceal his vexation: he bowed rather coldly, and withdrew to a window, and with his face half shaded by his hand, he watched her countenance, as her eager eye dwelt on the characters. In a minute she was by his side, her eyes beaming with pleasure, and her cheeks suffused with blushes.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "to-morrow my father will be here: he returns sooner than he expected."

Deringcourt endeavoured to conceal his vexation, and to appear satisfied; but in vain: he tried to resume his tone of tenderness; but the words died on his lips. Isabella looked at him in wonder: she could think of no reason why he should not be as happy as herself. But she was scarcely seventeen, and not much skilled in the study of the human heart. She loved deeply, devotedly, and in the mirror of her own pure soul she looked to trace the feelings of others. What girl of seventeen can be expected to study deeper? Deringcourt rallied his spirits, imputed his agitation to surprise, and left her, the happiest of the happy, with a promise to meet her father on his arrival. It was a promise he never meant to keep. Not that he willingly resigned the beautiful heiress, whose innocent tenderness had made an impression upon him; but he knew that from her parent he should never obtain her. He had hoped to secure his prize so firmly, that any interference could be of no avail; and the wealth and fondness of Mr. Hamden was too well known to leave a fear for the future.

"That moment for reflection," he muttered, as he turned his horse from the gate, "has ruined all."

The whole evening Isabella went about the house carolling like a bird, in the gaiety of her heart. In the morning, she rose with the sun, and as she gathered flowers to decorate her apartment, she kept saying to herself, "Who knows but we may induce him to relinquish the journey of which he has spoken? He says, business calls him away. My father can, perhaps, prevent the necessity; and, at the worst, we shall only be absent for a short time." And then the thought of her father's loneliness, during her journey, filled her eyes with tears, and her face resembled an April day, half showers, half sunshine.

As the hours sped away, she began to grow impatient for her parent's arrival. Every thing was in order for his reception; the position of his favourite arm-chair had been changed a dozen times; the fairest fruits of autumn placed on a table near it, and she had descended for the third time from her station at the highest window, from whence she could discern him at a distance, when she recollected that the letter might perhaps inform her at what hour he might be expected. She now remembered that she had read only the first sentence; and in her haste to communicate its import, and in the joyful bustle into which the intimation of his immediate return had thrown her, she had neglected to proceed further. She sought for the letter, and recommenced its perusal. Mr. Hamden, after announcing his intention of being at home at the period specified, wrote thus:—

"I am the more anxious to return to you, my child, because I hear, from yourself, that your female visitors have been obliged to leave you; and because I also learn, *not* from yourself, that you have another frequent visitor, whom their presence would have, probably, kept more at a distance."

Here Isabella's colour changed from red to pale, and with an indefinite sensation of dread, she went on:

"In short, I understand that you are frequently called upon by the person who made himself so agreeable to us both, during our jaunt to the springs last summer, and whom, with incautious frankness, I invited to visit us. He is a proof, that pleasing behaviour and a graceful exterior may sometimes dazzle the imagination and mislead the judgment. Yet who could without positive proof believe, that, with all that suavity of manner, that easy flow of conversation, and apparently honourable and benevolent feelings, this man has been capable of conduct the most base and cruel; that he is a game-

ster, and is now on the point of quitting this part of the Union, to avoid the just consequences of his conduct? That such a person should invade the sanctuary of my dwelling, to impose on the unsuspecting innocence of my child, in the absence of her guardian, is, perhaps, less surprising than distressing to my heart, especially when I reflect that my own easy credulity, by encouraging his advances towards intimacy, gave him a sort of right to your regard. The particulars, at which I have hinted, did not come to my knowledge till within three days, and immediately after I was informed, that you received this insinuating stranger as a frequent guest. I blame not you, my child. I can only hope that the mischief is not irremediable. This letter will be a caution to you, till I can in person, resume that care of you which the urgent call of professional duty obliged me to forego for a season."

Isabella read thus far in a sort of stupified wonder. That Deringcourt was meant, she could not doubt; but that he merited such accusations, seemed to her utterly impossible.

"And yet," thought she, "my father would accuse no one except on conviction. But he may have been deceived."

This thought restored her wonted energy: the agitating fever of hope succeeded to the chilling torpor which had benumbed her faculties, and though her tears flowed wildly, the illusive flatterer in her bosom would at intervals suppress them; but she neither ascended to the window, or traversed the lawn, to look out upon the road, as in the earlier part of the day: she shut herself in her own room, and endeavoured to quiet her fears. This was a new and difficult lesson to learn. Hitherto she had never concealed her feelings from her indulgent parent, whose eye she now trembled to meet; and for the first time, fully conscious of the importance of the step she had meditated without his concurrence, she felt as if an act of disobedience had already been committed: dreading lest Deringcourt might arrive before her father, her efforts to acquire composure were wholly unavailing, and when at last Mr. Hamden received his daughter in his arms, her agitation quite overcame her, and she fainted.

Mr. Hamden watched her recovery in the deepest alarm, tortured by indefinite fears, yet not venturing to hint an inquiry. On her return to consciousness, he confined his attentions solely to endeavour to soothe her feelings, without adverting to the subject which they both dreaded. But Isabella's eyes were perpetually wandering towards the road. Still he came not. As night drew on, her apprehensions arose to certainty; and, at length, unable to endure their conflicts, her agonized heart sought relief, by confiding its weakness, doubts, and regrets, to that safest of earthly sanctuaries, the bosom of a parent.

As Mr. Hamden listened to her ingenuous, though agitated confession, his bosom swelled, by turns, with indignation against Deringcourt, and gratitude for her preservation: the latter feeling predominated.

"I will leave him," he said, "to the punishment which the disappointment of his schemes, and the reproaches of his conscience will inflict."

Mr. Hamden, too, had a tale to tell, and in the hope of eradicating from the heart of Isabella every vestige of tenderness for the specious deceiver, he communicated its particulars to her. Those details are not necessary to our story. But Mr. Hamden knew enough of the female character to be aware, that to convince his daughter she had been sought more for her fortune than her affection, and that others had shared the worthless homage of her pretended lover, would, by arousing her pride, be the first step towards her recovery. In this he was not mistaken. Yet Isabella's heart had received a severe blow, and time was necessary to complete the cure. We shall not however conceal, that time, the universal conqueror, received no insignificant aid from a powerful auxiliary; for, about three months after her last interview with Deringcourt, she read the announcement of his marriage with a southern beauty of large possessions.

Time stole on, and brought to the young heart of Isabella the balm of "healing on his wing," and found her gradually changing from the blooming and artless girl, to the lovely and finished woman. She was not without admirers. All were charmed by her refined and elevated mind, the grace and sweetness of her manners, and the beauty of her person. There were many who offered their devotions at the shrines

of wealth and beauty, and some who paid a more grateful reverence to superior intellect and virtue: but a talisman seemed to protect the heart of Isabella alike from open adulation and silent homage, and she imagined that friendship had to her supplied the place of love. The lingering traces of her ill-placed tenderness, and regrets that such tenderness had ever been felt or acknowledged, had early imparted a shade of seriousness to the natural vivacity of her disposition, which, while it lent an additional charm to her character, rather added to, than diminished, the depth and fervour of her feelings.

There was one being whom, next to her father, Isabella regarded with the most intense interest; an interest inspired by sympathy, and strengthened by admiration and esteem. In him she found a similarity of tastes and opinions, a sympathy of feeling, an intellect as elevated as her own, a mind improved by study and reflection, and a heart replete with sentiments of virtue and honour, and thrillingly alive to the charm of excellence in another. With such a being, so rarely met with, yet when found so certain of being cherished, Isabella spent the greater portion of that time not necessarily devoted to the claims of general society; and, strange as it may seem, though this companion was one of the other sex, one whose lips pronounced the accents of refined friendship, and whose beaming eyes were always telling a tale which woman's heart is seldom slow to understand, Isabella scarcely admitted even to herself that love might possibly lurk beneath the garb of simple friendship. Yet she felt, that for such friendship she would willingly resign the homage of every other heart: perhaps she secretly suspected, that it was their relative situations alone, which precluded, on his part, the indulgence of a warmer sentiment; and that suspicion, while it increased her esteem for him, acted as a check upon her own tender feelings; for if his lips were sealed in silence, she, as a woman, was bound to equal reserve; and while she lamented the waywardness of fortune, and the early and accumulated sorrows which had thrown Horace Linval, a friendless orphan, on the protection and bounty of her father, she rejoiced in the power which wealth gave the latter, of rescuing him from the evils of penury and obscurity.

Horace Linval was an orphan boy, left at an early age to the protection of Mr. Hamden, who had sent him to a sister state to prosecute his studies. Horace left Isabella a playful girl of thirteen; he returned, and found her all that his fancy could portray, or his heart worship, in woman. Though the charm of her society was irresistible, he carefully concealed his real sentiments, lest by aspiring to the love of Isabella, he should lose the friendship of her father, which formed the only charm of his existence.

"I shall betray my feelings," he began to say mournfully to himself, while lost in a painful reverie, he brooded over his hopeless attachment, and dwelt with morbid sensibility on the vast debt of gratitude he owed his benefactor. Yet jealousy, inseparable from passionate love, that torturer of great as well as little minds, stole into his heart, to add one more pang to those he already suffered. While his mind was a prey to these feelings, his manner towards Isabella became variable, and he sought and avoided her society by turns; became wretched when absent from her; yet fitfully abstracted or wildly gay when near her. Isabella perceived this change, and her own heart explained its cause. She deeply sympathized in the silent unhappiness she saw him suffer, and resolved that if a sense of honour kept him silent, he should never endure the misery of seeing her regard bestowed upon another: had it depended on herself, she would with frankness, have dispelled the cloud of doubt which hung over his mind, and by a candid avowal of her affection, rewarded his attachment.

While the lovers were thus coining present misery for themselves, the father was not blind to their mutual attachment, and felt that by bestowing his child on his beloved and admired protégé, he exalted instead of debased her; and he was most happy in having an opportunity of proving the superiority of talent and merit over the distinctions of wealth and station: yet with a father's natural pride, he hesitated, unwilling that his daughter should "unsought be won."

One day, during a walk with Isabella, Horace was betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of his wanted caution. He read in her downcast eye and blushing cheek, what he had before scarcely ventured to hope; yet he left her without an explanation, and retiring to his own room, indulged the delightful thoughts which their interview had inspired. While thus employed, he had sketched the features of Isabella; the eyes were so like hers, the lips so resembling those which ever smiled so kindly on him, that enraptured with his own performance, he raised the little image to his lips—as he did so, he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Horace raised his eyes,

and Mr. Hamden was at his side! Overwhelmed with confusion, he left the room without uttering a word.

Isabella was in the garden, and thither he unconsciously went. The moment he saw her, the tide of his feelings became too strong, and he gave way to a burst of uncontrollable emotion. Isabella was soon made acquainted with the cause of his embarrassment—his fear of her father's refusal, and his resolution to leave her, and for ever! His real feelings were for the first time laid open to her view. Horace held out his hand to take hers, in a farewell clasp. One womanish struggle agitated her mind; one moment's hesitation, and her resolution was taken. She deeply felt the importance of that moment, for Horace had turned to leave her.

"Stay! Horace, stay!" burst from her lips: "you will not scorn the gift because it is offered. This hand is yours!"

Scarcely believing the reality of what he heard, and dreading lest his hopes misconstrued the purport of her words, Horace stood rivetted to the spot. But the blushes and tears of Isabella confirmed his happiness.

After a brief interval, Mr. Hamden sought them. Well acquainted with their wishes, he avoided any explanation; but placing the hand of his daughter in that of Linval's, he bestowed a heartfelt benediction upon his children.

"Horace," said Isabella, after she had been some time a wife, "if I had not caught you at that very moment, you would have escaped me!" And her heart swelled with gratitude as she concluded the sportive sentence; for she remembered, that twice in her life she had reason to acknowledge the importance of a moment.

H. M.

For the Mirror.

A SONNET ON SONNETS.

When memory takes a retrospective gaze
Upon the bright effusions of my brain,
She cannot find—I note the fact with pain—
Mid all that heterogeneous mass of lays,
A single SONNET! This might blight a fame
Greater—if greater can be—than the one
Which now rewards the muses' favourite son—
I mean myself—and gilds his deathless name.
This must not be, and so I'll write one now.
Let's see—it must comprise just fourteen lines,
Dull, flat, and heavy—this at least combines
The requisites alluded to, I trow;
Two more complete it—now the hard entwines
The *ne plus ultra* garland round his laurelled brow!

THE FINE ARTS.

IF O'ER THE CRUEL TYRANT, LOVE.

THE music of Artaxerxes is so generally known, that the delightful melody designated as above will be familiar to many of our readers; but we are not aware that it has ever before been published in America. Thomas Augustine Arne, who wrote the fine opera of Artaxerxes, and afterwards married his prima donna, Miss Brent, is perhaps, after Purcell, the first dramatic composer of whom we have reason to be proud. (In speaking of literature or the fine arts, of course we never can separate America from England, and consequently claim the right of speaking in the plural number.) The melodies of Arne are as beautiful as those of any known author, subject to a charge of sameness and mannerism in the cadences which vocalists at present take the liberty of correcting according to their own ideas. His fame at the period when he flourished was great, and the most certain criterion of judging of the esteem in which he was held, is by a comparison of his music with that of contemporary authors, all of whom will be found imitating his style and purloining his ideas, as Messrs. Bishop and Lee do and have purloined the ideas of Weber, and as Außer and Caraffa do and have purloined the ideas of Rossini. But Dr. Arne has not only the merit of giving fashion to the music of his day—his fame rests on a much firmer basis—his unique and splendid Artaxerxes at the present moment is invariably chosen to usher to the public any *débütante* of extraordinary power; and the divisions of his bravuras are so difficult, and require so much flexibility, that it is dangerous for any person not gifted highly by nature to attempt them. Braham, on his return from Italy, selected this opera for a re-appearance; Mrs. Billington did the same thing; Miss Stephens made her *débüt* in Artaxerxes, and Miss Wilson established her fame by it. We have seen it played with an admirable cast at the Park, including Horn, Pearman, and Mrs. Austin—and perhaps the Mandane of Mrs. Austin, and the Artaban of Horn, have given those respective vocalists the best claims to that share of public favour which they possess.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT WOMEN.

It has been well said that "history is philosophy teaching by examples." The same remark is applicable to biography. History is, in truth, biography generalized: the one being the memoir of the individual, the other the record of collective bodies of the species. Both are intended for the instruction of posterity; and it is the duty both of the historian and the biographer to give their writings so attractive a form, by the brilliancy of their thoughts and the harmony of their periods, that the young may be interested and the aged amused, that the lessons of that sound philosophy which teaches by examples may be neither dry nor repulsive. The rude works of the early chroniclers, with all their simple, heart-stirring narratives, slumber undisturbed upon our dusty shelves. The curious antiquary, it is true, may sometimes intrude upon their repose, and unclasp the heavy volume that yawns and gapes wide as if untimely waked, and rustles its husky leaves like the wind among the dry and fallen foliage; but the antiquary alone, "with looks of cordial love," hangs over them enamoured. The young and enthusiastic, the aged and serious, treat them with more reverence, and seldom violate their sacred rest. The works of our more modern historians receive not the same unenviable respect. We unceremoniously invade the sanctuary of their minds, and feel conscious of our approach to the temple of wisdom. The splendid periods of Robertson and Hume and Gibbon and Johnson, satisfy at once the ear and the understanding; all classes of readers are equally charmed, and wisdom perchance may sometimes doubt whether it is to the sound or to the sense that she owes her disciples.

The lives of some individuals are inseparably interwoven with the history of their country. Among these may be numbered those who rule, and those who, by their birth, are entitled to rule. We have selected one of the latter for the subject of our present sketch.

JANE OF FRANCE.

Jane of France, the daughter of Louis the eleventh and Charlotte of Savoy, was born in the year 1464. Her illustrious birth proved no safeguard against injustice and wrong; and it is a melancholy reflection that her misfortunes may be ascribed chiefly to her want of beauty. Her person was deformed, and her features irregular; but the moral beauty of her character fully compensated for her unattractive exterior. Her gentleness, her sweetness of disposition, her inexhaustible goodness, her frankness, even in a court where dissimulation was accounted a virtue, rendered her an object of universal affection. She was married at the early age of twelve years to the duke of Orleans, her cousin, who was unfortunately incapable of appreciating her virtues. Upon the death of her father, Louis, his son and successor, Charles the eighth, was but thirteen years old. The duke of Orleans claimed the regency, as first prince of the blood. He found the duke of Bourbon a formidable competitor. The matter was referred to the states general, who were assembled at Tours. They declared a regency unnecessary, and thus confirmed the last will of Louis, which directed the person of the young king to be placed under the care of his sister, Anne of France, the lady of Beaujeu; a woman inheriting the energy and talents, the jealous caution and deep dissimulation of her father. The duke of Orleans, disappointed in his expectation of the regency, withdrew to Brittany, and persuaded the duke of that province to excite an insurrection; but the war was of short duration. The rebel forces were every where defeated. The duke of Orleans was taken prisoner at Saint Aubin, and confined in the tower of Bourges. According to Brantôme, his confinement was prolonged and rendered more rigorous, through the influence and resentment of the lady of Beaujeu, whose projects he had opposed, whose passion he had slighted, and whose feelings he had once publicly insulted. He was accused of treason. His situation was perilous. His amiable wife, who had long been treated by him with injury and neglect, forgot her own wrongs, and listened only to her affections. She besought Charles, with prayers and tears, to release her husband. He yielded reluctantly to her earnest entreaties, and the captive duke was liberated. Although he owed his liberty, perhaps his life, to the devoted Jane, yet his conduct to her was not softened. The claims of gratitude and his nuptial vows were equally disregarded. She murmured not; yet her patience, her resignation, her fervent affections, her tender solicitude for his safety, touched not the heart of the duke of Orleans. Upon the decease of Charles, he ascended the throne under the title of Louis the twelfth, and soon after solicited from the pope, Alexander the sixth,

the dissolution of his marriage. His pretext was, that in uniting himself with Jane, he had not been allowed to consult his inclination; that he had been constrained to the match by her father Louis the eleventh, whose tyrannical will he had not dared to oppose. What weight this argument had with the infallible representative of Saint Peter, is not told even by the garrulous chronicles of that period. These irreverent writers had sometimes the hardihood to record their own wicked conjectures for truths; and in the present case, they have dared to publish that bribes and promises elicited from the holy tribunal the sentence which annulled the inauspicious marriage, and deprived the unhappy Jane of a husband and a throne. Three weeks afterwards she saw the man whom she had loved so long, so tenderly, and so devotedly, united to another. He married Anne of Brittany, the widow of Charles the eighth. He had loved her before her union with Charles, and his love had not been unrequited. Jane yielded to her adverse fortunes with her wonted resignation, and with a firmness becoming her rank; yet as the divorce rent asunder all the dearest ties of the female heart, and the marriage that followed it violated all the nicest sensibilities of her nature, her mental agony must have been extreme. The feelings of her desolated bosom have been described by one of our own countrywomen, in the following touching lines:

Pale, cold, and statue-like she sat, and her impeded breath
Came gaspingly, as if her heart was in the grasp of death,
While listening to the harsh decree that robbed her of a throne,
And left the gentle child of kings in the wide world alone.

And fearful was her look; in vain her trembling maidens moved
With all affection's tender care, round her whom well they loved;
Stirless she sat, as if enchained by some resistless spell,
Till with one wild, heart-piercing shriek, in their embrace she fell.

How bitter was the hour she woke from that long dreamless trance,
The bitter wretch might pity then the envied Jane of France;
But soon her o'erfraught heart gave way, tears came to her relief,
And thus in low and plaintive tones she breathed her hopeless grief:

"Oh! ever have I dreaded this since at the holy shrine
My trembling hand first felt the cold reluctant clasp of thine;
And yet I hoped.—My own beloved, how may I teach my heart
To gaze upon thy gentle face, and know that we must part?"

"Too well I know thou lovest me not, but ah! I fondly thought,
That years of such deep love as mine some change ere this had
wrought;
I dreamed the hour might yet arrive when, sick of passion's strife,
Thy heart would turn with quiet joy to thy neglected wife.

"Vain, foolish hope! how could I look upon thy glorious form,
And think that e'er the time might come when thou wouldst cease to
charm?

For ne'er till then wilt thou be freed from beauty's magic art,
Or cease to prize a sunny smile beyond a faithful heart.

"In vain from memory's darkened scroll would other thoughts erase
The loathing that was in thine eye, whenever it met my face;
Oh! I would give the fairest realm beneath the all-seeing sun,
To win but such a form as thou mightst love to look upon.

"Woe, woe for woman's weary lot if beauty be not hers,
Vainly within her gentle breast affection wildly stirs,
And bitterly will she deplore amid her sick heart's dearth,
The hour that fixed her fearful doom—a helot from her birth.

"I would thou hadst been cold and stern, the pride of my high race
Had taught me then from my young heart thine image to efface,
But surely even love's sweet tones could ne'er have power to bless
My bosom with such joy as did thy pitying tenderness.

"Alas! it is a heavy task to curb the haughty soul
And bid the unbending spirit bow that never knew control;
But harder still when thus the heart against itself must rise,
And struggle on while every hope that nerved the warfare dies.

"Yet all this have I borne for thee—ay, for thy sake I learned
The gentleness of thought and word which once my proud breast
spurned;

The treasures of an untouched heart, the wealth of love's rich mine,
These are the offerings that I laid upon my idol's shrine.

"In vain I breathed my vows to heaven, 'twas mockery of prayer;
In vain I knelt before the cross, I saw but Louis there;
To him I gave the worship I should have paid my God,
But oh! should his have been the hand to wield the avenging rod?"

Jane did not allow her domestic afflictions to disturb the repose of her country. She neither protested against the sentence of divorce, nor did she appeal to her countrymen for redress. Had she done so, there is reason to believe that the daughter of Louis would not have appealed in vain; but she retired quietly to Bourges, which had been assigned to her for her dower. She there dedicated herself to the service of religion, and spent the remainder of her days in acts of charity and devotion. She renounced all the vanities of the world; she clothed herself in the coarsest garments; she practised the most rigid economy in the expenses of her establishment, and distributed her revenues to the poor. She instituted at Bourges in 1500 the order of the Annunciado; she assumed the dress of that order in 1504, and died on the fourth of February, 1506. Her remains were burnt in 1562, when Bourges was taken by the Calvinists.

The church of Rome has enrolled her among its saints, and pious men have ascribed to her the power of working miracles. We cheerfully assent to their faith, with this restriction, that the miracles she wrought were miracles of genuine piety, moderation, and purity, in an age of bigotry, violence, and universal depravity. Her exalted virtues more than her illustrious birth entitle her to a place among distinguished

For the Mirror.

TO THE STARS.

BY PROTEUS.

I summon ye to tell
The mysteries of your bright abode.—*Wetmore.*

SPEAK to me, radiant ministers of night,
That wait for ever on her shadowy sway,
Who through all time at that approachless height,
Have marked earth's mortal myriads pass away—
Speak to my quest, ye blessed ones, and say,
Know ye the refuge of the spirit's flight?
Have ye no image in th' ethereal ray
That to this senseless dust gives life and light?
Shall it, unquenched by aught of charnel damp,
Shine brightly on beyond the shrouded tomb?
Or like the flickering of a wasted lamp,
At last expire in loneliness and gloom?
Speak to me, silent chroniclers, I crave;
Unfold the mysteries of the voiceless grave!

And from the breathless silence of the sky
Deep to my soul the thrilling answer came—
"How canst thou gaze around thee and on high,
Nor conscious feel what death can never tame?
The proud revelations of that inward flame
Should banish far thy being's dark distrust—
The stern resolve, high hope, and soaring aim,
Have nought of kindred fellowship with dust!
Look, trembling doubter, to the circling skies,
With our rich, burning brilliants freely strown,
As if unnumbered angels' blessed eyes,
Through the pure azure gloriously shone;
Yet when for aye our crystal urns are dim,
Spark of the all-radiant one, thou still shalt beam!"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Translated from the French for the New-York Mirror.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

THE valley, or rather the dry plain of Rephidim, spreads for miles without offering any other shelter to the sun-burned traveller than a modest and simple Turkish coffee-house, where the Arabs of the desert sometimes assemble, but which the pilgrim takes care to avoid. A little farther on are the ruins of the village of Rama, whose site nothing but a few broken fragments of walls and heaps of stones, is left to indicate. In this plain, and near the deserted village is the tomb of Rachel. It is one of those spots where the inanimate objects around seem to attest most forcibly the truth of the traditions which hallow them. All around is solitude. There is not even a palm or a cypress to be seen, not a single tree covers with its shade the simple mausoleum where repose the ashes of the mother of Israel; and yet this spot awakens more associations, excites more interest than the most costly monuments on which all the luxury of the arts is squandered. The traveller passes carelessly by the tombs of Zachariah and Abaelom in the valley of Jehosaphat—he hardly glances at the sepulchre of the kings in the plain of Jeremiah—but at the sight of the tomb of Rachel, fancy carries him back to the cradle of the nations of the east, and recalls to him the power of the beauty which softened her lover's long term of servitude and exile, and he blesses the memory of that tender and faithful companion whose affections so often soothed the manifold cares and sorrows of the patriarch.

The Turks have decorated with much splendour the burial places of most of the personages of the old testament. A mosque rises over the tombs of David and Solomon. Another vast antique temple covers the grotto of Macphelah at Hebron, and the neighbourhood is holy inviolable ground. This grotto, whose gloomy entrance is alone perceptible, is in the centre of the building, into which none but true believers are admitted. Within the last hundred years, but two Europeans are known to have succeeded in obtaining entrance by corrupting the guards, and that not without running the greatest danger. The last was an Italian count, who, by means of large bribes, obtained permission to enter the mosque. The valley wherein is situated the Hebron of the ancients, is often traversed by pilgrims and travellers, but the penalty of death denounced against every christian who shall dare to enter the mosque, is sufficient to repress the curiosity the fame of the place excites. The grotto, we were told by the Turks, is spacious, cut out of solid rock, and the burial places of the ancient patriarchs are yet visible in it.

But the tribute of reverence paid by the followers of Mahomet to the tomb of Rachel produces a far deeper impression than the sight of marble pillars or costly ceilings. Their eager desire to be buried near her remains is especially remarkable. The environs of her humble mausoleum are covered with Mussulman tombs. It is not merely for her greatness, purity, or sanctity that the Turks honour Rachel, but

rather for her domestic virtues. She was a devoted wife, a tender parent, the mother of a warlike people: such are her titles to the respect of the Mahometans.

Should a Jew appear while a funeral procession was slowly crossing the plain of Rephidim, moving towards the sepulchre, bearing the remains of some beloved object to rest in this hallowed place, he would be driven away with blows and curses by the very worshippers that are kneeling reverently by the tomb of one of his ancestors; so fallen is that unhappy people, which cannot even approach the places filled with the renown of their former greatness. *Le Courrier des Etats Unis.*

INDUSTRY OF THE ITALIAN IMPROVISATORI.

The secrets of the mysterious art of the extempore poetry of the Italians, were explained to me as follows, by an adept in it. "I have always," said he, "a certain number of pieces suitably elaborated on popular subjects, such as the death of Adonis, the loves of Psyche and Cupid, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the chastity of Lucretia, the death of Cesar, the cruelty of Nero, &c. I have also in store a certain quantity of pompous declamations, brilliant descriptions, &c. which I easily manage to introduce into my compositions, and whose splendour relieves their feeble passages, as for instance, an eulogy on Rome, a vehement declamation against the passions, a description of a storm, the beauties of spring, or the like. But memory alone is not sufficient for an improvisatore, presence of mind and quickness of fancy are indispensable. One thing which is of great assistance, is the liberty allowed us of borrowing from the classics without being accused of plagiarism. I cannot tell how much I have profited by Virgil and Horace in my extempore effusions. Rhymes are easily found in a language as abundant and flexible as the Italian, and which has so little variety in its final sounds. Nothing seems at first sight more difficult than to improvise a tragedy, while, in fact, it is the easiest part of our profession. These extempore tragedies are formed on the model, or rather cast in the mould of the classic drama, all made up of tyrants, cruel parents, heroes, lovers, and confidants. I always keep love-scenes, farewells, blessings, and curses ready made for my characters, and a very slight change adapts them to any occasion. Sometimes I introduce chorusses, and as the chorusses always deal in generals, I can have them prepared before hand without difficulty; I am sure of finding some way to bring them in. The *versi sciolti* are the most difficult kind of extempore poetry; this is the rock against which most of us split." Such were the candid explanations I received from one of the ablest improvisatori of the age. He seemed to think there was no danger in telling the secrets of the trade to a stranger; to his own countrymen he probably was not so communicative. *Ibid.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE IGNIS FATUUS.—The following has been communicated to the editor of the Salem Gazette, by a respectable shipmaster of the town: "After several days of stormy weather, one evening, about eight o'clock, during a light shower, which had been preceded by a hail squall, a jack-o-lantern was seen on the maintop-gallant mast-head, and an intelligent person was sent up to examine it. He found it formed by a circle of lights round the mast-head, eight or ten in number, and one or two inches apart. Each flame was about two inches long, was where it joined the mast-head about the size of a knitting-needle, and the extremity larger than the flame of a candle and nearly as bright, of a pale blue colour, each making a noise similar to steam out of green wood, while burning; no smell was perceptible. Upon striking it with the hand the lights were extinguished, and small sparks adhered to the hand for a moment, then disappeared. In a few seconds the lights again began to burn; after several blows they entirely disappeared. The above description was written at the time, and may be relied on as accurate."

NEW DIFFERENTIAL THERMOMETER.—The following interesting experiment was made by Dr. Howard, by means of a differential thermometer of his own invention:—Having blackened the upper ball of my differential thermometer, I placed it in the focus of a thirteen inch reflecting mirror, which was opposed to the light of a bright full moon. The liquid began immediately to sink, and in half a minute was depressed eight degrees, where it became stationary. On placing a screen between the mirror and the moon, it rose again to the same level, and was again depressed on removing the obstacle. This experiment was repeated several times in the presence of some of Dr. H.'s friends, and always with the same result.

For the Mirror.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

BY THYRA.

"Tis wretched solace, yet
 'Tis solace in the drear extreme of grief,
 To find one human heart whose deeper woe
 Makes weakness of our wailing."—*Milman*.

NAY, look not sad, my early friend, though o'er thy sunny sky
 Those transient clouds of gloom are thrown which pass so swiftly by:
 The clouds which shade a summer heaven have blessings in their
 gloom,

'Tis theirs to cheer the drooping plant and bid the floweret bloom.
 Still dost thou weep! ah, think, dear friend, how fair that lot of thine,
 How fraught with flowers, how free from thorns, thy path compared
 with mine!

For many are the spells that wait to soothe thy slightest grief,
 But to my heart's deep misery, oh! what can bring relief?

A phalanx firm of faithful friends have circled thee around,
 Who feel intensely every pang which doth thy spirit wound;
 Whose soothing tones, whose cheering looks and smiles are ever near,
 Who answer back each sigh of thine, and give thee tear for tear.

Thou find'st the balm of sympathy for e'en thy causeless woe—
 But for my spirit's cureless wounds no soothing tear-drops flow—
 Oh! for one draught of that fresh fount to quench my spirit's thirst,
 And nerve my fainting heart to meet its lot and brave the worst!

Have I not wept with those who weep and with the happy smiled,
 And other's griefs by every art of sympathy beguiled?
 Yet when the troubled hour had past, was not my aid forgot,
 And all affection's cordial warmth and care remembered not?

None pause to think how much my heart with secret wounds may
 bleed,

That sympathy's sustaining power I too may deeply need;
 No voice speaks comfort to my heart with kind and anxious tone,
 But I am left to bear each pang and searching grief alone.

The only eye in this cold world that ever wept for me,
 Is thine, my own unchanging friend—would that those orbs were free
 From aught but drops of sympathy—but other tears are there—
 And is thy once so happy heart now touch'd by grief and care?

Oh! look not thus! 'Tis not for thee that darkened brow to wear—
 For thee whose every look is watched by eyes of anxious care;
 For thee, the loved of many a heart, what woe on thee can fall
 Unsoftened by affection's power, thou cherishest one of all!

Thou friend, whose love hath cheered my heart and smoothed my
 rugged way!

Would that the spell were mine to soothe or charm thy grief away!
 For in my bitter cup of life a sweetness would there be,
 Did all I suffer from one pang, beloved one, save thee.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

NUMBER TWO.

Liverpool.

August 2, 1830.

THE approach to this fine city from the sea, if the wind
 happens to be in your face, is certainly any thing but agreeable.
 Dense clouds of dark and unodoriferous smoke, offensive to
 the eyes and olfactory nerves, envelope you in their sable
 folds, bronzing the complexion and dimming the spotless
 purity of the clean cravat which adorns in, alas! transitory
 whiteness, the neck of the passenger about to quit the am-
 phibious beings he has so long sojourned amongst, and mix
 once more with his fellow-mortals. On the present occasion
 the atmosphere looked as if it had obligingly complied with
 the orders of the court and gone into mourning for his late
 majesty—"hung be the heavens with black," &c.—which was
 very appropriate, but not pleasant, and contrasted disadvan-
 tageously with the patches of white fleecy vapour that, in
 place of smoke, float above the good city of New-York. Not-
 withstanding early predilections, I really felt a degree of re-
 spect for wood fires and anthracite coal till then unknown.
 On landing, however, on the docks, the comparison is all in
 favour of Liverpool; and the neatness and cleanliness of those
 stupendous works of art, which look as if formed to endure
 for ages, are very different from the state of the old, decayed
 wooden piers in the East river, which, independent of their
 appearance, on hot summer days send forth the "rankest
 compound of villanous smells" that ever engendered fever
 and pestilence. Oh! let no man that readeth Izaak Walton,
 and entertaineth romantic notions of the "pleasant art" of
 angling, view it as practised off the East river docks, or in the
 slips named Coenties and Burling; and let no man, to whose
 palate and stomach eels are grateful and nutritious food, look
 upon the inveigling of that fishy snake, by sable fishermen,
 out of Stygian pools darker than the darkest of their visages,
 and of a more unpleasant odour than themselves, even when
 the weather is warmest!

Liverpool docks have in their time elicited so many long
 descriptions, and so many common-place remarks concerning
 "commerce," "forest of masts," "products from the four
 quarters of the globe," and so forth, that I will resist being
 seduced into any florid account thereof or dissertation there-
 upon; merely mentioning that, whatever exaggerated accounts
 a stranger may have read of them, he will probably be sur-
 prised when he comes to view the reality. I inquired of our
 mate and captain what proportion of vessels they thought

New-York harbour contained compared with Liverpool? The
 one answered about a sixth, the other a tenth part (some dif-
 ference;) how near correct either might be, I had no means
 of ascertaining.

The Mersey is covered with steam-boats starting for and
 arriving from the various ports in the Channel, but princi-
 pally those of Ireland and Wales. Some of these vessels are
 beautiful models; but upon the whole, I was a good deal struck
 with the contrast between their rough, coarse, and dingy ap-
 pearance, and that of the light, trim, and elegant boats which
 adorn the Hudson. What they lack in neatness and outward
 show, however, they make up in strength, answering well
 the purposes for which they are constructed, and the hard
 work they have to go through. It seems to me to blow a gale
 here five days out of seven; and the short, rugged seas which
 frequently run in the Channel are infinitely more trying to
 vessels than the long swell of the Atlantic. These boats
 plough their way with perfect ease and safety through waves
 that would strain and tear your graceful smooth-water boats
 to pieces. They are all painted black, which appears to be
 rather a work of supererogation, as the volumes of coal smoke
 which they vomit forth speedily dye all things with which they
 come in contact, of that hue; though, at the same time, I do
 not believe there is any truth in the story of a party of white
 ladies and gentlemen taken on board at Liverpool having been
 mistaken for an importation from the coast of Africa on their
 arrival at Dublin quay!

The streets of Liverpool, though there is not any one equal
 as a whole to Broadway, are, generally speaking, broader and
 cleaner than those of New-York; and the houses, inns, and
 public buildings greatly superior. The churches in both
 cities are equally insignificant looking affairs. Of squares,
 crescents, and other open spaces, though far inferior to Lon-
 don in this respect, there is a goodly quantity here. Such
 places in large towns serve as reservoirs for fresh air, and are
 as beneficial as they are ornamental. True, in an extensive
 country like England, where there is more land than people
 know what to do with, such things may be afforded; but in a
 small, confined place like the United States of America, where,
 consequently, every foot of ground is invaluable, it is exceed-
 ingly wise policy to squeeze the cities into the smallest possi-
 ble compass, and have a fine, compact mass of brick and wood,
 of which the citizens and strangers perceive the manifest
 advantage in the dog-days. How that extravagant piece of
 verdure, St. John's Park, came to have existence, and still
 continues to be tolerated in your good city, is a mystery I
 have never heard any intelligent person able to explain.

Perhaps there are few places in England containing a
 smaller portion of poor inhabitants than Liverpool, and you
 may walk through street after street in succession denoting
 nothing but wealth and opulence. The haunts of commerce,
 however, in the lower parts of the town, are not relieved by
 the presence of fine trees—the tall poplar and drooping wil-
 low—as in New-York, which have such a peculiar novel
 and agreeable appearance, shooting forth their fresh green
 boughs into the speculating and money-making atmosphere,
 and throwing a shade of "rurality," (as a cockney might say),
 over merchants' counting-houses, brokers' dens, and lawyers'
 offices. The upper parts and suburbs of Liverpool, where
 the principal merchants reside, consist almost entirely of large,
 handsome, yet comfortable looking houses, with the invari-
 able appendage of a neat, elegant garden. Here when a man
 erects a building, he seems to calculate that his son's sons
 shall have the benefit of it, and frequently has engraved on a
 large stone in front of the house, the year in which it was
 built, for the information of future generations; in New-York
 a man buys a lot, and knocks up something on it in two or
 three days, to be burnt, blown, or pulled down in three or
 four more. Neither are there here any of those fragile com-
 pilations so common in the upper wards of New-York, con-
 sisting of a few pieces of wood fastened slightly together, and
 covered with shingles, which are impudently termed houses,
 and for which I have heard it asserted, incredible as it may
 seem, that people do actually pay rent.

I betook myself to the theatre the night after my arrival.
 It is a neat, pretty building, tastefully fitted up, and between
 the size of the Park and Chatham. The boxes had rather a
 sombre appearance, in consequence of those sweet creatures
 of the feminine gender, which English people term "women,"
 and Americans "ladies," being clad in fashionable weeds of
 woe, on account of the death of his late majesty. The play was
 Masaniello—not the melo-dramatic affair that you have been
 put off with—but Auber's opera, with the whole of the music.
 Sinclair, the celebrated London vocalist, personated Masaniello,
 in which he sang delightfully, and played execrably. I
 think he would be a much greater favourite in America, and

deservedly so, than any vocalist that has preceded him: his
 voice is uncommonly rich and pleasing, though I do not think
 his taste, in some respects, over and above pure. After the
 play, our old acquaintances, Celeste and Constance, made
 their appearance, and spun round for fifteen or twenty min-
 utes: they seemed to be coldly received, though not on the
 score of morality. The former lady's portrait is at the print-
 shop windows, in the character of the dumb girl in Masaniello,
 "as performed by her upwards of three hundred nights in
 America?" As Falstaff says, "Lord! how this world is given
 to lying." I have been twice or thrice at the theatre since,
 and find it, both as respects actors and scenery, decidedly in-
 ferior to the Park. There is not one low comedian any thing
 like a match for either Barnes, Hilson, or Placide; and no
 woman in Mrs. Wheatley's line fit to be compared with her.
 A Mr. Vandenhoff reigns supreme here: he has been long a
 favourite, having seemingly "won golden opinions from all
 sorts of people," and is in fact, on the strength, I suppose, of
 having failed in London in the character of Lear, a sort of
 equivocal star. I confess, I cannot see any thing very particu-
 lar about the man, and merely mention him, in passing,
 because it is not unlikely that, spoiled by praise, he may some
 fine summer morning set his foot on board a New-York packet,
 and three weeks after that, make his "first appearance in
 America." He appears to be a cold, fat, formal, sensible actor,
 and speaks correctly, and thoroughly understands his business.
 He has a very insignificant nose, and a large stomach, and
 plays lovers in comedy, and heroes in tragedy. But I will
 trouble you no more about theatricals until I arrive in London.

Altogether, there is much worthy a stranger's attention in
 Liverpool, though the city is as yet but in the infancy of its
 greatness. Already her immense docks are found insufficient
 to contain the still more immense quantity of shipping that
 seeks admittance, and a new one is constructing, and will
 speedily be opened. The most difficult part of the new rail-
 road is also completed. I walked through the two tunnels at
 the head of the town, each about a quarter of a mile long, and
 for a great portion of the way scooped in the solid rock. This,
 with her fine canal, will doubtless prove two rapid sources of
 wealth; while her numerous steam-boats and innumerable
 stage-coaches, passing and repassing to all parts of the king-
 dom, denote a spirit of activity and enterprise, that may in
 time render her a formidable rival even to the modern
 Babylon.

My dear sir, as the young ladies say in *physiognomical romances*.
 I am poor, but I am virtuous; and as my good name is all I
 have in the world, I hope and trust that in writing this or any
 other communication for the Mirror, I shall not incur the odium
 of being set down as one of the regular travelling journalists, who
 infest steam-boats and stage-coaches, in this and other parts of
 the world, and who are so furiously descriptive, and so bent on
 imparting minute and correct information, that they make a
 book out of what an ordinary person might suppose could be
 contained in a page. I shall use every precaution to escape
 the imputation, and take especial care not to commence any
 paragraph in the following approved book-of-travel style:—
 "We arrived in Canterbury precisely at twenty minutes past
 two, and changed post-horses at the sign of the White Swan.
 Canterbury is an ancient and pleasant town, but we observed
 that many entire streets, and portions of others, were very
 badly paved. (Ah! how unlike the smooth pavements of
 Broadway, in our own happy country!) The charges at the
 inn were extravagantly high, and the demands of the coach-
 man," &c. &c. &c. &c. The besetting sin of the majority of
 travellers and journal-keepers seems to be, their supposing
 that petty trifling things, which were matters of interest to
 themselves at the moment, must necessarily be of equal inter-
 est to their readers. I will merely note down what appears
 to me striking, interesting, or amusing, and avoid as much as
 possible mixing it up with the unprofitable chit-chat, and
 every-day occurrences I may chance to fall in with. C.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER THREE.

EVERY thing being completed, our *Road and Baltic* pilots
 on board, we weighed anchor early the next morning, and
 proceeded up the Sound. I could not but be pleased with the
 little attentions that we received at Elsinour, even from the
 trades-people; to be sure, you may say that they sprung from
 a selfish motive, if you choose, but they did not in the least
 bear that appearance, and rather seemed to proceed from a
 kindlier source. They waited upon us, accompanied, in some
 instances by their families, to the shore, wished us a pleasant
 voyage, and remained watching our boat till we had safely

reached the ship. Our market-woman added as a present, with the vegetables she furnished us, a large and beautiful bouquet of flowers, with which I adorned the cabin; and, to my surprise, they preserved their fragrance and bloom till we arrived at St. Petersburg.

The sailing was perfectly delightful. Throughout the day light summer flaps came over the waters, just ruffling their smooth surface; and although we had mustered a cloud of sail, we hardly averaged two knots an hour through the succeeding twelve. The Sound was covered with vessels of different nations; an undulating coast rose on either side; and Copenhagen, with its strong fortifications and numerous spires, appeared in the distance. About midway between this and Elsinour is the king's park; the grounds are extensive, and near their centre stands the Hermitage, a spacious four story building, and his Danish majesty's country residence. I was vexed at being obliged to pass Copenhagen without stopping; however, as I could but have paid it a flying visit, I shall take care to indemnify myself upon my return. It shows well from the water, and the most prominent objects are the water batteries, the king's palace, a hospital, and the churches; and outside the harbour still lie the hulks of the vessels that assisted in the gallant defence of the town during the unprovoked and flagitious attack upon it by Lords Gambier and Cathcart.

We were scarce a day without seeing land in the Baltic, and our pilot proved a most agreeable addition to our company. His *naiveté* and intelligence quite interested us; and although a mere boy at the time, he had served his country at the late attack of the British fleet upon it, and seemed by night or day quite as much at home among these seas as you would be in your neat sail-boat upon the bay of New-York. He amused us with some tales connected with the better half of the localities we passed, and the most thrilling were those of a Russian boyar, owning and residing on one of these islands, and who, on the nightly approach of a foreign vessel, would endeavour to allure it ashore by false lights. He was not unfrequently successful, murdering the crew if any escaped the shipwreck, and, with his dependants, plundering the cargo. Strange to say, this monster pursued this diabolical system for a number of years with impunity, but was at length informed against by the remnant of a brig's crew that had escaped him. He was immediately seized, taken to St. Petersburg, publicly knouted, his tongue cut out, and then sentenced to hard work for the remainder of his life in the mines of Siberia.

On the fifth day from Elsinour we made the island of Dago, lying at the mouth of the gulf of Finland; this was our first view of any part of his imperial majesty's dominions, and I must confess was rather a damper, for the side we passed was dreary and desolate enough. It is thirty or forty miles in extent, and I am told, the exclusive property of an exiled nobleman. I was content with wishing his lordship joy of his extensive domains, notwithstanding its having one considerable town upon it.

Among the vessels that we were constantly overhauling, the most attractive to my view were the Dutch galliots. Here they were, with their bright varnished deck and sides, broad prow, lee-boards, and low waist, after the exact model of those so gallantly fought by De Ruyter and Van Tromp, now near two hundred years ago. It seemed as if they actually stood still as we passed them, and we usually ran them hull down in three hours more with great ease. I had the curiosity to board one upon my arrival at St. Petersburg. Every thing was perfectly neat, and after examining the outer works, the skipper invited me into the cabin, which I found fitted up as comfortably, and somewhat in the style of a parlour, and graced by his little family. Here sat *mine vrouw* knitting, and in a cradle was a chubby boy, kicking up his heels with great delight, and evidently quite as happy as if on terra firma. I remarked to the captain how easily we had outsailed him in coming up the gulf, and asked if he thought his vessel might not be a little better for a remodelling, and her speed increased if her bow were somewhat sharper?

"His fader," he replied, "had built it so; and as for sailing, he didn't know, sometimes we peats de English, and sometimes de English peats us; he couldn't tell."

The galliot has its advantages, however, stowing with great convenience, and being a most excellent sea-boat in heavy weather.

It was now forty-one days since we left New-York, and I was highly gratified in coming up on deck this morning to find Cronstadt in plain view, and the guardships at anchor a mile or two outside; for, notwithstanding our favourable passage, (vessels more frequently being fifty or sixty days.) I was most heartily tired of the monotony of the sea, and delighted at the speedy prospect of an

soon alongside the guardships, and were immediately boarded by a posse of officers. The captain met them at the gangway, conducted them to the cabin, where wine and crackers were ready, the ship's papers placed upon the table, and surmounted by a *douzeur* in the shape of a twenty-five rouble note. The senior visitor coolly pocketed the cash, gave a hasty glance at the papers, retained such as his duty required, asked a few indifferent questions, and, after sealing the hatches, a few boxes, &c. allowed us to proceed. In a couple of hours more we had hauled in to the merchant's mole, and added another to the several hundred vessels that annually visit this port. ***

For the Mirror.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

O cease, busy fancy, to conjure up pleasures
That flit like bright phantoms o'er memory's glass,
And teach us to yearn for the forfeited treasures,
Which rise but to mock us, so swiftly they pass;
Which fade and dissolve into air, like a dream,
Or bubbles that glitter and break on the stream.
And yet it is sweet, in our moments of sadness,
To gaze on the picture of former delights,
Till bounding again to the measure of gladness,
The heart has forgotten the sorrow that blights;
And revels a moment in joys that are past,
But wakes to a bitterer pang than the last.
Yet hope shall illumine the gloom of our sorrow,
The cherub whose smile is a life-giving ray;
Whose flattering promise of brightness to-morrow
With ruddiness tinges the clouds of to-day.
Though memory's visions may heighten our pain,
Yet hope's sunny smile can assuage it again.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

A SKETCH.

I AWAKENED as the first ray of the morning sun brightened the little window of my attic, and I was immediately conscious of a material change in the atmosphere. It was no longer the hot, close, confined air to which I had unwillingly consigned myself the preceding night. An aromatic freshness was diffused around—I seemed to inhale the breath of flowers. As I unclosed my eyelids, the very apartment appeared different—not that any thing was altered or removed, but an indescribable charm was thrown over every familiar object. The little paper covered chest, in the west corner of the room, my old well-worn writing desk, the two wooden chairs, even the sand on the floor, all seemed to have been touched by a fairy wand, and to have acquired a grace and beauty very foreign to them.

But it was in my own mind that I perceived the greatest revolution. A joyous, ecstatic feeling pervaded my soul—my heart was elevated with gratitude—a spirit of peace and happiness was enkindled within me. The enmities which had rankled my heart, the jealousies, the discontents, all the mortal feelings which had possessed me the night before, were fled. I felt good will and kindness towards all my fellow-beings, towards all living creatures. Urged by some irresistible impulse, I broke my little wire mouse-trap and set free its trembling prisoner, and I emptied the tumbler of fly-poison out of the window. As I looked out upon the world all seemed to have been touched by the same magic. The sky was a brighter blue, the sun shone with greater splendour, the trees and herbage wore a richer green. Nature appeared to have renewed her youthfulness—all was happiness.

I walked forth, and at every step some new wonder arrested my attention. As I passed near a dry-good store I observed a starved, meagre-looking man in the act of appropriating a roll of flannel to himself. The merchant likewise noticed him; but instead of the usual surly cry of "stop thief—seize him," he took the unhappy man gently by the hand and tendered him another parcel—thus fulfilling the command, "if a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also." The man, affected by his kindness, uttered a tearful blessing and departed to clothe his wretched wife and children. Whilst I was still marvelling at this unprecedented scene, I met the editor of the Protestant, his face glowing with charity and toleration, linked arm in arm with the burly catholic. They accosted me in the most kindly manner, inviting me to go with them and witness the bonfire of all religious controversies. I now paused in my walk opposite a celebrated restaurateur's, and as I looked in at the door I was struck with the singular appearance of the tables. They were not covered with fish and poultry—there were no oyster *patés* or lobster salads—the beef *à la mode*, the mutton and capers, the *boeuf rôti*, the *blankettes* were all lacking—and in their place the choicest fruits, vegetables, confitures,

etc. were tastefully arranged. What was more surprising, the company seemed to partake of this light food with as great or greater relish than I have ever seen them when devouring the gross flesh. Their conversation, too, seemed influenced by their diet—the most sparkling wit enlivened their discourse, and those whom I had heretofore beheld the dullest, were really brilliant. As I looked up at the sign above the door, that was also changed; instead of the representation of a red faced man, with napkin tucked under chin, and elbows on table, exercising his gastronomic powers, and having beneath him the words "we live to eat," I beheld a snow-white board with this quotation inscribed upon it:

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the power which plies me,
I learn to pity them."

I pursued my walk, inquiring of all I met the cause of this wondrous change—none could inform me, though all appeared to have participated in it. Suddenly I was again interrupted. I beheld advancing a funeral procession. A band of grave, sedate men, yet of placid, philosophical countenances walked on either side of a car loaded with addresses to the legislature, pamphlets to the people, memorandums of lawyers' fees, unpaid college bills, supplications for a charter, etc. etc. As I stood aside to let them pass, I knew them for the professors of the rival medical colleges, and my good friend, Dr. —, informed me that they were hastening to bury animosities.

I had now reached the park, and on entering it I beheld a great crowd of women and children around the prison doors, which were thrown wide open; and there stood high constable Hays, with the mildest and most benignant aspect, marshalling forth the prisoners, and exclaiming, "depart ye in peace." The scene was truly overpowering—wives embracing their husbands, parents their children, children their parents, and all calling down blessings on that most happy day. I saw the constables too and police officers breaking their staffs of office and destroying their warrants. I entered the court; it was crowded to excess, and our excellent recorder was about to pronounce the doom of a forger. I listened to hear the usual sentence to fourteen years to the state prison—but no—with the bland and gentle smile of mercy, which so well becomes him, he bade the guilty one "go, and sin no more." I entered the common council chamber, and here the different order of things was still more marked. I saw our worthy board of aldermen drinking with great *grout* water gruel, and contemplating with pleased and affectionate looks, three or four sportive green turtles that played their innocent gambols in careless and happy security at their feet. That member, too, who but yesterday so bitterly denounced those

"Of the nation of civilization,
Of swate botheration, and shilelagh law,"

was now clasping the hand of warmest friendship with one from the emerald isle.

I left the hall and proceeded through the city. I saw the butcher throw down the murderous knife, and take the pastoral crook of the shepherd. I saw the experimenter making science conducive to acts of mercy and tenderness. I observed the brokers closing their shops—men would no longer put out their money to usury, and Jacob's ladder (according to its present acception) lay broken and destroyed upon the earth. I saw youth venerating the experience of age, and age looking with indulgence on the levities of youth. I saw that the sacred bond of marriage was no longer harshly strained, or rudely torn asunder. It was no longer a galling chain, but a link of brightest flowers. I beheld the loveliest portion of creation arrayed in simplest garbs. No petty passion darkened their fair countenances. Envy, malice, scandal, all foolish vanities were excluded from their hearts. Goodness, beauty's brightest ornament, sparkled in their eyes. I was now joined by a dear and aged friend, and as I conversed with him, I beheld his countenance gradually changing, his cheek glowing with the roseate hue of youth, his mighty mind beaming through his eyes with renewed vigour, his silvery locks recovering their golden hue. In short, I beheld my friend as in his best and youthful days. While I was yet gazing in new surprise, a low and sweet sound, as if from a very great distance, broke upon my ear. I heard the sweetest music. Never did mortal embody such æræphic sounds. Suddenly a bright and dazzling light overspread the heavens, and at that instant a full choir of grateful voices proclaimed the millennium. θ.

A good book is the best of friends. You may be agreeably entertained by it when you have not a friend in whom you may confide. It does not reveal your secrets, and it teaches you wisdom.

For the Mirror.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND,
After a long separation.

BY IOLANTE.

THEY tell me thou art cold and changed, they say thou hast forgot
The friendship that once bound our hearts ere sorrow crossed our lot;
But when on thy familiar face I fix my saddened gaze,
And listen to that well-known voice, the echo of past days,
The pleasant memories of youth come thronging round my heart,
I think but of the friend thou wert and heed not what thou art.

And yet I cannot deem thy heart from friendship quite estranged,
Not always are the feelings chilled when most the mien is changed;
There is a sadness in thine eye, a shadow on thy brow,
Which tells me that the hand of care has done its work ere now.
And who by common laws would judge the heart that deeply grieves?
What eye may penetrate the veil that silent sorrow weaves?

Oh! when in after-life the heart from hollow friendship turns,
How often o'er its early dreams in bitterness it yearns;
How oft it pines with vain regret o'er memories of the past,
When all the gloom that dimmed its sky by April clouds were cast;
And then, when all too late, it learns how much more holy truth,
Than e'er again can bless our lot, was in the love of youth.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

THE facts contained in the following brief narrative have been obtained from a gentleman of this city. A part of them came within his own observation, and the others he derived from the parties with whom they occurred. We assure the reader that we have drawn upon the imagination for no portion of the adventures here related, and we feel convinced that our informant is incapable of practising upon us any deception.

He states that in the year 1835, when returning from Vera Cruz to London, in his Britannic majesty's ship *Phæton*, commanded by Captain Sturt, of the royal navy, they touched at St. Michaels, one of the Azores, a little cluster of islands belonging to the Portuguese, situated in the Atlantic Ocean, about equi-distant from Portugal and Newfoundland. These islands have a fine salubrious atmosphere, and abound with a great variety of fruits. Vessels in passing between Europe and America, frequently touch at them for supplies of various kinds. The object of the captain in calling was to procure some water. Our informant, anxious to examine the town of Punta del Gada, the capital of St. Michaels, obtained leave to go on shore for a few hours, the period for which the vessel was likely to be delayed. Among other places he visited a convent, where he purchased, for the purpose of presenting to his wife and daughters upon his return to London, some beautiful feather flowers, for the manufacture of which the ladies of this convent have long been celebrated. Upon going on board the vessel he found the captain was likely to be detained longer than was anticipated, and the young officers being pleased with our informant's flowery purchase, became desirous also of procuring some of these beautiful productions of vestal taste and ingenuity.

Accordingly the next day the captain accompanied them, together with our informant and Dr. Mackay, envoy from the court of St. James to Mexico, to the convent. Upon reaching it, they were shown into a room connected with one which the noviciates occupied, many of whom came to the grated windows to look at their visitors, and exchanged salutations, which, however, they did principally by gestures, as they could not speak the English language. Dr. Mackay spoke the Portuguese, and occasionally acted as interpreter.

One of the elder sisters of the establishment entered the room, bearing in her hands a large basket of the feather flowers. The instant she beheld Captain Sturt she let it fall to the floor, exclaiming with great vehemence,

"Oh! there's the wretch who stole away one of our sisters, and then suffered her to perish from want, in the streets of London!"

When her indignation had a little abated, the captain replied,

"Not quite so bad as all that, my good lady. 'Tis true, I stole away one of your nuns, but I can assure you she did not perish in the streets. She is now my wife, and is living respected and comfortable in London."

This statement was corroborated by Dr. Mackay and some of the officers; but the assurance did not appear to carry either conviction or quietude to the good lady, who could not readily forgive so heinous an offence as the running off with one of her sisters. Upon the young noviciates, however, when informed of the comfortable situation of the lost nun, the effect was very different. They returned to their grated windows, from which they had partly withdrawn upon hearing the exclamation of their eldest sister, and in the language of our informant, were not backward in giving the young officers to

understand, that they did not think it a very horrible affair to be run away with!

After the return of the party on board the *Phæton*, Captain Sturt gratified their curiosity by a relation of the circumstances of the event which had made so deep an impression upon the feelings of the good sister of the convent.

Some twenty years before that time, when a lieutenant in the service, and but eighteen years of age, the vessel to which he was attached—the name not recollected by our informant—touched at the same island. The surgeon and captain, then Lieutenant Sturt, visited this convent, and both being thoughtless young men, and fond of adventures, they contrived to propose to two of the young nuns an elopement. Having no interpreter, and being unable to speak each other's language, it was no easy matter to settle the preliminaries of the affair. It was, however, hastily agreed, that if the officers would return at a certain hour of the night, the young vestals would elope with them, and take shelter in the vessel. Full of their romantic enterprise, our two knights were under the walls of the convent at the appointed hour. The nuns were equally punctual. In jumping from the window of the building, the lady who was pledged to Lieutenant Sturt unfortunately fell and broke her arm. He, therefore, promptly and humanely bequeathed his interest in the wounded girl to the surgeon, and seizing upon the intended partner of his medical friend, hurried with her to the boat—being closely pursued by the watch of the town—and placed her in safety on board the vessel. No sooner was the captain apprised of this adventure with his lieutenant and surgeon than, prompted by that sense of propriety which constitutes the chivalry of military life, he summoned them into his presence.

"You have now, sir," said he to the lieutenant, "either to marry this young woman instantly, or she shall be returned to the convent without delay. I will not suffer so great an injury to be inflicted upon her character as would result from her remaining on board the vessel for a single day, unless in the capacity of your wife. I give you half an hour, in which to make up your mind."

After a very brief interview with his trembling black-eyed nun, the lieutenant announced to the captain his determination of marrying her, whereupon the chaplain was summoned to his post, and the ceremony forthwith performed in the presence of the captain and officers, to the great gratification of the truant sister, inasmuch as it relieved her from a very unpleasant and embarrassing situation.

Early next morning, the magistrates of Punta del Gada visited the vessel, and demanded, by her maiden name, the restoration of the lost nun. The captain gave them his word of honour that he had no female by that name on board his vessel. Surprised and disappointed at this declaration, they returned to the shore, and the captain unfurling his sails, the white walls of the convent were soon lost to the view of the bridal nun.

From the statement of our informant it appears that this young lady had been placed in the convent by her father, contrary to her wishes and earnest entreaties. Her determination to leave it was, therefore, not the freak of the moment. She had long before avowed her unalterable resolution of escaping on the first opportunity. She felt, nevertheless, upon reaching London, where she was at once introduced to a highly respectable circle, much uneasiness in regard to the vows which she had taken while in the convent. Her father, too, who was a resident of St. Michael's, when informed of her elopement and marriage, had his compunctious visitings, in consequence of the disagreeable situation in which his caprice had placed his daughter. He, therefore, made an urgent appeal to the pope, and at last succeeded in obtaining his daughter's absolution from her vows, and a confirmation of her marriage.

When the *Phæton* reached London, our informant was introduced by Captain Sturt to his wife and daughter, the latter a beautiful and highly accomplished girl of eighteen. They were much amused at the description of the recent scene in the convent of Punta del Gada, and during the conversation upon the subject, the mother tacitly corroborated the statements of her husband, in regard to her escape from the nunnery and romantic marriage.

Somerset Whig.

NATIONAL GUARD.

The French National Guard was organised in 1789, and comprehended all the males between twenty and sixty years of age; but we believe the age has since been restricted. It is divided into the *Urban* and the *Rural*, or National Guard of the city and country districts. No balloting is employed, but all within the regulated age are enrolled, and it may therefore be considered as a militia, embracing the greater

part of the active population, officered by the government. The corps do not serve beyond their own districts, and in this respect resemble our local militia during the late war. The National Guard was estimated at three millions of persons when it was instituted in 1793, but we suppose it does not exceed half that number at present. It is, from its very nature, a popular body, and we rather wonder that means have not been taken by the Bourbons to extinguish it. In the early period of the revolution it rendered great service in Paris and elsewhere, by saving the cities from being pillaged by the licentious mobs. The first troop was organised on the thirteenth of July, 1789, an insurrection of the populace being expected. On the day following the Bastille was taken. The National Guard find their own clothes and subsistence, taking nothing from government but arms and ammunition. The duty of defending the city was performed by its members in rotation. It fought in defence of Paris, under the traitor Marmont, in 1814, with little zeal, however, and did not much retard its surrender. Napoleon never could depend upon the citizens of his capital. Distrust existed upon both sides. The Parisians could not forget the thirteenth Vendémiaire; the emperor could not forgive their turbulence, united, as he believed it to be, with the utmost cowardice; he held them in the most supreme contempt. Shortly after the disturbance of St. Denis, the National Guard of Paris was disbanded by Charles the tenth, for shouting on parade, as he passed the ranks, "Down with the ministers! Down with the jesuits!" but the men were deprived of their arms, with which they lately rendered good service under the auspices of their first commander, General Lafayette. In all the other parts of the kingdom it still existed. Besides, being raised by conscription, and returning after six years' service to their families, they never cease to regard themselves as citizens.

The uniform of the cavalry of the National Guard is blue, the old uniform, except the white mark and the button with the cock; white trousers for summer, blue for winter; the *aiguillette* of silver, with the *contre-epaulette* also of silver; the head-dress of black stuff, with silver lace; the shoulder-belt black, and about two inches wide; the waist-belt black, about an inch and a half in width; the cartouche-box black, with a silver rim; falling plumes of the three colours; a dress at once handsome and manly. On one side of the flag of the National Guard are the words *Liberty, Equality, Public Order*—27, 28, 29 July, 1830. On the other side the number of the legion. The flag is ornamented with silver fringe, but nothing else. How the hearts of the French must have leaped within them, when they saw these words again on their banners.

English paper.

THE TRI-COLOUR COCKADE AND BREAST-KNOT.

Every man in Paris wears a tri-coloured cockade or breast-knot, or both. You may conceive, therefore, that the trade of the mercer is brisk; but the stock of red, blue, and white was soon exhausted. This was obviated by cutting broad silk of those colours into stripes, and sewing them together. Indeed, the expedient rendered necessary by the consumption would make you smile. For example, the tri-coloured flag hoisted on the Tuilleries consists (for it still hangs there) of pocket handkerchiefs, subscribed by the captors, pinned together. That which occupies the places of "white" is what I believe is termed cross-barred, checkered with white and red. Women wear, in some cases, blue bonnets, white gowns, and red ceintures, or other combinations of those colours.

Ibid.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

The *Paris Journal des Debats* speaks of the favourable impression which has been made by the popular demeanour of the new king. He walks abroad alone, in his surtout, with a round drab hat, and his umbrella in his hand, and is met in the streets and on the quays, undistinguished from the plainest citizen. Before the monarch was only seen in his gilt coach, drawn by six or eight horses, escorted by guards, and so forth.

National Gazette.

NATIONAL SONGS.

Rouget de Lisle, the author of the *Marseillois Hymn*, sold on the sixteenth of August, the copy-right of no less than sixty national songs. The writer in the *Washington Intelligencer*, who lately called for an American anthem, would do well to apply to Rouget, whose muse is so prolific. The spirit of a republican effusion in French could be transfused without material loss.

Ibid.

Wealth, after which you run with so much ardour, is like the shadow that walks about you. If you run after it, it flies you; if you fly from it, it follows you.

ELECTION OF BISHOP.

The convention of the Protestant Episcopal church for the diocese of New-York, opened on Wednesday the sixth instant, with divine service. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Dorr. The Rev. Dr. Lyell was chosen president, Rev. Dr. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, secretary, and Rev. L. S. Ives, assistant secretary. The subject of most importance before the convention was the election of a bishop. A resolution was adopted, providing that the bishop who might be elected should be exempt from parochial duties, as soon as arrangements should be adopted to provide adequate funds for his support. On Thursday evening, pursuant to resolution, the convention assembled for the purpose of going into the election. After the prayers appointed for the occasion the votes were taken. Ninety-one clerical delegates attended. The votes of lay delegates amounted to ninety-two. Of these the Rev. Dr. Benjamin T. Onderdonk received one hundred and eight, and was consequently duly elected bishop of New-York.

The clerical votes were as follows—Onderdonk, fifty-two; Wainwright, twenty-one; Anthon, six; Brownell, one; Reed, one; Delancey, of Philadelphia, eight; Creighton, one; blank, one—total ninety-one. Laity—Onderdonk, fifty-six; Wainwright, seventeen; Anthon, seven; Delancey, twelve; M'Ilvaine, one.

There was no formal opposition to the election of the reverend gentleman on whom the choice has fallen. The scattering votes were merely expressions of individual preferences for the reverend candidates mentioned. Com. Adver.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK AND BOWERY THEATRES.

OPERA *versus* tragedy has been the order of the day at the Park theatre; an arrangement on the part of the management and Mrs. Austin, which we imagine very impolitic and hostile to the interests of that lady. Our city, although it contains a play-going public, nevertheless musters but two hundred thousand inhabitants; and if we fill the house of a favourite three times a week, and come out on his or her benefit when it happens, we do much, and much more than our neighbours; but when two favourites, such as Clara Fisher and Charles Kean, or Mrs. Austin and Mr. Forrest, appear in the same week, one will rob the other; and in this instance, the gentlemen have most ungallantly robbed the ladies. Mr. C. Kean however made the *amende honorable*; and appeared for Miss Fisher's benefit. Mr. Forrest's engagements have carried him hence; but doubtless his gallant countrymen will take care, as they always have done, to guard the interests of the fair vocalist at her approaching benefit. The "Caliph of Bagdad" has been produced, and we have never witnessed it performed much better. Barnes was irresistibly droll in the Cadi, but somewhat erratic in his dialogue; his tongue wandered prodigiously from "flying camels" and "flying coffins" to "Bagdad" and "Mecca," which towns he metamorphosed into persons, and endowed one with a beard! Placide never sang the charming *buffo* song with more point; nor ever had a more deserved *encore*. Mrs. Austin was in excellent voice, and what more need we say? Her claims on public favour appear to increase nightly.

On Saturday, the accumulated rain of two months descended, and we were uncertain whether to send for a coach or a boat to carry us to the theatre. Being determined that we would make one among the ten persons whom we expected to find musical enough to brave the elements in such a cause, we buttoned our coat resolutely, took our umbrella sulkily, and by dint of a well soaked coachman, and a pair of half drowned rat-like looking animals, we got to the theatre, and there we found, to our great astonishment, a goodly assembly of amateurs! Who can remember the Noah-like deluge which fell on that Saturday, and doubt the power of music? We felt that we had a brother in each man of the audience, and for the ladies our sensations were infinitely more warm. "Rob Roy" gave Mrs. Austin an opportunity of singing a couple of Scotch melodies which were rapturously *encored*; but the part of Diana is a mere vehicle for music. Barnes perhaps is as little at home in the Baillie as in any character he plays; but he can make one laugh in any thing.

"John of Paris" followed. Hilson has made the part of Mr. Potts his own. Placide's Chamberlain is always good; but Jones cannot do justice to John of Paris. Mrs. Austin both looks and acts the part of the Princess; and we never wish to hear Boieldieu's glorious *finale* to the first act, better executed than it was on this occasion. This species of opera proves the vast superiority of the musical establishment of the Park theatre. As a drama "John of Paris" is excellent; the audience never for a moment tire; it is replete with bustle

and fun; and they are kept in perpetual laughter. There is one circumstance however which we feel bound to mention. Invariably at the close of the piece, when John of Paris declares himself to be the hereditary prince of France, the *dramatis personæ* visibly enjoy some joke, which is withheld from the audience; this is not fair, and we must insist upon the practice being discontinued, or that we be made a party to it. Mrs. Blake has got into an unpleasant mode of drawing her words in singing, and lagging in the time of her music, which the least attention may get rid of; witness her verse of the "Troubadour."

At the Bowery theatre, Madame Feron and Mrs. Knight have appeared in the "Exile," "Guy Mannering," and for the second time, in the "Marriage of Figaro." The meagre way in which the latter piece was represented has, we presume, induced the management to forbear attempting operas which require a chorus and a well organized band. On Friday, Mr. Plumer was advertised to play Henry Bertram in "Guy Mannering," instead of which, he sat in the boxes, and distributed angry placards touching the manager's conduct, and containing a refusal to act the character. Mr. Hamblin in this dilemma was kindly assisted by Mr. Walton of the Arch-street theatre, Philadelphia, who by chance happened to arrive. On the announcement by Mr. Hamblin of the fact that Mr. Plumer had been superseded, that person arose and addressed the audience; but he was compelled to leave the theatre. Now we have no desire, nor shall we be induced to enter into the merits of the case between Messrs. Hamblin and Plumer, of which we know nothing—but one observation we must make on the part of the public. Persons who assemble in a theatre, having paid a fixed price to see a drama, have no right to be troubled with the quarrels of the green-room. If the manager fails in producing the entertainment complete which he advertises, the *onus* lies on his shoulders, and to him the public will look; but if any actor thinks that he has a right to make the box of a theatre the rostrum from whence he may harangue on disputed matters, which solely appertain to his own private arrangements, he forgets the respect due to the audience, and sets up a precedent subversive of all order and propriety, which ought to be discontinued.

Mr. Walton received strong marks of approbation on his appearance, and throughout the piece. He gave the old Scotch ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo," with a good deal of expression, and without accompaniment. Madame Feron introduced several of her favourite songs, and Mrs. Knight sang "I've been roaming," very prettily, and some other ballads.

Blake, as Dandie Dinmont, had the northern brogue very correctly, and acted well; and the person who appeared as Fiorello on the first night, sang Bishop's bass song, written for the character of a gipsy robber, in a way which astonished us, after the miserable effect he had produced in the foregoing character. The defects of the band in a ballad opera, such as "Guy Mannering," were not felt so much as in the "Marriage of Figaro;" notwithstanding, in some of Madame Feron's songs, the trumpet part was played by a violin.

In the bills we perceived again in large letters, "Mr. Knight will preside at the piano-forte." Now the true meaning of this expression, as used in the programme of a concert or opera, is that the person sitting at the piano-forte will preside over the band; in short, that he is *il maestro di capella*. In the opera of the "Marriage of Figaro," we noticed that Mr. Segura actually presided over the band, and marked the time both to band and chorus, and Mr. Knight sat in such a position that Mr. Segura could not conveniently look at him without turning his head. Mr. Knight, it is true, by a graceful undulation of his person, convinced us from time to time that he felt the effects of melodious strains, and by that only could we recognise him as an official part of the band. On the evening of "Guy Mannering," he gave more unequivocal signs of activity; he sat in the same conspicuous situation at the piano, played Kelvin Grove for Mr. Walton, and presided over a drum which he held between his legs, and in several ballads we were duly sensible of his *tattoo*.

VALMONDI, OR THE TOMBS OF TERRORS.—This is the title of a new melo-drama which was produced for the first time on Monday evening at the Park theatre.

For pageantry and scenery this piece is very complete, immense pains having been bestowed in getting it up, and it really has been produced with magnificence. To give our readers an idea of the plot is out of our power. Take Faustus, Der Freischütz, and the Vampyre, to which you may add the Bottle Imp, and mix up their ingredients with gunpowder and blue and red fire, stir them well together, add thereto a little insipid dialogue, and you will find that you have cooked

up Valmondi. The incantation scene is half Der Freischütz, half Macbeth. The music has been selected; but we noticed neither "Mynheer Van Dunk," nor "Brother Sons of Jove," among the glees, many of which were very pretty, particularly the serenade, which a gentleman whom we sat next to, assured us belonged to the opera of Clari; but this we cannot vouch for.

The acting generally was excellent. Mr. Barry exerted himself greatly; but in the character of Valmondi there is no novelty, and no vigour of design. The only incident which can bear the name of novelty, is Valmondi presenting a rose to a lady, which by its fragrance inclines her to love him, contrary to nature; but this is to be found in the French opera "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," only the symbol is different. Richings played Malec admirably; he is not so pleasant a fiend as Mephistophiles, because not so intellectual. The scene of a ruined abbey and moonlight, is a grand and striking affair; the whole of the tomb of terrors and devilry admirably managed, and forming a striking contrast to the incantation scene of Weber at this theatre, which consists of a few non-descripts and a squib of gunpowder, with a great deal of noise, but is nevertheless quite as susceptible of effect if well done.

Although it seems to be a part of the *arcana* of managers never to bestow great pains and expense upon a good piece, yet nevertheless the arrangements of this melo-drama would make any thing go down. The scenery, processions, and decorations, alone are worth the price of admission. E.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Steam-boat explosions.—The frequency with which these accidents have occurred of late, are calculated to awaken general and deep attention to the causes from which they originate. A momentary excitement, which subsides in a few hours after a striking narrative of the loss of lives and property has just been listened to with fearful interest, is not sufficient to awaken those feelings and incite those efforts, without which it is in vain to hope for an end to their grievous occurrence. Judgment must be called in to the aid of feeling—active benevolence must be roused—a benevolence which is not satisfied with shedding tears over a tale of distress, but which will be up and doing, and exerting every nerve, and continuing restless and sleepless until it has accomplished its object. The cause must be ascertained of these so frequent calamities—nor is it hidden in a fathomless depth, nor placed beyond control. It can and should be reached, and removed. It is identified with carelessness on the part of the public, and with misplaced, wretched, and almost criminal parsimony, on the part of proprietors of steam engines, and with injurious legislation on the part of government. The people should not countenance a foolish competition for speed of execution in steam-propelling power. Owners of boats and engines should have some consideration for the lives and property constantly entrusted to their charge, and not jeopardize both, as well as their own permanent interest, by an over-anxious desire to save a few dollars in the purchase of machinery, in the payment of wages, or in the number and character of their overseers and workmen. And lastly, the national legislature should not, by injudicious restrictions, virtually prohibit the employment of the most safe and enduring materials requisite to the proper construction of machinery. All these causes, combined, have been instrumental in producing the melancholy disasters which have so often lent a fearful interest to the catalogue of passing events. We made a suggestion, some two months since, that a supervisor should be appointed by the proper authorities, to make a constant and periodical examination of the different steam powers in operation in our city and on our rivers. Is it not worthy of attention?

Token of Regard.—This unassuming title is prefixed to a neat volume of instructive and intelligible prelections, delivered to his pupils by Mr. James M. Garnett, principal of the Elm-wood school. As a writer the author has long since recommended himself favourably to the public by his valuable strictures on female education. His humane principles, sound judgment, and captivating style, bespeak a mind possessed of qualities peculiarly fitted for discharging the duties of a teacher with ability and success. The present production will not detract from his well-earned reputation. We may safely recommend it to the attention of all interested in the education of youth.

Died suddenly, on Friday the eighth instant, at the residence of Mahlon M. Levis, near Philadelphia, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, James D. Hopkins, second son of George F. Hopkins, of this city.

IF O'ER THE CRUEL TYRANT, LOVE.

FROM THE OPERA OF ARTAXERXES—SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN, AT THE PARK THEATRE, IN THE CHARACTER OF MANDANE—COMPOSED BY DR. ARNE.

Andante.

If o'er the cru - el ty - rant, love, A con - quest I be - lieved, The flat - t'ring er - ror cease to prove; O! let me be de -

ceived. Oh! let me be de - ceived. Oh! let me be de - ceived. For - bear to fan the gen - tle flame, Which love did

first cre - ate; What was my pride is now my shame, And must be turn'd to hate. Then call not to my wav' - ring mind, The weak - ness of

my heart; Which, ah! I feel too much in - clined To take the trai - tor's part. To take the trai - tor's part.

mf

ORIENTAL MAXIMS.

The diver for pearls plunges into the depths of the sea; and the man who aspires to glory passes his nights in vigils. Long discourses lead to ennui and sleep even in the wisest and most patient.

Avoid those who take pleasure in troubling others. There is danger of being burnt if you get too near the fire. Ponder and you will comprehend.

Hope comes after despair, as daybreak follows the night. The man who has sense and consults others is only half a man: he who has no sense and takes no counsel is not a man.

Three things give access to monarchs: the fine arts, wealth, and eloquence.

A story is old from the first time it is told.

It is less troublesome to be sick than to have the care of a sick person.

All according to their rank have their evils to suffer; none have letters of exemption.

The larger a book is, the more it weighs; but it is not the larger the better.

To arrive at the summit of wisdom, it is necessary neither to eat too much, nor sleep too much, nor talk too much.

You desire to be learned without study; it is one of the thousand follies that are about in the world.

What is remembered dies; what is written lives.

The learned are the true nobles and the true lords of a nation.

N. E. Galaxy.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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For the Mirror.

THE MOTHER'S PARTING.

BY ISIDORA.

COME nearer, boy, for I have nerved my heart—
One fond, long, last embrace, and then we part,
My loved one! In that gay and happy home
To which they bear thee, will thy thoughts e'er roam
To this lone valley, where the blessed light
Of heaven first dawn'd upon thy infant sight;
To the low roof, bright stream, and woodland wild,
Where thou hast roved a free and happy child?
Yes, happy—for the cares, the penury
Which press'd thy mother, have not injured thee;
For I have shielded thee, my cherish'd child,
And thou hast bloomed a rose amidst the wild,
A green spot in the desert, a bright sun
Which gaily gilded all it shone upon.
And must I send thee forth in tender years,
To lack the fostering of a mother's cares?
Will strangers watch o'er thee, as I have done;
Cherish, and guard, and smile on thee, my son?
Ah! who will mark thy wayward gambols now,
And bear thy wild caprice with placid brow?
If sickness comes, ah! who will guard thy bed,
And smooth the pillow for thy aching head;
And lull thee with a song, and o'er thy sleep
With silent prayer a sleepless vigil keep?
Vain thoughts! the offspring of a mother's fears,
I know kind hands will guide thy opening years;
Kind hearts will cherish my beloved one—
But who can solace me when thou art gone?
Oh! I shall muse on that dark meaning eye,
Where worlds of latent thought and feeling lie,
In fancy gaze upon that noble brow—
And kiss thy rosy cheek and lip, as now.
How I shall miss thy voice at early dawn,
Calling on me to share the rising morn!
Thy ringing laugh, when hidden from my eye,
Its sound betrayed thy leafy ambush nigh.
But I shall miss thee most at twilight hour,
When the cool breeze of evening shuts the flower
Then, wearied with thy wandering and thy play,
It is thy wont to come, thy boon to lay
Upon thy mother's knee, and sink to rest,
Thy fair head pillowed on her anxious breast,
Thy drowsy accents lisping out thy prayer,
Sinless as seraph's, and thyself as fair.
When next I clasp thee on thy shaded cheek,
Mature hues the lapse of time will speak,
And lines of thought upon thy altered brow
May dim the sunshine that illumed it now;
And deeper tones and a more serious smile,
May meet my ear and eye, but not beguile
A mother's heart, the chord that vibrates there,
Would give the alarm in spite of eye or ear.
Thy very step, though altered, nay, thy breath
Would rouse it from the oblivious clasp of death.
Oh, boy! if e'er thou reachest manhood's years
Think of thy mother's sacrifice—her tears—
Her anxious hours—her love's unswerving power—
And oh! forget not this her trying hour!
None, save a mother's heart, would e'er forego
Her pride—her joy—the solace of her woe:
The unconscious prattler at a father's tomb—
Her sole companion in her hours of gloom—
Light of my eye and idol of my heart,
Nought save a mother's love could bid thee part.
Self-sacrificing love, that can resign
Its own delight, its welfare find in thine.
None, save a mother's energy, could part
The link that twines so closely round the heart
But to secure thy welfare, rescue thee
From the dark shadows that envelope me.
I thus have nerved my heart, and it is done,
And now, ye heavenly powers! protect my son.

POPULAR TALES.

THE EVE OF SAINT ANDREW.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Among the most remarkable of the Indian nations inhabiting the continent of North America, was the tribe of the Natchez of the Mississippi, who occupied the site of the present town of that name, and the surrounding country. In appearance, manners, habits, and religion, they differed from all the other tribes, and had made far greater advances in civilization. Their chief, or Sun, as he was called, was entirely despotic; their complexions were different from those of the northern Indians; they worshipped the Sun, and in various other points so strongly resembled the natives of Mexico, that there appears little reason to doubt that the Natchez were the parent stock whence the Mexicans derived their descent. The traditions of the latter all point to an emigration from the north; and in tracing the origin of the peopling of the new world, every fact, historical, geographical, and traditional, seems to demonstrate that the progress must have been from the north to the south.

The situation of Natchez, high, healthy, and commanding, early attracted the attention of the French, who built a fort, called Rosalie, and formed a settlement under its protection. Fort Rosalie was situated on a hill, about two hundred feet

above the Mississippi, at the foot of which was the landing place. It was surrounded only by a stockade. On the middle of the hill, near the houses of the inhabitants, stood the magazine, which commanded a view of the vast plains of the Mississippi, exhibiting a prospect full of grandeur and beauty; then a paradise of nature, now a garden rich in fruits and cultivated plantations. Of all the nations of Europe that have usurped the inheritance of the new world, it is due to truth, justice, and humanity to state that the French have the least to answer for in their intercourse with the natives. Wherever that gallant people go, they seem to carry with them the seeds of civilization and politeness; and it is not too much to say that, few as they are, the only instances of a cordial friendship and good understanding between the red men and the white are to be found in the intercourse of the natives of France with the aborigines of the new world. Courtesy wins its way every where; and even the rude barbarians of North America, the most wild, the most revengeful, and the most impracticable of the human race, were attracted into habits of some intimacy by the influence of example and kindness. On the Mississippi, at Detroit, Montreal, and Quebec, are still to be seen the few and solitary examples of white men and Indians having lived in near neighbourhood and constant intercourse with each other, without that sad and apparently mysterious result which, every where else on this great continent, has followed the association; I mean the sure and slow extinction of the latter. Much of this is owing to courtesy, much to the sober habits of the French, and much more perhaps to the influence of a religion, which, though often calumniated, exercises a dominion over the minds of untutored savages, at least far more powerful, and permit us to say, far more salutary, than has hitherto resulted from the influence of any other.

The French had settled at Natchez at an early period after their first arrival in Louisiana, without opposition from the natives, who received them in a friendly manner, and, on one occasion, saved the colony from starving, by assisting it with provisions during a period of great severity. In the year 1723, the imprudence or cowardice of a soldier in calling out murder, and causing the guard to fire upon and wound an old chief, occasioned for a while an interruption of this good understanding. The Natchez retaliated by killing one or two Frenchmen, and attacking Fort St. Catherine; but the war lasted only four days, and, from that time until the period in which our relation commences, there was no interruption of the friendship subsisting between the Indians and the strangers.

The Sieur de Choptart had been displaced from the command of the post at Natchez, on account of his having committed various acts of injustice towards his own people, as well as the savages. However he had made a voyage down to New-Orleans, where he boasted so much of his successful administration, and displayed such magnificent views of the future, that he completely imposed on the commandant general, M. Périer, who reinstated him in his command. The Sieur de Choptart was a rare compound of vanity, frivolity, and courage, such as is, perhaps, to be found no where else but among his countrymen. He had a vast opinion of himself, a thorough contempt for the Indians, and had determined in his own mind to immortalize his name, by becoming the founder of a great empire. The Sieur was, besides, a passionate, self-willed braggadocio, who never followed the advice of any person whatever; and if you wanted to be sure of his making a blunder, it was only necessary to point out to him the right way; it was then reduced to a certainty that he would go wrong. He was, moreover, excessively vain of his person and accomplishments; and it was his firm opinion, that not one of the copper-coloured ladies of the Natchez could view him with indifference. In short, nothing redeemed him from the penalty of being laughed at and despised, but his extraordinary contempt of danger. He was absolutely born without fear, and his courage was entirely distinct from the sentiment. It was neither the apprehension of shame, nor the love of glory; it was the total absence of a feeling common to all animals, except occasionally a *lusus nature*, like the Sieur de Choptart. A man may be hated, abhorred, and avoided; but if he has courage, it is impossible to despise him.

On taking possession of his honours a second time, the

Sieur de Choptart determined to become the founder of a city, that should excel all others past, present, and future, and call it after himself. In pursuance of this lofty conception, he examined the grounds in the neighbourhood of Fort Rosalie, but found no spot suitable to the grandeur of his plans and the magnitude of his city. The Sieur then extended his views beyond the grounds occupied by the French settlers, and at length fixed upon the village of the White Apple, distant about two leagues, and occupying an area of nearly a square league. The moment this magnificent idea came across him, he looked in the glass with special complacency, cut two or three capers, and sent for the Sun of the village of the White Apple to come to the fort forthwith.

When the Sun arrived, the Sieur de Choptart began to talk about the future glories of the empire he was about to found, and to tell him how, in the course of so many moons, the white people would spread to the great ocean in the west, and drive the Indians head-foremost into the salt lake. It was, therefore, but just and proper that he and his people should jog off in time, and look out for some other place for their village, for he was going to found a great city on the very spot. A cloud passed over the face of the Sun, when he heard this consoling prophecy of the Sieur de Choptart, and deepened into a thunder storm, as the chief listened to the satisfactory conclusion of this eloquent harangue. The Natchez asserted that they were the descendants of the Sun, and in all North America there was not a tribe that held their heads higher than they. They preferred death to slavery in any other form than the despotic will of their chief.

The Sun of the White Apple being, like all savages, a reasonable person, concluded in his own mind that the Sieur was one also, and that if he was talked to in a reasonable manner, he would abandon this gigantic idea of founding a great city and driving all the red men into the great salt lake. He accordingly quelled his proud indignation, and answered, as he thought very much to the purpose, as follows:

"Brother, my ancestors have lived in the village of the Apple as many years as there are hairs in your long queue; it is good, therefore, that we continue there still."

The Sieur de Choptart waxed wrath at this non sequitur of the Sun, and especially at the allusion to his long queue, on which he most especially valued himself.

"Monsieur Sol," cried he, "if you don't remove from the village of the Apple in five days, you shall repent it, though you had lived there as many years as there are hairs in the tail of the great bear."

"But, my brother," answered the Sun with great gravity and decorum, "when the white men came here first, they told us there was land enough for us all; that the same sun would shine on the red men and them, and all would walk quietly in the same path. Will my brother cross his track and tell lies?"

Here the Sieur interrupted him, saying there was no use in talking, what he had to do was to obey, and that would be better than all the argument in the world. The commandant then absolutely snorted with self-importance, and went away without ceremony to see his pretty little Indian wife, and astonish her with his gigantic views. Tellatee was the daughter of one of the chiefs of the Tonicas, and was known in the tribe as the Little Rattle Snake, on account of the brightness of her eyes. The chief of the Apple village withdrew without any visible emotion, saying, with an appearance of great indifference, that he would go and consult his people, and hold a council.

He accordingly assembled a council of the wise men of the village, where, after a deal of long speeches, they agreed upon a representation to the commandant. Accordingly they sent him word that the corn which they had planted was but just coming up, that all the hens were laying their eggs; and that if they quitted their village now, all the chickens and corn would be lost both to the French and themselves, as the former were not sufficiently numerous to weed and take care of the corn. This seemed indeed a reasonable thing enough; but the Sieur was not a man to be deceived by reasons, let them be ever so good. His reply was, that if they did not obey and depart in the time prescribed, he would beat them into mummies.

Another council of the wise men of the Apple village was convened to consider of this alternative. One of the sages proposed that they should offer to pay the Sieur in a certain

number of moons, as many baskets of corn and as many fowls as there were huts in the village, provided he would permit them to remain to gather in their corn. The proposition was approved, and the Sun of the Apple again made his appearance before the mighty and potent commandant of a mud fort mounting three swivels. That august little potentate was pleased to accede to this offer, he being exceedingly fond of chickens and corn.

"But listen, Monsieur Sol," said he, "I grant your request, not out of complaisance to the corn and chickens, both which I hold to be utterly beneath my regard, but from the affection I bear to my dear friends the people of the Apple, who have always been the very good friends of the French."

"Hugh!" quoth the Sun of the Apple, who, though he did not believe a word of this speech, received it with great gravity, and appeared to be highly satisfied with his noble sentiments.

He returned to his village, again assembled the council and communicated the result of his mission, which was received in silent indignation. After a silence of some minutes the Sun proceeded to open himself to his people. He told them it appeared necessary to withdraw themselves from the tyranny of the white men, who, in proportion as they increased in strength, increased in their violent exactions. He reminded them of the war lately made upon them in violation of the solemn peace which had subsisted ever since the first coming of the French, and that nothing was now left them but to take a bloody revenge, and, at the same time, release themselves from the payment of the unjust tribute which the commandant had obliged them to offer. This enterprise called for the utmost secrecy and the most consummate art, to cajole the French chief, and throw him entirely off his guard. He concluded by saying that the affair required some time to reflect upon before it was laid before the Grand Sun and his council, and dismissed them with an assurance that they would be called together again in a few days to determine finally what was to be done.

In about a week he summoned them again, during which time the old men had consulted together, and come to an unanimous conclusion to unite in the entire destruction of all the French in Louisiana. The Sun addressed them as follows:

"You have had full time to consider the proposal I made you some time ago. I therefore desire you to suggest the best means of getting rid of these bad neighbours."

The oldest man then rose and spoke to the following effect:

"We have long seen that the neighbourhood of the French does us more harm than good. We who are old men know this; but the young men are blind and see it not. The wares of the French yield great pleasure to the young people; but what do they do, but debauch the young women with the love of trinkets, and taint the blood of the nation, and make them vain and idle? It is the same with the young men; and the married men must work hard to maintain their families and enable the children to dress fine and do nothing. Before the French came we were men, we were content with what we had, we walked every path without fear. But now we go half bent, we cannot stand straight, we go groping along afraid of meeting with thorns and briars, we walk like slaves, and shall soon be so, because we are treated as such already. When they are strong enough they will be like wolves in packs; they will no longer walk in the night, they will attack men. When our young people commit the least fault they will tie them to a post and whip them as they do the negroes. Have they not already done this to one of our young men, and is not death better than whipping?"

He paused awhile to take breath, and then proceeded:

"What do we wait for? Shall we go to sleep, and when we wake find that the white people have multiplied like mosquitoes, so that we can no longer oppose them? What will the Choctaws, the Tonicas, the Chickasaws, and the Padoucas say of us Natchez, who pass for the wisest of all the red men? They will say we cannot see as far as the ground mole. Why then wait we any longer? Let us set about freeing ourselves, and show we are men, who are satisfied with what we are and what we have, without working like slaves. From this day let us set about it. Order our women to get ready our provisions without telling them the reason. Go and carry the pipe of peace to all the nations of this country. Tell them that though they are at a distance, they will take their turn when we are made slaves, and that the only way is to help us before it becomes necessary to help themselves. Let them know that if they join us we can cut off in one day, and one hour, all the French in the country to a man. The day shall be that on which we are to bring in to the commandant our corn and chickens; the hour shall be the quarter of the day. Let the warriors go armed, with their contributions, as if going to hunt, and so manage that to every Frenchman in a French house there shall be two

or three Natchez. We will ask to borrow arms and ammunition for a great hunting match, to provide for a great feast, and promise to bring them plenty of meat. The firing at the commandant's house shall be the signal to fall at once upon the French, and kill every soul—man, woman, and child. Thus shall those who live in the great French village, on the great river down below, be for ever discouraged from coming to settle here."

The old man then proceeded to disclose the particulars of his plan. He proposed that a bundle of rods, containing precisely the same number with one reserved by themselves, should be sent to each of the nations which should unite in the destruction of the whites, indicating the number of days that were to elapse previous to striking the blow, that all might strike at one and the same time. To avoid mistakes and be exact in pulling out a rod every day, breaking it and throwing it away, it was necessary to give these messages and bundles in charge of a person of great prudence. He ceased and sat down.

This plan was approved by the council unanimously, and ratified by the Sun of the Apple. The next thing was to obtain the co-operation of the Grand Sun of all the Natchez, together with the petty Suns, in which case the nations to a man would implicitly obey. It was agreed to keep the whole a secret from the women, not excepting the female Suns or princesses, and to be careful not to give them the least hint or suspicion of their design. The Grand Sun, or principal chief of the tribe of the Natchez, was a youth of no experience in the world, and had very little intercourse with the French; but the Sun of the Apple was, on the contrary, a wise chief and of great authority. He easily gained over the Grand Sun to favour the project.

He told him of the necessity of taking this decisive step, in order to prevent the total ruin and extirpation of his people, who otherwise would in a little time be driven from their ancient inheritance. That the plan was so well arranged it was impossible to fail of success, and that the commandant of the fort was hated by his own people, almost as much as by themselves, and would in all probability fall an easy victim. As long, he added, as the Grand Sun, his father, and the Stung Serpent, his uncle, lived, the commandant of the fort durst not undertake any thing against them, because the great chief of the French was their friend; but he being young and unknown, would be despised; his only remedy was to assist them in getting rid of the French in the manner projected by the wise old men.

The Grand Sun being thus secured, the plan was agreed upon, that on the day following the petty Suns should come in the morning, as if to salute their chief, who would order them to repair to the Sun of the Apple, without explaining himself to any one. This was accordingly done, and the eloquence of the Sun of the Apple easily wrought them to his purpose. A council of Suns and aged persons of distinction, who could all be depended on, was formed; and aged warriors appointed on embassies to bear the bundles of rods to the different nations who were to join in the confederacy. They and the guard which accompanied them were bound by the most solemn oaths, guaranteed by the punishment of death, not to disclose to any one the object of these missions. The ambassadors then proceeded on their errand, without the notice or knowledge of the French commandant or any of his people.

But notwithstanding the profound art and secrecy with which these proceedings had been taken, they had excited the notice and awakened the curiosity of the female Suns or princesses, who, by the customs of the tribe, had a right to demand to be informed of all the public affairs.

The young Grand female Sun was a girl scarcely eighteen years of age; she therefore had little experience, and took no interest in the business. But the mother of the Grand Sun was a woman of great cunning and abilities, called the Strong Arm, who had a high opinion of herself, and was offended at being kept in the dark. She accordingly sought an interview with her son, and expressed her suspicions, as well as her displeasure, at being treated as a baby, and thought unworthy of the keeping of a secret. The young chief assured her that the deputation of chiefs and nobles was only to brighten the chain of friendship between the Natchez and some of the Indian nations who thought themselves neglected. The Strong Arm was not satisfied with this explanation, as she perceived no necessity for keeping such a measure a secret, and when, on the return of the embassies, a council was held privately, instead of in public, as was always the custom on such occasions, her indignation and curiosity became particularly troublesome. She would have broken out into reproaches had she not been restrained by the hope of gaining the information she coveted without coming to a direct quarrel

with the chiefs, and thus perhaps losing all chance of getting at the secret which tormented her. But all her endeavours failed, one after another, until her vexation became extreme, and she was on the point of coming to a rupture with the chiefs, when, luckily for the French in Louisiana, she resolved on a plan for getting at the secret, which proved successful.

One day she prevailed upon her son to accompany her to a neighbouring Indian village to visit a sick relative, and, that she might not want opportunity, led him far about through the most retired paths. On her way she took occasion to reproach him bitterly with the insulting secrecy he and the other chiefs had observed towards her, whom they had hitherto consulted on all occasions, and whose advice had often saved the nation from great perils. She insisted on her right as a princess, and more especially as his mother, to know what plan was in operation; and she added, that though she had once been the wife of a Frenchman, her own blood and colour and kindred were far dearer to her than those strangers. He need not, therefore, apprehend that she would ever betray him to the French, if it was, as she believed it was, against them he was plotting.

Stung with the reproaches which accompanied this harangue, the young chief replied that it was not usual to reveal what the old men in council had once resolved upon, and that he, being the Grand Sun, the supreme chief of the nation, ought, least of all, to set a bad example in this respect. Neither his own wife nor his sisters knew what was going forward, and it was no insult to her to be kept ignorant of what none of the princesses knew.

"But since," added he evasively, "since you know the whole affair, I need not inform you any farther. You know as much as I do, and I have only to warn you to hold your tongue to the French."

The artful mother having gained the clue, then proceeded to unwind the web of secrecy, which the young man was too weak to hold fast. She was not curious, she said, to know against whom their plans were to operate; but as it was against the French, she was afraid they would not prove effectual. The French were brave and skilful and watchful; they could influence by their presents all the surrounding nations of Indians, and had resources which the red men were entirely without. She hoped that they were sufficiently guarded against all these contingencies.

The Grand Sun, being young and of little experience, and moreover anxious to prove that their plot must certainly succeed, now unwarily proceeded to detail the information she wanted for. He assured her that all the nations of Louisiana approved the design, and had promised to fall on the French in their vicinity on the very same day, and at length communicated to her the secret of the bundle of rods, which was deposited in the great temple, in a situation which he described. The Strong Arm being thus informed of the whole affair, which she affected highly to approve, said no more on the subject. But, from that time forward, she thought of nothing but the means of defeating this bloody conspiracy, without exposing herself, her son, and her tribe to certain destruction.

The Strong Arm had formerly been the wife of a young Frenchman, whom she loved with great ardour and constancy, and who was killed by the Natchez in revenge for the death of one of their chiefs, who was shot by a soldier of the garrison of fort Rosalie. The Strong Arm never forgave her tribe for this; yet still she was the mother of the Grand Sun of the Natchez. The possession of the secret she had wheedled out of the weak and inexperienced young man, proved a torment to her. She loved the French, for her husband was of that nation; she hated her tribe, for they had murdered that husband; but she was the mother of the Grand Sun, the supreme head of the nation, and it would be bringing herself and him to disgrace, if not to death, were she to disclose the scheme which was now approaching its consummation.

Hesitating between these conflicting duties and feelings, the Strong Arm, at length one day meeting a soldier of the garrison of fort Rosalie, desired him to go and tell the commandant that the Natchez had lost their senses, and that he must be on his guard and repair his fortifications, and by thus shewing his mistrust, discourage them from taking any measures against them. The soldier went and delivered the message, but, according to the request of the Strong Arm, not as from her but himself. The Sieur de Chopart had such a high opinion of himself, and such a low one of his neighbours, the Natchez, together with all the rest of the red men, that he treated this intimation with the most lofty contempt. He swore he would not show himself a fool and a coward, by either repairing his fort or taking any new precautions. He treated the whole affair as the idle panic of a blockhead, and concluded by putting the poor soldier in irons.

The Indian princess was exceedingly mortified, as well as

provoked, at the foolhardiness of the fantastic commandant, and took the first opportunity of repeating the same caution by the mouths of some young women whom she sent for that purpose. The *Sieur de Chopart* was too gallant to put them in irons; but he snapped his fingers, cut two or three capers, and swore that he was a match for the Grand Sun, the Sun of the Apple, and all the other Suns in the universe. "There is nothing to fear from fellows who wear no whiskers," quoth he, as he contemplated his gallant mustaches in the glass. After this the Strong Arm contrived many other ways to put the commandant on his guard, but finding his folly insuperable, and that he resented all hints, cautions, and innuendoes, as insults, and clapped their authors in irons, she, as the best mode of preventing at least the entire destruction of the French in the province of Louisiana, determined on the following bold plan.

The bundle of sticks, which was to regulate the concerted movements of all the confederate nations, was carefully deposited in the great temple of the Sun, and it was the duty of one of the wisest of the old men to see every day that one of the sticks was withdrawn from the rest, broken, and cast away. Her design was to abstract some of the rods, and thus destroy the concert of action, by bringing on the catastrophe at Fort Rosalie so much sooner than elsewhere, that the other French settlements might hear of it, and take measures for their safety. The task was one of great difficulty and danger, for, beyond doubt, a discovery would lead to her utter ruin. Circumstances favoured her design. About this time happened a phenomenon that frightened the whole province, and drew the alarmed attention of the Natchez, who were even more superstitious than Indians usually are.

Every morning, for the space of eight days in succession, a loud rumbling noise was heard from the sea, as far as the Illinois. It arose in the west in the morning, and passed onward to the east; in the afternoon it was distinguished returning with incredible swiftness to the westward. It seemed equally on the land and on the water; yet there was no agitation visible on either, and a dead calm reigned all around in every direction. This mysterious noise appalled the Natchez, and there were among them more than one old man, who considered it an omen to dissuade them from any further prosecution of their design against the French. Others again insisted that it was a signal for the destruction of the white men, vouchsafed by the Great Sun as an encouragement for his people to persevere. The coincidence, accidental as it must be, of great or singular natural phenomena with great moral or political events, is one of the prime sources of superstition. The mysterious noise was, at the end of eight days, followed by the most furious storm ever known in Louisiana. It lasted three days, and having arisen from the south-west and north-east, it passed over all the settlements along the Mississippi, being felt in some places, however, more than in others. Within the sweep of the hurricane, nothing was left standing, either of the work of nature or of man. The trees were torn up by the roots, and shattered in pieces; the reeds, the grass, and the lowest products of the earth, were all laid flat to the ground, bruised and destroyed. Even the tremendous current of the mighty father of rivers was stayed, and his tide, turning as it were back upon itself, raised the waters upwards of fifteen feet above the ordinary flow of the sea.

The high land on which the fort of Rosalie and the surrounding villages of the Natchez were situated saved them from the fury of the hurricane, which, apparently being turned aside by the obstruction of the hills, passed just along the skirts of the settlements, and shook without overturning the houses. In the gloom and consternation occasioned by these awful visitations, while the fears of the Natchez occupied their whole attention and confined them to their houses, the Strong Arm sought and found an opportunity of putting her design into execution. In the dead of the night, when the torrent of air swept by at a little distance, mastering every thing in its course, and rocking the fragile tenements which the Natchez had erected for themselves and their gods, the Indian princess stole towards the temple where the bundle of rods was deposited. There were neither bolts nor locks, for it is only among civilized men that the abodes of the deity need such safeguards. She entered the temple, where all was dark and silent, save the distant roaring of the winds, and the creaking of the edifice. She groped her way to the spot where the Grand Sun had told her the bundle of rods was placed, and, after a considerable search, at length grasped them in her hand. Hesitating for a few moments, between the desire of taking away a sufficient number to give the necessary warning to the other settlements, and the fear of leaving so few as to make the diminution apparent, she contented herself with withdrawing twelve rods, and was hastening like the wind towards the door of the temple, when her hand, not however that which held the rods, was suddenly

grasped with a hard, firm gripe. Not a shriek, not a word did she utter, and even the pulses of her heart were silent.

"Tis the hand of a woman," said a voice, which the Strong Arm recognised as that of the old chief appointed to watch the bundle of rods, and break one of them each day—"Who art thou, and what brought thee here?"

The Strong Arm had taken her resolution—"I came hither," said she, "to ask of the Great Sun, the protector of the Natchez, to preserve his people and their inheritance in this hour of peril." "Good," said the unsuspecting old man, "may the prayer of the Strong Arm be heard," and he loosed her hand, and suffered her to pass on.

The Indian princess flew like the wind to the house she inhabited alone, and threw the rods into the fire which she had kindled, where they were quickly consumed. The next day, when the old chief came to take away another rod from the bundle he thought for a moment that it had suddenly diminished; but it was a momentary suspicion; he neglected to count those that remained, and the deed of the Strong Arm was never discovered. After this she still continued to repeat her hints and warnings to the soldiers of the garrison, who, through apprehension of being put in irons by the governor of Fort Rosalie, never delivered her messages. She went so far as to assure the sub-lieutenant that the Natchez were mad, and snuffed blood; but the infatuated *Sieur de Chopart* paid no more attention to him than to the others. On the very night preceding the attempt of the Indians, the *Sieur* went on a party of pleasure with several of his officers to the grand village of the Natchez, which was at some distance from Fort Rosalie. Here he danced and sung, and played off the most gallant evolutions, insulting the Indian warriors by swearing he would one day or other drive them like a flock of wild turkeys into the reeds, and provoking the women by divers antics, and unseemly freedoms of speech as well as action. He did not return till daylight, when he received, through the agency of the Strong Arm, certain intimation of what was just about to happen.

Instead of taking the necessary precautions to avoid the catastrophe, this infatuated man, flustered with the night's debauch, committed another imprudence to consummate his list of follies. He ordered his interpreter to go forthwith to the Grand Sun, and demanded of him if it was true that he intended to come at the head of his warriors and kill all the French, as he had been informed. The Grand Sun swore by the Great Serpent he had no such intention.

"I knew it," said the *Sieur de Chopart*, when the interpreter returned with this satisfactory reply; "I knew it, and here I swear by St. Louis, and half a hundred other saints, if necessary, I will cut off the ears of any person that from this time forward repeats such nonsense."

At length the decisive moment arrived, when the old chief informed the council that he had broken the last rod. It was on the eve of St. Andrew, exactly one hundred years ago, that the chiefs, having gathered the stipulated tribute of corn and fowls, proceeded on their way to fort Rosalie, as if to deliver it according to their agreement with the commandant. They found the garrison without their arms, the officers absent from duty, carelessly strolling about, and every thing, as it were, prepared to their purpose. The *Sieur de Chopart*, to show his contempt for the Indians, as well as for the advice he had from time to time received, had encouraged a total relaxation of discipline, so that even if the plans of the Natchez had not been laid with such consummate art, and conducted with such secrecy, they could hardly have failed of complete success.

The Natchez were permitted to come into the fort and deposit their tribute, after which they begged the loan of arms and ammunition for the great hunt they were going upon, promising to share their meat with the French when they came back. The *Sieur de Chopart* was in such good humour at the sight of the corn and fowls, that he granted their request with the best grace in the world. The Indians received the guns and loaded them without exciting the least suspicion.

It is a curious historical fact, that among those who engaged in this conspiracy there was but one man that was not a chief. The whole scheme had been kept secret, not only from the women, but from the common people likewise; and the reason of this single exception was that the chiefs had such an utter contempt for the *Sieur de Chopart*, that not one of them would condescend to kill him. They therefore armed this man with a wooden hatchet, and took him with them for the sole purpose of knocking the commandant on the head. The town and fort were now filled with Indians, with arms in their hands, thirsting for revenge, and only waiting the signal for the bloody business. The arrival of the Grand Sun and his party was quickly followed by the firing of three guns. This was the signal, and the answering shots from different quarters first roused the *Sieur de Chopart* to a sense of his consummate folly. Arming himself

with a pair of pistols and a sword, he sallied forth upon his enemies. The Indians stood aloof leaving him to the man with the wooden hatchet, whom the *Sieur de Chopart* kicked heels over head with his right foot in a twinkling. He then discharged his pistols in quick succession, bringing two of the chiefs to the ground; after which he threw them at the heads of two others, with so good an aim that they also bit the dust, and then rushed upon them sword in hand.

"He is worthy to die by the hand of a warrior," cried the Sun of the Apple, advancing upon him. A furious contest ensued, in which the *Sieur de Chopart*, being skilled in the management of the sword, would in all likelihood have come off victorious, had not the caittif with the wooden hatchet crept behind him, and revenged the kick he had received by planting his weapon full upon the head of the *Sieur*, who fell to the earth, and was instantly despatched. His death would have more than redeemed the follies of his life, had not they proved fatal to so many of his unfortunate people. Of seven hundred persons, a few only escaped to carry the news to the commandant-general at New-Orleans, who repented too late of his confidence in the boasts of the *Sieur de Chopart*.

The result of the affair, however, was fatal to the Natchez, who, after plundering Fort Rosalie and the houses, set them on fire, leaving not a single edifice standing. The other Indian nations to whom the bundle of rods had been sent, were extremely irritated at the Natchez, supposing they had forwarded them for the purpose of deceiving them and making them ridiculous. They determined, therefore, to revenge themselves the first opportunity. The Natchez, on the contrary, believed their allies had broken faith with them, and now merely pretended that their bundles of rods had not the same number as that of the Natchez. Thus a mutual ill will was generated; for it was never known to them how it came to pass that the confederacy failed. The Strong Arm, as may be supposed, kept her secret, and the old chief, who had encountered her in the temple during the hurricane, died in the massacre of Fort Rosalie, by the hand of the *Sieur de Chopart*. The truth, therefore, was never suspected, nor was the simple expedient which saved the lives, in all probability, of all the French inhabitants of Louisiana, except those of Rosalie, ever disclosed until the whole nation of the Natchez had paid the penalty of the massacre of the Eve of St. Andrew.

Monsieur P  rier, governor of Louisiana, determined to make a severe example of the Natchez, and taking advantage of the misunderstanding relating to the bundle of rods, engaged the Choctaws to co-operate with him in that object. A war commenced, which continued some time, until the Natchez, harassed and plundered by the Choctaws, at length retired to the other side of the Mississippi, to the neighbourhood of Silver Creek, about two hundred miles from Red river. Here they were at length found by Monsieur P  rier and his brother, at the head of a considerable force.

They shut themselves up in the fort they had constructed, and finding at length that the French were gradually gaining ground in their approaches, they determined upon the last effort of despair. They equipped themselves in their most splendid war dresses; painted their bodies with different colours; and made their final attempt in a sally, accompanied with howlings and horrible contortions, which at first struck terror into the French soldiers. They were, however, eventually driven back, and confined to their fort, while the French were finishing a battery for mortars. The third discharge threw a shell which fell into the middle of the fort, where it burst among the women and children, who set up a dismal outcry. The Indian warriors, seeing this, offered at length to capitulate. The offer was accepted, and after various attempts at delay, as well as to escape under cover of night, which succeeded with a few who joined the Chickasaws, the rest surrendered at discretion.

They were carried to New-Orleans, where they were kept prisoners for a time, and afterwards sent to the king's plantation. From there, after being detained some time, the governor, not knowing what else to do with them, and being unwilling either to put them to death, or let them loose again to murder his countrymen, shipped them to St. Domingo. Thus perished the Natchez, the most conspicuous and the most civilized tribe of all those found in the limits of North America. The Strong Arm was among those carried to New-Orleans, where she, for the first time, related the particulars of her various warnings to the *Sieur de Chopart*, and of her saving the lives of all the French colonists, but those whom the commandant would not suffer to be saved, by the simple expedient of withdrawing a few sticks from a bundle of rods. She was taken care of during the rest of her life by the governor general, and died many years after, lamenting that she could not save either her husband's kindred at Rosalie, nor the kindred of her fathers at the village of the Great Sun. Atlantic Souvenir for 1831.

For the Mirror.

A NIGHT-STORM ON THE ATLANTIC.

BY ALPHA.

Fair was the morn, and calm the noon, and cool the evening's breath,
And, save a bosom-heave, the sea was spiritless as death:
The evening beams, mid clouds of gold, went down before our way,
As though they'd lead our pilgrim-ship to lands as bright as they.

And some who loved the sunset-sea were gathered on the deck,
Some watched the evening star that rose a scarce distinguished speck;
Some praised the varying heaven that grew more gloomy and more
Far as itself from earth beyond the skill of painter's hand. (grand,

And some bewailed the absent wind, and some their absent feres,
And some who wail'd no wind nor world, laugh'd out at others' cares;
Some in that dewy time shed tears—the loveless and the lone,
And some fill'd deep the memory-cup to loves and pleasures flown.

In sooth, they were a varied group, in climate and in creed,
But braver hearts had never urg'd the battle's thundering speed;
And woman, young and fond, was there—oh! where is she not found;
By fever's bed—on ocean's surge—on war's volcanic ground!

But where's that star of silver gone, as bright as beauty's eye?

And see yon little cloud that climbs along the silent sky—

"This black, but yet 'tis beautiful beside the crimson blaze

That like a conflagration fills the wanderers' dazzled gaze.

More watchful now the chieftain's eye—more loud the growing gale,

Aloft—aloft the seamen fly and reef the baffling sail;

And, but too faithfully they tell how false this smiling scene—

The sullen brow—the thoughtful eye—and the abstracted mien.

Afar—afar the waters wake—the tempest shakes their track,

And o'er the sky-fields legion-clouds are moving big and black: [eye,

He comes—he comes with winged speed—a strong hand and lightning—

Lifts the huge ocean from its bed and blazes through the sky.

And now he scatters flash on flash—now thunders peal on peal—

Now with mad surges sweeps the decks, now lifts the naked keel;

"Call up the watch!"—no time for sleep—away the bulwarks go—

Thunders above, and flende around, and boiling gulfs below!

Danger and storm, and death and fear, and thou, undying night!

Nay, have ye charm'd from hell's deep frowns the workers of your might?

Fling ye your Titan rage to heaven to shroud it's holy blue,

With all your strength of darkness lest one star should silver through?

Oh for the morn—the sacred morn! 'twere hope to those who roam—

No beacon but the lightning's flash, no pathway but the foam.

Thou God of mercy! spare—oh, spare! till daylight be begun,

That we may, like the Parsee, die beneath the blessed sun!

Our pray'r is heard, the storm is hush'd! we breathe of hope and heav'n,

And from the rosy gates of morn the demon clouds are driven;

The light—the pure and living light, once more illumines the main,

The burning fever-hour is past—we live—we live again.

Thou wilt not let the sinner's death! Oh God! thy words are truth;

I feel in my maturer hours what I but learned in youth;

And while my future journey tends o'er life's uncertain sea,

However dark my fortune's frown, oh! turn my hopes to thee.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

NUMBER THREE.

Chester.

August 10, 1830.

As I had just arrived from the young cities of the new world, I determined to have a peep at one of the oldest cities of this part of the old world. The contrast is certainly striking; for, though Chester is now somewhat of a modern-antique, in consequence of the new portions of the town having been built after the fashion of these days, yet the middle of the city is antiquity itself. Such houses! I dined in one wherein it is not only possible but probable that portions of the Roman legions, some dozen and a half centuries ago, met and revelled, and talked of their own beautiful Italy, canvassed the political measures of the Cæsars, and devised plans for protecting the barbarous inhabitants of Chester from the still more barbarous Welsh, that were for ever prowling like wolves around their walls. Things were certainly in keeping at this inn. The furniture was musty and massive—the pictures that hung round the walls discovered a truly Chinese contempt of the modern discovery of perspective; and there was no doubt that both the landlady and the mutton she gave me to eat had come into existence in the times that had long since passed away. Some of the streets ought, in fact, to be wholly inhabited by ancient withered men and women—walking mummies—curious specimens of the productions of a by-past age; for it really seems incongruous to see healthy, curly-pated children, or anything savouring of freshness and vitality in their precincts. The old part of the city is entirely walled around, which now forms a pleasant walk for the inhabitants. Upon the walls I picked acquaintance with quite an original character. He was as inquisitive as if he had been born east of Long Island Sound; and as soon as he found I was all the way from the wilds of America, he entered upon a regular course of cross-examination, and seemed not a little surprised at finding me partially civilized. He then proceeded, in the style and tone that a pedantic schoolmaster would use to a small urchin, to impart to me the most novel information. He stated, for my edification, that the very wall on which we walked was built by the Romans; that these Romans were from a country called Italy; and that under the command of one Julius Cæsar they came over in ships, and conquered a

great part of the island of Britain, which, as he added, "is now called England;" the whole of which, as he seemed to expect it, I received as the latest news I had heard, and expressed the requisite quantity of surprise thereat. It was really amusing to see the unhesitating manner in which he took it for granted that, coming from where I did, it was altogether impossible I should know anything of the matters of which he was discouraging; and when we came to the little tower on which Charles the First stood and saw the defeat of the royal army on Rowton moor, he proceeded, in the same strain, to detail the particulars of that event, and how Charles lost the throne, and how Oliver Cromwell became protector, &c. &c. for all which information, as in duty bound, I expressed myself exceedingly obliged to him. He replied, "Not at all, sir;" but gravely and complacently added, that "it was fortunate I had met with some one who could tell me about the place;" to which I responded, "very fortunate, indeed," and we parted. So you see what notions many people here entertain of the state of things in America. Upon other matters he did not seem a very ignorant man; yet he appeared to think that I had learnt the English tongue as I might learn any other foreign language, and asked me what kind of language was spoken in America!

The scenery around Chester is very pretty. The naturally fertile land is in the highest state of cultivation, yet nevertheless thickly studded with clumps of fine trees; through it the beautiful little river Dee winds its way, with many a graceful curve, while the old Welsh mountains rear their lofty heads in the back ground, as if to protect the smiling valley from the sweeping winds and fog and blight of the western ocean. But as there are few things pleasanter in reality and duller in description than pretty scenery, I shall put a stop to any further bursts of descriptive eloquence, and simply and literally sum up my proceedings in the words of the old song:

"'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the little birds sang from the tree:
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee;"

where I enjoyed (and others may) a delicious day-dream, until the calls of appetite hinted that something more tangible than draughts of fancy and fresh air was indispensably necessary, according to our present worldly and carnal construction, for the preservation and continuance in due order of the animal functions. After victualling, I looked my last upon Chester, and wended my way northward.

It is a strange thing tossing and travelling about the world, sojourning short snatches of time here and there, making yourself familiar with unknown faces and fresh scenes, and then passing on your way and seeing them no more. It is pleasant in some respects, but, like every thing else in life, disagreeable in others. There is something of pain in shaking hands, probably for the last time, even with your fellow-travellers for a few hours on a stage top, if you have passed your time pleasantly together. You just begin to feel an interest in them when the coach stops, they are set down at their native town or village, a friendly nod of the head is exchanged, and you are whirled onwards. True, such links are very slight, but still you feel when they are snapped; and perhaps this may, in some degree, account for the unsociability of the English in travelling, so much complained of and ridiculed by foreigners. They are an outwardly cold and not easily excited people, and in journeying prefer silence to sociability that must soon be brought unpleasantly to a close. Some, to be sure, have the knack of good-humouredly making and breaking acquaintanceship, with the utmost facility and unconcern; but I, for one, never liked them the better for it.

There is nothing exaggerated in Washington Irving's description of the English people's passion for gardening. You may travel for days together through the country, and not see one house without this seemingly indispensable useful and ornamental appendage. The meanest thatched cottages have their gable-ends covered with neatly trained fruit trees, while the front is partially hid by clusters of rose-bushes, or the fragrant jasmine and honeysuckle. Roses and jasmines and honeysuckles may sound romantic and extravagant; but they are in fact the commonest and cheapest things in the world, and are easily attainable even by the poorest of the poor. Nature is a bountiful provider, and it only requires a little labour and attention to place the homeliest dwellings in a nest of sweets. The extreme neatness and good taste with which the peasantry lay out their small spots of earth are such as could scarcely be expected from rude and uncultivated minds. Hunt, Cobbett, and other oracles of truth, tell us of the utter misery and wretchedness of the agricultural labouring classes throughout England. I cannot say how far they may be correct, or rather, incorrect, for I have as yet had no

opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mode of life of these poor people. No doubt they suffer many privations; but it is hard to reconcile the idea of squalid poverty, and the sullen and reckless despair which generally accompanies it, with the neat, trim state of the gardens of the English peasantry, and the considerable portion of their little patches of ground set apart for the cultivation of flowers, and purely ornamental purposes; while the troops of fat, flaxen-headed, rosy-cheeked children, loitering along the hedge sides or rolling on the grass in front of their doors, indicate anything rather than delicate appetites or lack of the means of satisfying them. But we soon left cottages and gardens and flowers and children far behind, and entered upon a tract of country as sterile and barren as ever set cultivation at defiance—the moors of Yorkshire. Here even a highland cow might despair of a dinner, and nothing animate or inanimate is to be seen upon their surface, excepting gangs of a peculiar breed of ragged, black-faced, and, I must say, blackguard-looking sheep, who seem to be able to exist where nothing else will. As soon as the grouse season commences, these extensive moors are alive with birds and bird-slayers. In these regions, though the middle of summer, the air in the morning was raw and chilly; and two Americans, (Pennsylvanians,) who were travelling to see the country, looked and talked as if they were on the point of perishing with cold. These gentlemen complained bitterly of the thinness of the slices of bread and butter at the inn where we breakfasted, which I take to be strongly indicative of two forthcoming volumes of very unfavourable travels. As there was the same charge for one slice as fifty, a Yankee would soon have discovered what the men of Pennsylvania did not—that in direct proportion to the thinness of the bread, there was a clear gain to the consumer in the article of butter. But, however, when people are busy at finding fault, it is as well to go through with it; and a consistent book of travels, that is, all praise or all abuse, like Cooper's Travelling Bachelor or Fearon's veracious sketches, is decidedly more amusing than that drivelling affectation of candour, which, afraid to boldly condemn or defend, goes on mixing a grain of praise with a grain of blame, until, at the end of the chapter, the reader finds himself in a hopeless state of indecision, not having acquired any definite ideas on the subject matter in hand, which is a dead loss of time, and no kind of preparation at all either for argument or conversation. This style of writing ought only to be cultivated by "on the fence" politicians, like the ingenious editor of the —, who, by long practice, has acquired such precision in the art of balancing, that he is enabled to write on all questions in a way that would puzzle a conjurer to find out to which side he leans. Good by—my next shall be from the place where cockneys most do congregate.

C.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

GOOD THINGS SAID AND DONE AT THE SPRINGS, DURING THE LAST SEASON.

FRIEND MORRIS—For the benefit of your fair readers, whom the tyranny of parents and husbands has kept vegetating at home all summer, contrary to law and gospel, I send you the following items respecting the most remarkable characters that sojourned at these resorts of beauty and fashion during the last season. Being on the spot when they occurred, I can vouch for their authenticity. Your constant reader, PETRONEL FLAGE.

Jack Moustache, a dandy of the first dimensions, having one day very significantly sworn to Miss Aurelia Flamb, the great heiress, that he never loved but one in the whole course of his life, occasioned the following, by a young gentleman who don't wish his name to be known to any body but the public:

Jack makes his brags of his constancy,
He never loved but one, not he,
Jack speaks the truth, the honest elf,
And that one was his own dear self.

"What is the reason," said the lovely, lively Delia Delices one day to the same young fellow, "what is the reason there is nothing said in the Bible about 'a certain woman,' as well as 'a certain man?'" He answered the lady's question in the following extempore:

"A certain man's" a phrase in scripture common,
But nothing's said about a certain woman;
The reason all may see that are not blind—
A woman's never certain of her mind.

Whereupon the lady, in imitation of the dey of Algiers, who was not "afraid of his ears," gave him a great blow with her fan, which would have annihilated him had it not been for his corsets.

Fillagree Flibbertigibbet, who had been three years abroad cultivating his whiskers, on reading in the newspapers that

their royal highnesses the dukes of Sussex and Cumberland had complied with the wishes of the new king of England, and sacrificed their moustachios, foreseeing the downfall of the dynasty of whisks, did, in a fit of desperation, seize a *magnum bonum* razor, and with a single flourish, disforest his whole physiognomy. Finding afterwards that the information of the royal dukes having sent in their adhesion was premature, the unfortunate gentleman disappeared, and has not since been heard of. Great fears are entertained for his life.

A dashing widow, of great beauty, *et cetera*, accidentally fell from a boat into the deepest part of Saratoga lake, whereupon three of her admirers, all of whom had the dyspepsia, jumped in, determined to rescue her or perish. What renders this affair very remarkable, the lady floated on the surface, without the least danger, whereas the gentlemen would all certainly have gone to the bottom, had not one of them climbed to the top of her hat, and the other two taken refuge in her sleeves.

"What is marriage like?" was the question at a game of "What is it like?" at Ballston one evening. The young gentleman, who don't wish his name to be mentioned, when it came to his turn, answered in the following extempore:

Marriage is like a flaring candle light
Placed in a window of a summer night,
Attracting all the insects of the air
To come and sing their pretty wickets there;
Those that are out butt heads against the pane,
And those within butt to get out again.

The following lines were handed about in manuscript, author unknown. They were charitably applied to a worthy man, who was very liberal in giving away part of what he cheated other people out of:

Paul with his charity his conscience calms,
He steals a pig and gives the tail for alms.

A club of jolly members of the temperance society, being determined to apply with the proper *spirit* to their undertaking, used to meet three times a week to drink champagne, and make epigrams on each other. Only two of them leaked out, of which we took a copy. The first was made on Lawyer Brief, an honest fellow, who had never been corrupted by the business of his profession, and who sometimes fell asleep at or under the table:

Here lies a lawyer, and an honest man,
Heaven works a wonder for us now and then.

The other was upon Sam Scapegrace, who one night took a rash oath that he would never drink again while he breathed the breath of life:

Sam Scapegrace once to me devoutly swore,
That while he breathed, by heaven! he'd drink no more;
But Sam meant nothing more, as I am thinking,
Than that he would not breathe while he was drinking.

The following lines got into circulation at Saratoga; but, as may be imagined, the author was too wise to own them. A young man in spectacles, thick-soled shoes, and an ante-diluvian coat was suspected:

Says Tom, "I'll never wed but for a prize,
Young, rich, and beautiful, and good and wise;
Not fond of dress, yet always trim and neat;
Never perfum'd, yet like a rose-bud sweet;
Well bred, as she in town had pass'd her life,
Yet modest, frugal, as a country wife."
"You'll die a bachelor, my friend," I said,
"Or must bespeak her—there's none ready made."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE VILLAGE MUSICIAN.

BY JAMES HALL.

WE are sorry to be obliged to mutilate so amusing and clever a story as this, but it is too long to be extracted entire; and we must even beg the author's pardon for liking him so well that we cannot forbear taking a few extracts.

The village musician is Johnny Vanderbocker, a neat square-built Dutch lad, who whilom was a great favourite in Herkimer, New-York. The first time Johnny was enabled to think of two things at once, was when he became deeply enamoured of a beautiful girl of nineteen. Lucy Atherton, the young lady in question, had beauty enough to compensate for the loss of wealth, and a sufficient portion of the family inheritance of pride to enable her to hold her head quite as high as any belle in the village. Indeed she made it a point to take precedence wherever she went; and as she did it without the appearance of ill-nature, and without displaying any self-important airs, it seemed to be universally conceded to her. She was the reigning beauty of the village—the prettiest, the gayest, and the most graceful of the maiden train who danced to the music of Johnny Vanderbocker's violin. It was a treat to behold her laughing face, her lovely form, and her light step, as she flew, with joyous heart and noiseless

foot, through the mazes of a contra-dance. Now it happened to Johnny occasionally to shut his mouth and open his eyes, just at the dangerous moment when Miss Atherton was engaged in these captivating performances; and he must have been the most churlish of the Dutchmen not to have been fascinated. She was in the habit, too, of leading off the sets, and the choice of the air was generally dictated by her taste. On such occasions she would address our hero with the most winning grace, and in tones of the sweetest euphony, ask Mr. Vanderbocker for "that delightful tune which he played so charmingly." Accustomed to the plain appellation of "Johnny," from every other tongue, the title of *Mister*, conveyed in such honied accents, fell pleasantly upon his ear; and whether the fair lady was actuated by self-respect, or by a respect for Johnny, the effect was to make him her fast friend. Often would Johnny surprise the company, by keeping his eyes open for whole minutes together, at the lovely visage of Lucy Atherton flitted before him. The fire would flash from his eye, and the blood rush from his heart to his elbow, as he gazed in ecstacy at the loveliest dancer in the village. Then would he close his eyes, and having laid in an agreeable idea, feed upon it in secrecy, as a stingy boy devours a morsel in some hidden corner. But he kept his own counsel so closely, that none could have suspected the object of his thoughts, or have pronounced with any shadow of reason that he had any thoughts at all—except upon one occasion, when Lucy Atherton, having gone through a scamper down with uncommon spirit, he exclaimed with great emotion, that she was a "dreadful nice dancer." Yet with all this devotion of heart, Miss Atherton's image was unconnected with ideas of wedlock. He had seldom seen her except on holidays, when she shone as a bright particular star in the constellation of village beauty, and her name was engraven on the same tables with quiltings, fiddle-strings, minced-pies, egg-flip, and spiced ginger-bread. The idea of a wife entirely unsettled his thoughts, which commonly moved on from point to point, with as much regularity as the hands of a watch. "A wife!" quoth he, casting a look of silly bashfulness all around, as if afraid of detection. "A wife!" exclaimed he a second time, laughing aloud at the absurdity of such a proposition. "A wife!" muttered he again, and then the image of Lucy Atherton came dancing before him. "Me and Lucy will just suit," said he to himself; "she dances *prime*, and I can out-fiddle the world."

And Johnny, decked in pink silk neckcloth, purple watch-ribbon, and scarlet velvet waistcoat, was actually inspired with confidence to offer himself, his fiddle, a snug house, three hundred dollars in silver, and a bakeshop, all to Miss Lucy Atherton. Of course, the honour was civilly but peremptorily declined; and merely adding, "You must excuse me, sir, I have other engagements," the lady left the room.

"That means she is going to marry somebody else," thought Johnny. "What a fool I was not to speak first."

And he retired, not a little puzzled that a young lady of sound discretion, and not worth a cent, should refuse a neat cottage, a bake-shop, and three hundred dollars, with the slight incumbrance of himself and his violin, merely because she made a previous engagement with another gentleman.

Had there been a mill-pond at the front door of her world undoubtedly have drowned himself; but it would have been rashness to have left the treasure vacant, and his bake-shop unoccupied, so he determined to mount his horse and take a short ride. It was nearly night when Johnny wended his way homeward; and being particularly unwilling to ride alone in the dark, he trotted up alongside a closely muffled traveller, and wished him cheerfully "good evening;" the traveller nodded stiffly, without turning his head; Johnny gazed wistfully at the tired nag, the Mackinaw blanket, the leggings, and other *fixens*, as we say in the west, and wondered who it could be who was too proud to return a civil salutation.

"You seem to be travelling, Mister," said he.

"You have guessed right," replied the traveller.

"Have you travelled far?"

"Tolerably."

Now this was very perplexing. "Tolerably" might mean ten, or twenty, or a hundred miles; but it could not apply to a long journey. He thought he would try again.

"Well, Mister, if I *mought* make so bold, where did you come from?"

"Just back here," was the laconic reply.

"From Oneida?"

"No, further back."

"From Cataragus?"

"No, further back."

"I guess may be you come all the way from Buffalo?"

"No, further back."

Johnny scratched his head in amazement,

"Why I don't know as any body lives any further off than that. If I *mought* make so free, what's back of Buffalo?"

"Ohio."

"O-o-h! sure enough. So you live in Ohio?"

"No, further back;"

"Well, what's back of that?"

"Indiana."

"And do you live there?"

"No, further back;"

"And what's back of that?"

"Illinois."

"Oh, you live in Illinois."

"No, further back."

"I guess you don't live at all," exclaimed Johnny, trembling all over. "Well, Mister, if it's no harm, what's back of Illinois?"

"Missouri."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes."

To make a long story short, this traveller proves to be Lucy Atherton's lover, come to claim her hand. Johnny, in very christian-like temper, accepts an invitation to the wedding. But he hung up his violin.

"Never," said he, "shall any other woman dance to music of mine; I have played my last tune, and I shall now do as my father did: make bread, and lock up my dollars in the old chest."

THE PARSEE, THE JEW, AND THE CHRISTIAN.

BY KRUMMACHER.

A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire.

"What!" said he to the priest, "do you worship the fire?"

"Not the fire," answered the priest: "it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his genial heat."

"Do you then worship the sun as your god?" asked the Jew. "Know ye not that this luminary also, is but a work of that Almighty Creator?"

"We know it," replied the priest; "but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign, in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible being who blesses and preserves all things?"

"Do your people, then," rejoined the Israelite, "distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their god, and, descending even from this to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame! Ye amuse the outward but blind the inward eye; and while ye hold to them the earthly ye withdraw from them the heavenly light! 'Thou shalt not make unto thyself any image or any likeness!'"

"How do you designate the Supreme Being?" asked the Parsee.

"We call him Jehovah Adonia, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be," answered the Jew.

"Your appellation is grand and sublime," said the Parsee; "but it is awful too."

A Christian then drew nigh and said,

"We call him FATHER."

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other and said,

"Here is at once an image and a reality: it is a word of the heart."

Therefore they all raised their eyes to heaven, and said with reverence and love "OUR FATHER!" And they took each by the hand, and all three called one another *brothers!*

THE STARS.

There is a prettiness in the following article, that commends the whole to the eye and ear of one accustomed to feel. It is what those who cannot write, and are too stupid to comprehend, usually denominate "twattle." The mind of an educated man seeks condiments to its grosser aliments, and he who has not a relish for chaste, tasteful composition, is only making an affectation of an appetite for the solid productions of the mind. He is like the juggler, who swallows pen-knives and scissors, not for the sake of nourishment, but to excite astonishment. He who is always wrinkling his brow over extracts from Smith, Say, and Ricardo, with a view of puzzling others with what he does not understand himself, is like the bibber, who gets intoxicated with a tumbler of whiskey, and abuses those who may sneer at his appetite. The man of true *taste* studies varieties in his entertainment, cultivates and gratifies a refined appetite, and rises from his meal with his guests a wiser and a better man. Let us finish ours with the following I. C. champagne, imported from the Boston Constellation:

"Those young-looking rascals that peep from out the blue above us—who have winked down upon our forests and folies for so many centuries—who nightly come out from their

homes to light up the sable countenance of old night—who and what are ye? Are ye shining worlds, and have ye bright eyes and broken hearts in your realms, such as shine and break here? Move ye on your immeasurable path, thoughtless of earth and its graves—its greatness and its perishability? Whence come ye and whither do ye go? Reck ye of time, or do ye move amidst the endless spaces and interminable paths of eternity? I see your bright faces reflected in the lake—your silvery hue resting on the leaves of the forest—but who and what are ye? And who and what is the inquirer? The dust will cover him; but ye will shine on. Ambition disappointed—love ruined—the gray of age on him—still will ye shine, and gild the headstone of his grave, when he that once lived shall be forgotten. The monarch and his sceptre will crumble—the oak grow old and fall—the river cease to follow its bed—empires wax and wane—but still ye will shine on unruffled, serene, glorious, beautiful, as now. Not one ray will flee from your glittering brows, though it will fall on other eyes, on unborn millions—on other forests and lands now unknown to those who, in mockery of science, trace out your paths through the infinity of heaven. Bright stars, look not in mockery upon me! but gaze on human power, on human genius, and read to both the lesson of human frailty.”

United States Gazette.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

Some time in the spring of the year 1815, Samuel Cecil, residing on Station Camp Creek, then thought to be in Wayne county, Kentucky, but now Tennessee, was absent in the mountains. His wife being out of meal, started to a neighbour's to borrow some, but first securely closing and barring the door, leaving three young children in the house, the oldest a girl and two younger boys, for safety during her absence. She took two of the oldest children with her to help her carry the meal, and bear her company. Shortly after her departure her husband returned, unbarr'd the door, and being warm and fatigued, laid down and fell asleep. The three young children getting at liberty, pursued the tracks of their mother. She shortly returned, found her husband at home fast asleep, and the children missing; she awoke her husband and informed him of the circumstances; they immediately pursued the track of the children, followed them to the crossing of Station Camp Creek, but could make no discovery. The neighbours in this thin settled part of the country being informed of the circumstances, united in the hunt for nights and days; the waters, eddies, and drifts, the mountains, cliffs and valleys, were all explored and searched by the mother, father, and neighbours, but all in vain. The bereaved parents were almost inconsolable. At one time they thought the children in attempting to cross the stream, were drowned and had drifted; then that some ravenous beast had devoured them; at another time, that they had perished with hunger, cold, and thirst; or that some wicked persons, or perhaps some skulking Indians, might have stolen or kidnapped them—but all was mystery and uncertainty with the grieving parents and anxious neighbours.

About eight or ten days ago, the oldest boy of the three children, now a young man, presented himself at home before his parents, announced his name and told the circumstances. Imagine to yourself how lost in astonishment and anxious feelings were the parents; they listened with eager ear to hear of the other two. When kidnapped he was only four years old, and could tell but little of the circumstances; all he knew was, that seven of the Cherokee Indians came across them, and took him, his sister and brother, and bore them off; that the youngest brother, unable to bear the fatigues, and for want of milk, or proper food, perished on the road; that they were taken to the Indian country, thence carried to the Arkansas, beyond the Mississippi. From his sister he learnt his name, and something of the country from whence they were taken, and, by inquiries, had been enabled to reach his father's and mother's house. His sister was living, and was married a few days before his departure to a Spaniard, a great distance off.

Kentucky Argus.

Do not suffer yourself to be led away by the multitude, for you will be alone when you die, and when you render your last account.

Think whence you are and whither you are going, and where you would dwell for ever.

Riches consist in that which sufficeth, and not in that which is superfluous.

There is no better type of a great talker, than a very long and cold winter night.

We seek for riches and do not find them; we do not seek for the lord of our days, but, alas! it comes.

N. E. Galaxy.

For the Mirror.

KATHLEEN O'MOORE.

She hung on my bosom, and vowed to be true,
As I kissed off a tear-drop, and murmured adieu,
Then, slow and sad-hearted,
From Kathleen I parted,
From Kathleen O'Moore.

I tore myself from her, and left her in tears,
With a pang at my heart, yet remembered for years,
Though hope was repeating
A promise of meeting
With Kathleen O'Moore.

'Twas eve, and the moon brightly smiled on the spot
As I lingered to gaze yet again on the cot
That held the dear treasure
I loved without measure,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

And hope fondly whispered with flattering tone,
That I shortly might call the dear creature my own;
But hope has deceived me,
For fate has bereaved me
Of Kathleen O'Moore.

A richer swain woo'd, and she smiled on his plea,
And she gave him the hand she had plighted to me,
And left me to languish
With heart-rending anguish
For Kathleen O'Moore.

THE DRAMA.

THE OPERA.

HAVING expressed ourselves strongly but justly, in several previous articles, touching the merits of the Park theatre in its musical department, and in so doing having been influenced by no motive of a personal nature, but by an honest desire to do our duty fearlessly and with zeal to our readers, we conceive that any observations of a contrary description ought to receive double force, and meet with that attention on the part of the management, which strict impartiality alone deserves. We confess that the able and efficient conduct of Mr. Simpson has given us an establishment of which we have a right to be proud; that the Park theatre is one of the prominent objects which we, with natural pride, point out and recommend to the notice of strangers, as a pledge that New-York is the metropolitan seat of the fine arts, and that we can distinguish and encourage merit. More than once have we acted the cicerone to our drama, and quitted our gratified friend on the wharf of one of our rivers, next morning, with the recommendation of "Go thou and do likewise." We now shall notice some errors, and submit to the manager's good sense the propriety of correcting them. The music played by the band on ordinary nights, is worn out—the public are wearied of it: we allude to that which is called *act music*, some of which has been a tenant of the Park orchestra for upwards of twenty years! Having a fine band, why not use it? Observe the musicians themselves, in playing this common stuff; they take up their instruments carelessly, and at any moment—nay, blindfolded, tardy individuals, could join them at any given bar: books are useless; they lie on the desks it is true, but they are not needed by half of the performers. Another error is, the continual and hacknied use of three or four overtures to operas, most of them in use at the theatre. We will enumerate the Caliph of Bagdad, the Marriage of Figaro, and Masaniello. But the greatest instance of mistaken and decided bad taste we have to point out, was on the late production of the melodrama called Valmondi—which, as regards music, is mere trash—although superb as a *spectacle*. Every evening the overture of Der Frieschutz is played, and thus its value is lost to the opera. Overtures are now written as part of the pieces which they herald to the public, particularly the one in question, and the manager acts in direct opposition to rules long established and strictly adhered to at both the great patent theatres in London, by allowing this to take place; added to which, he destroys the weight and effect of that very music when he presents regular opera. As well might he cut out three or four speeches and situations from the School for Scandal, and add them to some paltry farce, or patch some Cobourg or minor theatre melodrama with an act from Metamora. Let not the manager suppose that the public are unmindful or reckless of such improprieties. A proof of the contrary was duly given on the evening of Mrs. Austin's benefit, when sundry hisses were justly bestowed upon the band for omitting to play the overture of the Barber of Seville. Where excellence exists in any department as in that of music at the Park, the people have a right to observe, and will remark on the least deviation from propriety. It is a high compliment to the manager.

E.

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Address delivered before the Philolexian and Peithologian Societies of Columbia College, by Gulian C. Verplanck, one of the regents of the university of the state of New-York, pronounced August the second, 1830, and published at the request of the societies. G. C. and H. Carvill.

It was not, we believe, until within the last few years, that the practice became common, in our colleges, for the literary societies formed by the students within their walls, to invite graduates advanced in years and honours, or distinguished men without reference to the place of their education, to deliver addresses before them at fixed periods. The society, called the Phi Beta Kappa, which has some innocent mysteries of its own, and some equally innocent and perhaps well founded pretensions to superior merit among its members, seems to have set this good example. It has its annual orators and poets; although we observed with regret that at the last celebration at New-Haven, the bard, who was no other than our own Fitz G. Halleck, as clever and sensible a man as was ever instigated by those pagan devils, Apollo and his nine young women, to make metre, was advertised as among the missing. In consequence, the people assembled on the occasion had no poetry with which to wash down the substantial prose delivered to them by Mr. Grimke. The latter was excellent, however; and perhaps it was better that the digestion of the great moral truths it inculcated was not interfered with by flights of the imagination, or vagabond waggery, which our minstrel can no more avoid, when he stumbles upon a droll association, than Jack Shepherd could keep his hands out of a gentleman's fob, when he saw a convenient opportunity of making him carry less weight.

We are to enter however the solemn precincts of academic groves and halls, and must proceed in a grave vein in the few remarks we have room to offer on the subject in hand. These annual addresses are calculated to do great good, to give dignity to the youthful societies by whose call they are invoked, confidence to their literary pride, and ambitious emulation to their members; character to the institutions to which they belong; and credit to the nation of whose patriots, philosophers, legislators, lawyers, and scientific and literary men, they are and must be the nurseries. We have seen two attorney-generals of the United States hearkening to the request of young people in the vestibule of the temple of knowledge, and with all the warmth which the freshness of old recollections excited, and the accuracy which experience had taught, gratifying the neophytes by accepting their invitation, and a delighted audience, by unlocking the stores of their several treasuries of knowledge and of thought. We allude, it is unnecessary to add, to Mr. Berrien and Mr. Wirt.

As a mere intellectual exhibition of power, the address delivered at Hamilton college by Governor Cass, on a recent occasion, will probably rank highest among the productions of this kind. He took for his subject the steady progress of moral and mental improvement (their advance is simultaneous) through the convulsions the world has undergone in its peopling and in its wars; and with sound learning, apt perception, and happy eloquence, avoiding superstition on the one hand and false philosophy on the other, displayed the advance of the human intellect, its tendency, and the obligations its development imposes on the rising generation. Old illustrations or allusions become novel when touched by his original mind; and the torch he carries into the catacombs of antiquity is lit at a new fire.

Mr. Verplanck was called upon by the two societies of Columbia college to deliver the first address of this kind before them. The alumni of this most venerable institution formed an association several years ago, agreeing to keep alive their old and hallowed reminiscences by an annual meeting of such as were within hail, and by appointing an orator for the occasion. His excellency Governor Clinton, Professor Renwick, and Judge Irving have successively performed the duty, or rather the pleasing task assigned to them by their brethren of the college; and how well they discharged it, the printed discourses which have been widely circulated and read, bear testimony. There is, however, a peculiar usefulness in allowing the young gentlemen who belong to the societies, in which they take a personal pride, strengthened by the political as well as literary rivalry which generally prevails, where there are two in the same seminary, to select their own orator, and have the management themselves of the arrangements on the occasion of the address.

Mr. Verplanck has been most happy in the argument selected for his theme; and certainly the college which furnished him with such superabundant materials for his purpose, may lift her classical and towery head high among all the others of the land, when the muster-roll of her illustrious sons is called

over by the lips of eloquence; and the long train of her dead worthies is made to pass before eyes privileged to gaze upon the walls, where the "holy shades" are still "adored," of those who were the fathers and benefactors of our country.

In returning thanks to their orator for his address, the committee of the two societies properly speak of it as "eloquent and classical." It is both. Had we time to comment on the style, we should characterize it as pure, while it is full and flowing, and polished *ad unguem*, while it bears no visible marks of elaboration. The brief extracts we shall make must speak for themselves, and our business is with the matter of the discourse.

It opens by adverting to the powerful effect produced upon the character of the Roman citizens, by keeping, in religious ceremonies and secular celebrations, the memory of the illustrious dead before the eyes of the people; a practice dwelt upon by Polybius as constituting one of the great elements of national power. Well and truly Mr. Verplanck remarks, that cold generalizations, however good and necessary, are infirm in their effects upon the generous feelings, in comparison with examples vividly presented, conjured up, as it were, on the very arena of their youthful wrestling for the prize of renown.

"A simply stated fact, a date, a mere name, is then sufficient to excite the flush of patriotic sympathy, or the thrill of generous enthusiasm."

"For these, the most exalted uses of History and Biography, of literature and eloquence, America has already rich and abundant materials. Here the ordinary history of centuries has been crowded into the space of a single life. Here the humble colony of one generation has, in another, risen into a powerful state, and expanded to a great empire in a third. This rapid course of events could not pass along without developing the energies of minds worthy of the times, and equal to their greatest occasions. Their scene of action was vast and magnificent; they were animated and sustained by stronger as well as purer motives than heathen philosophy ever knew; whilst science had armed their minds with powers, to which the knowledge of the chiefs and rulers of past ages was as that of children. It is one of the best and most exalted duties of the men of the present day, to make the characters and lives of these fathers of our country, known and familiar to the youth of our land, and to accustom them to draw the lessons of wisdom, and the examples of virtue, from our own annals: '*Heroum laudes et facta parentum, legere*,' and from them to learn, '*quod sit cognoscere virtus*.'"

Whether a son of Columbia College has been extravagant in vindicating her claims to distinction from the number of great, and wise, and good men she has nurtured, may be judged of by the few, the *élite*, whom he had time to mention. We hear of armies of buried wise men, who read and wrote, and were unquestionably studious and somewhat pragmatical in their day and generation, each of whom had his apotheosis in an acrostic, and his immortality guaranteed by a picture, in some of our older literary establishments. But of those whose influence upon the movements of mankind, in the process of their enfranchisement from antiquated errors, has been most immediately and emphatically felt, we believe Columbia College (depreciated as she has been, because she admits of no quackery, and insists upon accurate acquirements) will furnish a most honourable proportion. Her president, Dr. Cooper, was, when the struggle for freedom began, a "high-toned, English-university tory, of the last century." What had this to do with the "march of mind?"

"To these halls we should scarcely have looked for any of the earliest champions of American rights. Yet why not? In them classic lore had unfolded to the student the grand and exalted sentiments of ancient liberty; here the discipline of mathematical reasoning—a discipline, if possible, still more valuable than the conclusions which that reasoning establishes—had trained him to think and to judge for himself; and here he had been directed by the great masters of English philosophy, by Bacon and Locke, to venerate, to feel, and to assert the rights of private judgment and conscience. Yes—learning may be, and too often has been, the slavish handmaid of power; hoodwinked by early prejudice, lured by interest or dazzled by ambition. But these are not the true natural results—they never can be—of any study which otherwise enlarges the understanding and elevates the soul. Those who so believe, do but vilify heaven's best gifts to the human race. Well hath it been said of such reasoners, by a philosophical and republican poet—

'Oh fool! to think the man whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmoved or cold!
Oh fool! to deem
That he whose thought must visit every theme
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false, ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand.'"

Mr. Verplanck might have stated, had it occurred to him, as a most pointed illustration of the poet's theory and of his own, that the boy Hamilton was actually engaged, while listening daily to the doctrine of the tory president, in carrying on with him a controversy in the public papers, in which the latter did not know his antagonist, and the lad, in the people's opinion, certainly had the best of the argument.

As belonging to this early and bright period of the college history, he mentions the names of Jay, and Livingston, and Morris, and Benson; Van Cortlandt, and Rutgers, and Troup, and Hamilton.

We mean no flattery when we say that he has sketched, with a masterly hand, the intellectual portraits of Hamilton, Jay and Livingston, for whom alone he had room upon his canvass. Our readers, if they have still in prospect the pleasure of perusing the whole address, will have probably seen these delineations extracted in the daily public journals. For convenience, as well as of necessity, we therefore pass over them. The tribute paid to the memory of Tompkins, whose brief and brilliant career belongs not only to the annals of the state but of the Union, is fine and just; as is that to Harrison, the Father, as he was latterly esteemed, of the New-York bar. The notice of Clinton we choose to extract, as coming from one who, placed in political opposition to that statesman, could have afforded during his life, as he does on this occasion, to do homage to the zeal for accomplishing grand objects of utility, and the power of doing so, which have made its subject immortal.

"The memory of De Witt Clinton, the first graduate after the peace of 1783, is another brilliant and treasured possession of this college. After the numerous tributes which have so recently been paid to his memory, and especially that luminous view of his character as a scholar and a statesman, as the promoter of good education and useful improvement, contained in the discourse lately delivered from this place, by Professor Renwick, to the alumni of Columbia college, any thing I could now say on the same subject would be but useless repetition. Else would I gladly pay the homage due to his eminent and lasting services, and honour that lofty ambition which taught him to look to designs of grand utility, and to their successful execution, as his arts of gaining or redeeming the confidence of a generous and public-spirited people. For whatever of party animosity might have ever blinded me to his merits, had died away long before his death; and I could now utter his honest praises without the imputation of hollow pretence from others, or the mortifying consciousness in my own breast, of rendering unwilling and tardy justice."

The notices of Bishop Moore and Dr. Bowden will be recognised as true, by every child of the college who sat under their instructions. A passing tribute to the memory of Bruen, late pastor of the Presbyterian church in Prince-street, is as beautiful as it is brief:

"Thence I might lead you along among the tombs of the learned and the good, who, in their days of youth and hope, filled these halls; and who now rest in peace; pausing ever and anon, to mourn over some one of those whom we have revered or loved, until we stopped together at the still fresh grave of young Bruen.

Dead before his prime
Young Lycidas! and hath not left his peer."

The sketch of Mason, which, like the larger ones we have referred to, has already been widely circulated through the public prints, is the last for which the speaker had room in his exhibition; and is masterly, so far forth as he had liberty to fill up the outlines. The application, as it may be called, addressed to the gentlemen of the two societies, after a review of the characters of these worthies, is worthy of the text on which it was founded.

The orator of the societies alludes happily to the names of many alumni of the college of our city, who are yet amongst the crowd of living men, but who must be remembered when we, who now jostle with them in daily intercourse, have joined the caravans that set out every instant for the bourne whence no traveller returns. 'These are my ornaments,' Columbia college may say with honest pride; and when she shall count her jewels hereafter, the author of this address will not be forgotten, as an enlightened and practical patron of sound and liberal education; an accomplished scholar; and a philosophical expounder both of the spirit of equitable human laws, and of the evidences of the truth of that law which is from on high. She may claim to have contributed her share in ripening the faculties which are thus exercised. The *genius* of her pupils is the endowment of God. She has been singularly favoured in having given culture and direction to the energies of so many, whose memory calamity cannot stain, nor oblivion efface—

'Nec annorum series, nec fuga temporum.'

Family Library, No. IX.—Life of Lord Byron. By John Galt. J. & J. Harper. 1830.

Another life of Lord Byron! We have not yet found time to read Mr. Galt, but we have looked at the titles of his chapters, and to judge from them, we should call this volume rather a description than a biography; an analysis or attempt at analysis of the character of Byron, as illustrated by his writings and his actions, rather than a history of his life; as such, we think it the more likely to be interesting and valuable. So much has been written and printed about Byron's person and adventures, that it is next to impossible to furnish any new facts concerning him; but after all that has been said and sung, his mind remains a mystery; and perhaps there are few men better qualified than Mr. Galt to bring that mystery to light. We are glad to see the flourishing condition of the Family Library; one of the most useful and important compilations that has ever issued from the press. The next volume, as we are informed, is to contain a life of Mahomet, written expressly for the work by one of our own countrymen. We read the work in manuscript, and were

highly pleased with it. After that is to come a history of Demonology and Witchcraft, by Sir Walter Scott, than whom, we venture to say, there is no author better able to handle the subject to perfection.

The Atlantic Souvenir, for 1831. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1830.

In compliance with, in our judgment, a very silly custom, which seems to have for its object the hastening on of time—as if it were too long—and the anticipation of festivities—as if they were not best when fitted to their own set seasons—the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, has already been published. We cannot conceive of a solitary reason for this. How much more appropriate would not its coming forth be made by delaying it until the first day of the new year? How much more intense would be the curiosity to view its beauties, and how much more eager the desire, and probably the disposition as well as the power to purchase it? As it is now managed, these annuals have lost all their charms long before the season for exchanging presents has arrived; and other novelties, less worthy, perhaps, occupy their place. This is particularly to be regretted in relation to this truly beautiful production. Many popular names enrich the catalogue of authors who have conspired to adorn its pages with some of their happiest effusions. This will not be doubted when we enumerate Paulding, Wetmore, Stone, Leggett, Barker, Smith, Willis, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, &c. among the contributors. One of the tales—if not the best, certainly one unsurpassed by any other composition in the volume—has been transferred to the first page of this number. The copperplates are generally excellently well executed, and the type, paper, and binding are all calculated to convey the most favourable ideas of the improvement made in these arts by our countrymen. Carey & Lea deserve rich rewards for their unceasing efforts to gratify the taste of the literary coteries.

While on the subject of the Annuals, we must be permitted to express our deep regret at the melancholy termination of the existence of our townsman, Francis Herbert, Esq. It is reported that he starved to death in our streets; and that so obdurate were the hearts of our citizens, despite the humour, the bonhomie, and the sprightly wit of this most excellent man, there were none to give him bread or water!

Encyclopedia Americana, vol. iv. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1830.

The fourth volume of this popular dictionary has made its appearance. It completes the letter C, and carries the work forward to EVE. Time has not, of course, allowed us to examine the contents; but if they are equal in value to those of the preceding volumes, they will continue to elevate the favourable estimation in which this publication is already held.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Fair.—The annual exhibition of the "American Institute" was held last week, and furnished to thousands of gratified spectators the most indubitable evidences of the progressive, nay, rapid improvements made by our domestic manufacturers. Fabrics of the most costly and luxurious character, no less than those which minister to the mere necessities of life, were exhibited; and their execution might well challenge, both for effect of appearance and more durable tests, comparison with the products of the most skillful foreign industry. Is it not to be regretted that one of the main pillars of our social fabric should be made the mark for political shafts, and thus be seriously injured? We are no advocates for high tariffs, and illiberal restrictions on commerce; we would see all branches of home industry, whether directed to the plough, the wave, the field, or the spindle, equally encouraged and protected; and we believe that the enterprise, the intelligence, and emulation of the people, may be safely entrusted with the regulation of each; but surely political hostility should not be enlisted against any one of the three, as we see most incautiously and even wickedly done, by opposite partisans, against both commerce and manufactures. Such indifference or wanton enmity to the public weal, bespeaks the most abject absence of all those ennobling feelings and enlightened sentiments which are the ornaments, as they are the result, of political freedom. True Americans participate in no such degradation. They must and do rejoice in the unrestricted advancement of every art which can give employment to the industry of the people, elicit their ingenuity, or elevate them in the scale of knowledge and humanity.

Credit should have been given to the "Token for 1831," for the extract entitled a "Village Musician." It was omitted through mistake, and the error was not discovered until the page on which it is printed had gone to press.

HELEN TREVOR.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.—THE MUSIC BY CHARLES E. HORN.

MODERATO CON ESPRESSIONE.

The moon ar-ray'd in all her
pride, at smil-ing o'er the pur-ple fell; When He-len sought the sil-ver tide, That wan-der'd through the flow'-ry dell, That wan-der'd through the flow'-ry dell. "Haste, sol-dier,
haste," she wild-ly sung, "The bri-dal waits poor He-len Tre-vor;" Her wak'-ning chords sad ec-ho strung, And mourn-ful sigh'd, "poor He-len Tre-vor."
"Speed, soldier, speed, the war-boop's past, And thou shalt leave thy Helen never!" Speed from the trumpet's deadly blast! Wild echo dreaming, murmur'd "sever."
"The silent stars had sunk to rest, And dark and drear that silver flood; The moon had drow'd her golden crest, When Helen on its margin stood: "Wake, soldier, wake, thy Helen save; With sullen moan the waters sever," The birch weeps o'er fair Helen's grave, And echo's note is hush'd for ever."

Varieties.

THE SCORPION.—The following illustration of a fact mentioned in natural history occurred a few weeks since in London. A gentleman connected with the custom-house found in a case of sugar, in the London docks, a small scorpion, measuring about two inches from one extremity to the other. He took it home and put it upon a cold plate under a glass, where the little reptile appeared to be almost torpid, but on warming the glass it became full of life. It was then stated by a gentleman present, that he had heard that the scorpion, if it found itself in danger of meeting with a painful death, would sting itself, and cause its own immediate destruction. To ascertain the fact a circle of about three inches in diameter was drawn about the scorpion and covered with cotton dipped in spirits of wine. This being ignited, the scorpion made every possible effort to escape, but finding it impossible, and beginning to feel the effects of the fire, it instantly turned up its tail, and, with considerable force, struck the sting into its head. It was dead in an instant.

PREJUDICE.—The following forcible and beautiful delineation of prejudice is ascribed by Hugh Worthington, a late English divine, to the celebrated Dr. Price: "Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October; a man goes forth to an eminence and he sees at the summit of a neighbouring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him

appear; he goes forward a few steps and the figure advances towards him; the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly diminished; at last they meet, and, perhaps, the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother."

THINKING.—To think is the highest exercise of the mind; to say what you think, the boldest effort of moral courage; and both these things are required for a really powerful writer. Eloquence without thought is a mere parade of words; and no man can express with spirit and vigour any thoughts but his own. This was the secret of the eloquence of Rousseau. The principal of the Jesuit's college one day inquired of him by what art he had been able to write so well. "I said what I thought," replied the unceremonious Genevan—conveying in these few words the bitterest satire on the system of the Jesuits, and the best explanation of his own.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.—At the time when Mr. Peale was exhibiting his beautiful picture of the "Court of Death," in Boston, he sent the late Rev. Dr. Osgood a ticket, on which was inscribed, "Admit the bearer to the Court of Death;" the old gentleman never having heard of the picture was utterly confounded. "I expected to go before long," said he, "but I was not prepared for so abrupt a summons."

PERSIAN COINS.—One of the advantages of the late war between Russia and Persia will be the formation of the largest collection of Persian coins ever made, from the contribution paid by the Persians to Russia, and presented by the emperor

to the academy of sciences, which previously possessed, in its extensive Asiatic museum, the richest collection of Persian coins of ancient times and of the middle ages.

HIGH AND EXCELLENT.—"Once," said a quaker, in a dispute concerning the propriety of titles, "I had the honour of being in company with an excellence and a highness. His excellency was the most ignorant and brutal man I ever saw, and his highness measured just four feet eight inches."

HONESTY IN SWITZERLAND.—It is customary in the canton of Wallis for those who have found any thing lost, even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the churchyard; and there is not an example on record of an object being taken away except by the rightful owner.

Defaced tortoise-shell combs may be cleansed by rubbing them with pulverized rottenstone and oil; pulverized magnesia afterwards rubbed on with the dry hand, makes them brighter.

Be not astonished when you see men of virtue in disgrace, and dignities worn by those who have no right to them. Open your eyes and consider the innumerable stars which never lose any thing of their brightness, but the heaven's turn, and now the moon, now the sun, is eclipsed.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

LOVE OF EASE.

How two gentlemen suffered from it; one losing his money—the other his wife.

Of the money one I will tell you first. Every body loved him, but every body said he loved his ease too much.

"Confound their meddling souls," said he; laying a most emphatic emphasis on the curse.

"What's the matter?" asked I.

"I must go up in that infernal steam-boat to-night," he growled in answer, and threw down a letter on the table.

We were sitting together at his lodgings; he was a wretched man—he was obliged to be a night on board the steam-boat.

"I must go up to that confounded land sale."

"It will save you a great deal," I added. "I'm surprised at your indifference."

"It is not my indifference, my friend—it is not (to mar an old quotation) that I love money less, but that I love ease more; in me you see an example of a victim to indulgence—the habits intended for my pleasure have become my torment. I have sunk into their slave."

"You give them a fictitious value," said I.

"I know it," added he, "Probo meliora," mon cher. I know what is right, but there is a fatal inclination pressing on to wrong; the love of ease is the ruin of our family—we can't help it—it's in the blood."

"In the fiddle-stick," said I. "I'll tell you what it is in; in your own want of exertion—in your own submission, without an honourable struggle, to a swinish passion."

Here was a young man indeed a martyr to it—he had a large estate in the country—he determined to sell the whole—he was unable to attend to it—he liked the city—his pleasures were there—and his friends, and his comforts, and his happiness. And in the country he was alone, he had no employment, and there were none of the conveniences of the town, and the journey up there was long; to go and stay there even a fortnight was impossible, he would rather be executed at once; he might as well have been, as the sequel will show, for his fortunes were.

He was determined to sell the whole tract at auction, and it was this sale he was obliged to go in the steam-boat to attend. On the day appointed he was there; it was a great exertion for his indolence, but he was there. The sale was made—there was some delay in the execution.

"I shall die in this place; they say it will be a fortnight before the deeds are made out, and the other papers. I can't stay," thought he, "I'll leave it to my agent;" and he left it to his agent—all his business—and his agent literally managed it for him. The agent was small, and had but one eye, and a mouth like a toad—and colour nearly too; he was so offensive to the eye, he excited the imagination; you thought of mischief and the father of mischief—and our young friend thought so too. But he thought "I can't stay a fortnight," and he could sue him should he prove a rogue. He was not certain he had property; but it was probable he had something. O yes! he could sue him; but the little dark gentleman (for he wore a full suit of black) thought "let him sue; I haven't much, and what I have is privately conveyed. I may make something out of young Laziness here, and if I can I will." He had another worthy neighbour with whom there was an extraordinary sympathetic *conformité du naturel*, for they both had hit upon the same scheme against our unfortunate city friend, who was idly and luxuriously amusing his bachelorship in town; but his bachelorship at times was forced to look a little serious. Two months had passed since his respectable friend the lawyer was to make out the deeds and send down the papers, and since the purchaser was to give a mortgage on his purchase—and since the following dialogue had passed between the lawyer and the purchaser:

"You've bought a large tract there," said the lawyer, "from a young citizen; he's a pretty careless sort of a gentleman," continued he; and there was an expression in his face that told his soul in a moment—his eyes glistened at the imagined feast of knavery before him.

"Yes," replied the other; and his features corresponded

with his companion's—they understood each other, though both were silent; and, although before each feared to speak, now all fear vanished.

"I think we know each other," said the lawyer. "To be plain in the business, I think you and I could make something out of this youngster."

"I think we could," answered the other calmly, "with a worthy and honest co-operation. I have myself thought much upon it."

"I'll tell you a scheme," said the lawyer. "For three-fourths of the property you are to give a mortgage: now suppose you give me the first, and let him take the second. I will then get the whole by foreclosure as first mortgagee, and he may take the remainder as second—and we'll divide the tract. What say you, my old boy?"

"But," said his friend, "you must show a receipt to the court."

"So I will, one fourth cash, and the rest by mortgage, (number two)—but nobody will know the number."

His companion paused. "You're the prince of devils," said he, in ecstasy; "though it is against my conscience; so amiable and unsuspecting, and so young."

"All true," replied the lawyer; "but every man in this world should look out for himself; and if he chooses to neglect his affairs, every one—every one, sir," repeated he emphatically, (you might have thought he believed what he said,) "has a right to take advantage of his negligence."

His worthy friend was convinced, and they commenced the execution of their scheme, which our unfortunate young bachelor discovered—when alas, it was too late. He attempted prosecution, and he gained his suit—but in the Irish way; he gained a loss. The costs were to be paid, and there could be nothing got of the defendant's property; it had been warily secreted by a previous conveyance. He took the benefit of the act—and it was indeed a benefit to him; but it made the poor injured young gentleman despair. He was obliged to commence some employment; there was not one he was fit for, from want of habit; and the manual occupations which he was fit for, his pride and folly represented as beneath him. For a while he struggled, then yielded to utter recklessness and despair; and his face soon was distorted, and his colour tainted, and his form bloated with intemperance. In one year he was dead.

"What was his name?"

"I'll not mention it. My story is not much in his favour."

"Well—of the gentleman who lost his wife?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow."

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Ode: pronounced before the inhabitants of Boston, September the seventeenth, 1830, at the Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of the City. By Charles Sprague. Boston. 1830. 8vo. pp. 22.

Among the most successful native competitors for poetic renown, may be ranked the author of the poem before us, Charles Sprague, Esq. of Boston. This gentleman is already well known to our readers. In the *Mirror* of January sixteen, 1828, will be found a brief biographical sketch, in which the writer (Mr. Leggett) took occasion to say that "the prize poem, spoken at the Park theatre, in 1821, is surpassed by but two prologues in the English language, Pope's and Johnson's; and many, indeed, consider it superior to the latter." This production of Mr. Sprague, the first that brought the public acquainted with him as a child of song, has found a place in the memory of all lovers of the tuneful pine, among the admirable things that the memory delights to hoard; and the general regret is, that one who has vigour to soar so high in the region of poetry, should so seldom "wing his eagle flight."

The poem (or as the author has termed it, the *ode*), which now claims our attention, was written for a special and memorable event. On the seventeenth of September, in the year 1630, was commenced the first settlement of the town (now city) of Boston. Two hundred years have rolled away since that highly important event, the second centennial celebration of which took place in September last, on which occasion this ode was written and delivered by Mr. Sprague. It consists of about five hundred lines, of various lengths, which are di-

vided into thirty irregular stanzas. The first stanza is an invocation to the Deity, and the second an apostrophe to the

— bright ascended dead,

Who scorn'd the bigot's yoke;
Whose daring hands the flag of faith unfurl'd,
To float sublime,
Through future time,
The beacon-banner of another world.

In the third and fourth stanzas the poet alludes, with much pathos and feeling, to the hardships encountered by the pilgrims in their daring enterprise, when driven by oppression from their homes and the country that gave them birth; the cold and cheerless season of the year, the perils of the ocean, and the cruelties that awaited them from the natives of the western wilderness:

A fearful path they trod,
And dared a fearful doom;
To build an altar to their God,
And find a quiet tomb.

But the exile, it seems, was not entirely alone, nor wholly unblest; for the sweet accents of woman spoke comfort to him in his darkest hour;

She through the midnight watch was there,
With him to bend her knees in prayer;
She trod the shore with girded heart,
Through good and ill to claim her part;
In life and death with him to seal,
Her kindred love, her kindred zeal.

After briefly and poetically representing the pilgrims as landed on the "ice-bound rock," commonly called "Plymouth Rock," the poem proceeds in the following beautiful lines:

In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow.
What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer,
As bursts in desolation there?
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power,
As waits to crown that feeble hour?
There into life an infant empire springs!
There falls the iron from the soul;
There liberty's young accents roll,
Up to the King of kings!
To fair creation's farthest bound,
That thrilling summons yet shall sound;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake.
Pontiff and prince, your away
Must crumble from that day.
Before the loftier throne of heaven,
The hand is raised, the pledge is given—
One monarch to obey, one creed to own,
That monarch God, that creed His word alone.
Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear;
A zeal like this what pious legends tell?
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt,
The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell—
But what exploit with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind;
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind?
Who boundless seas pass'd o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine and frost and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore
Where piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;
Where liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And there set up an everlasting home?

The production before us abounds in beauties, but our time and limits will only permit us to make one more extract, and refer the reader to the pamphlet itself, which cannot be read without interest, pleasure, and profit. After several votive stanzas, intended

"To keep the memory of the pilgrims green,"

the poet suddenly, but not abruptly or unnaturally, reverts to the original occupiers of these extensive realms, and forcibly appeals to our sympathies in their behalf. Alluding to the unparalleled prosperity and happiness of our own people, on the soil from which the Indians have been driven, he asks,

Shall not one line lament that lion race,
For us struck out from sweet creation's face?
Alas! alas! for them—those fated bands,
Whose monarch tread was on these broad, green lands;
Our fathers called them savage—then, whose bread,
In the dark hour, those famished fathers fed:
We call them savage, we,
Who hail the struggling free,
Of every clime and hue;
We, who would save
The branded slave,
And give him liberty he never knew;
We, who but now have caught the tale,
That turns each listening tyrant pale,
And blessed the winds and waves that bore
The tidings to our kindred shore!
The triumph-tidings pealing from that land,
Where up in arms insulted legions stand;
There, gathering round his bold compeers,
Where He, our own, our welcom'd one,
Riper in glory than in years,

Down from his forfeit throne,
A craven monarch hurled,
And spurned him forth, a proverb to the world!

We call them savage—O be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth, 'tis from the dust—
The savage was a man!
Think ye he loved not? who stood by,
And in his toils took part?
Woman was there to bless his eye—
The savage had a heart!
Think ye he prayed not? when on high
He heard the thunders roll,
What bade him look beyond the sky?
The savage had a soul!

I venerate the pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man, dare to plead—
We bow to heaven's recorded laws,
He turned to nature for a creed;
Beneath the pillared dome,
We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there;
But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
To one divinity with us he knelt;
Freedom, the self-same freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore;
He saw the cloud, ordained to grow,
And burst upon his hills in woe;
He saw his people withering by,
Beneath the invader's evil eye;
Strange feet were trampling on his father's bones;
At midnight hour he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans:
He saw—and maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
To tiger rage his soul was driven,
Mercy was not—nor sought nor given;
The pale man from his lands must fly;
He would be free—or he would die.

And was this savage? say,
Ye ancient few,
Who struggled through
Young freedom's trial-day—
What first your sleeping wrath awoke?
On your own shores war's larum broke;
What turned to gall even kindred blood?
Round your own homes the oppressor stood:
This every warm affection chilled,
This every heart with vengeance thrilled,
And strengthened every hand;
From mound to mound,
The word went round—
"Death for our native land!"

Alas! for them—their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plough is on their hunting grounds;
The pale man's are rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
Their children go—to die.

O doubly lost! oblivion's shadows close
Around their triumphs and their woes.
On other realms, whose suns have set,
Reflected radiance lingers yet;
There sage and bard have shed a light
That never shall go down in night;
There time-crowned columns stand on high.
To tell of them who cannot die;
Even we, who then were nothing, kneel
In homage there, and join earth's general peal.
But the doom'd Indian leaves behind no trace,
To save his own, or serve another race;
With his frail breath his power has passed away,
His deeds, his thoughts are buried with his clay;
Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page
Shall link him to a future age,
Or give him with the past a rank:
His heraldry is but a broken bow,
His history but a tale of wrong and woe,
His very name must be a blank.

Cold, with the beast he slew, he sleeps;
O'er him no filial spirit weeps;
No crowds throng round, no anthem notes ascend,
To bless his coming and embalm his end;
Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue,
By foes alone his death-song must be sung;
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times;
May these upon his virtues dwell,
And in his fate forget his crimes.

Before closing this article we are bound, as true critics, to discover some faults, on pain of having called in question either our discernment or our impartiality. We dislike the fourth line, at the commencement of the poem, in the invocation to the Deity:

"Pure One, be with me, Thou!
Thou, in whose awful name," &c.

The sixth line of the second stanza is still more objectionable. The poet is invoking the *spirits* of the "bright ascended dead," to come and shed their influence round the place where the ode was delivered, and he calls on them to

"Come, as ye came of yore."

Now it really appears to us that this was an unreasonable request. To put these disembodied spirits to the trouble of assuming material forms, chartering vessels, crossing the Atlantic, and landing again on the "ice-bound rock" of Plymouth. However, any one has power to "call spirits from the vasty deep;" but will they come?

In the fourth stanza, where he draws a contrast between the pilgrims and the children of Israel, showing the superior

advantages enjoyed by the latter in their journeyings to the promised land, he says of the former:

"Nor power above, nor power below,
Sustained them in their hour of woe."

This sentiment is not orthodox, to say the least of it. According to our poor thinking, they never could have surmounted such perils, toils, and afflictions, had they not been sustained by a "power above;" by one who has said, "Without me ye can do nothing."

The last line of the ninth stanza would be much improved in euphony by a slight transposition that would remove the accent from the word *set* and place it on *up*, thus,

"And there set up an everlasting home."

But these are trivial defects, and would have found no place in this article but for the reasons stated. The Ode is a brilliant production, and one that will add some fresh sprigs to the laurels which already shadow the brow of Mr. Sprague.

Life and Correspondence of John Paul Jones, including his Narrative of the Campaign of the *L'Iman*. From original Letters and Manuscripts in the possession of Miss Janette Taylor. 8vo. pp. 555. New-York. 1830.

It has probably fallen to the lot of no individual of ancient or modern times to be so much misrepresented as Paul Jones. For nearly sixty years his character and actions have furnished a theme for controversy, and a fruitful subject for exaggeration, misconception, and falsehood. He has been in turn befooled by novelists, vituperated by partizans, exalted by admirers, and belied by writers of all possible descriptions, until a true notion of himself and his exploits has become to all appearance as unattainable as the elucidation of that most sublime of all humbugs, the authorship of the Letters of Junius. Volumes innumerable have been written and published, (and probably read,) from the ponderous octavo to a sixpenny pamphlet, all professing to give the most veracious account of his history and character, and yet the puzzle remains as profound and perplexing as ever. While he lived he was in some countries looked upon as a pirate, and utterly destitute of honour or honesty; in others men called him a glorious madman; and even in America, for whose freedom he toiled and fought and bled during a large portion of his busy and adventurous life, there were, and probably are, many whose opinions would be more in favour of the energy than the purity of his mind and conduct. It is time that these misconceptions should be done away, and happily the means of accomplishing this desirable object are at length afforded.

Paul Jones appears to have been an indefatigable writer. It was his constant practice, from a very early age, to keep journals, in which all his own doings and designs were minutely recorded; and his correspondence with almost every person of note in France and America, from the time of his engaging in the cause of the United States, was amazingly extensive. In fact, he seems to have had as strong a passion for writing as for battle, and to have coveted literary as eagerly as martial renown. By a variety of accidents, portions of his papers have been scattered about in various parts of the world, and from time to time recovered; and finally his niece, Miss Janette Taylor arrived in this country, having in her possession a number of original documents, and authenticated copies of others, which, with those already here, probably form as complete a collection as it is now possible to get together. These materials were some months ago placed by Miss Taylor in the hands of a gentleman of known abilities, and the result is the volume now lying in sheets before us; for this early perusal of which, by the way, we owe to the editor our grateful acknowledgments.

It must be apparent to every one that the magnitude and difficulty of the task undertaken by the compiler consisted principally in the selection and arrangement of the immense body of materials laid before him; the object of the work was to present a just and accurate view of the character of Jones, and a faithful account of his services in the cause of freedom, with the vexations and difficulties with which he had to struggle in the prosecution of his innumerable designs. To this end it was most proper to let him speak for himself, and the compiler has, in consequence, wisely limited his own additions to such occasional remarks as were necessary to give the proper degree of connection to the narrative; and has, also, inserted such portions only of the letters and papers of those individuals and public bodies with whom Jones was connected, as were required to explain or confirm his own statements. It will be found, therefore, that a large proportion of this volume is of the admiral's own writing; and it affords a clear, satisfactory, and convincing refutation of the numberless idle stories which have been so long related of him, that it required no small share of courage as well as sagacity, not to receive them with full and implicit confidence.

It was our intention to draw up from the "Life and Correspondence" a very brief summary of the history of Admiral, or as he was oftener called, the Chevalier Jones, and to extract liberally from its pages, but want of time and space compels us, though reluctantly, to abandon this purpose; and indeed so far as the public is concerned, this is less to be regretted, for so interesting is the matter of the volume, that we feel confident of its commanding an extensive and general perusal. In it we think full justice is done to his character; hereafter he will be considered, and truly, as a man of wonderful activity of mind and body, of great resource and energy, and withal of high and honourable feelings. That he had his weaknesses, is also unquestionably true; but they were the weaknesses of genius; and if apology be needed for them, that apology may be found in the limited nature of his early education, and the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself. The most prominent among the defects of his character were irritability of temper and an undue sensitiveness on the subject of his fame; and it must be confessed, that the trials to which he was exposed were enough, both in number and magnitude, to excuse even greater failings than these. It is to be remembered that his passion for active employment amounted almost to a disease; that he was perpetually harassed and thwarted in his plans, by the timidity of some and the waywardness of others, and that those who were most anxious and willing to aid him in his projects, were themselves often compelled to submit to disappointments, which took from them the power of fulfilling their engagements to him. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that his letters so often breathe the language of complaint or even petulance; he felt that his purposes were honourable, and his mortifications were many and severe. But the compiler has himself given us just a description of his character that we cannot do better than extract that portion of his work, and hastily conclude with bearing our feeble testimony in favour of the skill and fidelity with which he has performed his arduous and important undertaking.

"In the personal appearance of Paul Jones there was nothing, if we may credit the statement of those who remember him, and among these, of ladies, who are perhaps the best judges, nor is there anything in the busts or pictures taken of him, that would have particularly attracted attention. He was of the middle size, if not rather under; naturally active in body, and capable of undergoing much fatigue, as is evident from the record of his life which has been presented. His bust, by Houdon, of which several copies remain in this country, is believed to be the best representation of his features ever made. Their character is that of decision and self-will.

His occupations, from boyhood until long after the period when the social habits of men are generally developed, were such as to include us from forming an estimate of what these would naturally have been, under other circumstances. His attachment to his near relations, of whom he saw so little from the period of his childhood, and nothing after a hasty visit paid to them when he was in his twenty-fourth year, is sufficiently shown by his correspondence, and the last act of his life. It became, of course, necessary for him to adopt the manners of the different courts and circles into which he was introduced; and, though he could not have been a polished courtier, it is as obvious that he was not rude and inapt. The frankness, and even the innocent vanity which may, perhaps, have characterized his demeanour on such occasions, are certainly allied to good nature, simplicity of heart, and a love for the family of man. The testimony of many of his officers, and the crews that served under him, rendered in different publications since his death, is not wanting to prove that, though a practical as well as a theoretical stickler for discipline, he was sincerely liked and revered among them. The late Commodore Dale, in relating anecdotes of his cruise under him, and their whole intercourse, always spoke of him as "Paul" simply, and as a friend whom he had loved and lost. In these different relations, therefore, and in the constant expressions of his craving desire to mitigate the woes, and break the fetters of mankind,

"Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,"

we can detect no elements of an organization, which could have made him, as tradition has reported, "an unpleasant companion in a stage-coach."

"That his temperament was ardent, impatient, and irritable, may not be denied. That he was enabled to subdue its first impulses, on occasions where important interests were at stake, should add to his fame the glory of victories, often more difficult than those which he gained on the ocean. We shall not take into account a few letters written under the combined pressure of disease and undeserved disappointment, when we say, that he never forfeited his own self-respect, nor was it ever mislaid or "frighted" from its propriety. In relation to his personal differences with individuals, idle stories have been in circulation, some of which have not become entirely obsolete; but they are all, where their truth might reflect discredit upon Jones, utterly without foundation, as a simple comparison of dates will prove. His treatment of the eccentric Landais, was precisely such as the conduct of that officer called for, after Jones truly understood his character, and the persecution against him had been dropped. Yet it was such as it is difficult for a man of common passions, not under subjection to high-souled principles, and an unequivocal consciousness of rectitude and superiority, to observe, at all times, without making some demonstration of anger, or exhibiting some signs of pain.

"His natural temper being duly considered, the education which Jones received, or rather acquired, will much more readily account for what may be deemed his infirmities, than for the successes he attained, and the honours he won with such chivalrous daring and wore with such chivalrous pride. He must be allowed to have possessed intellectual faculties much above those of ordinary men; and such as were precisely wanted for the services which our young republic required him to execute. The energy, accuracy, and propriety of his style of writing, show that he thought, as well as expressed himself, with an order and regularity which can never belong to an undisciplined mind. At the same time, he thought earnestly and solely with a reference to the point which he wished to carry; and went into negotiation as he went into battle, with no wish to waste any ammunition, or lose any time in manoeuvring. He was, of course, according to the manners of his age, a better partizan-warrior than diplomatist.

"The elements which constitute a hero were liberally mixed up in

his character. He had courage, humanity, liberality; a romantic admiration of women; the art of commanding; the power of conceiving projects fraught with danger to the foe; of planning the details, and bringing them, by the mastery of his own practical genius, to a successful result; ambition that was checked in its speculative mood by no other restraint than that of principle; and the inextinguishable love of glory, which gave its own golden hues to all his doings, sufferings, and aspirations. And surely that for which he fought remains, though the light has long since faded away from his vision.

"He was, as has been remarked in the course of this compilation, precisely one of those men whom America wanted, and whom Providence in its wisdom raised up for the exigency." The very defects of his education, and even of his temper, were advantages to a cause where positive energy was invoked. He must and will be honoured among the foremost patriots whose services in battle the people of this republic are bound to hold in hallowed remembrance. It must be borne in mind, that the seeming frequency of his allusions to his own successes, in the foregoing pages, arises from the necessity of throwing together the correspondence of a series of years, addressed to individuals and public functionaries, and bodies widely separated by space and in political intercourse. It can scarcely be said, that he has exaggerated the utility, and certainly not the merit of his enterprises or performances. No naval commander, who sailed under the stars and stripes during the revolution, and "brought the red cross low," can claim more respectful notice in our annals, than the sailor boy from the shores of Solway Firth; who knew how to fight for the "rights of human nature," but was mistaken when he thought he could maintain his own independence, and reap laurels, in the service of a female autocrat, and under the orders of her luxurious and spoiled favourite, whose origin was still more humble than his own.

"Franklin and Jefferson duly appreciated his value. They gave him every proof of their entire confidence, and have left behind them their testimony to his courage, intelligence, and unquestioned fidelity. The latest evidence of this, too lately given to console even the dying moments of one whose blood and whose talents were devoted without reserve to the liberty of man, was furnished by Mr. Jefferson, when he recommended the admiral as a proper agent to redeem American captives from bondage in Algiers. Another name, no less illustrious, may be cited—that of one thrice happy, and thrice honoured; and whose crowning glory places him in a moral attitude which no living individual can hope to attain. Can history supply a parallel?"

Lafayette was the friend of Paul Jones. He was willing to have co-operated with him in one of the enterprises he had projected. He bears record to his high and stainless character as an officer, and as a man.

It is probable that the extravagant stories and ridiculous legends, circulated orally and in print, have excited a curiosity in relation to the life and character of Jones, which does not attach to that of many others, whose gallantry was equal to his own, but whom circumstances did not place in so prominent a point of view, or about whom there was less mystery, and less lying. He was one of those gallant men, whose exploits are worthy of being recorded; and whose example has been so well imitated, that the cause of freedom is almost by a millennium in advance of what might have been prudently anticipated a hundred years ago. In his fond devotion to that holy cause, *Columbia* was his muse; the doctrines of the fathers of our independence were the articles of his creed; and, by what has been narrated or quoted, in relation to his latter moments, it has been seen, that then, like a true religionist of whatever sect, turning his face towards the star, the region, or the temple of his idolatry, he looked last to the United States of America, the youngest of nations, before he died. When he fought under the flag which is now respected on the all-encompassing ocean, wherever its pulse agitates the meanest stream which pays to the sea its lawful tribute, he knew of but one land of freedom. Under that pictured constellation, commanding a meaning far more useful and sublime than eastern sages ever read or chronicled in their observations of the firmament; under this banner, which he first had the happy privilege of raising with his own hands, he sailed, as from the birth-place, and as bearing the ensign of Liberty. The ocean which he traversed, to maintain the holy cause in which he had embarked, was one and indivisible, save by fragile barriers, which could only make stagnant a portion of its waters, inculcably small, and the loss of which the fountains of the great deep would instantaneously supply.

"To this constellation he looked for his guidance, in the various courses on which he steered in his voyage of life. Can we better conclude this compilation of his shreds of autobiography than by hoping, that no one of those stars may ever 'shoot madly from its sphere;' and that this banner may float, during all time, the truly blazoned emblem of 'armed and awful' freedom?"

"For ever float that standard sheet!"

And while it does float, there will be no true servant of his country, whether intrusted by her with authority in her marine, or doing his duty therein in the humblest office, who will not revere the memory, rejoice in the glory, and sometimes sigh for the crosses and disappointments of John Paul Jones."

The Common School Manual: a regular and connected course of Elementary Studies, embracing the necessary and useful branches of a common education. In four parts. Compiled from the latest and most approved authors, by M. R. Bartlett.

Dewitt Clinton, the liberal and enlightened patron of all efforts made to promote the cause of education in this state, and the most zealous friend to our common schools, suggested to the author the plan of this work. Its object is to supply a system of instruction for a complete English education in a plain, practical, and progressive series of lessons, collaterally arranged. The pupil is systematically led from the most simple elementary instruction in a knowledge of letters, of orthography, of reading, of arithmetic, and so on to the other and higher branches of grammar, geography, history, &c. There is, in the first place, a primer of forty-eight pages, embellished with cuts. The lessons are short and simple, and preparatory to what is termed the first part of the system. This is contained in a neat duodecimo of one hundred pages, in which the elements of language, spelling of words from one to four syllables, reading, and counting, are taught in lessons marked out for each half day.

The second part consists of two hundred and seventy pages. Pronunciation, conversation, and poetry; arithmetic carried on to the rules of interest; grammar as far as prosody; and also geography.

In the third part, of three hundred and seventy pages, the higher branches of the same departments are introduced. Thus in reading, the pupil is initiated into biography, conver-

sation on governments—in arithmetic, mensuration, elements of geometry, and book keeping. The declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States are presented to the scholar with very appropriate critical questions.

The fourth part contains five hundred pages, and is devoted to geography, history, and the natural sciences.

This brief abstract will sufficiently unfold the tenor and scope of the work, and when we add that the execution of the excellent plan is such as to have received merited and exalted marks of approbation, both from the eminent and lamented projector of the system, and from numerous other scholars and men of learning enjoying the first reputation, we have advanced an argument in its favour which must recommend it to the serious examination of all those who are interested in the advancement of elementary instruction.

A neat pamphlet, detailing the objects and contents of the four volumes, has been printed, and may be had at Mr. Sleight's bookstore, Clinton-hall.

Pocahontas, or the Settlers of Virginia, a National Drama, in three acts. By George Washington Custis, Esq. of Arlington-house. Philadelphia edition. 1830.

The story on which this drama is founded is familiar to most of our readers; and, in the language of a short preface to the piece under consideration, is truly "a tempting one for the dramatist." But we must hesitate before we subscribe to the conclusion of the sentence, that "more could not have been made of it than has been done in the present instance;" for, notwithstanding its run at the Philadelphia theatre, and the aforesaid preface assures us that "few pieces have been more successful than this," we are not prepared to speak very highly of it as a production creditable to our dramatic literature.

We are fully aware that in the construction of a modern melo-drama, stage effect is the principal thing to be consulted, if the author writes for money or popular applause. Indeed, we have somewhere heard, or dreamed, of even a five-act tragedy, which owed much of its "unparalleled success" to the same charm! Still, however, we cannot help entertaining some old-fashioned notions, with respect to probability and keeping, as connected with incident, situation, character, and above all, language, all of which we conceive to have been, in many instances, barbarously outraged in the production before us. Let one suffice. Is it consistent with our ideas of probability, or in accordance with the Indian character, for the aborigines of Virginia to adopt the same refined and courtly language (with the single exception of *bad grammar*, of which a word directly,) that was used by the cavaliers of England in the golden reign of "good queen Bess?" Yet such language (always bating the above exception,) has Mr. Custis put into the mouths of all his Indians. Indeed, in reading this play, we find it difficult to know the speaker's character or nation; and, were we not assisted by some local allusions, should frequently be compelled to refer to the cast for information on the subject.

As regards stage effect, we must confess that the author has exercised considerable tact and ingenuity. Some of the incidents are well managed, particularly that one, to which all the others are subservient, where Pocahontas saves the life of Smith, by throwing herself between the executioners' uplifted clubs and their intended victim. Also the first scene of the third act. The turbulent river, the rocks and cliffs, the ships, and the canoes, the martial pageantry of both parties, the great oak, Madoc's tomb, the skirmishes, single combats, surprises, and rescues, the trumpets, guns, and blunderbusses; and, above all, (as they should be,) the thunder and lightning, we as critics have nothing to do with, except to inform the reader that there is a *quantum sufficit* of such indispensable embellishments sprinkled through the pages of this national drama.

Matacoran, the Indian prince, is the only well-defined character in the piece, if we except the heroine; the others are merely outlines, very indistinctly marked; and the author has generally succeeded best where he has adhered closest to the novel from which he drew his materials. On the whole, as a melo-drama it is, in most instances, tolerably well managed; but, as a literary production, it will hardly add any thing to the reputation of the author. Among its prominent defects, the most obvious and common rules of grammar are frequently violated. Let us open the book at random for examples.

Page twenty-five—"Is it thou? Why you have really spoiled," &c. "Confess thy treachery or you die." Page fifteen—"I may afford ye protection." Page forty-two—"Is there ought thou would wish to say." Page twenty-eight—"For not like we do the English," &c. Page twenty-nine—"It was her whose image," &c. "It was her who inspired," &c. Page thirty-two—"Good rest to ye." "The guardian

spirits keep ye." "Give ye good night." This error is of frequent occurrence. Independent of these there are many *typographical errors*, for which the printer alone is accountable.

Burritt's Universal Multipliers for computing Interest, simple and compound; adapted to the various rates in the United States, on a new plan. To which are added Tables of Annuities and Exchange. By Elisha Hinsdale Burritt, A.M. Second stereotype edition. Hartford. D. F. Robinson and Co. 1830.

The highest recommendation to be given to these tables is contained in the apology offered by the author for publishing them, viz. that they are original, and comprise more in less space than any others which have yet appeared in this country. The importance of such a compend to men engaged in all departments of business is too obvious to need amplification.

For the Mirror.

THE REFUSAL.

BY IOLANTE.

No, dearest one, not mine the hand
To bind thy free and tameless heart
In fetters which thou canst not break,
When changeful fancy bids us part.
Be it my task alone to bear
The daily strengthening chain,
And thou mayst wreath its links with flowers,
But never share its pain.
The slender fibre which unites
The young peach blossom to the bough,
Is not more fragile than the tie
That binds our hearts together now.
Yet better to be thus, for when
The tempest comes, as come it will,
It can but rend the fading flower,
The branch may flourish still.

THE DRAMA.

CINDERELLA.—This musical novelty is postponed at the Park theatre, in order, as we understand, to give sufficient time for ample preparation. On the authority of a gentleman lately from England, whose taste and judgment are undoubted, and who witnessed several representations of the piece at Covent Garden, it is considered one of the best operas ever produced on the British boards. The dialogue is short, pithy, and full of humour, and the low comedy parts light and highly amusing. The scenery and transformations are likewise described as admirable: among the most prominent is that of a fountain which separates and discovers Cinderella sleeping; the effect of this piece of machinery is said to have been astonishing. The music is composed entirely of selections from Rossini, comprising the whole that is worth retaining from *La Cenerentola*, added to *morceaux*, selected with fine taste, from *Maometto Secondo*, *Armida*, and *Guillaume Tell*. The extraordinary success of this piece, which tended to show Miss Paton's talents to the greatest advantage, is attributed to the perfect way in which the opera was cast, and the minute attention paid to every particular. On its attracting crowded and fashionable houses, our informant states that the opera *La Cenerentola* was put up at the Italian Opera House with Malibran; but that, in despite of the public favour that lady enjoys, the decided preference was given to the Cinderella of Covent Garden, Paton being very well able to bear a comparison with Malibran, and the band, chorus, acting, scenery, and selection of music, being evidently superior. The execution of the overture of *Cenerentola* was universally given in favour of the Covent Garden orchestra. This is a triumph for Mr. Lacy, the best compiler and conductor of the day, and reflects no little credit on Mr. Charles Kemble, the manager of Covent Garden, and Mr. Woodark, the leader of the band, who is a connexion of that gentleman; and it establishes one fact beyond question, that in a country as old in musical taste as England, if an entertainment be provided in the native tongue equal to that which foreigners can furnish, it will obtain patronage, and beat down, by the aid of proper feeling, the inclination which John Bull shares in common with us to admire, or pretend to admire, that which we do not understand.

On perusing the British musical journal called the *Harmenicon*, a work of the first authority, we find that in a review of the music of Cinderella it passes the highest encomiums on that opera, and confirms our statement.

MISS CLARA FISHER.—This pleasing and popular actress has been playing most of her favourite characters, commencing with the opera of *Clari*; and adding several excellent comedies and farces, among others that of *Perfection*. We are always happy to greet her return to the Park boards, where she is deservedly a favourite.

For the Mirror.

A WINTER SKETCH.

BY W. G. CLARK.

COME out beneath the sky! and if thy heart
Warm with thine upward thoughts, thou wilt not heed
The silent coldness of the perfect scene!
Look where the palace of the unbounded sky
Upstairs its fretted roof and glittering wall,
Where, like the gay lights of a festival,
Burn the unnumbered stars. How pure,
How holy is the hour! Far off the winds
Do seem to murmur on the pale blue hills,
That in the distance rise. From vale to vale
The scream of fox, or the deep boding cry
Of melancholy owl, remote is heard
Piercing the general calm. Gaze soft around
Thou who wouldst parley with thy throbbing heart,
Loud bounding in the hush about thee spread;
And as thou gazest, pause, to hear the faint
But voiceful dropping of the frozen dew
On the white snow hard by. Far off the west
Some clouds are lingering 'gainst pale amber skies
Not parted yet from twilight; and, unroll'd,
Their fleecy skirts like motionless waters lie,
Becalmed 'neath moveless ships. Far off
They blend into the varying northern cope
Where transient spires of thin-wrought light ascend
In quivering tissues, flickering and high.
It is an hour for thought! The landscape sleeps!
On the near hill-tops stand the silent pines:
Their green and giant arms white wreaths depress—
The coronals of the cloud. The earth, the sky,
Wear a deep spell of purity and peace:
On many a hearth the watchful house-dog lies
In fitful slumbering; upon many an eye
Rests the down-folded lid; on many a brain
The dewy glories of sweet visions lie.
On cottage trees some late and lingering leaf
Inconstant rustles to the unsteady air
With melancholy music. Flocks are fed—
And slumbering ruminant in many a fold.
Soft quiet wraps the time. Yes, 'tis an hour
When o'er the mountains and the vales of earth,
And wastes of surging waters, vexed with storm,
The spirit's wings mysteriously should move,
Bringing contentment on its untorn plume,
And glorious triumph that its course is free.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA,
To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER FOUR.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

THE vice-consul had sent his boat and young man alongside of us the moment we had hauled in, so that our register was made and birth assigned us at once, whereupon we landed, and proceeded to the consulate. Here I found that I should be under the necessity of obtaining a passport previous to my being allowed to visit the city; and as it would be several hours in the formality of making out, I should lose the steam-boat for this day, and might therefore make up my mind to enjoy it at Cronstadt. After settling the affairs of the ship, and learning the news, we took a few general directions and sallied out to see what affinity Russia lions bore to those we had left at home.

Our first attention was directed to the public works; but, previous to giving you a description of them, it is proper that you should know that vessels drawing over about seven feet of water cannot cross the bar at the mouth of the Neva, and consequently ascend to St. Petersburg. For the accommodation, therefore, of the larger class of merchantmen trading here, and for the protection of his infant navy, Peter the Great found it necessary to establish a good harbour somewhat lower down. Accordingly, as early as the year 1710, he fixed upon the south-east end of the island of Catlini Ostrof, about eighteen miles below the capital, for this purpose; and his successors have steadily followed up his plans, till the port and its defences are now nearly complete. Having no natural protection, thick double walls of hewn granite are run out into the gulf, joining at the ends with another running parallel with the island, thus nearly forming a quadrangle, with an opening in front wide enough to admit two vessels abreast, and enclosing an area of water sufficient to float at least seven hundred sail, and as completely protecting them from the heavy wind and sea as if completely moored in a New-York dock. This is called the "Merchant's Mole," and is exclusively occupied by foreign vessels. In addition there are wide canals, and several smaller moles formed by the same materials for the men-of-war, and commodious enough for any navy that Russia may have to lie here for half a century. There were several ships of the line, frigates, &c. repairing and in ordi-

nary. As naval models they certainly do credit to the shipwrights, but being principally of fir, they soon decay, and are rendered totally useless. The emperor, becoming sensible of the little service to be expected from vessels of so light timber, has ordered those to be built in future, and those now on the stocks, to be constructed out of oak, so that he may look forward to the possession of stronger and more durable ships. But they have what we should consider a queer way of making sailors here. A tall mast with yards, ropes, and sails, is erected ashore, and recruits drafted from the peasantry in the interior, the same as for the land service, brought down to Cronstadt, and regularly piked aloft and exercised in naval tactics and seamanship. No doubt the government would prefer a completely practical to this half theoretical method of forming its seamen, but there being very few vessels owned and manned by native citizens, and little employ for the ships of war abroad, it is a drill that the officers of necessity have adopted, to give the numerous recruits for the service even this small insight into the duties of their profession. Crews thus formed must, of course, at first be very inefficient, especially in bad weather or an engagement at sea; and before Russia can ever be formidable on the ocean, she must have bred more of her numerous subjects by fisheries and commerce to the watery element, and of this, from her inland situation and frozen harbours, I consider there is little probability for a long time to come.

The fortifications are strong in proportion to the harbour, and far more extensive. Thick bastions of earth are thrown upon the land side; granite ramparts face the water, garnished with a numerous artillery, and several forts rise from the gulf in the immediate vicinity, bristling with cannon, quite sufficient, I should suppose, if well served, to instantly disable any number of vessels that could be brought to bear against the place. The streets cross each other at right angles, and those near the water are mostly well paved. The government buildings are of brick, plastered outside, very commodious, and make a neat and handsome appearance, and form a large proportion of the town. Those of the private citizens are generally of wood, painted a light brown, and not exceeding one and two stories. There are fine Russian churches, the principal of which is called the cathedral of St. Andrew, and with its tall spire has rather an imposing appearance. I noticed a few shrines in addition, with lamps burning before them, and also a German Lutheran and church of England chapel, both of which have settled clergymen, who regularly officiate in their native languages. The hospital, and indeed all the government establishments, appear in fine order, and abundantly provided with materiel for kill and cure. Russian sailors and soldiers form the great majority of the place, and its population is said to be not less than forty five thousand; add to these the great influx of the crews of foreign vessels during summer, and one would not look for much refinement among the inhabitants. The regulations of the port and military police, however, are so strict as to enforce good order; and, so far as I am informed, nothing like a serious riot ever takes place.

Back of the town we found a pleasant public garden, with a wooden tower standing on an artificial mound; the view from the top is extensive, but not of sufficient variety to much interest one, the island being totally flat, and with the exception of a few white birches, quite destitute of wood, and the wide range of waters outside of the moles were scarcely studied with a single sail. After satisfying ourselves that his imperial majesty's land and water did not materially differ from that we had often seen in different quarters of the globe, and immortalizing our names by placing the initials among hundreds of others on the parapet of the tower, we recollected that the hour had nearly approached at which we had promised to grace the dinner board of the vice-consul, and accordingly adjourned to his residence. Mr. Lenattzen is the deputed authority of the United States' consul, who finds it necessary constantly to reside at St. Petersburg. We found him extremely attentive and efficient in his official duties, and he proved equally agreeable as a host, treating us to most excellent claret, with five courses in the French style, and the society of his charming little family of flaxen-haired daughters.

EXCERPTS.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness: her estate is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

RELIGION OF THE SEA.

BY GREENWOOD.

"In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to thee!
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
'Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever flowing tide."—J. Newton.

THE ocean is wonderful and divine in its forms and changes and sounds, in its grandeur, its beauty, its inhabitants, its uses, and its mysteries, its variety, in all that strikes the sense and is immediately apprehended by the understanding. But besides all these, and lying deeper than all, it possesses a moral interest, which is partly bestowed upon it, and partly borrowed from it, by the mind of man. The soul finds in it a fund of high spiritual associations. Analogies are perceived in it, which connect it most affectingly with our mortal life, with dread eternity, and with Almighty God himself, the source and end of all. And thus it becomes a principal link in that great chain of purpose and sympathy, with which the Creator has bound up all matter and mind, together with his own infinite being, in one concentrating whole.

The sea has often been likened to this our life. Poetry is fond of remarking resemblances between it and the passions and fortunes of humanity. Our contemplations launch forth on its capacious bosom, and gather up the images and shadowings of our existence and fate, of what we are, and what is appointed to us. Do we see its multitudinous waves rushing blindly and impetuously along wherever they are driven by the lashing wind? They remind us of the tempest of an angry mind, or the tumult of an enraged people. Are the waves hushed, and is a calm breathed over the floods? It is the similitude of a peaceful breast, of a composed and placid spirit, or a quiet, untroubled time. Doubts, anxieties, and fears pass over our minds, as clouds do over the sea, tinging them, as the clouds tinge the waters, with their deep and threatening hues. Does a beaming hope or a golden joy break in suddenly upon us, in the midst of care or misfortune? What is it but a ray of light, such as we sometimes behold sent down from the rifted sky, shining alone in the dark horizon, a sun-burst on a sullen sea?

Then how often are the vicissitudes of life compared with the changes of the ocean. Who that has been abroad on the sea, who that has heard or read any thing of its phenomena, does not know that to the most propitious winds and skies which can bless the mariner, frequently succeed those which are the most adverse and destructive; that the morning may rise with the fairest promises, bringing the favouring breeze and smiling over the pleasant water, and ere the evening falls, or before high noon is come, the scene may be wrapt in gloom, the steady gale may be converted into the savage blast, the gay sunbeams may be followed by the blue lightnings, and the floods above be poured down on the floods below, as if together they were determined, as of old, to drown and desolate the world? And do not these things take place in the voyage of human life? Who knows not how often youth sets sail with flattering hopes and brilliant prospects, which are changed before manhood, into dreary disappointment or black despair? Who knows not how often and how suddenly the sun of prosperity may be covered up from sight, and its glowing rays be quenched in the coldness and darkness and fearfulness of howling adversity? Who knows not that in the midst of joy and peace, the billows of affliction may all at once rise up, and roll in upon the soul? "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," cries the mourning Psalmist; and again he complains, "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves." And there is not, perhaps, in all literature, sacred or profane, a more striking image of dank, weltering, utter desolation, than is contained in the exclamation of the prophet Jonah. "The depth closed me round about," says he, "the weeds were wrapped about my head."

Though no voyage, on the sea or in life, is free from vicissitudes, yet the same changes happen not to all, nor do all suffer the same or equal reverses. Our barks are all abroad on the wide surface of existence, and some experience more severe and frequent storms, or more baffling winds than others. For some, the gales of prosperity appear to blow, as we may say, tropically, so fair and steady is the course of fortune into which they seem to have fallen; while others appear to have encountered, almost at the outset, an unfavourable vein, which has opposed, wearied, and persecuted them to the very end. To that end they all arrive, sooner or later. The ocean has many harbours; life has but one. It is safe and peaceful. There the tempests cease to rage, and all the winds of heaven

fold up their wings and rest. There the mariner reposes from all his toils, and he forgets his perils and fears, his watchings and fatigues. The billows are without; they foam and toss in vain. The sails are furled, and the anchors are dropped. "We sail the sea of life," says the poet,

"We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds,
And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all."

Thus discourses the ocean on the great themes of mortality—the eloquent ocean, sounding forth incessantly, in its deep-toned surges, a true and dignified philosophy; repeating to every shore the moral and the mystery of human life.

But it does something more. It is so vast, so uniform, so full, so all enveloping, that it leads the thoughts to a sublimer theme than life or time, to the theme of dread eternity. When contemplations on this subject are suggested by it, human life shrinks up into a stream, wandering through a varied land, now through flowers, and now through sands, now clearly and now turbidly, now smoothly and quietly, and now obstructed and chafed, till it is lost at last in the mighty ocean, which receives, and feels it not. There is nothing among the earthly works of God, which brings the feeling—for it can hardly be termed a conception—the feeling of eternity so powerfully to the soul, as does the "wide, wide sea." We look upon its waves, succeeding each other continually, one rising up as another vanishes, and we think of the generations of men, which lift up their heads for a while and then pass away, one after the other, for all the noise and show they make, even as those restless and momentary waves. Thus the waves and the ages come and go, appear and disappear, and the ocean and eternity remain the same, undecaying and unaffected, abiding in the unchanging integrity of their solemn existence. We stand upon the solitary shore, and we hear the surges beat, uttering such grand, inimitable symphonies as are fit for the audience of cliffs and skies; and our minds fly back through years and years, to that time when, though we were not and our fathers were not, those surges were yet beating, incessantly beating, making the same wild music, and heard alone by the overhanging cliffs, and the over-arching skies, which silently gave heed to it, even as they do now. In the presence of this old and united company we feel on what an exceedingly small point we stand, and how soon we shall be swept away, while the surges will continue to beat on that very spot, and the cliffs and the skies will still lean over to hear. This is what may be called the feeling of eternity. Perhaps the feeling is rendered yet more intense, when we lie on our bed, musing and watching, and hear the sonorous cadences of the waves coming up solemnly and soothingly through the stillness of night. It is as the voice of a spirit—as the voice of the spirit of eternity. The ocean seems now to be a living thing, ever living and ever moving, a sleepless influence, a personification of unending duration, uttering aloud the oracles of primeval truth.

"Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

Where are the myriads of men who have trodden its shores, and gone down to it in ships? They are passed away. Not a single trace has been left by all their armaments. Where are the old kingdoms which were once washed by its waves? They have been changed, and changed again, till a few ruins only tell where they stood. But the sea is all the same. Man can place no monuments upon it, with all his ambition and pride. It suffers not even a ruin to speak of his triumphs or his existence. It remains as young, as strong, as free, as when it first listened to the Almighty word, and responded with all its billows to the song of the morning stars.

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

It is this immutability which, more than any other of the attributes of ocean, perhaps, impresses our minds with the sentiment of eternity, and gives to it its character of superiority among the works of God. Earth never frees itself entirely from the subjection of man. It constantly receives and covers his fallen remains, indeed, but is made to bear memorials of the victor, even after he is vanquished. All over the world we see the vestiges of former generations; their caves, their wells, their pyramids, their roads, their towers, their graves. But none of these things are on the sea. Its surface is unmarked but by its own commotions; and when it buries man or man's works, the sepulture is sudden and entire; a plunge, a bubble, and the waters roll on as before, careless of the momentary interruption of their wonted flowing. Thus immutable, thus unworn and unsullied is ocean. To what shall it be compared but to the highest subjects of thought, to life, to immortality? It allies itself in its greatness more with spirit than with matter. It

holds itself above subjection or control. It seems to have a will, a liberty, and a power.

As these are high associations, they readily lead us up to Him who is above all height. There is a natural connexion between all sublime and pure sentiment, and the conception of Deity. All grandeur directs us to him, because we have learnt that he is greatest. We cannot stop in the creature, after we have received any true ideas of the Creator. And thus God himself comes, as it by an influence of his spirit, into our minds, when we are looking upon the sea, or listening to its roar, and inhibiting the emotions which it is so powerful to excite. Where he comes, he reigns. The conception of God, when it enters, takes the throne of authority among the other thoughts, and brings them into easy subordination. And then we think how inferior and dependent are all might and majesty, compared with his. The eternity of ocean becomes a brief type of the eternity of him who made it, and all its grandeur as a passing shadow of his. It does not, however, lose any of its interest by this kind of inferiority. Nothing is lessened to the pious mind by being esteemed less than the Supreme. It retains its connexion with eternity and God, and is exalted by its glorious dependence. It puts on the aspect, and speaks with the added solemnity of religion; telling us that all its power and magnificence are from the Maker, and that if it is full of beauty, and life, and usefulness, and mystery, it is because the Maker is good and wise and infinite. The sea has been called the religious sea. It is religious, as it suggests religious thoughts and emotions. And as the feelings excited by a noble object in a contemplative soul, are always in some degree reflected back upon that object, the sea will appear to be in its own self religious; to know that it is lying in the hollow of the Almighty's hand; to chant loud anthems to his praise in the noise of its rushing floods, and to send up its more quiet devotions in the breathing stillness of its calms. In short, we know nothing of the sea as we ought to know, we feel nothing of its best and sublimest inspirations, unless we receive from it, and communicate to it, the thoughts and feelings of religion; unless we grow devout as we gaze, and return from contemplating it with the consciousness that we have entered into a nearer union with God.

The moral associations which have now been described as naturally arising from the soul's converse with the sea, are all in a great degree definite. The deep is, as it were, freighted and laden with them, and bears them richly to our receiving bosoms. And when we look out upon the ocean, without fixing on either of these associations as the direct subject of thought, it is the union of several or of all of them, which, almost unconsciously to us, produces such a strong impression within us. But besides these sentiments which can be traced and numbered, there are feelings suggested by that magnificent object, which cannot so well, if at all, be defined. I believe that no one, who loves nature, has let his soul go out on the sea without experiencing emotions which he could not possibly explain, but which were as real as any that he ever felt. All that he can tell of them is that they are elevating and refining. Further than this he cannot communicate them, for they baffle all description and search. It seems to him, sometimes, as he waits and watches on the shore, that the Great Spirit himself moves, as in the beginning, on the face of the waters, and speaks to him holy words, which, though he hears and imbibes, he cannot fully understand; which he knows not now, but will know hereafter. They come like whispers of that communion, intelligence, and consent which pervade creation. They teach us something of our unrevealed connexions, something of the unseen and unimaginable future; and, in so be that we are disposed to bring down all our faith, and trust to that alone which we can touch and define, they gently rebuke us for our coldness, and intimate to us that there are more, many more things in heaven and earth and sea, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

I have spoken as I was able, and not as I could have desired, of the "great and wide sea." Let the rest be learnt by each one, where it can be learnt much better than from me, from the sea itself. If I have induced a single individual, who has hitherto regarded it as a barren collection of waters, or a medium for traffic merely, to look upon it as something more wonderful, divine, and useful than this, I am satisfied. If his curiosity is at all excited, let him go to the sea-shore and get wisdom. If his devout affections are at all moved, let him go to the ocean and worship.

"His choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves;
Or, when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!"

Every object in nature yields instruction to the teachable and listening mind; but some objects utter a voice more

powerful, more commanding, more thrilling than others. If we may find, as one of the best English poets tell us we may, "sermons in stones," in lifeless stones, what eloquent and soul-stirring addresses may we not hear from the living, glorious, beautiful, eternal sea!

Taken for 1331

SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. O that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and the warmth of this summer afternoon! They are ponderous air-ships, black as death, and freighted with the tempest; and at intervals their thunder, the signal-guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapour—methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long!—seem scattered here and there, for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps—for who can tell?—beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, where the floating mass so imperfectly obstructs the colour of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sunbeams love to linger in their journeyings through space. Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a sea-maid's hair. Bright they are as a young man's visions, and like them, would be realized in chillness, obscurity, and tears. I will look on them no more.

In three parts of the visible circle, whose centre is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country-seats, the waving lines of rivulets, little placid lakes, and here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbour, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all-hedding and unheeded. O that the multitude of chimneys could speak, like those of Madrid, and betray, in smoky whispers, the secrets of all who, since their first foundation, have assembled at the hearths within! O that the limping devil of Le Sage would perch beside me here, extend his wand over this contiguity of roofs, uncover every chamber, and make me familiar with their inhabitants! The most desirable mode of existence might be that of a spiritualized Paul Pry, hovering invisible round man and woman, witnessing their deeds, searching into their hearts, borrowing brightness from their felicity, and shade from their sorrow, and retaining an emotion peculiar to himself. But none of these things are possible; and if I would know the interior of brick walls, or the mystery of human bosoms, I can but guess.

Yonder is a fair street, extending north and south. The stately mansions are placed each on its carpet of verdant grass, and a long flight of steps descends from every door to the pavement. Ornamental trees, the broad-leaved horse chestnut, the elm so lofty and bending, the graceful but infrequent willow, and others whereof I know not the names, grow thrivily among brick and stone. The oblique rays of the sun are intercepted by these green citizens and by the houses, so that one side of the street is a shaded and pleasant walk. On its whole extent there is now but a single passenger advancing from the upper end; and he, unless distance and the medium of a pocket spy-glass do him more than justice, is a fine young man of twenty. He saunters slowly forward, slapping his left hand with his folded gloves, bending his eyes upon the pavement, and sometimes raising them to throw a glance before him. Certainly he has a pensive air. Is he in doubt, or in debt? Is he, if the question be allowable, in love? Does he strive to be melancholy and gentlemanlike? Or, is he merely overcome by the heat? But I bid him farewell, for the present. The door of one of the houses, an aristocratic edifice, with curtains of purple and gold waving from the windows, is now opened, and down the steps come two ladies, swinging their parasols, and lightly arrayed for a summer ramble. Both are young, both are pretty; but

methinks the left hand lass is the fairest of the twain; and though she be so serious at this moment, I could swear that there is a treasure of gentle fun within her. They stand talking a little while upon the steps, and finally proceed up the street. Meantime, as their faces are now turned from me, I may look elsewhere.

Upon that wharf, and down the corresponding street, is a busy contrast to the quiet scene which I have just noticed. Business evidently has its centre there, and many a man is wasting the summer afternoon in labour and anxiety, in losing riches, or in gaining them, when he would be wiser to flee away to some pleasant country village, or shaded lake in the forest, or wild and cool sea-beach. I see vessels unloading at the wharf, and precious merchandise strown upon the ground, abundantly as at the bottom of the sea, that market whence no goods return, and where there is no captain or supercargo to render an account of sales. Here, the clerks are diligent with their paper and pencils, and sailors ply the block and tackle that hang over the hold, accompanying their toil with cries, long-drawn and roughly melodious, till the bales and puncheons ascend to upper air. At a little distance, a group of gentlemen are assembled round the door of a warehouse. Grave seniors be they, and I would wager—if it were safe, in these times, to be responsible, for any one—that the least eminent among them, might vie with old Vincentio, that incomparable trafficker of Pisa. I can even select the wealthiest of the company. It is the elderly personage in somewhat rusty black, with powdered hair, the superfluous whiteness of which is visible upon the cape of his coat. His twenty ships are wafted on some of their many courses by every breeze that blows, and his name—I will venture to say, though I know it not—is a familiar sound among the far separated merchants of Europe and the Indies. But I bestow too much of my attention in this quarter. On looking again to the long and shady walk, I perceive that the two fair girls have encountered the young man, and, after a sort of shyness in the recognition, he turns back with them. Moreover, he has sanctioned my taste in regard to his companions by placing himself on the inner side of the pavement, nearest the Venus to whom I—enacting, on a steeple-top, the part of Paris on the top of Ida—adjudged the golden apple.

In two streets, converging at right angles towards my watch-tower, I distinguish three different processions. One is a proud array of volunteer soldiers in bright uniform, resembling, from the height whence I look down, the painted veterans that garrison the windows of a toy-shop. And yet, it stirs my heart; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sun-flash on their bayonets and musket-barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the life ever and anon piercing through—these things have awakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be. Close to their rear marches a battalion of school-boys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and unfortunately aping the intricate manoeuvres of the foremost band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, "Which are the boys?" or rather, "Which the men?" But, leaving these, let us turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflections in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed, and covered by a dusty pall; two or three coaches rumbling over the stones, their drivers half asleep; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every day attire; such was not the fashion of our fathers when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no clang of passing bell to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the king of terrors more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this change? Not so. Here is a proof that he retains his proper majesty. The military men, and the military boys are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral fall in the face. Immediately the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous foot-fall. The soldiers quit the path to the dusty hearse and unpretending train, and the children quit their range and cluster on the sidewalk, with timid and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the church-yard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among the burial stones; the lightning glimmers on them as they lower down the coffin, and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily the shower is near, and I tremble for the young man and the girls who have now disappeared from the long and shady street.

How various are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them! The new-born, the aged, the dying,

the strong in life, and the recent dead, are in the chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate, dwell together within the circle of my glance. In some of the houses over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted by a debased and trodden virtue—guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo! the rain-drops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts, quivers, disappears, and then comes the thunder, travelling slowly after its twin-born flame. A strong wind has sprung up, howls through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. The disbanded soldiers fly, the funeral has already vanished like its dead, and all people hurry homeward—all that have a home; while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure. In a narrow lane which communicates with the shady street, I discern the rich old merchant putting himself to the top of his speed, lest the rain should convert his hair-powder to a paste. Unhappy gentleman! By the slow vehemence and painful moderation wherewith he journeys, it is but too evident that Podagra has left its thrilling tenderness in his great toe. But yonder, at a far more rapid pace, come three other of my acquaintance, the two pretty girls and the young man, unseasonably interrupted in their walk. Their footsteps are supported by the risen dust, the wind lends them its velocity, they fly like three sea-birds driven landward by the tempestuous breeze. The ladies would not thus rival Atalanta, if they but knew that any one were at leisure to observe them. Ah! as they hasten onward, laughing in the angry face of nature, a sudden catastrophe has chanced. At the corner where the narrow lane enters into the street, they come plump against the old merchant, whose tortoise motion has just brought him to that point. He likes not the sweet encounter; the darkness of the whole air gathers speedily upon his visage, and there is a pause on both sides. Finally he thrusts aside the youth with little courtesy, seizes an arm of each of the two girls, and plods onward, like a magician with a prize of captive fairies. All this is easy to be understood. How disconsolate the poor lover stands! regardless of the rain that threatens an exceeding damage to his well-fashioned habiliment, till he catches a backward glance of mirth from a bright eye, and turns away with whatever comfort it conveys.

The old man and his daughters are safely housed, and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus it was that Arethusa sunk. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinking on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is striding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseech a city of the dead: and turning a single moment to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes of the glory of another world, and the troubles and tears of this, brightness forth the rainbow!

Ibid.

EXTRA POLITENESS.

During an excursion on board a steam-boat on the Potomac, and whilst the company were amusing themselves with dancing, a young lady happened to slip and fall on the deck. A dandy, who chanced to be near at the time, stood motionless; and on being asked why he did not assist the lady in getting up, fashionably replied, that he was waiting for an introduction.

A SKETCH.

It was on a Sabbath, early in September, that a group of citizens was seen gathering in front of the dwelling occupied by the rector of the village. Gloom was upon every countenance; and as the villagers stood, now gazing upon the beautiful church adjoining, surrounded by its neat white fence, its shady trees, and green sward, and now casting a momentary glance upon each other, as if to read the thoughts of those around them, or bending their eyes in mournfulness upon the earth, it was easy to discover that something had occurred which had fastened a deep and settled gloom upon their hearts. There they stood, and although a half mist, half rain, caused them occasionally to raise their umbrellas, yet the movement of doing so was made rather from instinct than reflection, for the melancholy event which had called them together seemed to have driven every other thought from their minds. They spoke of the virtues, the talents, the uprightness, the piety, and the benevolence of the deceased—of his unwavering integrity—his firmness in the cause of truth and religion; and recounted, with feeling and tenderness, the little incidents attending his last illness. He had died while in the discharge of his official duty—he was from home, and he was dead! Often had he expressed a desire during his indisposition that the companion of his bosom might be near him—that he might be permitted to breathe his last words into her ear who had been his partner in the varied scenes of life—and that she might be near, to watch beside his bed, when his disencumbered spirit should take its long and homeward flight to that world prepared for the meek and humble followers of the Lamb.

The door of the mansion was opened, and with downcast eyes and melancholy steps, the villagers passed in to take a last and final look of the lifeless corse. It was in the coffin, dressed in the robes of death; and when the pure white linen was thrown back carefully from off the face, each was enabled, as he passed slowly onward, to catch a momentary glance of its general outlines. The countenance was of such a mild, placid, and yet dignified appearance, as to give only the impression to the beholder of its possessor having fallen into a sweet slumber. It gave evidence that for the true christian death possessed no terrors; and that although worldly anxieties and cares might for a moment disturb the tranquil mind, or unavailing hopes be indulged of again beholding those who were held most dear, yet that spirit of resignation and compliance to the divine will which is so exquisitely incalculated by our holy religion, was capable of overcoming all, and rendering the final moments of its possessor peaceful and happy.

All had taken a last look of the deceased, and tears were in the eyes of many. The coffin was closed—was borne to the door and placed in the hearse. The bell in the neighboring steeple was heard to toll—the hearse moved onward at a slow and measured pace, followed by carriages, with citizens who sought thus to manifest their high respect for the character of the departed; and as the procession gained the rising ground, north of the village, many were seen to look with feelings of regret upon the train of carriages which were thus following to his former home the remains of the beloved and venerated HOBART.

Auburn Free Press.

FABLE.

"What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?" said a young larch tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches. I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened wither." "And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of a man's life, and I am appointed to flourish a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into piling, where thou rottest and art burned, after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas."

The richer a nature, the harder and slower is its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar-school; John ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Bailie John, of Hunter-square; and Walter, Walter Scott, of the Universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the—cabbage.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE FINE ARTS.

MUSIC ENGRAVING.

Among the demi-miracles which distinguish this "age of improvement," is the elegance to which music printing has lately attained. Not many years have elapsed since the best specimens of printed music, in this country, were no better than so many *doubs*, struck from a rough plate of pewter,

which had been previously punched full of holes, apparently by the head of a tenpenny cut nail, with stems and tails rudely scratched with its point! And then the paper on which it was impressed!—A good musician, who could play at sight, might read the notes as well from the blank as the printed side.

But now, thanks to the enterprise of a few venders, (of whom Bourne undoubtedly stands at the head) a sheet of music is "a thing worth looking at." A modern song, such as is now almost daily published in this city, is not only calculated to impart delight through the medium of the ear, but also through that still more exquisite organ, the eye. It is, in fact, a picture of most tasteful and delicate execution; not only a necessary appendage of every lady's harp or piano, but also an embellishment for her drawing-room—a specimen of the progress of the fine arts—an incontestable symptom of that rapid march of taste and refinement which has caused the moral "wilderness to blossom as the rose."

These observations, such as they are, have been elicited by inspecting a number of new songs presented to us by Bourne, impressed on paper of a most beautiful texture and every variety of colour, and ornamented with elegantly engraved vignettes, characteristic of their several subjects. Let us name them in the order they lie before us.

First, then, we have "The knight with a snowy plume," armed *cap-a-pie*, "from head to foot—from top to toe," pensively leaning against the cold marble tomb of his beloved and lamented Rosalie. A single glance at this picture reduced the tone of our sympathies to a minor key. Then comes the "Song of Chateaur," chanted by the young Italian to his royal mistress, Mary, Queen of Scots, who sits in a most languishing attitude, listening to the strain which he accompanies with the guitar. "I'll tell nobody" the next; but the reader may discover the secret by inquiring for Mrs. Knight's favourite, "O, I'm in love." Then we encounter "The Milliners," with their caps, hats, laces, and band-boxes. "O why hast thou taught me to love thee?" is now in order, and the lady in the vignette looks exactly as if she could answer the question if she were so disposed. But who have we here? Our favourite Mrs. Austin, warbling the celebrated Italian aria of "*Mi pizzica, mi stimola*," which is produced in a magnificent style—all except "that foot"—we object most decidedly to that—it's monstrous. A delightful passage in "The Light Barque," soon conveys us to "Jerusalem, my happy home," where we close the day with the "Tyrolean Evening Hymn," written by Mrs. Hemans, and composed by her sister.

But Bourne is not alone in the dispensation of these "melodious blessings." Messrs. Firth and Hall are performing wonders in the same way. They have just published an elegant new song, adapted to the air of "*Mi pizzica, mi stimola*," arranged for the piano-forte by Mr. Moran. The poetry is from the pen of our American lyric poet, Samuel Woodworth, esq., and the adaptation is most felicitous: had the music been composed expressly for the words, the union could not have been more perfectly conjugal. Our present purpose, however, is not so much to eulogize the well-known tact of the poet, as to call the attention of our readers to the beauty of the style in which the production has been given to the public. The music engraving is of the first order; but the lithographic vignette which embellishes the title-page, is superior to many of those before alluded to. The whole is impressed on a beautiful coloured paper of most delicate hue and texture, and does credit to the taste and public spirit of the publishers, as well as to the artist who executed the plates.

We have obtained permission to copy the words of this song, which are here subjoined.

O SAY, CAN THIS BE LOVE?

AIR—"Mi pizzica."

Why does my heart so strangely start,
Each pulse so wildly play?
Why cannot willing lips impart
What feeling bids them say?
Cease, busy heart! Can this be love?
Why don't the trembler rest?
Why does it throb as if a dove
Were caged within my breast?
'Tis not the throb of anguish,
It cannot fatal prove,
And yet I sigh and languish,
O say, can this be love?

Cease busy heart! Why throbs it so,
With such an anxious thrill?
It seems to have a fever's glow,
And yet, I am not ill!
Warm on my cheek I feel the flame,
Its light illumines my eye;
Still, if my lips attempt the name,
'Tis whispered in a sigh.
'Tis not the sigh of anguish,
So that can nothing prove,
And yet I daily languish,
O say, can this be love?

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Literary Convention.—An assemblage of literary men, from all quarters of the Union, has lately been held in this city, with a view to compare opinions on subjects connected with education, and to devise means for carrying into effect the project of a new University. The most they have accomplished is the appointment of a number of committees, from whom some interesting reports on the different matters committed to them may be anticipated. We sincerely hope it shall not be said of the great efforts attempted to be made by these literati,

"Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus."

Bishop Heber's widow.—The editor of the Albany Argus suggests that probably the story of the marriage of Bishop Heber's widow is without foundation. "The lady herself," says the National Gazette, "has stated the fact to her correspondents in this country, and it was formally announced in the London papers. Though certain, it is not a proper subject of public animadversion. Marriage is lawful—such interference with it is an encroachment on private right and private conduct, which ought to remain unmolested, when they involve no public offence or wrong. Let us not invade domestic life, particularly when we are unacquainted with motives."

Miss Sedgwick's last novel.—The London New Monthly Magazine pays the following flattering tribute to the excellence of this production: "The heroine is an admirable sketch—spirited, frank, active, and essentially lady-like: and, indeed, the tale, independently of all considerations of value arising from faithful descriptions of living character, as a novel, is worthy to class with the best of our own."

Miss M'Crea.—In the Mirror of the ninth instant, we published a short article under this head, copied from the Boston Palladium. We have since received the following letter from a correspondent, whose veracity and means of information may be depended upon. It is dated

Baldwinville, October 13, 1830.

"DEAR SIR—The communication respecting Miss M'Crea, copied into your paper from the Boston Palladium, is incorrect in many particulars. I was born and 'brought up' in the town of Fort Edward, my parents being among its first settlers. In the month of June, 1761, my grandfather purchased the lands on the east side of the Hudson river, opposite Fort Miller. Both forts were at this period occupied by a British garrison; and Miss M'Crea, being a relative of the commanding officer at Fort Miller, made her home at that fortress, where she became intimately acquainted with my grandfather's family, and this intimacy continued until a short period before her untimely death.

In the meantime a young gentleman of the name of Jones was paying his addresses to Miss M'Crea, and it was generally understood that a reciprocal attachment existed between them. As the progress of the revolution, however, rendered it expedient for Mr. Jones, as it did for many others, to take a decided stand, either for or against the mother country, he unfortunately chose the side of loyalty, repaired to Canada, received a captain's commission, and subsequently joined the army of Burgoyne. It appears, however, that his political apostasy did not tend to lessen him in the eyes of his mistress, for while in Canada he still kept up a correspondence with her by letter.

In the autumn of 1777, when the hitherto successful army of Burgoyne had reached Fort Anne, Miss M'Crea was at Fort Miller; and my grandfather, (who, with most of the inhabitants of that town, retreated with their families to Bennington or Williamstown,) requested Miss M'Crea to accompany his family, but she refused, saying that she intended to go to Fort Edward. He therefore left her, with several other females, at Fort Miller. Captain Jones was at this time with the British at Fort Anne.

Miss M'Crea proceeded to Fort Edward, or rather to the old yellow house, which is yet standing, where she secreted herself in the cellar for three or four days, with an old woman, whose name is not mentioned. During this time she contrived to inform Jones of her place of concealment, who immediately dispatched a party of Indians to bring her to him, at Fort Anne. He furnished them with a horse for her conveyance, and assured her by letter that she might safely confide in the fidelity of her conductors, to whom he had promised a large reward if they conveyed her in safety to Fort Anne.

The Indians proceeded on their embassy, reached the old yellow house without interruption, delivered the letter, and were soon on the road to Fort Anne with Miss M'Crea, mounted on the steed her lover had sent for her accommodation. The party arrived unmolested at the spring which then flowed under the

large pine, on the Sand hill, a few rods from the present junction of the feeder with the Northern canal at Fort Edward. Here, it appears, they met another party of Indians, from Burgoyne's camp, whose cupidity had been excited by a rumour of the rich reward offered by Jones, and who were determined to obtain a share of it. The result of this unexpected and unreasonable demand, was a violent quarrel between the two parties of Indians.

At this unfortunate moment they discovered an American scout crossing the river, within sixty or eighty rods of them. Alarmed for their own safety, the Indians now thought it necessary to leave the road and take to the woods. For the lady to accompany them was deemed impracticable, and so, to end the dispute, and prevent farther embarrassment, one of the savages pulled her from her horse and struck his tomahawk into her skull! He then tore off her scalp, and cut off her bosom, which he suspended to a small tree. Having committed this deed of barbarity, he fled to the English camp with the scalp of his hapless victim! The scout came up, and finding Miss M'Crea in this awful situation, they hastily covered her with earth and leaves.

At this time Burgoyne's army was on its way to Fort Edward, which had been previously evacuated by the Americans. Here the disconsolate lover, Captain Jones, caused the mutilated body of his beloved Janet to be placed in a coffin, and concealed in a baggage-wagon, intending to convey the relics to Fort Miller or to Albany, should Burgoyne succeed in reaching that city.

The army moved on along the east bank of the Hudson, and the next day being very warm, they halted at a small creek three miles south of Fort Edward. During their stay at this place some general officer discovered Miss M'Crea's remains in the baggage-wagon, and ordered them removed immediately, and buried on the spot. A grave was prepared by the side of the road, and a Mrs. Saunders, who was present, put a cap on the head of the corpse, and made such other little arrangements as time and circumstances would permit. This lady, who witnessed the hasty interment, has always resided near the spot since that eventful period.

In the spring of 1822 the body of the ill-fated Miss M'Crea was disinterred by a company of young men of that town, who associated for the purpose. The site of her humble grave having been pointed out to us, by the Mrs. Saunders, before mentioned, we caused her relics to be conveyed to Fort Edward, and placed them in a splendid coffin, which was solemnly deposited in the grave-yard near the old fort. A discourse was delivered on the occasion by the late Rev. Hooper Cumming. I officiated as pall-bearer, and many connections of the deceased were also present, from Ballstown, and other parts of Saratoga county.

Mr. Baker, mentioned in your paper, was at the period of the above catastrophe a boy, in search of some stray cows, and happening to be near the scene of the tragedy, witnessed the particulars as I have related them. The description of Miss M'Crea's person, as given in the Boston Palladium, and copied into the Mirror, is also very erroneous. She was not handsome, and had a blemish in her eyes totally incompatible with our idea of beauty. I am, sir, with great respect, and high estimation of your valuable paper, yours, respectfully, N. P.

Census of Philadelphia.—The population of Philadelphia city and liberties, according to the census returns, is one hundred and sixty-seven thousand six hundred and eighty. It is stated in the Philadelphia Gazette that "the remainder of the county will be published in a few days," and that the total will be one hundred and ninety-five thousand in the city and county.

A Treatise on the Vine.—William R. Prince, proprietor of the Linnæan Botanic garden at Flushing, has just published, under this title, a work valuable to horticulturists, vignerons, and others interested in the culture of the grape.

Illinois Monthly Magazine.—This periodical has been discontinued for want of patronage. The talents, taste, and editorial tact of Mr. Hall merited for his labours a better fate.

Gay Banners.—The following pretty lines are from a little poem entitled the "Fatherless," written by Haynes Bayley:

"Gay banners find gay followers—
But, from their station hurled,
The gay forget them, and pursue
The next that is unfurled."

*This must have been a trying scene to the unfortunate lover, Captain Jones. In Dr. Thatcher's account of the "Battle of Still-water," which took place on the nineteenth of September, 1777, shortly after this tragical incident, he says, "Captain Jones, of the British artillery, had the command of four pieces of cannon, which he conducted with great skill and valour until he fell—and thirty-six, out of the forty-eight of his artillery men, were killed or wounded. His cannon were repeatedly taken and retaken, but finally remained with the British, for the want of horses (on the part of the Americans) to bring them off." Perhaps this desperate bravery was in some measure owing to the fatal termination of his love adventure.

O! THOU WHOSE LOVE INSPIRING AIR.

CANZONET—COMPOSED BY HIMMEL.

MODERATO.

O! thou whose love in-spir-ing air, De-lights, yet gives a thou-sand woes, My day de-clines in dark des-pair, And night hath lost her sweet-ter sweet re-posed.

SECOND VERSE.

Yet who, a-las! like me was blest,
To others are thy charms were known;
When fancy told my raptured breast,
That Cynthia smiled on me alone.

THIRD VERSE.

Nymph of my soul, for-give my sighs,
Forgive the jealous fires I feel,
Blame not the trembling wretch who dies,
When others to thy beauties kneel.

FOURTH VERSE.

Lo! there is every winning art,
With fortune's gifts unknown to me;
I only boast a simple heart,
In love with innocence and thee.

For the Mirror.

LINES

In imitation of a song from the Lady of the Lake.

Nor faster does the eagle take
His flight towards yonder skies,
Nor faster melts the snowy flake
In ocean's breast, or on the lake
The ripples sink and rise,
Than from that gentle heart shall flee
Each transitory thought of me;
But, maiden, go, and bliss be thine,
Nor waste a thought on me or mine.

Bright be the visions of thy dreams,
And blest each waking hour—
May fancy's ray, and hope's rich beams
Shine not with false and wav'ring gleams,
But noontide radiance pour.

Happy thy home—thy friends sincere—
And all around thee kind and dear!
And dim, while pleasure's sun may shine,
Be memory of me and mine!

But if in after moments, when
These lines shall meet thine eye,
Fond memory, with piercing ken,
Recalls forgotten dreams again,
And thoughts which cannot die,
Then, maiden, then my claim shall be
The guerdon of a tear from thee;
And then thou'lt not forget the time
Thy presence hallowed me and mine!

Or if while wandering yet on earth
You share the common lot;
If all thy virtues—all thy worth,
From the rude ills of mortal birth,
Exempt or shield thee not—
Stay not to breathe th' unheeded sigh
On the false forms that pass thee by,
But let true friendship's light divine
Conduct thee safe to me and mine!

W. H. R.

PRINCE JULES OF POLIGNAC.—The father of this prince emigrated, like many other French noblemen, at the beginning of the revolution, and resided for some time at Radstadt

(Grand Duchy of Baden.) On the birth-day of his son Jules, (the present too famous ex-minister of France,) when he had attained his tenth year, he invited all his companions in misfortune, and some other friends, and showed them into a room, where, upon a table a crucifix and two lighted candles had been placed. He then ordered young Jules to approach the table, and, in imitation of Amilcar, (Hannibal's father,) bound him by an oath, that he would always oppose the French revolution and the principles to which it had given birth. This solemn act seems to have powerfully worked upon the mind of the young nobleman, and may explain in some measure his detestation of liberal ideas. With right one can apply to him what the poet says:

"Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashioned always grow."

This anecdote is from an eye-witness and playfellow of the prince, who still lives at Radstadt.

MODESTY.—There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award a prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful. "Who shall have the prize?" said the rose, stalking forth in all the consciousness of beauty. "Who shall have the prize?" said the other flowers, advancing, each with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. "I will take a peep at these beauties," thought the violet, as she lay in her humble bed, not presuming to attend the meeting. "I will see them as they pass." But as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding-place, she was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest.

SPLENDOR OF THE ANCIENT FLEMINGS.—At a repast given by one of the counts of Flanders to the Flemish magistrates, the seats they occupied were unfurnished with cushions. Those proud burghers folded their sumptuous cloaks and sat on them. After the feast they were retiring without retaining these important and costly articles of dress; and on a courtier reminding them of their apparent neglect, the burgomaster of Bruges replied, "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away the cushions after dinner." A

similar story is told of Robert duke of Normandy. "The meetings of the different towns for the sports of archery were signalled by the most splendid display of dress and decoration. The archers were habited in silk, damask, and the finest linen, and carried chains of gold of great weight and value. Luxury was at its height among women. The queen of Philip the Fair of France, on a visit to Bruges, exclaimed, with astonishment, not unmixed with envy, 'I thought myself the only queen here, but I see six hundred others who appear more so than I.'"

GOOD TEETH.—What more adorns the "human face divine," than a good set of teeth? Place before me the handsomest woman in nature's harem, and

Her lips may mock the scarlet gem
In Aboudrahman's diadem:

yet if they disclose not a set of teeth fair as pearls, smiles may cluster about them like bees, and persuasion drop from them sweeter than the honey of Hymettus, yet they have no charm for me. A good set of teeth, as was said by Queen Bess of a handsome face, is a letter of recommendation—ay, it is a letter patent, and the whole world may read it. Young ladies cultivate your teeth.

POPULAR SONGS.—The popular song of "Cherry Ripe," has its parallel in Holland, and the pretty Dutch lasses chirp up to a sprightly air, "Turnip radishes," as merrily as the English milkmaids do their popular ballad; the substitution is an improvement quite in the Dutch taste.

When Claude Lorraine, who it is well known was not celebrated for painting figures, disposed of his pictures, he used to say to the purchasers, "I sell you the landscape, but mind I give you the figures."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POPULAR TALES.

A NOVEMBER DAY IN LONDON.

LORD VAPOURCOURT was the lineal representative of an English family of rank and fortune; and to this accidental advantage he united the natural gifts of a good person, a vigorous constitution, and respectable intellectual endowments. The last had been cultivated by the process usually employed in the education of a British nobleman of the present day. His lordship had devoted his regular seven years to the study of Greek and Latin prosody at Eton college, and by virtue of his privilege, he had taken the usual degrees at Oxford without keeping his terms. After quitting the university, he had passed three years in making the grand tour upon the continent, and had brought back from his travels a competent knowledge of French cookery, and a correct notion of the comparative merits of champagne and rhenish. His father, the old earl, had died during his absence, and the son was called home rather suddenly, to assist in arranging the succession, and to take his seat in the house of peers. As the estate was wholly unincumbered, the necessary forms were soon despatched, and his lordship entered quietly into possession of a clear income of ten thousand pounds a year. Such was the situation of this young nobleman at his first appearance upon the stage of active life, at the age of five and twenty; and his friends and connexions, as may well be supposed, formed the most brilliant anticipations of his future success and of the figure that he would make in the world.

It was soon perceived, however, with surprise, that Lord Vapourcourt took but little interest in the occupations and amusements that ordinarily engage the attention of a young British peer. He did not show himself above once or twice at the Fives Court, and was never known to assist at a regular set-to. He had a capital stud of horses, and a famous pack of hounds, but seldom took them out; and was not a regular attendant upon the races, either at Ascot or Newmarket. What was still more extraordinary, he frequented none of the fashionable gaming-houses, rarely betted, and when he did, not more than four or five hundred guineas at a time. These circumstances gave his character a strong tinge of singularity; and that part of the public whose business consists in attending to that of other people, were pretty soon in deep speculation upon the causes of this strange conduct. It was conjectured at first, that his lordship was in love; but this supposition proved to be erroneous. It was speedily ascertained that he never saw any female society, and had kept himself wholly aloof from the overtures of sundry mammas, who had indirectly laid siege to him soon after he came to his title.

Finding this theory untenable, a few persons took upon them to imagine, that Vapourcourt had come to the resolution of attending to business or to study; and that he would turn out a politician, a poet, or some other odd animal of the same genus. But here again speculation appeared to be at fault, for it was pretty soon discovered, that his lordship had never been in the house of peers, excepting to take his seat, and that he had not opened a book since he left Eton college.

While these different and groundless rumours succeeded each other, respecting the causes of Lord Vapourcourt's uncommon mode of life, the real truth after a while came out; and it was at length generally known in the circle of his friends and connexions, that his lordship was violently attacked with the spleen. It was then recollected that this malady was hereditary in the family. The same anxious persons who had before been so active in discovering the nature of the disease were now equally busy in recommending remedies. A young clergyman, connected with the family, who had just taken orders, and was dying to see the world, advised a repetition of the grand tour, under the direction of a lively and intelligent tutor; and offered his services in this capacity. A leading ministerial peer attributed his lordship's illness to want of occupation, and intimated that there would be no great difficulty in procuring for him an appointment in one of the departments of state for foreign embassies, it being understood that his lordship's four votes in the house of commons should in that case regularly strengthen the hands of his majesty's ministers. Lady Lookabout, who had a pretty, marriageable

daughter on her hands, earnestly recommended a loquacious and spirited young wife.

Vapourcourt, as the reader will easily imagine, gave no heed to any of these good-natured hints, and grew gradually worse from year to year, until he might be said at last to vegetate, rather than to live. The malady finally reached to such a height, that in the year 18—, after yawning away the summer at the old family castle in the country, he resolved, from mere fatigue, not to stay for the Christmas holidays, and returned to town about the last of October, when the cold weather was just setting in, and the hunting season opening in all its beauty. The neighbouring gentry considered this desperate measure as a certain proof that his lordship's complaint had now reached a degree of intensity, which was equivalent to actual madness; and concluded unanimously that it must soon terminate in a crisis of one kind or another. Having settled this point, with various others of equal importance, one night over the bottle, a company of thirty or forty of them, all in high and buoyant spirits, took the field the next morning at daylight, superbly mounted, and uniformly dressed in scarlet coats and jockey caps, the hounds in full cry, the weather clear, fresh, and frosty, and scoured the country for thirty miles round in quest of a fox. Meanwhile Lord Vapourcourt, at about the same hour, got into his travelling chariot, drawn by four post horses, where he soon fell into a languid and uneasy sort of slumber, and hardly opened his eyes wide enough to take notice of any thing without the carriage, until it stopped, late at night, at the door of his house in Pall-Mall.

The next morning Lord Vapourcourt rang for his *valet-de-chambre* at about half past eleven, having slept somewhat later than usual, in consequence of the fatigue of the preceding day's journey. The servant made his appearance, and proceeded to open the shutters; but the rays of the sun showed little or no disposition to take advantage of the circumstance. The air was filled with one of those murky and impenetrable fogs, which sometimes envelope the city of London, and which can be distinctly imagined by those only who have seen and felt them. A sort of dim and smothered twilight gleamed faintly through the windows, but was not sufficient for the usual operations of domestic life, and the servant had accordingly brought in lights to aid his master in the business of dressing.

"What's this?" exclaimed the peer, struck with astonishment at the unusual circumstance, and terrified at the thought that he had rung four or five hours too soon. "What o'clock is it, Johnson?"

"Half past eleven, my lord," replied the servant; "but the fog is so thick that your lordship would not be able to see to dress, and I thought it best to bring in lights."

A deep sigh, succeeded by a wide and almost interminable yawn, expressed the feelings of Vapourcourt, whose habitual malady weighed down his spirits with more than usual oppressiveness, at this piece of news. The disgust occasioned by the state of the weather, was, however, slightly tempered by a gleam of satisfaction, at the idea that the day was further advanced than he had feared; and after a few more long yawns, his lordship at last determined to rise. The servant assisted him in dressing, and then withdrew to order his master's breakfast, having placed lights in a small adjoining cabinet, where Lord Vapourcourt usually passed the morning.

There are few things more oppressive to feeble nerves, than the effect of artificial light in the daytime. There is something rich and cheerful in the clear flame of a wax taper, or a well ordered lamp, when we see them in the evening, illuminating a group of happy faces collected around them; but, in the daytime, they produce a different impression. Their little paltry glare, placing itself in comparison with the clear, transparent beauty of the solar rays, has a sombre, and, in the language of Shakspeare, an "ineffectual" aspect. The morbid feelings of Vapourcourt sickened at the view, and on entering his cabinet he moved instinctively towards the window, in the hope of discovering something more attractive. The prospect without corresponded completely with the gloomy appearance of the apartment. A dense and dingy mass of vapour brooded heavily over the tops of the houses; and although it was now high noon, the rays of the sun produced no other effect upon the fog, than to give it a sort of brassy

hue, and to design through it, in a dim and uncertain manner, the outlines of the objects it covered. Another long and dreary yawn indicated the sensations of the hypochondriac peer, at this enlivening spectacle. It was difficult to say whether the aspect of things without, or within, was the more inviting. In the uncertainty which he felt upon this question, Vapourcourt remained for several minutes gazing listlessly at the movements of the fog, which sometimes undulated in large white volumes, like the waves of the sea in a storm, and then cleared away for a moment, and permitted the sun to exhibit a glimpse of his broad, rayless yellow disk, which, from its strange appearance, rather increased than diminished the gloom while it was visible, and was scarcely seen before it was clouded in again by new mountains of vapour, that swelled in successive exhalations from the river. Fatigued at length with standing, his lordship mechanically moved towards a well-stuffed sofa, that was placed near the chimney, and stretching himself upon it at his length, with his head supported by a couple of large cushions, he prepared, after another fit of yawning, not less long and dreary than the last, to await the arrival of Johnson and the tea.

The servant soon appeared, bringing with him the breakfast apparatus, and the morning paper. In a large family, breakfast is commonly a gay repast. If the spirits are at all elastic, they move with fresh vigour at the opening of a new day. The appetite, after an abstinence of several hours, is keen and active, and the view of a table, covered with preparations to satisfy it, diffuses hilarity and sprightliness through the circle. The hissing of the tea urn, a sound not very musical in itself, appears agreeable, when it is felt to be the indication of a refreshing beverage. The hot rolls, the muffins, sliced ham, the eggs, and the conserves, present an *ensemble*, which, though not to be compared, in the opinion of an epicure, with a real *déjeuner à la fourchette*, has no small charm for a plain unsophisticated appetite. The morning papers, in the various articles of intelligence and entertainment which they always contain, furnish innumerable topics of conversation, and open inviting prospects for entertainment or occupation during the day. There is doubtless something more grand and imposing in a regular dinner, but for mere gaiety and light-heartedness, perhaps no meal in the four and twenty hours, can be compared with breakfast, considered in its best and proper state. That of a solitary hypochondriac like Vapourcourt presented, of course, none of these attractions. The hissing of the tea-urn disturbed his nerves; the rolls were burned, the muffins cold, the eggs too much boiled, and the formal countenance of Johnson diffused a sort of tiresome solemnity over the table. Vapourcourt, after drinking two or three cups of tea, sent away the breakfast with a feeling of disgust, and mechanically took up the Morning Chronicle.

The political science and patriotic feeling of Mr. Perry were, however, wholly lost upon our hero, who never looked at any part of the paper but the court news and the movements of the world of fashion. Under the head of arrivals, he remarked the following article:

"At his residence in Pall-Mall, the right honourable the earl of Vapourcourt, from Vapourcourt castle."

The least ambitious minds are not wholly insensible to the charms of public notice and attention. Vapourcourt experienced a momentary sentiment of satisfaction, at seeing his name thus presented to the view of the world, and his movements recorded almost as fast as they were made. But the feeling was soon chastened, by the recollection of the gloom that surrounded him. "Had I known that the morning would have been so foggy in London," quoth he, extending his jaws into another boundless yawn, "I should have been tempted to stay another day at the castle. But what matters it," he added, after musing a few moments, "where life passes? Town or country, at home or abroad, 'tis all of a piece. We pass ten or twelve hours in restless and interrupted slumber, rise with a heartfelt languor, and a secret wish that the day were over before it is well begun; we sip two or three cups of weak tea, we read in the papers that the king went to Brighton yesterday, and that the duke of York will hold a levée to-day; we yawn away the morning on the sofa, ride out at three, and like a blind mill-horse, go over once more in the park the same track which we have gone over a hundred times before; look in at the coffee-house or the club, and

meet the same originals, engaged for the hundredth time in the same eternal contest whether my Lord A. or Mr. B. ought to sign the public despatches; dine at the same hour upon the same dishes, read again in the evening paper the same news which we had read before in the morning one, and then to bed, to recover strength and spirits to pursue the same course again the following day. Such, forsooth, is life!"

At the close of this philosophical soliloquy, Lord Vapourcourt rose from the couch, and returned to the window, to look again upon the neighbouring streets. The fog was now still more dense and gloomy than before, and had evidently settled down for the day upon the city. The volumes of vapour that rolled over the tops of the houses, were thicker and more frequent, and their colour still more sombre and brassy than it had been. It was with some difficulty that the houses on the opposite side of the street, or the carriages and walkers that passed below, could be discerned at all. At times, when the mist cleared away a little, they were seen looming up into more than their usual dimensions from the effect of the density of the intervening medium, and to an observer of a livelier fancy would have offered a scene of amusing contemplation. A young girl, with a white gown and bonnet, had the look of a schooner-rigged small craft seen at a distance under full sail; and the black Lincolnshire horses, drawing their loaded carts, appeared like huge elephants, with armed castles towering up from their backs. But these, and other such imaginary likenesses, were lost upon Vapourcourt, who perceived nothing but the undiminished gloom of the fog, and was musing with dismay upon the long and dreary hours that were opening before him. At this fatal crisis, the weariness of life, which he had so long experienced, pressed upon his mind with a weight which he had never known before. The whole question seemed to come to a point at once. To stand at the window and gaze forever at the fog was evidently impossible; to return to the sofa and yawn away the rest of the day, was not less so. And yet the present moment was an epitome of life. Every day, every hour brought with it, like this, a recurrence of successive alternatives, either side of which was equally intolerable.

Under the influence of these gloomy reflections, the combined result of a morbid state of mind, and an uncommonly foggy day, it suddenly occurred to our unfortunate hero, that it was possible to pursue a middle course, which would clear him at once and forever from both the horns of this perpetual dilemma. "Why," exclaimed he, "submit to this insufferable burden, when we are at liberty to shake it off at any moment? Why not manfully turn at once to the rope or the river? Why not put a voluntary end to this dreary succession of weary nights and wearier days, called life? Let others drag it out to the last hour, and drain the cup of *ennui* to the dregs. I have had enough of it already, and will finish it this very night, in the old Roman fashion."

Vapourcourt had a naturally vigorous and resolute character, and, with a better education, would have played a very different part in the world. Such as he was, he was still capable of acting with promptitude and firmness, when driven by extraordinary motives, imaginary or real, to feel the necessity of it. Having taken the violent resolution just mentioned, he was not deterred from executing it, by any merely mechanical or constitutional apprehensions. He deliberated coolly with himself upon the best manner of carrying it into effect, and finally concluded that the easiest and least scandalous process, would be to wait till evening, and then walk quietly down to the bridge, and throw himself into the river.

Having settled this question, our hero rang the bell, and ordered dinner at five o'clock, which was three hours earlier than usual. The rigid aspect of Johnson expanded, and his dull narrow eyes brightened with a gleam of surprise at this extraordinary command; but, accustomed to obey in all cases without explanation, he retired in silence to give the necessary directions. Vapourcourt then proceeded to make some little arrangements in regard to his affairs, and wrote one or two short letters of business, after which he proceeded, very tranquilly, to put on a walking dress, that he might be ready to go out after dinner, and execute his project. These preliminary matters being adjusted, he employed himself, during the short interval of leisure that remained, in traversing his cabinet, and reflecting on the prospect before him. His spirits were now in a finer flow than they had been at any time for years preceding. The little occupation in which he had been engaged, and the vigorous resolution that had been the fruit of his previous meditations, had given a stir to the stagnant current of his feelings, and diffused over them a momentary colouring, not wholly unlike that of cheerfulness. The sun, meanwhile, had partly dissipated the thick vapour that filled the air in the morning, and poured through the windows

a rich yellow radiance, like the golden lights in the paintings of Rembrandt, which harmonized finely with the bright colours of the Turkey carpet. The change of weather contributed, with his late uncommon exertion, to relieve the oppression of our hero's spirits. He walked gaily up and down the room, satisfied with himself, and secretly proud of the firmness and promptitude with which he had come to his decision. "Why this," said he, "is as it should be. As Kean says, 'Richard's himself again.' I now feel the truth of a remark which I met with at Eton, in an old Latin book called Seneca, purporting that a man of sense is always the master of his own fortune. It is but showing a little firmness, and you may put to flight an army of blue devils, were they as numerous as those which beset St. Anthony. What says the poet?"

'Throw but a stone—the giant dies.'

My tormentor is half frightened to death, before I have well taken up the pebble; a few hours more, and I finish him forever."

Could his lordship have pursued this train of lively reflection for any length of time, he might perhaps have realized the truth of the poet's assurance in a more rational way, than that which he now contemplated. But the short November day was now drawing fast to a close; the sun set before five, and the fog collected again, and hung with deeper gloom than before upon the city. Johnson now appeared to announce that dinner was on the table, and Vapourcourt repaired to the dining-room to enjoy for the last time his splendid, though solitary repast. Under the excitement of the moment, he ate with more than ordinary appetite; and the attendants, connecting this circumstance with that of the uncommonly early hour, concluded that some event of a singular, but highly agreeable kind, had occurred to enliven the languid tenor of their master's life. They all anticipated that the close of dinner would be followed by an order for the carriage, and that his lordship would go out upon some important and interesting expedition. Johnson, with the political feeling natural to a free-born British subject, thought it probable, that his master meant to make his *début* in the house of peers, where there was to be that evening a debate upon the foreign policy of the country. A French footman decided that Vapourcourt was going to the opera, where Catalani was to make her first appearance for the winter; and a young jockey, fresh from the country, who had not yet had an opportunity to gratify his curiosity in regard to the wonders of the metropolis, was sure that our hero intended to indulge himself with the spectacle of the feeding of the wild beasts at Exeter Change, which is regularly exhibited every night at nine o'clock. To the surprise of all, Lord Vapourcourt, after eating heartily of various dishes, drinking a bottle of Bordeaux, and reading with uncommon care and attention the fashionable news in the Courier, rang for his hat and cloak, and left the house on foot and alone, for the first time that he had done such a thing of an evening since he came to his title. The servants looked on for a time in mute astonishment; and then, after agreeing that their lord was a queer one, sagely added, that it was after all none of their business whether he went on foot or in the carriage, and adjourned by unanimous vote to dinner.

Lord Vapourcourt, bent on his gloomy purpose, took his way, upon leaving his house, towards Westminster bridge. The fog, which, as I remarked above, had been dissipated for an hour or two during the warmest part of the day, had collected again, and assumed a still greater degree of density than before. It was now of such a consistency that it might almost, in the common phrase, have been cut with a knife. Immense masses of a dank, unwholesome mixture of coal-smoke, and heavy exhalations from the river, filled up the streets, and made it impossible to discern objects at the smallest distance, or to recognise the most familiar places. The lamps were lighted, but produced little or no effect, their rays being choked up within a foot or two of the flame; and they presented the appearance of nebulous stars twinkling feebly through the mist, but affording no means of distinguishing the objects and persons below them. As it was still pretty early in the evening, the streets were full of carriages and walkers, and the noise and tumult which naturally ensued, were truly terrible. With all the care and circumspection of the guides, who moved along as slowly as they could, the wheels of the different vehicles were continually interlocking with a tremendous crash, which was regularly followed by an explosion of oaths and curses from the drivers, and agonizing shrieks of terror from the women and children within, whose lives were endangered by the accident. The confused trampling of horses and creaking of carriages were mingled with the hurried exclamations of the unwary walkers who had come unluckily within the vortex of the whirlpool.

Vapourcourt made his way slowly and painfully through

this scene of confusion. The annoying interruptions of every kind, which continually checked his progress, would have been sufficient of themselves to prevent him from thinking too deeply on the plan he was about to execute, or from feeling any compunctious visitings of conscience in regard to its consistency with policy or principle. The minor miseries which he now encountered were indeed substantially of the same nature with those which originally determined him to take the resolution, and tended strongly to confirm it. As he went on, therefore, he became every moment more and more satisfied, that a world of *ennui* within doors, and fog without, was not fit for an honourable man to live in. It was accordingly with a feeling of real relief, that he finally reached the bridge, where he mounted at once upon the parapet, and, without stopping for any further reflection, prepared to take the decisive leap.

The fog that covered the bridge was so thick that it was impossible to distinguish objects at arm's length; but at this critical moment a sudden gust of wind swept it off temporarily from the spot where our hero stood, and he perceived, at a distance from him of less than three yards, another person evidently bent on the same object with himself. The stranger had already given his body an impulse, which had shifted the centre of gravity from within the base, and thrown the line of direction into an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. The delay of another second would have made it perpendicular on the opposite side, and would probably have been fatal. Vapourcourt, seeing the movement, started aside by a sudden impulse, and grasping the other firmly by the upper part of the arm, drew him rapidly backward. The body oscillated from side to side for an instant, during which the final result was doubtful. The centre of gravity then returned within the base, and the man resumed his upright position on the parapet.

Vapourcourt gazed, with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, upon an individual whose fortunes appeared to coincide in so singular a manner with his own, but there was nothing attractive or remarkable in his outward appearance. He was, on the contrary, rather below the middle height, with an awkward person and a coarse expression of countenance. His cheeks were pale and wan, his eyes haggard, his forehead ploughed with furrows; and his black uncombed hair, staring out loosely in all directions, gave him a wild and ferocious aspect. His dress was of the meanest kind, and his whole ensemble indicated extreme wretchedness. He made no attempt to resist the salutary violence offered by Vapourcourt, but looked as if he felt that he had been detected in doing what he knew to be wrong, and had nothing left but to submit with dogged resignation to his destiny.

A spectator, who in passing accidentally had remarked the different appearance of these two persons thus standing together on the parapet, would have hardly imagined that they had both mounted for the same purpose. In the hurry and excitement of the moment, the circumstance had also apparently escaped the attention of Vapourcourt, who, not recollecting that it was hardly his cue to express much astonishment at the sort of proceeding which he had just been the cause of preventing, addressed the other in the tone of reproof and surprise that any indifferent person would have naturally employed on the same occasion.

"What ails thee, man? Hast thou nine lives at thy disposal, that thou dealest thus freely with the one now in thy possession?"

"I have found one," replied the other, in a low and somewhat sullen voice, "a burden too heavy to be borne, and trust that I shall not be condemned, in this world at least, to sustain the weight of any other."

"What?" said Vapourcourt, to whose recollection this reply brought back the thought of his own project, and of the load of care and weariness that had led him to adopt it, "what, my friend, have you too experienced, like me, the intolerable weight of existence, the dreary vacuity of days, and months, and years, following each other in the same dull, uninterrupted round, without occupation, without interest, without amusement? Have you passed long and sleepless nights in tossing and rolling from side to side, on a bed of down? turned with loathing and satiety, from sumptuous feasts and delicious liquors? sunk with stupor at select conversations and gay assemblies? perished with fatigue and *ennui* at enchanting operas, and interesting debates in parliament? If you have experienced this—and I cannot doubt that you have, for what else but this could have brought a man to such a pass as that from which I have too hastily rescued you—if you have in fact experienced all this, why then, my friend, I can only say, that I do not blame your resolution, and that to make amends for the questionable piece of service that I have done you in keeping you out of the river, I am now ready to

push you into it, and by the same impulse to follow you myself to the bottom."

"Alas, sir!" replied he, "I know not what you mean, and can hardly imagine how a life of leisure and continual enjoyment, can produce disgust. It has been my lot, sir, to work constantly, ten or twelve hours every day, in order to gain a living for myself and my family, and the greatest happiness I have ever known was that of devoting occasionally a leisure hour to recreation in their company. You talk of turning with loathing from sumptuous dinners and tossing restlessly on a downy bed. I have never had the means of enjoying any luxuries of this description; but in better days, when our table was regularly covered with a sufficiency of plain and wholesome food, we always ate it with a good appetite, and slept, without dreaming, on our comfortable featherbeds, from night till morning."

"What then brings thee here?" cried Vapourcourt, in a rather discontented tone, and relapsing into his habitual train of ideas, as he heard the other talk of thoughts and feelings entirely foreign to his own experience.

"If thou art well and happy at home, in the name of common sense, what urges thee to throw thyself into the river?"

"Want and misery," replied the other, bursting into an agony of tears. "My poor wife and children are at this moment suffering for a morsel of bread."

"Bread!" exclaimed Vapourcourt, in a tone of surprise, and wholly incapable of realizing the existence of actual distress—"want of bread! Why, man, thou must be a dolt indeed to take on in this way at so simple an accident. If the baker did not leave bread enough this morning to last till to-morrow, send to his shop, or make up the deficiency with pastry?"

"Nay, sir," answered the man, "do not mock at misfortunes which you never can have felt, and apparently can hardly think of as possible. I have been, sir, an honest and a hard-working man; and by keeping steadily to my business, I continued, as I told you before, to support my family, and all went well with me. But a few months ago I was seized with a severe fit of illness, which prevented me from working, and brought my earnings to a stand. Housekeeping, medicines, and rent, soon swept off our little hoard of previous savings, and we found ourselves reduced to very poor and scanty fare. We submitted cheerfully to this, as a temporary evil, and as I was fast recovering my health, we all hoped that I should soon be able to go to work again as usual. In the mean time, however, the rent of my house, which is hired by the week, must be regularly paid, for the landlord, who is a severe man, will not hear of such a thing as giving a day's credit. Last Saturday night I paid him nearly the last shilling I had, and during this week we have lived upon almost nothing. This evening he called as usual, and finding me unable to settle the account, he declared that if I did not pay him in the morning he would seize the furniture, and turn us all into the street. Exhausted as I was with illness and want, these terrible menaces, which I had no means of averting, for the moment unsettled my reason; a temporary fit of madness came over me, and I rushed out of the house, with the project of throwing myself into the river. You, sir, have been the instrument of Providence in saving me from this fatal catastrophe. The delirium has now passed away, and I see the guilt that I was about to incur, by depriving my wife and children of their natural protector. I shall return home with a feeling of gratitude to God, for his goodness in rescuing me from the commission of so great a crime. I shall apply to some charitable neighbour for a temporary relief. I am now nearly well, and shall soon be strong enough to go to work again. The good Being, who has thus interposed in our favour, will not desert us; and we shall, I trust, after a while, be again easy and happy."

"Nay, man," said Lord Vapourcourt, whose heart was naturally kind, and who had been a good deal touched by this simple story of distress, "if all thou wantest be some temporary relief, thou needest not to go far to find the charitable neighbour that shall afford it thee. If a little, or even a good deal of money, will make thee happy, thou shalt not be long miserable. I will take it on myself to assist thee, were it only for the singularity of the case; for who ever heard before of a family suffering in the heart of London for want of bread? A hundred pounds, more or less, will make but little difference in the Vapourcourt property. My heirs will not miss it. I may as well throw myself into the river two or three hours hence as now, and if by means of this delay I can make an industrious family happy for life, I assure thee, my good friend, that I will submit to it with cheerfulness, and even pleasure, however eager I may be to escape from this world of fog and enmity. So come along, my friend, and let us settle this business without more ado."

So saying, and without waiting to listen to the acknowledgments which his *protegé* would have poured out from the fulness of his gratitude in a torrent of thanks and tears, Vapourcourt leapt lightly from the parapet, where they had both been standing during this conversation, to the floor of the bridge, and, accompanied by his new companion, returned with a rapid pace towards his own mansion. The sudden gust of wind, which had been the means of discovering to him the dangerous situation of the person whom he had thus rescued from destruction, proved to be the first breathing of a fresh breeze, which had now in a great measure swept off the fog, and displayed the bridge, the river, and the streets, silvered over with a fine yellow moonlight. Whether it was that the change of weather relieved his spirits, or whether he found himself agreeably excited by the work of benevolence in which he was now engaged, it is certain that Vapourcourt for several preceding years had rarely felt his blood circulate so freely, or, as Juliet says,

"His bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne,"

as at this moment. He pursued his way through the still crowded street, without experiencing any inconvenience or uneasiness from the little accidents that fall to the lot of the pedestrian traveller. He was conscious of a curiosity about the condition of his new acquaintance, which he would not have dreamed of in other circumstances, and which tales of distress, much deeper than his, generally failed to move. The man readily communicated the short history of his life, in which there was nothing in the least remarkable. He was a tailor, born, bred, and married in the street in which he now lived. He had never been out of London, and his longest excursion was a walk to the Park. He had several children, the oldest of whom he represented as a fine girl just turned of fifteen, and he dwelt with a parent's partiality on her goodness and beauty. After satisfying the curiosity of Vapourcourt, he inquired, in turn, with due respect, into his benefactor's circumstances, and on hearing his name, burst out into new effusions of gratitude. The combinations of goodness with high rank, wealth, or celebrity, though not unnatural, nor even rare, is so delightful, that whenever it is perceived it excites a sort of rapture, especially in the person who is the object of it. The virtues of the great are like diamonds polished and fitly set; the gem is substantially the same as in its natural state, but the increase of lustre and effect is incalculable.

Upon reaching the house of Vapourcourt, which the tailor found to be at no great distance from his own, he requested permission of his lordship to return home at once, in order to relieve the anxiety of his family, and to bring his children with him to join him in offering thanks to their generous benefactor. Vapourcourt, though not very agreeably struck with the latter part of the proposal, was now in a humour to consent to almost anything. He acceded at once to the request, and the tailor went his way, while his lordship entered the house alone. The servants were rather surprised to see him come back so early, before he could well have accomplished either of the several objects, which, as they respectively supposed, had drawn him out; but passive, and even silent obedience, was the rule of the house. Johnson made no remark, as he attended his lord with a light to his cabinet. The latter then took from a secretary a pocket-book, containing a hundred pounds, which he intended to present to his *protegé*, and placing it on a table, awaited his appearance. Though his frame of mind was unusually agreeable, he was nevertheless still bent on his original purpose, and felt some impatience to be relieved from the engagement which had thus obstructed its execution.

In about an hour Johnson made his appearance at the door of the cabinet, with a look of considerable dismay, to announce that Mr. Stitchcloth and his children were below, and desired to speak with his lordship. A visit of this kind was a thing so entirely at variance with the long established usage of the house, that it appeared to Johnson like a sort of wonder, and although he could not pretend to form any notion of its meaning, it struck him on the whole as an occurrence that boded no good. He confined himself, as was his mood, to silent reflection, and on receiving the order to admit the visitors, attended them to the door of his lordship's cabinet, with his ordinary courtesy. The principal persons in the group were Stitchcloth and his daughter, mentioned above, the other children being still too young to attract notice, and their mother having been too much exhausted by her previous distress, and by the sudden shock of the present happy change in the condition of the family, to make her appearance. The tailor himself was greatly improved in his exterior since his late *début* on the bridge. He had arranged his dress, and his countenance no longer wearing the forlorn and haggard as-

pect of misery, had put on a placid and agreeable expression, and the man altogether had the air of a respectable mechanic, rather above the common level. His daughter corresponded, with some little deduction for parental partiality, to a description which he had given of her. She was a fair and blooming maiden, with the freshness belonging to her age, and although there was nothing decidedly distinguished either in her face or person, there was a natural ease in her manner, and sweetness in her countenance, which struck an observer very agreeably, and which were of course improved on this occasion, by the dominant feeling of the moment. The whole party crowded eagerly round their benefactor, and expressed their gratitude in the various tones and phrases natural to their different periods of life.

A scene of this kind was entirely new to our hero, and produced an excitement in his mind which it might not have done in one more accustomed to offices of kindness. The heartfelt acknowledgments of the father, and the lively prattling of the children, who partook the general satisfaction without well knowing what it meant, affected him deeply; but he was more particularly moved with the animated looks and gentle tones in which the pretty daughter expressed her gratitude. Vapourcourt, though for some time past estranged from the world of fashion, had formerly frequented the most brilliant of its circles; but whether from habitual apathy, or some original peculiarity of character, he had not been attracted by any of the reigning coquettes. The natural grace and beauty of this little damsel produced a stronger effect upon his feelings than all the artificial airs of the belles, or the sentimental phrases of the blues. It struck him that a kind and gentle companion like this would enliven his existence, and contribute to his happiness; or rather, without reasoning at all upon the subject, he felt himself, partly perhaps in consequence of the extraordinary excitement of the moment, irresistibly attracted by this seducing object. Like most other persons of similar habits, Vapourcourt was much under the influence of impulse, and no sooner had the notion occurred to him, than, losing sight of the former project of the morning, he proceeded at once to act upon this new fancy.

"Stitchcloth," said he to the father, taking him aside a few steps, "Stitchcloth, what say you to a peer of the realm for a son-in-law?"

"Your lordship is jesting," replied the astonished tailor; "I am sure you would not think of dishonouring a family, which you have so nobly rescued from despair."

"Jesting!" returned our hero, "why, man, I was never so serious in my life. Dishonour your daughter, Stitchcloth! you mistake me quite. The worst fortune I wish her is that of seeing her the true and lawful countess of Vapourcourt before to-morrow morning. Stitchcloth, I like your daughter; I am pleased with her appearance and her manners. I find in her a natural grace and sweetness, which I have looked for in vain in the fashionable beauties of this metropolis. I am wholly independent of the world, and have nothing to consult but my own inclination in the management of my affairs. I have an unincumbered fortune of ten thousand pounds a year; and if you and your daughter consent, I am ready to place it this very evening at her disposal. Ay, Stitchcloth, and I view it in point of fortune as no unequal match, for your daughter, I see, is a good-humoured girl; and a Scotchman, whose name I heard at Oxford, but have since forgotten, says, 'that a naturally pleasant humour is equal to an estate of ten thousand pounds a year.' On that score we are therefore precisely on a level."

To this proposal there was no objection to be made. The tailor acquiesced with becoming expressions of thankfulness, but ventured to inquire whether a matrimonial project would not be in some degree inconsistent with the other resolution of the morning.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Vapourcourt, "I had entirely forgotten. Stitchcloth, no more of that, if you love me; proceed at once and inform Mrs. Stitchcloth that her daughter is to be married this evening. I will entertain the charming Elizabeth in your absence, and endeavour to obtain her consent."

The reader will easily imagine that this, like all the other preliminary points, was settled without much difficulty. The marriage was announced in the Morning Chronicle of the Monday following, in these terms:

"Married, at his residence in Pall-Mall, by special license, on Saturday evening last, the right honourable the earl of Vapourcourt to the amiable and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Stitchcloth, eldest daughter of Solomon Stitchcloth, Esq. the eminent habit-maker of Thread-needle-street. The happy pair set off yesterday morning early, in his lordship's travelling carriage and four, for Vapourcourt castle, where they intend to pass the honey moon."

Taken for 1831.

For the Mirror.

NAY, DROOP NOT THOU.

BY ISIDORA.

NAY, droop not thou—I cannot bear
The look I sometimes see thee wear;
The careless smile, the burst of glee,
The glow of hope, are meet for thee;
The spring-time of thy life should wear
Fresh gathered flowers, no thorns be there;
The dove of peace should build her nest
Within a pure and sinless breast;
Joy's golden chalice thou shouldst sip,
But care has dash'd it from thy lip!
Yet, could I hope joy's sun would shine
On any being linked with mine?
For all I love are doomed to see
A cloud o'erhang their destiny.
And thou, in duty's path so mild,
In fancy's realms a wayward child,
So pure of purpose, yet so prone
To make each passing ill thine own;
For happiness dependent still
On others' smiles, on others' will,
Thou canst not hope life's path will be
A smooth and thornless way to thee.
Thy golden dreams of youth may pass
Like shapes within the magic glass;
The rainbow hues, which lent their ray
So bright in fancy's early day,
May vanish from thy opening mind
And leave a keen regret behind;
And secret sorrows, hard to bear,
Impress a mournful shadow there.
Yet, strong in virtue, droop not thou,
Let hope again illumine thy brow,
Let reason's gently tempered beam
Succeed to fancy's dazzling gleam.
True to thyself, if hearts there be
Who coldly break their trust to thee,
They cannot rob thee of the power
That soothes affliction's sternest hour.
Not all the petty cares that make
The sum of human ills, can break
The spirit, that in truth secure,
Bends to the ills it cannot cure,
And meekly firm, through every ill
Preserves itself, unsullied still.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA,
To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER FIVE.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

HAVING secured my passport, I embarked at eight o'clock on the following morning for St. Petersburg. The steam-boats plying between the two places formed quite a contrast to the splendid lines long since established on the noble Hudson, and the adjacent bays and rivers, by our ingenious and enterprising countrymen, the Messrs. Stevens and others. In accommodation and appearance they little, if any, surpassed the Hoboken ferry-boats, and for speed they hardly averaged five and six miles an hour. However, surrounded by every thing so entirely new to me, I was little disposed to be fastidious; and taking a cushioned seat beneath the canvass awning, and baring my head to the grateful influence of a bland air that tempered the hot rays of the sun, I was prepared, fast or slow, to enjoy the coming scene. A band of itinerant musicians struck up a lively air as we cast off from the mole, and a motley crowd filled the cabin, and perambulated the deck, jabbering alternately English, German, French, Russian, and some half dozen other languages, and forming a complete Babel.

The coast on the north side of the Gulf hardly emerged from the water, while that to the south rose in gentle undulations, gradually sinking to a dead level as we approached the city, and adorned with pleasant villages, a country palace or two of the imperial family, and summer residences of the nobles and gentlemen of Russia.

You are aware that Peter the Great founded this capital of his empire on flat, marshy ground, at the mouth of the Neva; it therefore shows to little or no advantage as you approach, giving a bare view of the roofs of the houses, the green domes and the minarets of a convent, and the resplendent spires of the admiralty and fortress churches. We landed a full half mile below the town, and were instantly surrounded by a crowd of long-bearded, droshky-drivers, loudly soliciting our acceptance of their vehicles in a language I as little understood as you would genuine Choctaw or Mohegan. I should have been awkwardly enough placed had it not been for the attention of a fellow-countryman, who, having been up several times previous, kindly gave me his arm, and led the way to

the only English hotel in the city. I immediately took a lunch, ordered up a droshky, and proceeded to deliver my letters; but, previous to fairly mounting, allow me to describe this most unique, odd vehicle, and its no less singular conductor.

It consists of a cushioned bench of about fifteen inches in width, and five feet in length, with a low circular back for the rider, and a slight-raised seat forward for the driver, all placed on easy springs, with small wheels, the hind ones not exceeding in diameter two and a half feet, and a narrow step hanging down on either side, on which to rest the feet. The *ézetotshik*, or coaché, is coifed with a low bell-crowned black hat, the brim curling at the sides, with a wide band and bright buckle; he wears a long blue cloth caftan, in the style of a *robe de chambre*, reaching to the feet, and girt with a sash or broad belt; long boots, a bright red calico shirt, without collar; he has his hair clipped like our present dandies, and from whom, I suspect, they have taken the fashion, and wears a neat, full beard, overspreading the breast, and nearly reaching to the girdle. The horse is generally high-spirited, with a tail sweeping the ground, exceedingly docile, goes in a very bright harness, no blinders, and a leather-bound hoop bending from the extreme of the fills over the neck, and to the top of which is attached a check-rein. For this singular and convenient equipage I was to pay a rouble (twenty cents) an hour; so striding it as a cavalier does his horse, I set off at a furious rate, my fellow bawling "*pod-dee, pod-dee*," (take care), to every thing he was likely to overtake or that threatened to obstruct his speed.

If St. Petersburg loses in importance as you approach it, it amply compensates when you are once within its precincts; the broad Neva, high banked and railed on either side by a beautiful granite, nearly divides the town; canals faced with the same material run along, and are intersected by spacious regular streets, swept in the neatest manner, with commodious flagged side-walks; large open squares, adorned with triumphal pillars and obelisks, equestrian and other statues, shady boulevards, and public and private gardens, with fishponds and iron railing; block after block of neat dwellings of brick, three and four stories in height, stuccoed outside, and painted a cream or light imitation marble; palaces and other public buildings, occupying whole consecutive squares, surmounted with statues and carved armorial bearings; churches and convents, crowned with green domes and numerous minarets and lofty spires, resplendent with ducal gold—all present a more uniform and general magnificence than can be found in any other European city; yet, if the traveller be struck with the general order and magnificence of this imperial residence, he will be no less surprised at the silence and inaction that pervade its streets. There is nothing of the bustling activity of our own and the English towns, nor of the life and gaiety of the French; indeed it seemed as if the population, *en masse*, were interdicted the streets, or that the body of the people, as in New-York on a Sunday during the hours of service, were at church. A couple of *gens d'armes* were spurring their heavy horses at a short trot; a few peasant-carts were slowly winding their way to the government warehouses; a lighter or two, a Swedish brig or Dutch galiot, were discharging at the quays; droshkies, and an occasional barouch or coach and four rolled rapidly along; a company of guards stood smoking their pipes, and gazing at their stacked arms, in front of their barracks; single officers in undress; a few citizens, mostly of the lower class, bowing and crossing, and momentarily pausing before some church or painted shrine, to utter a brief prayer as they passed; a solitary stranger or two, and an almost total absence of females of any rank, complete the representation of a populous city of between three and four hundred thousand souls.

As my friends resided in distant quarters of the town, I had a good two hours' ride in delivering my letters; a circumstance that I did not in the least regret, as it led me at once to a view of its most advantageous points, and I returned to my lodgings not at all fatigued, and highly gratified with this first survey of the neat magnificent capital of the Czars. ***

MAXIMS.—Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance. Lamentations are the weapons of the feeble.

The excellence of discourse consists in brevity.

Speak no evil of the dead, that the good you yourself do may live in the memory of man.

Moderation may be considered as a tree, of which the root is contentment and the fruit repose.

It is better to keep one's own secret, than to confide it to the care of any one.

Interested friends resemble dogs, who love the bones better than those who give them. N. E. Galaxy.

THE ESSAYIST.

A LECTURE ON LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

BY A LADY.

LADIES, love is my subject! can I be otherwise than eloquent? Gentlemen, courtship is my theme! can I fail to interest you?

To dive into the antiquity of this mysterious passion, we must roll back our ideas to that momentous period when "order was born of chaos;" "when Adam, first of men," was so agreeably surprised upon waking from his dreams, to find he had made such a fair exchange, and in lieu of a rib, had procured one of us!

But not to dwell on this original courtship, let us pass to the examination of the various insinuating ways adopted by the nations of antiquity, as well as the several stratagems practised by the moderns to entrap our too susceptible hearts.

The young gentlemen of Greece were very fertile in devices, and ingenious in contrivances to discover how far their love was likely to meet "a sweet return." Multifarious were their arts to obtain a reciprocity of affection; among these the *philtre*, or love-potion, stood pre-eminent, and never failed, in one respect, of having the effect that a draught of unadulterated love often produces, viz: it commonly deprived of reason those who drank of it. Various and strange indeed were the ingredients, but I shall omit these, as mysteries dangerous to be divulged.

I shall next observe upon the method pursued by the Calmucs: I say "pursued," since this equestrian people woo *à cheval*. When one of these amiable savages is inspired by love, and makes his mind known to his innamorata, they mount their horses, and away they go! If the lover overtakes the maid, he wins her; but if she outstrips him in the chase, he is discarded. Now it requires no deep study in Italian politics to feel assured that if the pulse of their hearts beat in unison, the Calmuc ladies take especial care *not to ride too fast*!

So lynx-eyed are Spanish parents, that until they dispose of their daughters in marriage, they are scarcely ever permitted out of their sight; suitors are thus compelled to pay their devoirs publicly—a woeful restraint, methinks, on the youthful pair, and I fancy I can perceive in the countenances of some of my hearers an expression, which, in fashionable phraseology, votes this method a bore.

How whimsically opposite is the Welsh *plan of courtship* for there they make love *ad libitum*; and Cambrian latitude surpasses even Iberian restraint.

In this part of Great Britain, as Protean are the modes as is the god. Some make love like pedagogues, some like rakes; but that I war against—for I have suffered much from its effects, alas!—is that abominable barbarous custom entitled, *firting*; and, strange to say, although I have given it the epithet of *barbarous*, it is only in civilized nations that it is tolerated; for who ever heard of a Kamachatkan "whispering soft nothings in a lady's ear?" What traveller describes an Esquimaux *philander*, or a Catabaw *dangler*? Or in what latitude (save our own) dwells the savage whose pastime consists in trifling with the female heart?

You may smile, young gentlemen, but let me tell you this practice is at best contemptible, and it is oftentimes dangerous. Bear in mind the fable of the "Boys and the Frogs"—it may be sport to you, but it is death to us.

There is a certain period of life, perhaps, when the effects are not to be so much dreaded, when the arrow falls blunted from the heart, or glances off, having merely made a slight scratch, and caused no dangerous inflammatory symptoms; but I wish that one of those senators who have of late undertaken to correct all abuses, would procure an act of parliament to suppress this dangerous propensity, to which, it cannot be concealed, both sexes are too much addicted, and that a committee would sit, with full powers to examine witnesses, in order to determine the precise age at which *firting* becomes harmless.

Male coquettes have been so far considered under the head of *firting*, that although much remains to be said on this anomaly in the human species, I shall not now trespass further on your time, my fair sisters, but dismiss them with a hint that ye

"Beware th' infectious sigh, the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile."

It would be as curious as interesting to analyse the various modes which exist of paying and receiving addresses; but a few instances, by way of illustration, must suffice.

Some proceed by delicate attentions and tender insinuations; every look is watched, every wish anticipated; like a steam-vessel urging its course against wind and tide, the ass-

alous lover will work his way through a closely wedged multitude to reach his fair one's shawl or tippet. He will quit the heated ball-room (the thermometer at ninety) and rush into an arctic atmosphere to call the coach; there will he stand, his teeth chattering like a poor wretch in a tertian ague, till the powdered lacquey announces it at hand, whence he hurries back into the mouth of the furnace to escort thence "the chaste, the fair, the expressive she."

As the wary angler throws in his silken line and delicate hook to catch the finny tribe, so others, by distant hints and gentle inuendos feel their way, and make their passion known; for women, like fish, require different baits, and like them will not bite at the same in all seasons; and it displays, perhaps, the nicest proficiency in "the art of love," to ascertain that which is best suited to our various taste. Some, indeed, like *gudgeons*, are easily caught—some are to be tickled like trout—some, like mackarel, are attracted by a bit of red cloth—for some the hook must be baited with "siller"—while others will only catch at the substantial good, and therefore when landed on the bank of matrimony, never feel like fish out of water.

Your Miss, just emerged from the "academy," is all for *paths*, hearts, darts, and flames. The lover, who it is necessary should be of the first order of fine forms, "must sigh like a paviour"—vow she is an angel—pen sonnets to her eye-brows—repeat scraps from Lord Byron and Mr. Moore—and have the most pathetic passages of the last new novel by heart. Then fall at her feet, protest eternal constancy and devotion, and swear he is her willing slave;—but remember, young ladies,

The humblest lover, when he lowest lies,
But stoops to conquer, and but kneels to rise!

We now come to the important point of making an offer—so important, that I have known some who have been years before they could "screw their courage to the sticking place;" others, indeed, we have heard of, who have *popped the question* upon a very short acquaintance; ay, and have had the knot tied "within a little month," or "ere those *pumps* were old," in which he led her through the galopade, like Euphrosyne, all smiles. Some bold and dauntless heroes are not to be repulsed—a refusal to them acts as a stimulus—"nil desperandum," say they—at her again—and in love's register are recorded matches, where the suitor, after a dozen rejections, has carried his point at last.

I was once in company with a gentleman who, I imagine, held the post of financier in the cabinet of Venus; this Cyprian Cocker pronounced that "only one man in twenty marries the woman he is in love with." It must be considered, like some of Mr. Hume's, rather a nice calculation; but his logic, his eloquence, and his science in numbers, like this great statesman's, were so conclusive that at the end of a long and animated debate, I was obliged to cede the point.

In reviewing the many incentives that lead to courtship, perhaps, we ought first to descant on beauty. But what is beauty? Who shall decide, when each eye forms its own? Happy for our species that it is so; or otherwise one sex would be continually pulling caps, and the other, cutting throats!

Female charms, like adjectives, admit of different degrees of comparison—thus *pretty* may be considered the *positive*; *handsome*, the *comparative*!! and *beautiful*, the *superlative*!!!

Although the bright blaze of beauty may sometimes be the torch which leads our beaux to the hymeneal altar, yet I fear the dazzling glare of money—filthy money—is too often the loadstar that attracts them. If you hear now o'days of a man about to enter the holy state, the first question asked is—not to whom he is to be united—but to how much? In fact, our sovereign charms are now o'days computed by her *sovereign gold*!—thus, as Hudibras has it,

"Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else,
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense;
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's paid to."

I blush when I acknowledge that my own sex are but too apt to be thus led away, and to consider *establishment*, *equi-page*, *jewels* and *rank*, as the *chief good*.

"Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau."

Numerous are the matches formed on the basis of *convenience*, but never can these couples be said to tread in the flowery paths of love, though they may escape the thorny ways of disgust, or the barren plains of indifference. Thus the old man *conveniently* marries his tenant's daughter by way of nurse, "to bind up his temples, and give him his powders." The youthful heir unites himself to his neighbour's *only* child because the estates are so *conveniently* contiguous, and there appears no just cause or impediment why the two manors should not be joined together in one rent-roll.

The poor lord finds it vastly convenient to espouse his banker's daughter, because *he wants money*, and *she wants rank*; and your *Corinthian* dame makes a convenience of some wealthy and ambitious commoner, however she may despise the *plebeian*, because his purse can furnish her with those luxuries and enjoyments no longer hers, when the *capital of the column* is crumbled into dust.

"But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

Yes, my young friends, a well-assorted union is the *ne plus ultra* of earthly bliss!

And now, for the present, I shall take my leave, concluding with a hint to either sex.

BEAUX—When bent on matrimony, look more than *skin-deep* for beauty; dive farther than the *pocket for worth*; and search for *temper* beyond the *good humour* of the moment; remembering it is not the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life—

"Their virtues open fairest in the shade."

BELLES—Be not led away by each gay meteor of a spark, or too readily yield your hearts to an elegant and agreeable exterior; for the serpent is often ambushed beneath the fairest flowers. Let not your reason be blinded by love, or your sense enslaved by passion. Above all, seek not to make captives by *personal accomplishments alone*, "nor trust too much to an enchanting face," for recollect, "charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul." Court Journal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs, and Ballads, pastoral, amatory, sentimental, patriotic, religious, and miscellaneous; together with metrical Epistles, Tales, and Recitations. By Samuel Woodworth. Second edition, comprising many late productions never before published. New-York. 18mo. pp. 283. Embellished with five copper-plate engravings.

HAVING been favoured with an early copy of this forthcoming volume, we take great pleasure in devoting a portion of our paper to a notice of its contents.

It has long been admitted that the *poetry* of a people is a correct transcript of their national character. Of the truth of this axiom, the work before us is a striking evidence, as it abounds with sentiments of patriotism, descriptions of rural pleasures and employments, and the endearments of domestic relations. It is exactly what *American poetry* always ought to be—patriotic, moral, chaste, and republican.

The almost miraculous influence of poetry, especially when promulgated in the form of popular songs, has been the theme of so many able pens, that very little remains to be added by ours. Among others the English Dibdin is a splendid instance of the resistless power of a patriotic lyre; and even our country, young as she is, has furnished others of no inconsiderable importance.

Are a people to be aroused to oppose some encroaching tyrant—on the eve of battle, are the strongest incentives to a brave resistance to be suggested to the minds of the soldiers—on the death of some patriot chieftain is the funeral hymn, awakening to still greater exertions his hardy followers, to breathe a new defiance to the oppressor:—In either instance from the lyre of the bard the angelic form of virtue and the stern spirit of liberty have arisen with renewed energies. An American Freneau or a German Korner, entwining the sword of justice with the unfading garland of song, have held it aloft to their countrymen, and thus have revived their drooping hopes, and renovated their holy ambition. Where liberal bounty, rigid laws, and military discipline, have equally failed to tempt or control the popular will, the lyric and the ode have succeeded in alluring volunteer thousands to the standard of their country, and have created a spirit which has conducted those thousands to victory and to honourable peace.*

* Witness the almost miraculous influence of the *Marseilles Hymn* during the first French revolution. But to come nearer home: the homespun, unpolished, prosaic, but highly patriotic ballads, which, during our own revolution, occasionally found their way into the American camp, where they were chanted by every soldier who could sing a note, did more to animate the army to deeds of glory than all the eloquence of their officers.

But a fact of still later date is more to our purpose, as it refers to the individual whose poetical merits are about to be considered. An officer, who received promotion for his distinguished conduct in the battle of Lake Erie, under the gallant Perry, has repeatedly assured the writer of this article that a few days before that memorable contest, a package of patriotic songs was received from New-York, and distributed among the crews of several of the vessels in the American squadron, who were subsequently in the habit of singing them with the most enthusiastic glee. On asking him the subjects and titles, he named the "Sinking of the *Guerriere*," the "United States' victory over the *Macedonian*," "Sinking of the *Jawa* by the *Constitution*," and the "Hornet and *Peacock*;" each of which seemed to inspire the sailors with an ardent longing for a contest with the enemy. These songs were all written by Woodworth.

De Witt Clinton once observed to a friend, that Woodworth's "Patriotic Diggers" threw up more earth at Brooklyn heights than an extra regiment of shovels would have done without that stimuli.

Thus it appears plainly to our minds that to inspiring song, as to a first principle, are mankind mainly indebted for most of the freedom and much of the happiness they enjoy.

The band of poets who have sung through their wearisome and troubled day of life, although proverbially poor themselves, have, by their heaven-directed labours, made an ungrateful world incalculably rich in a species of wealth which gold cannot equal—the wealth of pure, holy, and instructive thought. How largely have they not contributed to the great cause of civilization; their only pleasure arising from the happy delirium of their feelings when weaving the wizard web of song; their most pleasant hope the unstable one of being remembered by their works when the grave shall have closed upon the keenest of all sorrows—the sorrows of a sensitive mind.

We cannot believe that the numerous readers and admirers of verse in this country can possibly be ignorant of the *peculiar* and most commendable *characteristic* of Mr. Woodworth's style. But fearing that some may not have read his previous productions, we deem it necessary to state, as our opinion, that his writings exhibit the most striking evidence of poetry and patriotism, simplicity without common-place, and nationality without prejudice.

We subjoin a few extracts which will afford a correct and favourable specimen of his manner. The first which we select is an affecting trifle never before published.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

How hard the maiden orphan's fate,
Whose early joys and hopes are fled,
Who vainly asks the rich and great
For leave to *earn* her daily bread!
Exposed to frowns, rebukes, and sneers,
In humble menial garb arrayed,
While heartless fools deride her tears,
And spurn the hapless orphan maid.

There was a time—alas! 'tis fled—
When fortune, friends, and kindred smiled,
When sunny rays of joy were shed
Around the gay and happy child;
When, shielded by parental care,
No pang of sorrow dared invade,
Save when she saw the meek despair
Of some poor hapless orphan maid.

But ah! her parents died, and left
Their darling unprotected child,
Of fortune, friends, and joy bereft,
And then the maiden never smiled.
She only asked to *toil* for bread,
She sought no unrequited aid—
But asked in vain! till hope was fled,
And death relieved the orphan maid!

The domestic little song which follows, and which ranks second to nothing of the kind, except, perhaps, the author's celebrated "Bucket," we recommend to our fair readers of every age, rank, and situation of life. To mothers, in particular, who wish to see their daughters in what Dr. Johnson calls the "school of virtue," the advice contained in this playful effusion, must be highly gratifying. It is entitled

THE NEEDLE.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillon—at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;
But give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustic ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art.
The bright little needle—the swift flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman, ever resistless and true—
A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
'Tis this—and his armoury never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;
Let beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart.

Be wise then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
You never, whatever be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As gaily convened at a work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art.

There is much sweetness and simplicity in the following pastoral serenade:

AWAKE, MY DEAR JANE.

Through curtains of crimson and azure, my Jane,
Infant day, in its cradle, is smiling again;
Its eyelids are gemmed with the dew-drops of night,
Which glitter and sparkle like pearls in the light.
Jane! sweet Jane! Awake, my dear Jane!

O list to the warblings that float on the air!
The gay feathered songsters are calling my fair!
The blackbird and robin, the linnet and jay,
All join with thy *Fanny* to call thee away.
Jane! sweet Jane! Awake, my dear Jane!

The lads and the lasses are all on the green,
The shepherds have chosen my Jane for their queen,
The May-pole is reared, and the garlands are twined,
And a balm-breathing wreath is for Jenny designed.
Jane! sweet Jane! Awake, my dear Jane!

Among the patriotic effusions there are many of superior excellence. We have room, however, but for one, and that the shortest.

YES, YES, I GO.

"Yes, yes I go!"—he whisper'd soft,
 "In freedom's cause my sword to wield,
 Columbia's banner waves aloft,
 And glory calls me to the field."
 Then foremost on the foe he prest,
 While war's rude tempest wildly roared,
 Till gushing from the hero's breast
 The purple tide in torrents poured.

He fell, and oh! what fancies stole
 Through memory's vista, bright and warm,
 Till one loved image o'er his soul
 Came like an angel in the storm.
 But loudly swelled the bugle's blast,
 His hand instinctive grasped the steel,
 Again it swelled—but all was past,
 The warrior's breast had ceased to feel.

We would extend our selections, but our limits will only allow us to make a few more remarks, and then refer the reader to the work itself, with the assurance that it will amply repay perusal. Among the pieces which have received the greatest share of public approbation we would name the "Epilogue to Rokeby," the "Ode for the Canal Celebration," the comic tale of "Tit for Tat," also that of "The Whiskers," and the recitation of "Raising the Wind." The address intended to have been spoken at the benefit of the widow and orphans of the late Hopkins Robertson, has been justly pronounced a highly poetical and affecting performance. The well-known patriotic song called the "Hunters of Kentucky," is familiar to all, and the beautiful apologue of the "Wounded Finger," which teaches such a touching lesson of resignation, has appeared in most of our public journals. In the address to "Lydia" we recognise much of that touching pathos, pure affection, and manly fortitude for which the lyrics of Burns are so justly celebrated, and which we might expect from a true poet when singing to a beloved object. In the numerous *national songs* and odes we discover the devotion of a patriot and the fire of a bard, who loves his native land warmly yet rationally. And, in fine, while regretting that Mr. Woodworth has been under the necessity of devoting that time and thought to the composition of mere "occasional pieces," which should have been given to some continued standard poem, we cannot close this article without commending his volume to the perusal of all admirers of American genius, for it is truly and entirely an *American book*.

BIOGRAPHY.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT WOMEN.

In a former number we gave a sketch of the life and character of Jane of France, a woman of royal descent, of gentle virtues, and deeply acquainted with grief. We now proceed to give an account of one who belonged to an aristocracy of a higher order, deriving its privileges from no human establishment, but yet not exempt from sufferings.

HYPATIA.

Hypatia was the daughter of Theon, a celebrated mathematician of Alexandria. She was born in that city, towards the end of the fourth century, and she gave early indications of superior intelligence. While her infant face was radiant with smiles and beauty, her eyes were sparkling with the beams of her kindling intellect. Her father contemplated with delight these presages, as he considered them, of future greatness; and he fondly hoped that the meridian of her life would fulfil the promises of its early dawn. He determined that her natural talents should be aided by the ablest instruction, and he procured for her the most eminent preceptors in all the various branches of a polite education, while he himself trained her reasoning powers and matured her judgment by his lessons in geometry and astronomy. Thus did he nurse with parental tenderness the buds of genius which he saw expanding in her youthful mind. After her intellectual faculties had somewhat ripened, he imbued her mind with the philosophy of the schools. He warmed her pure heart with the divine precepts of Socrates; he unfolded to her the ethereal systems of Plato; and he conducted her safely through the bewildering mazes of the Aristotelian philosophy. She, however, preferred the sublime theories and practical science of Plato to the metaphysical subtleties of the Stagyrte.

Her genius had now taken a decided direction; her thirst after knowledge had become almost insatiable, and the whole of her days, with part of her nights, were spent in intense application. She ran with astonishing rapidity through the whole circle of the mathematics, embracing within its ample circumference algebra, geometry, music, and astronomy. She then plunged boldly into the gulph of metaphysics; and though many a stronger vessel had been the sport of its contrary winds and had been wrecked upon its stormy billows, yet, with her clear sight fixed steadily upon the light of truth, she steered her frail bark in safety to the shore.

Her capacious mind had now received all the learning which her native city could furnish, and, like many illustrious sages who had preceded her in the walks of science, she determined to go abroad in pursuit of further knowledge. She visited Athens, where she attended the schools of the most celebrated philosophers, and in turn she sometimes explained publicly the doctrines of Aristotle and Plato. After enriching herself with the precious stores of Grecian learning, she returned to Alexandria, leaving behind her a reputation for wisdom, knowledge, and eloquence, which the sophists of Greece might indeed envy, but might strive in vain to rival.

Her countrymen welcomed back with enthusiasm one who came with the accumulated wisdom of ages, and whose genius was likely to shed additional lustre upon the name of her native city. The magistrates, desirous of rendering her talents subservient to the public good, earnestly solicited her to give lessons in the school where Plotinus and his followers had taught. The natural diffidence of her sex caused her to hesitate, but her ardent love of science at length vanquished her scruples: she yielded to the public voice, and succeeded that long line of illustrious philosophers who had rendered the school of Alexandria one of the most celebrated in the world. This flattering distinction stimulated her to a further cultivation of her peculiar powers. She knew that a high estimate had been set upon her abilities, and she felt that in discharging her important duties, a more than ordinary display of talent would be expected. She therefore studied with redoubled ardour to acquit herself in a manner worthy of the great reputation of the school in which she was about to teach, and she did not disappoint the expectations of the public. Her success exceeded her most sanguine hopes. Her followers multiplied daily, and she numbered among them the virtuous Synesius, afterwards bishop of Ptolemais, who, although she constantly refused to embrace the doctrines of christianity, ever retained for her the most zealous attachment. Her fame spread rapidly, through all countries where learning was appreciated or virtue respected, and strangers flocked from all quarters to hear the female philosopher, whose knowledge enlightened, whose charms fascinated, and whose eloquence enchanted them. The young were perhaps attracted to her school by the transcendent beauty of her person; the wise and good by her exalted virtues and her brilliant talents. The persons most illustrious for their rank or merit appeared among her disciples, and a gorgeous train of horses, chariots, and slaves crowded the doors of her academy. She had now risen to the zenith of her fame, and although her light was permitted to shine for a season, yet, as we shall see, it was soon destined to be extinguished for ever.

Cyril of Alexandria, whose name is famous in the annals of the church, gained, by his fastings in the desert and his zeal in the pulpit, a great reputation for sanctity. His mortifications and prayers easily imposed upon a bigoted multitude who, in opposition to the claims of the archdeacon, bore him triumphantly to the patriarchal chair. He availed himself of the popular favour, and gradually extending his influence beyond the pale of the church, he usurped the authority of a civil magistrate. Clothed with the spiritual and temporal power, he soon manifested the haughtiness and violence of his temper. He commenced his sway by oppressing the harmless Novatian sect of christians and their unoffending bishop, and the jews became the next object of his resentment. The toleration of this persecuted race was expressly declared, and their privileges clearly defined, by the laws of the Ptolemies and Cæsars; yet, unauthorised by any imperial mandate, the patriarch, at the dawn of day, led a tumultuous populace to the attack of their synagogues. The jews, surprised and unarmed, were incapable of resistance, and they beheld their places of worship polluted and razed to the ground. Their goods were seized and distributed among the troops, who filled the cup of their sufferings by desolating their homes and driving them into banishment. Orestes, the prefect of the city, a man of liberal principles, could not behold without indignation his jurisdiction thus insulted, and Alexandria deprived of so many of its most industrious inhabitants. He complained to the Emperor Theodosius of this expulsion as an unwarrantable usurpation of power, and a direct violation of the Julian law. The bishop, on his part, complained of the seditious temper of the jews. The emperor declined to interfere, and the complaints of the prefect only served to direct against his own person the resentment of the patriarch. A body of five hundred Nitrian monks, imagining that their religion and the life of their chief were in danger, rushed into the city with a determination to support the cause of Cyril, and attacked the chariot of Orestes as he was passing through the streets; his guards fled from this wild horde of the desert. Orestes was assaulted with a volley of stones,

and his face was covered with blood. The loyal citizens of Alexandria hastened to the rescue of their governor. The monks were routed; one of their leaders was seized, and put to death by order of Orestes. His body, at the command of Cyril, was borne in solemn procession to the cathedral, where his funeral eulogy was pronounced by the lips of the patriarch himself. He ordered his name to be changed from Ammonius to Thaumastus the *Wonderful*, and to be enrolled upon the bright list of martyrs. His sacred remains were then entombed in the church with all the honours of martyrdom. The execution of the guilty monk increased the bishop's enmity to the pagans; and to appease his indignation, he accepted, if he did not promote, the sacrifice of a maiden who taught the religion of Plato and enjoyed the confidence of Orestes. Involved in daily disputes, the governor had frequent resource to the councils of Hypatia, whose friendship he had long cultivated, and whose wisdom and prudence he found valuable guides through his difficult affairs. It was rumoured among the christians that the measures of Orestes against them were suggested by the female philosopher, and that she was the only obstacle to the reconciliation of the prefect and patriarch; this obstacle was speedily removed. One day as Hypatia was returning home from her academy she was torn from her chariot, stripped of her garments, dragged through the streets to the church called Cæsaria, and stoned to death by Peter the Reader, and a band of savage and merciless fanatics. The inhuman monsters did not satiate their thirst of blood till they had severed the flesh from her bones, and committed her quivering limbs to the flames. Humanity shudders at the horrid recital, yet the powerful prelate struck the sword from the hands of justice, and the perpetrators of the atrocious deed escaped unpunished. There is no positive proof that Cyril was accessory to the murder of Hypatia, yet circumstances favour such a belief; and the bloody sacrifice of the virtuous maiden has imprinted a stain on the name of Cyril which the title of saint cannot conceal.

The writings of Hypatia were numerous. A commentary on the algebra of Diophantes, and the conic sections of Apollonius, added to her fame. But her works seemed doomed to the fate of their illustrious author. They perished in the flames of the Alexandrian library.

We ought not, perhaps, to wonder that Hypatia's extraordinary attainments and commanding talents were the cause of her destruction. In a city agitated by civil and religious tumults she discoursed upon laws, and reasoned upon codes of morals. She was accused of being the champion of paganism; and the eye of faction, which is ever turned towards the most elevated objects, fixed its baleful gaze upon the female philosopher. Before her time, Aristotle had been compelled to fly to Chalcis for safety. The life of Plato had been sought by the tyrant Dionysius. Cicero had perished by the sword, and Socrates by poison. Could then female weakness expect to avert a blow which masculine strength had not been able to parry?

The character of Hypatia is easily portrayed; the sublimities of nature are caught by the commonest eye, and where beauty and harmony prevail, where there are no faults to remedy or deformities to conceal, the imagination of the artist is neither taxed nor tortured, but the simple copy flows freely from his pencil. Moral and intellectual greatness are the prominent features of Hypatia's character. All writers have borne testimony to her profound erudition and to the splendour of her talents, to her unrivalled beauty and to the unspotted purity of her morals; yet, with all these great intellectual and personal endowments, Hypatia was entirely without vanity. In accepting the office of public instructress, she may seem, however, to have departed from the retiring modesty of her sex, yet let it be remembered that it was at the earnest and repeated call of her country, and then too with the greatest reluctance, that she accepted the proffered dignity; and that in fulfilling her arduous duties, her modest and unassuming demeanour always guarded her conduct against the slightest reproach. She restrained within the bounds of respect the young men who attended her lessons, and who showed themselves not insensible to her charms, while she discouraged every idea of a tie which would diminish her opportunities of study, fearing, perhaps, not without some reason, that the light of science would fade upon the altar of Hymen.

Her house was the constant resort of learned and distinguished persons, yet her conduct was so circumspect both in private and public, that the lips of scandal were sealed, and the all-blighting breath of calumny never tarnished even for a moment the brightness of her character. In short, to use the language of Goldsmith, "both the christians and heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes have

but one voice. when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue." She dressed with simplicity, and frequently threw around her elegant person the cloak which was worn by the philosophers of her time.

The historian Socrates has preserved some details of her system of instruction. She commenced by teaching mathematics, which she afterwards applied to the sciences comprehended under the name of philosophy. She always set out with some well-established truth, and deduced its consequences in a clear and powerful course of reasoning. She never spoke in public without previous preparation, and when enforcing the abstract truths of science, her manner was dignified, mild, and persuasive. But when she discoursed upon the sublime morals of Socrates and the immortality of the soul; when she reasoned upon mind and matter, upon the attributes of the Deity, and the wonders of his creation; or when she declaimed upon the structure of the earth, and the stupendous mechanism of the heavens, her imagination rose with the sublimity of her theme, her thoughts became more glowing, her expressions more fervid, and as the rich tones of her sweet voice swelled through the full cadences of the Greek language, her hearers were thrilled and spell-bound by her enchanting eloquence. It was returning to her peaceful home from an ennobling occupation of this kind that this extraordinary woman was seized and sacrificed by a fanatic mob—another melancholy proof, that talents, however useful, or virtue, however exalted, are no protection against the fury of men blinded by their prejudices or their passions.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Letters from London.—The following letter from our friend C., received by the Corinthian packet, came too late for insertion in the section of the paper to which his communications have been usually allotted. To satisfy the intense anxiety which we know to exist among the readers of the Mirror, and our citizens generally, to possess themselves of all that emanates from his pen, and being unwilling to withhold it for even a few days from the public eye, we have for once broken our rules, and given it a place in our own department. It is characterised by much of the writer's peculiar, piquant, and felicitous manner.

London, September 10, 1830.

DEAR SIR—Here I am at length in the small city of London; but as there has not, as yet, been any firing of guns, lighting of lamps, or other public demonstration of joy manifested, I am inclined to think, either that the inhabitants generally have not heard of my arrival, or else, that they do not care any thing at all about the matter. Though the latter may be the case, I hope it will not appear immodest on my part to suppose that the former is the true reason, as many authors of small volumes of indifferent poetry and worse prose, from your side of the water and elsewhere, seem to have expected, that a sensation like unto that created by an earthquake would be the natural consequence of their entry into the British metropolis, and were, moreover, exceedingly astonished when they found that their presence actually made no perceptible difference in the state of things. But indeed, to hear certain classes of tradesmen talk, you would think that the humblest traveller would, at the present moment, be thankfully received by the great city as a slight addition to her small stock of living souls. Inquire after whom you will, they are "out of town;" and the shopkeepers, ever and anon, solemnly aver, that "there is nobody in London just now." It is certainly the case, that this present month of September is, without exception, the dulllest in the year. All the great men that make London famous are away on the wings of pleasure, and only about a million and a half of plodding, industrious nobodies are left behind. It is the great hunting, shooting, and fishing season; and foxes, pheasants, grouse, trout, and all other animals specified in the game laws, hold their lives upon a very uncertain tenure. In the picturesque districts the hill-sides are covered with landscape-hunting painters, and the valleys filled with ruralizing poets, who, in these half-a-crown per line times forsake garrets and Grub-street for country villas and cottages *ornées*. The two large theatres are closed—the great actors and fascinating actresses scattered over the United Kingdom, and the collective wisdom of the house of commons is also distributed amongst the principal bathing places and other scenes of fashionable resort. Indeed, the only two lions remaining are baron Rothschild and boatswain Smith, the former of whom, according to report, makes his two or three hundred thousands a day, by his superior information respecting the troubles on the continent; while the latter holds forth in the open air in

Smithfield, amid the bleating of sheep, the bellowing of cattle and the squeaking of pigs, to that obdurate, hard-hearted, incurably larcenous and pocket-picking generation, which attend the fair held in honour of St. Bartholomew, now in the height of its glory. The man of stocks and bullion I have not as yet seen. The all-famous boatswain, to judge from appearances, would make an excellent able-bodied seaman, though rather a questionable saint. His voice is such a voice as ought properly to belong to no one but a boatswain—a voice that might be heard above the yelling of a north-north-wester in the German ocean; but unfortunately, his lungs appear to be much stronger than his arguments, for his perhaps well-meant admonitions and exhortations were received with more uproarious shouts and laughter than even the delicate comic humour of the clowns, or the uncommonly witty jokes of the showmen. Surely it is letting zeal outrun discretion for even an irregular minister of the gospel to set up in opposition to the "pig-faced lady," and attempt to divide the attention of a drunken and riotous mob between himself and her, or any other monstrous production of nature or invention of roguery. The cause of genuine religion cannot be particularly benefited by any appeals made to such a congregation at such a time and in such a place. Boatswain Smith ought to peruse the Proverbs, wherein he will find it stated, that there is a season for all things.

But though London be at present destitute of living curiosities, the standard objects of wonder for strangers—St. Paul's, the Bank of England, Westminster Abbey, and other public buildings—still occupy their respective stations; and however these places may be sneered at by fops in comedies, or fashionable ladies and gentlemen in modern fashionable novels, as objects only fit for country cousins to gape and gaze at, they must still have been rather clever men who planned and reared those edifices, and they are at least worthy the inspection of all but such as profess a superlative contempt for sight-seeing. It need scarcely be stated here, that St. Paul's is a stupendous pile. You feel a mixed sentiment of awe, wonder, and admiration, on entering the interior, and gazing up at the immense dome suspended over your head; and I should think it the most unfavourable situation to be delivered of a pun that can well be imagined. No one but a most ineffable puppy would be guilty of a witticism amid such a scene of lofty and solemn grandeur. From the high grounds around London, you see St. Paul's raising its gigantic head above the clouds of dun smoke which overhang the city, and shroud the mass of inferior spires from view. Its height is four hundred and four feet, considerably more, I believe, than your St. Paul's placed upon the top of Trinity.

The bank of England is another astonishing affair. I was shown through nearly the whole of it by one of the upper clerks, and even got a sight of their manner of printing notes—a great favour, by-the-by, though I had not mechanical knowledge enough to distinctly understand or describe the very ingenious process. The most surprising thing, however, is the extreme silence and celerity with which business to the amount of millions is transacted. Thousands are drawn and deposited without a sentence being exchanged, and low stifled sounds, like unto those in a place of worship, are alone heard. The salaries of the persons about the establishment amount to about eight hundred thousand dollars per year, and during the last war the clerks alone formed two very handsome city regiments. Since the small notes have been called in, the number of clerks has been considerably diminished. Five-pound notes are now the smallest that are issued. The Royal Exchange is close at hand, and the incessant murmur of voices within its precincts is a striking contrast to the silence of the bank. Here are to be met specimens of the human race from nearly all the civilized and semi-civilized nations on the face of the earth; and the variety of languages in which they try to overreach each other gives you no bad idea of the morning when the workmen fell out before the tower of Babel. As soon as the hour of four arrives, a jangling of bells commences, which makes "confusion worse confounded." This is done to prevent each man hearing what his neighbour says; business is then, of course, at an end, and they depart forthwith; and thus the men of millions are rung off 'change with as little ceremony as a parcel of noisy school-boys are summoned to school.

The extensive scale on which some of the shops (stores) and trading establishments here are conducted, is not to be approached, I suppose, by any in the world. In them, as in the bank, the same silence and mechanical regularity prevail; business to an immense extent is transacted with less noise and trouble than the selling of a few shillings worth of goods in a retail shop. I have heard some good stories of Scotch and Irish merchants coming up to London to do business to

what they consider a very large extent, and their utter surprise at the small impression their wonderful demands seemed to make upon the London merchants. It is, to be sure, rather vexing for a man to come all the way from Dublin, Glasgow, or Edinburgh to give what he conceives to be a tremendous order, and which he supposes ought to lay the house with which he trades under the heaviest obligations to him and his forever, and then to find it looked upon as a bagatelle—a mere matter of course. He enters the counting-house with that business-like importance which it is common for small tradesmen to assume when engaged in transactions larger than they have been accustomed to, and when they think they are about to create a sensation—he states his demand in a pompous and self-satisfied manner, and instead of meeting with that speechless astonishment and eternal gratitude which he expects, is thanked with cold civility for his favour, and told "It shall be attended to." The man immediately thinks that his merchant must have mistaken pounds for pence, and begins to explain and restate his case, when he is snappishly cut short with "Very well, sir—it shall be attended to." From kings to shopkeepers, all human greatness is by comparison. C.

Europe.—The revolution of France is developing its results in the neighbouring kingdoms; and wherever the people have cause of discontent with their rulers they cry aloud for relief, and make their voices heard and their power felt. The sword hath no more terror than the royal mandate—and regular discipline and military array are every where compelled to yield to the valour of patriotism, and the invincible perseverance of resistance to oppression. A spirit has been aroused—and wise are they who listen to its breathings, and catch the tone of sympathy for its aspirations. To oppose it, or attempt to crush it, is—death. How far the enlightened state of the people's minds will enable them to avoid the terrific consequences of former revolutions—when the overthrow of despotic power too often involved that of order, law, and all the legitimate distinctions and supports of society—when the just appeal to arms was too often converted into a thirst for blood and plunder and indiscriminate warfare—how far these evils may be averted, it is not easy to foretell. But the very remembrance of these outrages, and the sense of the immense benefit to be derived from, and forbearance and respect to, the laws, furnish grounds for favourable anticipations.

The election.—This annual source of excitement and restless bustle to many, and of merriment to many more, has just passed over our heads, and most gratefully do we announce the fact that they have been unscathed by the popular tempest. Our ears have indeed been stunned by obstreperous clamours, our eyes enlarged beyond their wonted spheres, by the attempt to grasp in one view the huge capitals syllabing men's names, and the great objects they have in view in condescending to accept offices—provided they can get them; and our fears have been awakened for the liberties of our dear country, nay for our individual safety, by the earnest prognostications held out by all parties of the anarchy and confusion which awaited their defeat. So far, however, the city, and we believe the country too, is quiet. Some one party alone has succeeded, we know not which, but as yet the streets are not unpaved, trees have not been cut down, nor carriages overturned to make barricades—shop-windows still glare with their wonted illuminations—the reckless cartman jogs on in front of his thundering wheels, and the wood-sawyer follows him at snail's pace, with his buck and saw on his back, and his can of oil in his hand—the dandy still struts along with vacant stare, and the ladies still giggle with their provoking smiles as they tease the spruce lads behind the counter—the Mirror, too, has been printed, and we verily believe will be distributed as usual to our numerous curious readers. The evil day is therefore still put off, and we may rejoice in our present, if not in our secure escape.

Penmanship.—This polite accomplishment, so much neglected, and so requisite to give grace and polish to other acquirements, has been particularly overlooked in the education of our females. Why it is so, it were difficult to account, excepting on the supposition that some of the aristocratic spirit of the ancient nobility of France had crept into the humours of our teachers and pupils, which deemed it odiously vulgar to hold a pen neatly, or to manage it intelligibly. A greater evil does not infect the every-day concerns of life than the illegible handwriting of the mass of the people. To correct this is both necessary and desirable, and those teachers who devote themselves successfully to the task deserve encouragement. Among them Mr. Bristow holds a high rank, to which he is recommended both by his own manifest credentials of being an excellent chirographist and teacher, and by the written laudatory testimonials of some of the first men in this city.

SHULE, SHULE, AGRA.

A POPULAR SONG, AS SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS.

Slow.

Oft I roam my gar - den bow'rs, To gaze up - on the fa - ded flow'rs, And

think them like past hap - py hours, That fled like sum - mer's bloom. *Shule, shule, shule a - gra, Dreams of joy are sor - rows now, The

lad of my heart from home is gone, (Ca - thu - teen, ca - thu - teen slain. I am not, &c.

SECOND VERSE.

I am not the blooming maid,
That used to love the valley's shade;
My youth, my hopes, are all decay'd,
And ev'ry friend is flown.
Shule, shule, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

In other climes he's gone to find,
A less more pleasant to his mind;
But, ah! the one he's left behind
Will love him best of all.
Shule, shule, &c.

* Come, my love. † May he return safe.

A PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

NATHAN a prophet, and a teacher of great wisdom, in Salem, was seated one day in the midst of his disciples, and the words of instruction and wisdom flowed like honey from his lips. Gamahel, one of his disciples, said to him, "Master, why do you always speak to us in parables?"

But Nathan answered him and said, "My son, when I was young, I felt in my heart the will of the Lord that I should bear evidence to truth, and become a teacher of the people—and the spirit of the Lord descended upon me. I dressed myself in coarse hair cloth; I went among the inhabitants of the town, and reproved them in harsh terms for their sins; but the people fled from me, and the words of my mouth did not penetrate to their hearts; at least they thought they were not meant for them, but for their neighbours! This stung me to the heart; and, during the night, I fled to Mount Hermon, saying to myself, if they refuse the light which I offer them, let them perish in night and darkness. But see, the morning began to dawn; the dew of heaven descended upon Mount Hermon; night now had fled, and the herbs had spread their fragrance all around; the reflection of the morning's sun was mild and sweet; the dew had refreshed the earth; every creature seemed to enjoy the beauty of the scene; the early sun shone cheerfully upon the reviving plants; I thought I heard in a gentle breeze the words of the Lord—'See, Nathan, it is thus that heaven sends to the children of the earth its most precious gift, the light of day.' I descended from the mountain, and in the valley rested under a beautiful pomegranate tree, which afforded me shade, and at the same time bore blossoms and fruit. I looked at the blossoms and said to myself, how lovely are those flowers! their delicate red resembles the

hue of innocence on the blooming cheeks of the daughters of Israel! As I approached still nearer, I perceived also the delightful fruit partially concealed by the leaves, and I thought I heard the word of the Lord as coming from the tree, saying, 'See, Nathan, thus nature promises its sweetest fruit in the simple blossom, and furnishes the fruit itself, while her hand is concealed behind the leaves.'

"Thus," said Nathan, "I returned to Salem in good spirits. I exchanged my coarse cloth for a gay dress; I anointed my head, and taught the truth in a pleasing manner and by parables—for naked truth is too serious, and makes few friends; but when clothed in a simple and cheerful attire, gains many disciples."

N. Y. American.

For the Mirror.

CONFESSIONS.

BY EVERARD.

Shepherd.—"Ah, sir, in your young days you maun hae been a verri deevil."

North.—"No, James, I broke my troth to none. Poetry purified my passions; and worshipping the ideal, my spirit triumphed over mere flesh and blood, and was preserved in innocence by the beautiful."

If all the treasures earth can pour
About a brief sojourner's way,
Were gathered on one golden shore
Where radiant sunbeams careless play—
If hope might wave her rainbow wing
O'er a bright paradise below,
Painting life's scenes with hues of spring,
To woman all would I bestow.

I joy to see her early days—
Her cheek of rose—her spirit free;
When the rich light of beauty plays
Where'er her restless feet may be:

I would existence were to her
A glorious and unclouded day,
That pleasure might her pulses stir
Undimmed by darkness or decay.

And yet I linger midst them all
With heart untouched and loveless eye;
Unmoved—unfettered in that thrall
For whose brief reign 'twere sweet to die;
'Twere sweet—if the excited heart
Could drink from love's eternal well,
Which to the bosom can impart
The rapture words can never tell.

And yet, with feelings sanctified,
That leap to see the lovely glad,
I mark my young existence glide,
Sometimes in joy—but often sad:
And thirsting for the pictured one,
The idol of the enkindled mind,
I gaze on all—displeased with none—
Walking in beauty's light—yet blind!

Oh, high ambition! 'Tis thy power
Which lifts the enthusiast spirit up;
Which bids us seek the laurel bower
Where fame enwreathes her glittering cup.
It is a thirst which drives me on
Far from the peaceful fount of love,
As eagles, nurtured in the sun,
Bathe their broad plumes in skies above.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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For the Mirror.

TO THE PROCELLARIA.

BY PROTEUS.

This bird is said to live altogether at sea, building its nest on some floating mass of weeds, and fearlessly gliding from wave to wave during the roughest storms.

HAIL! pilgrim of the deep,
Whose dark blue waters are to thee a home,
Whether in smiles they sleep,
Or, waked by tempests, dash themselves to foam,
Sending their thrilling voices to the gale,
At morn or eventide, like spirits' solemn wail.

Therefore, strange bird, no change
Of wind or wave thy varying life can harm,
Prepared alike to range
The wastes of sea and air in storm or calm;
But most rejoicing when thy form is cast
Aloft careering wild upon the fitful blast.

Thou build'st thy floating nest
Within the hollows of the mid-sea flood,
And, cradled 'neath thy breast,
Dost warm from embryo life thy ocean brood,
And lead them forth its stormy ills to brave,
And mount the rushing gale and skim the roaring wave.

What are to thee the jars,
The toils, the triumphs, hopes, and loves, and fears,
The wassail and the wars
Of man?—the sole inheritor of tears—
Though loud their swelling consonance and rude,
It breaks not the repose of thy far solitude.

At times thou see'st perchance
Some lone wayfarer of the perilous deep,
O'er the untracked expanse,
In his frail winged mansion wildly sweep;
Or hear'st his death-shriek through the sullen gloom,
As from the wreck he sinks unconfined to his tomb.

To thee the pleasant earth
In all its beauty is an unknown world—
Thou never saw'st the birth
Of the young buds or blushing flowers, nor furled
The dripping pinnons of thy weary wing,
Midautumn's crimson leaves or the green bowers of spring.

Yet on the desert tide
Thou'rt not alone—the nautilus is with thee,
And gaily at thy side
The dolphin gleams, thy rainbow of the sea,
And when the night falls darkly o'er the billow,
The star-fish lights his lamp beside thy heaving pillow.

Afar dost thou retire
From all the pomp of art:—the gorgeous dome,
Gray pyramid, and spire
And tower, are nought to thee—thy chosen home
Is with the stirring elements, whose strife
Nerves thy tempestuous wing with an exulting life.

Even thus would I, apart
From life's vain follies and ambitions, dwell,
Keeping my youthful heart
Serenely gay mid passion's stormy swell,
By hope attended and to virtue wed,
While harmless round my feet temptation's billows spread.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE UNHAPPY HUSBAND, OR FEAR OF CENSURE.

It is a fear which should not always be the master.

Young Mr. Hamden was a great admirer of beauty. He went to Florida, and it was there that he first saw his future wife. He was wandering through the streets of St. Augustine upon one of those pleasant excursions of discovery which can only be made where there is novelty of location.

"She is not of this earth," cried he; "who would have thought my dreams of beauty should ever have proved true?"

He found out her parents. He was rich. What can't money do? He was intelligent, and good, and handsome—and what will not intelligence, and goodness, and beauty do? It was such a pretty name too, Mary Stuart. I doubt her namesake being prettier.

"She has a weak constitution," said her father; "I will tell you plainly." But her lover mused on her charms with such enthusiasm—and he thought of his friends at home. "What taste he has shown in selection," one will say. "She is the perfection of the art," another. "Nothing more beautiful was ever made," my friendly reader, you would have said

had you seen his beautiful possession. You can see her now; but could you have seen her then! She would have made you mad.

"She is weak in constitution," said the father. "I'll love her the more," said the lover; "and she must be mine." So she was made his—by legal transfer.

He resolved to spend his life where he at first had seen his wife. "I'll keep her here, and keep her out of danger—where there is no society, and no temptation to the risk of health. She cannot bear the rude storms of the north; nature has made her for a mild sky, and only for her gardens of the south." But ere long, ambition seized the prudent gentleman. "She might as well not be, as be for ever hid," said he; "as well not own, as have the ownership unknown. I'll take her home—there's not one in the nation like her. She'll be a belle as yet has never been." To wish his wife to be a belle!—poor fool and madman!—he had such pleasure on the voyage—visions of glory from his beautiful cargo.

His friends were delighted with his wife—each one had a particular plan for strengthening her constitution. "Poor Mrs. Hamden will ruin her health by confinement, and taking too much care of herself—she should be inured to exposure," said they. Mr. Hamden had what is called a yielding disposition, so he let her go. They took a row upon a moon-light night—the boat upset, and they managed to dip her in the river. There was a sudden check of perspiration, and she was seized with a violent bilious fever. Her husband watched like a maniac her still and emaciated form. "She does not breathe," thought he, in the anguish of despair. "She does," cried he, with his eyes full of tears of ecstasy. Persuasive spirit made her spirit stay—in a month she could walk on the piazza.

He raved at his particular friends, and swore she should not stay another day—and he left her where she was. If he took her away, he thought they would say "we meant no harm—it was an accident—it might have happened to any body—what folly." So in these lions' paws he left his lamb, and smiled and was wretched.

For some time after this sickness and sorrow, they were silent on the subject of their theories, but ere long their insanity returned. "What a pity it is Mrs. Hamden doesn't take more exercise," said they. "Her constitution should be strengthened by strengthening her nerves," said a wise little gentleman, their oracle and leader. So they one day gave her a gun, and it knocked her down; it had been over-loaded. "I'll take her away this instant," said Mr. Hamden in hurried fury, when he heard of the accident—but, before the parting preparations were concluded, his rage and resolution had almost evaporated. "This time I will leave her," said he; "but if you try such an experiment again, you shall never more see her while you live. I leave her with you now, but solely for the sake of old acquaintance." Thus anger ended in breath, which is as bad as smoke. It is strange how much mere utterance weakens passion.

Hamden was obliged for a few days to be absent. He was returning and so near that he could see the house. How hope and fear now varied his expression! Fear fixed it though at last. He might by distance be deceived, but he thought he saw a female form to all appearance lifeless on the ground. "Is it reality," thought he, "or some illusion of the brain my fears have conjured to torment me with?" He felt almost sick with apprehension. He looked steadfastly again, but was still at some short distance; he approached more near—with eyes unmoved he gazed—it was the colour of her dress. Could it be? His heart beat faster, and his cheek grew paler. "Spare me, O heaven," he cried in agony. There is a tone in the human voice would wake a savage into sympathy. "Who has done this?" he exclaimed, and the tears glistened in his eyes. "I saw her dragged," said a voice, "by the stirrups through the dust bleeding and senseless. I stopped the horse at length, but I fear too late." From her temple to her mouth was a deep, disfiguring gash, and the blood oozed down her cold cheek, and clothed her glossy hair. He watched her form, but it stirred not—he wept like a child. "Wake, Mary, into life again!" he exclaimed, as he kissed her pale lips, and took her senseless body in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. "I shall not leave thee, love, again; no power on earth shall part us; thou never canst be as thou

wert, but I will love thee still, blest being!" He looked at the wound. "I never again shall hear thy rare perfections praised, or see men's envy that I called thee mine. But they will pity that thy beauty's gone, and stab me with the daggers of my memory." "I will cure her," said a doctor. "You can't," said he. "But still," he thought, "the doctor is ingenious and skilled. He is my friend, and knows, too, what it is to see one's soaring hopes thus by one rude blow, fluttering on the earth; and I have heard there are appliances to cure." He looked upon the torn flesh. "He may at least alleviate deformity—will you take her under your care? She never will be as she has been," said he. "We can't say," said the doctor.

While the lady was under the care of the Æsculapius, the gentleman was obliged to be absent. He was informed on his return he could scarce perceive the scar. He did not believe it. She was sleeping on the sofa. He gazed anxiously, and approached in painful agitation. "As beautiful as ever, by heaven!" cried he in an ecstasy—and he kissed his lady, and then he was inclined to kiss the doctor. And long he lived to hold her as his pride and love; but not to let her go back to his particular friends, though he was often censured for his foolish fears. B.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EXERCISE.

MR. EDITOR—In looking over the last volume of your unrivalled periodical, I observe that a writer who signs himself C. has attacked, with no ordinary wit, the habit of early rising. The productions of this author are eminently pleasing and full of humour. They discover a singular talent both for the pathetic and ludicrous, which cannot fail to elevate him to a rank among the best writers this country has ever produced. His satire is strong and keen, and will probably enlist a great number upon his side, whether right or wrong, for the lessons of wisdom are stale and hackneyed, and have lost all the attraction of novelty, while the essays which oppose received opinions, arrest attention, and with the aid of talent, enchain the mind and bribe the understanding. C. therefore should be careful to level his shafts only at the foes of social life. Satire is a powerful weapon in the possession of a good writer, and should scarcely be wielded even in sport against pure and beautiful things. It has been said with truth that there is only a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. I have seen a clever actor in a farce convulse the audience with laughter, by flinging himself into the attitude of a tragedian, who in the play had awakened all the tenderest and noblest feelings of the soul; all high sentiments and elevated characters may be turned into ridicule with the same dangerous facility. The sweetest poetry, by being linked with some accidental association of a ludicrous nature, becomes the theme of mirth; and the softest emotions, the most delicate enjoyments, the purest habits and views of life, being entertained but by few, have the majority against them, who are gratified at an opportunity of degrading them to their own level. I am sure the essays of C. betray the existence of opinions differing materially from those which he has expressed, and I hope hereafter to find him attacking only those habits and opinions which he should like to see abolished. He cannot be serious in the wish to put out of countenance the healthy exercise of the morning. Laying aside the authority of all poets, from whose decision upon practicable points C. would probably appeal, I would refer him, if not to his own experience, to his own observation. Exercise is necessary for the health and spirits. The connexion between mind and body is known to all who, after a long and tedious sedentary occupation, have started forth into the fresh scented air, breaking away from the restraints upon the freedom of the thoughts as well as the physical system, and felt the glowing and thrilling impulses starting through the system, and the spirits yielding to their exhilarating influence. Without exercise a languid weariness benumbs the mental as well as the bodily powers. They lose their agreeable changes, their light elasticity, and resemble the "green mantle of the standing pool." We are so constructed by bountiful nature, that were we not to interfere with her plans, we should in a great measure be strangers to disease, and the ordinary action of our minds

and bodies would be pleasure. The breathed air would be sweet, the flowing of the blood would produce an agreeable sensation, and all the functions of life would become the uninterrupted sources of joy. Exercise is one of the methods by which nature intended we should preserve ourselves in this state. Instinct teaches it to the brute creation. The bird flutters among the branches with irrepressible animation; the deer bounds through the forest with the velocity of the wind, in obedience to the stirring principles of his own bosom; and the silver fish darts through the yielding water in the very wantonness of joy. It seems to have been the design of Providence that all things should be thus ever in motion. The clouds roll their light images through the sky like animals, the winds are restless, and the oceans preserve their purity by being in perpetual agitation. The infant, before its reason is sufficiently matured to teach it the proper means of prolonging and sweetening life, is under the same influence; it flings its little arms about, and strives with unceasing gestures, without which it would wither up into feebleness or death. So the child is often rebuked for restlessness, and hears rung in his ears the impatient admonition, "Sit still," by those who forget that he is unconsciously acting in obedience to the wise intention of nature. Only a few living creatures seem careless of this delightful recreation. I have heard that toads live several thousand years locked in the bosom of solid marble, but they may be numbered with the dead, as there is probably no operation in the functions of their bodies. Oysters, snails, and sloths, endure a dark and contracted existence, not much removed from inert matter; and crabs appear on land to move with as little speed as grace; but those accustomed to the water may have occasionally observed this latter gentleman making his way beneath the wave with a velocity that might put the swiftness of many a pedestrian to shame.

That exercise is of the highest importance to health, will therefore be deemed a truism; but at what period it should be taken, and in what form and manner, have sometimes been the subject of debate. The fashionable ride, or walk a little on pleasant days, or spend the evenings in dancing. Riding is better for invalids; persons in full health may find it an agreeable amusement, but scarcely a substitute for more powerful exercise. Dancing also is an amusement both innocent and delightful, and I could never perceive any grounds for the objections urged against it; but upon the health I should suppose it excited but a slight influence. The confinement of crowded, heated rooms, the pernicious dainties which are so freely taken, the late hours to which it leads, are prejudicial both to health and cheerfulness; and she who has participated for some time in these fashionable and delightful dissipations, and has driven home beneath the midnight stars to a pillow which she will not abandon till the precious hours of the morning have all glided away, may mark the rosy freshness of real health slowly departing from her face, and its joyousness more easily repressed in her heart. Men in business too, who keep late hours, have their time of exercise much curtailed. They are probably engaged during the greater portion of the day in pursuits which they imagine of too much immediate importance to be neglected for the vague and remote advantages of exercise. They estimate its value by the money it will bring. At the end of the week they turn over the leaves of their cash-books and ledgers, to see what they have gained or lost, and excluding every thing from their calculations but pecuniary profits, they overlook the sweet blessing of pure health and refined elastic spirits. If the twinge of some demon disease, which has been gradually breathing its silent poison through their veins, warns them of danger, they take a half hour's exercise so violent that to one so unaccustomed to it, is worse than none; or perhaps once a fortnight get upon the back of some Rozinante, and seek to unravel in an hour's leisure all the webs of sickness and selfishness which weeks of paralyzing and narrow confinement have woven around them.

To be useful, exercise must be moderate, uniform, regular, in the open air, and when the mind is free. Few engaged in business can spare sufficient time for this during the day; the air of the evening is proverbially unhealthy. It is in the morning, therefore, that this habit should be practised, and physicians seem generally to agree that walking produces the most beneficial effects; it strengthens the body, and affords opportunity for reflections which, grave or gay, all should regularly practise. The time, therefore, is not wasted, not even in regard to mental improvement; for he who acts or reads without setting apart certain times for meditation, will derive comparatively trifling benefit from either. The mind too is a machine of such wonderful organization, so expanded, that it widens over seas, nations, and spreads out through infinite

space, yet so capable of contraction, that it may be condensed to the smallest point; so energetic and violent, that its agitations break down the health, and yet so exquisitely delicate as to be acted upon by the minutest light and shade of passing events. This creation of Providence was never meant to dwindle down into the warped shape and debased uses to which uninterrupted earthly pursuits and sensual gratifications would degrade it; but it should be sometimes loosened from mercenary considerations. It is full of hidden springs, of secret capacities and powers; and even the ramble of an hour through an agreeable landscape touches these with life, reveals new properties of feeling and fancy, opens concealed fountains whose inundations refresh the soil of the most sterile heart, and call forth the verdure of virtue and affection—and what time for this like the morning? You are then neglecting no duty. It is a kind of time which you create for yourself out of the chaos of unprofitable sleep. ☉

For the Mirror.

AUTUMN WINDS.

BY ISIDORA.

Wandering wind, whence comest thou?
Not from the sweet south isles;
Thou art chill upon my brow,
And thy murmurings, deep and low,
Banish nature's smiles.

Hast thou passed o'er ocean's breast,
Harbinger of ill?

Lulling the sea-boy to his rest,
Who his rugged pillow preest,
Reckless, fearless still!

Hast thou passed the cold dark bed,
Where the lost ones rest?
Waving the tall grass o'er their head,
Whispering of the things which shed
Sadness o'er my breast.

Thou hast seared the bright green leaves,
And strewn them on the earth;
Their fall a painful moral weaves—
Thus some chilling frost bereaves
All of mortal birth.

Wandering wind, thy voice I hear,
Like some remembered tone,
Whispering low, of grief and fear,
Deep regret, the streaming tear,
And chillness like thine own!

LITERARY NOTICES.

WIRT'S ORATION AT THE FRENCH FESTIVALS IN BALTIMORE.—Like every other production of this popular orator and writer, this last effort of his powerful mind has delighted and instructed us. It is replete with a deep and abiding love of liberty and the independence of the people—a lofty sense of political right and wrong, and an enthusiastic attachment for the land which assisted us in our revolutionary struggle—the land of Lafayette. It will be read with universal pleasure by all who regard with sympathy the noble efforts made by the French to recover their long lost freedom, and may serve as a useful model for other compositions which may still be required on the same inspiring theme. The style of Mr. Wirt is free from many of those affectations which deface the composition of far more ambitious but less successful writers—yet it is highly polished, and never sacrifices the sense to the sound. We shall recur to this latter subject of his style in a future number, when other former compositions of his shall be brought at the same time under review, from which a more just and comprehensive estimate may be formed of his powers and qualifications.

FAMILY LIBRARY.—The tenth number of this popular work has just been published by the untiring Harpers. "The Life of Mohammed," to which the present volume is devoted, is a history of no common value. The successive steps by which the artful Arabian impostor arrived at the height of power—the beauty of the language contained in his Koran, from which by way of illustration, copious extracts are made, and more than all, the intimate connexion which exists between the prophecies of the Bible and the career of the great founder of Mohammedanism, render this production extremely interesting.

THE MUSSULMAN.—Mr. Madden, whose travels in Turkey made so deep an impression on the public mind, has put forth a novel under the above title. To its recommendation from the talents of the author, and his perfect knowledge of the scenery and locality about which it treats, it adds the charms of interesting and characteristic incidents, and a plausible and well-developed plot. It is from the press of those judicious and select literary caterers, Carey and Lea.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MISS ROCK'S BENEFIT—MR. THORNE'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

A VERY fashionable and numerous audience attended the representation of the "Devil's Bridge" on Monday evening, when Mr. Thorne, from Drury lane and the English Opera house, London, made his first appearance in America. In England, this gentleman has been much praised as a singer of *buffo* music, and for the last six years he has held a prominent situation as a vocalist. His voice is a *baritone*, of good quality and much sweetness, and his execution of *light bass* songs is said to be excellent. We were therefore greatly astonished at his selection of Count Belino as an *opening part*; all his powers being in the lower notes of the *tenor*, and the upper ones of the *bass*, he could not possibly have made a more unhappy choice. Either Figaro, Artaban, Casper, the Caliph of Bagdad, or any similar character, would have been far more appropriate, and have secured, or we are much mistaken, a greater share of the public approbation. As an actor, Mr. Thorne, is inferior to Phillips, but better than Horn. We understand that the determination to fill those parts in opera which are now vacant, and some of which we have enumerated, has induced the manager to engage Mr. Thorne, and a consideration for the great undertaking of doing justice to the opera of Cinderella has been an additional incitement. Mr. Thorne, we are happy to add, bears the best testimonials, and has been universally received in the first private musical societies in the cities of London, Bath and Edinburgh; in the latter place he is a universal favourite. Mrs. Austin (Claudine) was the most brilliant star of the evening. This lady is increasing in knowledge of the stage; we never heard her sing better; she is clearly far beyond any competition in this country. Mrs. Sharpe was received with enthusiasm, and performed the Countess Rosalvina in her best style. We liked her *ballad*, however, a good deal better than her *bravura*. A *contra alto* voice is not qualified for brilliant passages. Miss Rock acted a young lady, whom we believe they called Lauretta, with grace and spirit. In many parts of opera we think this sprightly and interesting actress would be an acquisition. We hope to see her frequently at the Park. The band were attentive and did their duty.

MR. C. KEAN.

After a successful engagement at the ~~seaside~~, Mr. C. Kean has returned to this city, and performs three nights at the Park theatre, previous to his departure for Boston. There is an originality of conception, a boldness of delineation, and a chasteness of style in the representations of this young tragedian, which have secured him a high reputation with the public of New-York. Those who have not witnessed his Hamlet can form no idea of Mr. K.'s extraordinary powers. It is one of the most beautiful, tranquil, and natural portraits ever exhibited on the American stage.

MASTER BURKE.

This infant Roscius, who has won such golden opinions wherever he has appeared, left Liverpool for this port on the sixteenth ultimo. In looking over our late literary files, we met the following notice respecting him, which we subjoin. "We have a very small portion of taste for precocious talent; we do not like prodigies; nor do we profess to admire infant Richards and Othellos, however extraordinary they may be. We felt, however, that, in justice to Master Burke, who has been for some time performing at the Surrey theatre, and who has proved to be the best substitute for Mr. Elliston that could be conveniently found—we felt, from a recollection which we entertained of his performances at the Haymarket four years ago, that he ought not to be suffered to take his departure for America, whither he is now going, without extorting from us the compliment of a farewell visit. Glad are we that we did so; for we have seldom experienced more unmixed gratification than his performances afforded us. Little Burke's talent is quite distinct from the pretensions of most of the juvenile wonders that we recollect—there is so much less of art, and so much more of nature in him. There is a mental maturity in his conceptions, which is very curiously, and in comedy especially, most laughably, contrasted with his personal insignificance. What his age may be we can scarcely guess, but his body does not appear to have kept pace with his mind. His musical talents are extraordinary; he leads the band with admirable nerve and precision—and looks like our little acquaintance, Tom Thumb, controlling giants. We trust that his American career may be prosperous, and that he may return to us increased in size, and (what is always to be feared in these cases) not decreased in attraction."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE BEGGAR AND THE BIRDS.

"WHAT a miserable world is this!" exclaimed Karoun, the beggar, as he sat one day at the gates of the city of Bagdad, "were I to make it over again, I would exceedingly mend it! My world should contain no kings and certainly no cadis—every one should do that which was right in his own eyes—it should be possible to get money without working for it—and knowledge without learning. Allah! what a miserable world is this. Of what use are the tribes of children, forever interrupting one with their noisy play? Without doubt we should be rid of some thousands—and their mothers: why are women such tender delicate creatures? In my world they should be as strong as horses, and dig and plant, and go to battle like their husband. Then, with regard to gold and silver and precious stones, there should be plenty for every one, or else none at all—and the same of palaces, fine horses, and rich clothes. As to diseases and misfortunes, I would abolish them altogether, just as I would do away with poisons, precipices, storms, earthquakes, and whatever else tends to shorten life. Oh, what a beautiful world I could make of this! I feel inclined however, for a nap at present, so I will remove to yonder grove for the benefit of the shade.

The self-complacent beggar accordingly stretched himself beneath a large plane tree, and presently fell into a sound slumber, in which slumber he was visited with the following dream. He fancied himself where he was lying under a plane tree; but he also imagined he heard an extraordinary noise among the branches. On lifting up his eyes to discover the cause, he found the tree filled with all manner of birds, screaming, singing, whistling, and chattering. They were more vociferous than all the beggars of Bagdad, and grievously annoyed our friend Karoun.

By and by the tree became quiet; the birds ranged themselves on the boughs in companies, according to their kind; and the beggar discovered that it was a parliament of birds, met to deliberate on the state of the feathered world.

The golden eagle sat aloft in silent majesty, and a venerable horned owl opened the business of the meeting by entreating the members to conduct the debate with decorum, and bear in mind that wisdom was never confined to birds of one generation. He was followed by a superb red and green parrot, who scratched his head and spoke as follows: "I conceive that for many ages birds have been grossly used by man, and I hail the meeting of the present assembly that the rights and privileges of all who have claws and beaks are about to be better understood. I do not speak for myself. My fate makes me the associate of man, and the favourite of ladies. I am fed with dainties, and observe all that passes in dining and drawing rooms. For myself I have little reason to complain. I speak as a patriot—why should not all birds have the privileges of parrots? Is it not gross partiality that we alone should have gilt cages?"

The speaker ceased amid tremendous applause. The crow spoke next. "I agree with the parrot," said he, "in blaming nature, but I disagree with him as to his mode of charging her with injustice. The evil lies deeper. There ought to be no gilt cages, no fine plumage, no sweet voices among us. Why is one kind of bird to be exalted over another? and yet this will ever be the case while these vain and useless distinctions remain in force. Why am I to serve the farmer, by clearing his fields of grubs and worms, and be considered a low-lived bird, only because I am useful? while the nightingale must be admired because she—sings. Why does not man write poetry about me? What is the nightingale but a bird like myself? is not she?"

Here he was called to order, and a beautiful dove spoke next. "I do not complain," said she, "of what the preceding orators have complained. My regret is, that distinction does not make amends for conscious weakness. What signify my delicate plumage and tender note, while I want the eagle's wing and hawk's eye?"

Here the owl attempted to speak, but was prevented by a magpie. "My case," said the chatterer, "is harder still. My plumage is beautiful, but no one will own it; I talk, but no one will listen to me. I am a persecuted bird—an envied bird."

Here the magpie was interrupted by a sparrow. "Why am I to be shot for a dumpling any more than the red-breast?"

"And why," said the lark, "am I to be roasted, any more than the nightingale?"

"Why are we to be preyed upon by kites and hawks?"

"All the birds in a chorus."

"Let us rebel," said the tom.

"Let us be kites and hawks ourselves," said the jenny wrens.

"Let us leave man to pick up his own caterpillars," said the sparrows; "the world will come to an end without us."

"It will! it will!" screamed all the little birds.

At this point of the dream and debate, Karoun fancied he thus addressed the congress of birds:

"With the exception of the eagle and owl, who, to do them justice, are sensible, well-behaved bipeds, you are a set, of insolent, foolish, half-witted creatures, not worthy of wearing feathers. Listen now to reason; and since birds cannot blush, hide your heads under your wings for shame. In the first place, Mr. Parrot, if every bird is to live in a gilt cage and hang up in a drawing room, pray where is man to live himself? In the second place, I ask Mr. Crow whether he clears the farmer's fields of worms from love to the farmer or the desire of a good meal? Thirdly, if any of you, after a reasonable enjoyment of life, object to being killed to feed man, why, I ask, may not the grubs and flies also object to being killed to feed you? Fourthly, if you were all of one kind—all eagles, or all kites—would there not be ten times more fighting among you than there now is? And what, I demand, must you live upon? Fifthly, if you object to dying altogether, and yet treble your numbers every year, how is the world to hold you all. And as for you, sparrows, chaffinches, larks, wrens, &c. who is it that steals man's corn, eats his cherries, and picks his peas? Little mischievous varlets as you are, your lives are forfeited fifty times before they are taken! Lastly, I entreat you all, from the eagle down to the tom, to look away from your own individual interest to the interest of that world of which you form so small a portion. I do assure you it is infinitely better on the whole that you should differ from each other just as you do—that some should be strong, some weak, some beautiful, some ugly; some wear fine coats, some plain ones. Now begone, every one of you—and instead of wishing to amend nature, try to mend your own manners."

In a few minutes all was silent. It was now Karoun's turn to be reproved. He dreamed that a tall figure stood by his side, and said in a stern voice—

"Presumptuous mortal! thou hast had no patience with the folly of the birds, yet thine own is far greater. Thou mend the world! Thy mending would be destruction. Were there no disease and no misfortune, how could man exercise the virtues which fit him for paradise? As to death, is it not a blessing to the virtuous? And if thou art wicked, is it not thine own fault? If all possessed riches, who must work? And if no one had riches, who must pay for that work? If every one was wise, who must learn? And if every one were ignorant, who must teach? Thou thinkest the world would be happier if there were no laws or rulers—no such thing! Where there are two battles there would be twenty; where there are five robberies there would be fifty; and for one lazy, discontented vagabond, like thyself, there would be a thousand. Go about thy business, Karoun! and instead of wishing to mend the world, try to mend thine own manners."

This dream made Karoun a wiser man. He gave up being a beggar, and hiring himself to a fisherman, he became a contented and a respectable member of society. Foreign Magazine.

THE MYSTERIOUS FOUNDLING OF NUREMBERG.

The following particulars respecting Gaspard Hauser, the Nuremberg youth, appear in the *Nouvelle Revue Germanique*, and are said to have been furnished by M. Hitzig, the editor of the *Annales de la Justice Criminelle*. Many circumstances combine to strengthen the belief that young Hauser is connected with a distinguished family, and that when a child he received the commencement of a classical education. He recollects among other things the two first verses of the ode of Horace, beginning with *Diffugere Nives*. The journals have mentioned a dame Bonval or Valbon, residing at Pesh, in Hungary, who, they suspect, has some knowledge of Hauser's birth. M. de Pirch, who understands a little of the Hungarian language, determined on uttering a few words of it to him, in order that he might see whether he retained any recollection of it. He found Hauser engaged in writing a Latin theme. He is a well made youth, robust, although of small stature. He has fair hair, curling naturally, a very fair complexion, an aquiline nose, and blue and pensive eyes. I rarely, said M. de Pirch, saw a countenance change so rapidly its expression of the most lively satisfaction and of confidence to the most profound meditation. I addressed some questions to him respecting his studies; I asked him whether he had as yet learned arithmetic, and then, as if by chance, I pronounced the Hungarian words, "*Ody, kalda, harom*," (one, two, three.) He instantly fell into a deep reverie. I

was continuing to speak, but his guardian told me that when in this state Hauser understood nothing. At length, after some minutes, he raised his head and said to me, "I have before heard these words, will you repeat some of them again?" I introduced among others the word *saz*, (one hundred.) "Oh, that is a great number," said he, and began to reflect. I next uttered, but in a careless tone, the Hungarian oath, *Baamanateremlete*. He trembled, and in great terror said, "That's the word which the man spoke during the voyage, every time he struck me. It is a villainous word, and ought not to be uttered."

When M. de Pirch used, as it were accidentally, the Polish word *Matka*, (mother,) the countenance of Gaspard brightened up—"It is mother," exclaimed this wretched orphan, with the most animated expression. He was similarly affected by the Hungarian word signifying *father*; and when M. de Pirch said to him, in the same language, "Come, my dear—come, my child," Gaspard remembered that it was thus he was spoken to by his female servant, of whom, until this conversation with M. de Pirch, he had lost the recollection.

His present guardian, Counsellor Biberrach, treats him as his son, and since the late attempt made on him two armed persons are stationed in the anti-chamber, and one accompanies him wherever he goes abroad. Walking fatigues him, but he rides admirably. His sense of smelling, and more particularly during the first year that he was at Nuremberg, was more acute than is ever found in human beings. For a long time he had no idea of distances, and would reach out his hands to touch objects which were very far removed from him. His smelling, however, was remarkably acute. One day he was suddenly seized with pain, perspiration flowed from his forehead, and he trembled in every limb. The cause was soon discovered; it was a dead mouse that lay at some distance from him. On another day, when approaching a cemetery, he was sensibly affected by the smell, although at such a distance that it must have been imperceptible to ordinary men. Polish words strike him as forcibly as certain Hungarian expressions. He immediately understood *moy kochany*, (my dear.) The writer of this notice earnestly hopes that the magistrates of Nuremberg, who have so generously adopted this youth, will exert themselves to remove the veil which covers his earlier history. English Journal.

A ROYAL DILEMMA.

Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty Jerome Buona parte led a life of dissipation, at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you: I suppose you know that I have been created king of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to—" "Eh! what! you are ceremonious methinks; that might pass were I surrounded by my court, but, at present, away with form, and let's have the same friendship, the same free and easy gaiety as before; and now let's be off to supper." Jerome, upon this, took his friends to one of the best restaurants in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You C. shall be my secretary; as for you, P., who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the king of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignities, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could muster about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning, where could resources be found? It was, at last, deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the king of Westphalia," "And I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down for sharpers; "and that noodle yonder is no doubt the

king of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome, "I am the king of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise: since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill;" at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon. Court Journal.

A KIND OF CALEB QUOTEM.

Fox, the Brighton manager, was a very odd character. He was a kind of Caleb Quotem in real life. He could combine twenty occupations without being clever in one; a pretty general characteristic of country managers in those days. He was actor, fiddler, painter, machinist, and taylor, besides check taker and bill sticker, on occasions. He prided himself more especially on his talents as a painter. He had executed all his own scenery, (as he executed all his own characters) and accomplished in person the embellishments of the house. Sheridan was down at Brighton one summer, and Fox, desirous of showing him some civility, took him all over the theatre, and exhibited its beauties. "There, Mr. Sheridan," said he, "I constructed this stage—I built and painted those boxes, and I painted all these scenes." "Did you?" said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly; "well, I should not have known you were a Fox by your brush." Bernard.

TITLES OF THE EAST.

The following list of names and titles frequently occurring in connexion with the affairs of the east, together with their etymological import, will not be deemed uninteresting at the present time.

Mohammed, Ahmed—From *Hamad*; praised, highly celebrated, illustrious, glorious.

Moslem, Musulman, Islam, Islamism—All from the same root, *Aslam*; signifying to yield up, dedicate, consecrate entirely to the service of religion.

Koran—From *Kara*, to read; the reading, legend, or that which ought to be read.

Caliph—A successor; from the Hebrew *Chalaph*; to be changed, to succeed, to pass round in a revolution.

Sultan—Originally from the Chaldaic *Soltan*; signifying authority, dominion, principality.

Vizier—An assistant.

Hadj—Pilgrimage; *Hadji*, one who makes the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Saracen—Etymology doubtful; supposed to be from *Sarak*, to steal; a plunderer, a robber.

Hejira, or Hejra—The Flight; applied emphatically to Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina.

Mufti—The principal head of the Mahomedan religion, and the resolver of all doubtful points of the law. An officer of great dignity in the Turkish empire.

Iuam—A kind of priest attached to the mosque, whose duty it is occasionally to expound a passage of the koran. They, at the same time, usually follow some more lucrative employment.

Moollah—The Moollahs form what is called the Ulema, or body of doctors in theology and jurisprudence, who are entrusted with the guardianship of the laws of the empire, and from whose number the mufti is chosen.

Emir—Lineal descendants of the prophet himself, distinguished by wearing turbans of deep sea-green, the colour peculiar to all the race of Mohammed. They have special immunities on the score of their descent, and one of them carries the green standard of the prophet when the grand seignior appears in any public solemnity.

Pasha—The title given to the provincial governors. A pasha is to a province or pashalic, what the sultan is to the empire, except that the judicial power is in the hands of the cadis, the provincial magistrates. The tails of a pasha are the standards which he is allowed to carry; one of three tails is one of three standards, which number gives the power of life and death.

Reis Effendi—This officer may be termed the high chancellor of the Ottoman empire. He is at the head of a class of attorneys which at this time contains the best informed men of the nation.

Seraglio—This word is derived from *Serat*, a term of Persian origin, signifying a palace. It is therefore improperly used as synonymous with harem, the apartments of the women. The seraglio is, in strictness of speech, the place where the court of the grand seignior is held; but it so happens that at Constantinople this building includes the imperial harem within its walls.

Crescent—The national ensign of the Turks, surmounting the domes and minarets attached to their mosques, as the cross does the churches of the Roman catholics in christian countries. This peculiar and universal use of the crescent is said to have owed its origin to the fact, that at the time of Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina the moon was new. Hence the half moon is commemorative of that event.

Sublime Porte—This title, which is frequently applied to the court, cabinet, or executive department of the Ottoman empire, is derived, as the words import, from a lofty arched gateway of splendid construction, forming the principal entrance to the seraglio, or palace. It is a phrase equivalent to "Court of St. James," "Court of St. Cloud," &c.

SHAKESPEARE AND BYRON.

That Byron wrote best when he wrote of himself and of his own, has probably been already made sufficiently apparent. In this respect he stands alone and apart from all other poets, and this peculiarity extended much further over all his works, than merely to those which may be said to have required him to be thus personal. The great distinction, indeed, of his merit consists in that singularity. Shakespeare, in drawing the materials of his dramas from tales and history, has, with wonderful art, given from his own invention and imagination the fittest and most appropriate sentiments and language; and admiration at the perfection with which he has accomplished this, can never be exhausted. The difference between Byron and Shakespeare consists in the curious accident, if it may be so called, by which the former was placed in circumstances which taught him to feel in himself the very sentiments that he has ascribed to his characters. Shakespeare created the feelings of his, and with such excellence, that they are not only probable to the situations, but give to the personifications the individuality of living persons. Byron's are scarcely less so; but with him there was no invention, only experience, and when he attempts to express more than he has himself known, he is always comparatively feeble. Galt.

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

This lady was so deeply affected when informed of his late majesty's death, that she has ever since been confined to her chamber, very seriously ill; and from her advanced age and consequent infirmities, her recovery is considered doubtful. Her maiden name was Smith; her father, a Roman Catholic gentleman, of an ancient and respectable family; and previously to her connexion with the prince she had been twice married; on the first occasion, when only fifteen years of age, to Mr. Weld, the proprietor of Lutworth-castle (the place assigned to the ex-king, Charles the tenth, as a residence,) who died without issue in less than a year after marriage, and his estates passed to his brother Thomas, father of Dr. Weld, whom the pope has lately invested with the dignity of cardinal. The lady was again married before she had reached her twentieth year, to Mr. Fitzherbert; but in little more than three years she was again a widow, and remained single until the period when the heir apparent to the crown saw and was fascinated by her charms, then ripened into maturity, and they were privately married, according to the forms both of the Protestant and Catholic church. The Roman Catholic priest who married them consulted his safety by quitting England immediately afterwards, and he was well provided for in another country. A separation, induced by prudential considerations, afterwards took place; but there seems, notwithstanding, to have been a strong mutual attachment; and after the prince's unhappy marriage with, and separation from, the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, the connexion was renewed. The lady has for many years lived in comparative retirement; she had an allowance of six thousand pounds a year from the king, the continuance of which has been secured to her upon his majesty's death. She has been on terms of intimacy with most of the other members of the royal family, both male and female, and has received from them visits of condolence since the death of their royal brother. English paper.

GENIUS.

Genius of every kind belongs to some innate temperament; it does not necessarily imply a particular bent, because that may possibly be the effect of circumstances; but without question, the peculiar quality is inborn, and particular to the individual. All hear and see much alike; but there is an indefinable though wide difference between the ear of a musician, or the eye of a painter, compared with the hearing and seeing organs of ordinary men; and it is in something like that difference in which genius consists. Genius is, however, an ingredient of mind, more easily described by its effects

than by its qualities. It is as the fragrance, independent of the freshness and complexion of the rose; as the light on the cloud; as the bloom on the cheek of beauty, of which the possessor is unconscious until this charm has been seen by its influence on others; it is the internal golden flame of the opal; a something that may be extracted from the thing in which it appears, without changing the quality of its substance, its form, or its affinities. Galt's Byron.

A ROYAL FAVOURITE.

The favourite valet de chambre of the King of Spain died lately—of apoplexy, it is said, but rumour also assigns his death to his own hand, in a fit of vexation, in consequence of the following incident. The king and queen being engaged in a game of chess together, Ferdinand rose from the table for the purpose of quitting the room for a few minutes, and desired his favourite, Meras, who was present, to continue the game with her majesty. To this the queen objected in the most lively and pointed terms, referring to the offensive impropriety of a common "domestic" being placed on such terms of familiarity with the wife of his master; and she invited the Count de Transtamare (the only other person present) to continue the game in the absence of the king. Meras immediately retired, and was the next morning but one found dead. Literary Gazette.

POPE PIUS THE SIXTH.

He was any thing but a bigot, and had many amiable qualities. When he was a prisoner at Valence, orders were given to the military commander, Colonel M., of the most rigorous character. The colonel softened them down to the utmost of his power, short of positive neglect of duty and disobedience. Of this generous conduct the pope was duly sensible; but almost afraid of noticing it, lest he should commit his benefactor. The night before he died, however, he sent for this officer, and presenting him with a superb silver gilt cup (rescued from the papal treasury) he begged of him to accept it, as a memorial of the donor's gratitude and esteem. Colonel M., from whom I had the anecdote, felt a conscientious hesitation at accepting so valuable a present from his illustrious prisoner, and after expressing his thanks, declined it, on the plea of religion. "Perhaps your holiness," he said, "is not aware that you are making this valuable and almost consecrated present to a heretic. I am of the church of Geneva?" "What has that to do with it?" said the pope, with a flash of animation. Then after closing his heavy eyes, he added in a tone of exhaustion, but with solemnity, "are we not all the children of the same father?" Lady Morgan.

IVANHOE.

The following is from the preface to the new edition of Ivanhoe: "The name of Ivanhoe was suggested by an old rhyme. All novelists have had occasion, at some time or other, to wish, with Falstaff, that they knew where a commodity of good names was to be had. On such an occasion the author chanced to call to memory a rhyme recording three names of the manors forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis:—

'Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
For striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so.'

The word suited the author's purpose in two material respects—for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and, secondly, it conveyed no indication whatever of the nature of the story. He presumes to hold this last quality to be of no small importance. What is called a taking title, serves the direct interest of the bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes sells an edition while it is yet passing the press. But if the author permits an over degree of attention to be drawn to his work ere it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing condition of having excited a degree of expectation which, if he proves unable to satisfy, is an error fatal to his literary reputation. Besides, when we meet such a title as the Gunpowder Plot, or any other connected with general history, each reader, before he has seen the book, has formed to himself some particular idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be conducted, and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive from it. In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case may be naturally disposed to visit upon the author of the work the unpleasant feelings thus excited. In such a case, the literary adventurer is censured, not for having missed the mark at which he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of."

For the Mirror.

EXTRACT FROM ADOLPH,
AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.
BY ALPHA.

In heaven there's beauty when the sun appears,
Clothed in his royal garment, clouds of gold;
On earth there's beauty when their trembling tears
The flowers dry up, and all their hues unfold;
There's beauty where mid helmets, drums, and spears,
Proud England's lion-banner is unroll'd;
Or when her battle-canvas is unfurl'd,
Whether to punish or redeem a world.

There's beauty where the soaring bird of Jove,
Columbia's well-adopted type of power,
Spreads his protecting pinions broad above
The stars that dim the foe-man's fiery shower;
There's lasting beauty in the land we love,
Though its rude rocks refuse to nurse a flower;
There's beauty by the cot's sequester'd green,
Like virtue in the world, unprized—unseen.

There's beauty where the sounding timbrels swell,
Where hearts are beating and light feet advancing;
Where he who's cool, if such can be, may tell
The dazzling thoughts that in the eyes are glancing
From each delighted bosom's haunted cell,
And making every feature more entrancing—
But, oh! the moonlight solitude for me,
Upon the vast, deep, strong, but tranquil sea.

How solemn is the midnight world of waves,
So strongly calm, so shorelessly sublime,
With all its hidden wilderness of graves
Unformed—unflowered by the hand of time,
Which no fond heart with gushing sorrow laves,
And but the deep-mouth'd caves' terrific chime
In mockery mourns, and fearful monsters tread
To feast upon the forgotten dead.

Awake, awake! why waste the time in sleep?
O'er the volcanic waves the sun is blazing.
See how he, king-like, mounts the glorious steep,
And dims the sight from its familiar gazing.
And where the horizon's playful waters leap
Is many a ship her wings of white upraising.
Oh, what a morn! even as the Christian's creed,
Holy and glorious! God is great indeed!

And these are of his glory, love and power—
The sea that chain-like binds the thoughts of friends,
Even from the parting to the meeting hour,
From native home to earth's remotest ends;
All, all up from the meadow's humblest flower,
Or meanest stream that through the landscape tends,
To the big wave that lifts the winged steed;
All—all proclaim that God is great indeed!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THE MARQUIS D'ARCONATI.

THE following sketch is from the manuscript journal of an English traveller.

In 1810 there lived in Brussels a very extraordinary individual, the Marquis d'Arconati. He belonged to an ancient and opulent Italian family, and possessed an income, it was believed, of eight thousand pounds a-year, a magnificent hotel in the Place Royale, and a large chateau a few miles from town. All the inhabitants were acquainted with the eccentric habits of this nobleman—some pronounced him to be a madman, others would have had him canonized as a saint. During six months of the year, commencing in May, his vast mansion was open to the public, and his weekly *dejeuners* were well attended; but, strange as it may appear, he was never present at them, but generally appointed some one, often a stranger, to superintend and to do the honours of these repasts. The house, from the cellar to the garret, was filled with curiosities of every description; valuable paintings, rare manuscripts, china vases, watches, clocks, snuff-boxes, and so great an abundance of children's toys made of ivory, ebony, or other precious woods, that the town of Nuremberg could not have exhibited a greater number. These he had collected during his travels in every part of Europe, at an expense, it was stated, of at least eighty thousand pounds. Here I was shown the identical pen with which St. Thomas Aquinas wrote all his works, consisting of twelve or fourteen folio volumes, not a bit the worse for use!—the same piece of cloth that St. Martin cut off his cloak to give to a poor man; it was very filthy in appearance, and hardly large enough to have concealed more than his shoulders; the veritable key of St. Hubert, the patron of sportsmen—the celebrated one in the Ardennes being a counterfeit; this key, when made red hot and pressed upon the occiput of any of the canine species, makes them howl terrifically, but effectually prevents them from ever being attacked by hydrophobia! The real left eye of our lady of Loretto—a superb diamond; as the conserva-

tors of the holy chapel stood in need of money, they sold the brilliant orb to the marquis, and introduced a glass one in its stead; but as *notre dame* stared with an obliquity of vision after this abstraction, the monks also sold the right eye to an English Jew, and now both eyes are glass ones.

During the six months, the household of the marquis consisted of about thirty domestics, most of whom were habited in the oriental costume; his stables frequently contained forty horses. Sometimes he was seen driving a curriole-and-six; at other times, a tandem with three horses *at length* was his fancy; again he would appear on an Arabian charger, dressed like a mameluke, accompanied by a dozen men in similar uniforms; upon his turban he wore a pearl, the largest I have ever seen, and estimated at ten thousand pounds; this, he said, had belonged to Thomas Kouli Khan. He used to calculate his expenses to so great a nicety, that at the expiration of the six months, exactly forty pounds remained in his banker's hands, and with this small sum he contrived to exist during the remaining part of the year! He was extremely charitable, and one-tenth of his income was set apart for benevolent purposes.

Mr. R., an English gentleman, who was on intimate terms with this extraordinary character, gave me a letter of introduction, which I presented on a Saturday, the thirty-first of October, the last day of his "appearing in public." The marquis bore a strong resemblance to those prints, said to be a likeness of the prince of fabulists, Æsop, the Phrygian; he spoke fluently several modern languages, and with the dead ones he seemed well acquainted, reading to me occasionally his manuscripts in Chaldaic, Syriac, and Persian. "To-morrow," said the marquis, "I intend to retire from the world—perhaps for ever, perhaps only for six months—if you have any wish to see my dwelling during that period, I will show it to you." He then carefully unlocked a ponderous door at the extremity of his apartments, and I found myself in a small chamber of the most gloomy description; every part was hung with black cloth, here and there embroidered with representations of death's heads; in the centre of the room was a superb coffin of large dimensions: "In this," said he, "I take my rest; in this, also, when the time comes, I am to be buried. My food during my retirement will be bread and water, and the whole of my time will be devoted to prayer, in order to atone for my transgressions during the six previous months." In one corner of the room was a small oratory; here were to be seen books of devotion, hair shirts, and sack-cloth, cat-o'-nine-tails, and a pail full of ashes. The little man's eyes seemed to beam with delight as he contemplated these signs of mortification and penance. I hastily took my leave of the Cenobite, wishing him every happiness during the period of his seclusion.

On reaching the Montagne de la Cour, I met Count de R. "I have just been paying a visit," said I, "to the Marquis d'Arconati; what is your opinion of this nobleman?" "My opinion is," replied the count, "that he is quite crazy, and ought to be sent forthwith to Charenton." Proceeding down the Rue de Madeleine, I accosted Madame la Chanoinesse de B—, a pious Irish dame, and telling her where I had been spending my morning, she exclaimed, "the Marquis is a saint—in verity a saint! and at his death this holy personage will be beatified by the Pope and his consistory."

For the Mirror.

OH! WHAT WERE EDEN'S RICHEST BLOOM.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd till woman smiled."

Oh! what were Eden's richest bloom,
Her crystal founts, her verdant trees,
Her golden fruits, her fragrant flowers,
Her perfumes sweetening every breeze:

Oh! what were they, and more than they,
Had they been pleasures but for one?
The cup of joy were worse than grief,
If to be drained by man alone!

This saw the heavenly Architect,
Who wisely framed the human mind;
And, as his crowning gift to man,
Gave woman, ever fair and kind.

Woman, whose slightest charms are those
Which fasten the enraptured eye,
Or steal upon the listening ear,
In melting tones of harmony!

For she it is who soothes his grief,
Partakes and doubles every bliss;
And calms each tempest of his breast,
By mingling her soft soul with his.

From pain and anguish and despair,
What can his wearied heart beguile
Beyond the reach of dread and gloom?
'Tis beauteous woman's angel smile.

When, in the rage of passion's storm,
Reason and conscience disappear,
What power below can stay him then?
'Tis lovely woman's falling tear.

When health and hope, united, chiant
Their roundelay of mingled joys,
What wakes a more melodious note?
'Tis sweetest woman's silvery voice.

What swells his soul, and overflows
With rapture's tear his swimming eye,
When true heart beats to heart as true?
'Tis yielding woman's gentle sigh.

What gives known joys increasing zest,
Creating always others new,
Exhaustless of the power to bless?
Sweet, lovely, yielding woman, you!

Oh queen of Eden! linked with thee
To mortal man, on earth is given,
In that sweet union of the heart,
A blessed antepast of heaven!

Oh, may it prove a foretaste true
Of joys in paradise above;
And, as below all love is bliss,
So may all bliss in heaven be love!

E. G.

ORIENTAL MAXIMS.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions: when they establish their fortune on the ruin of another; when they expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more marks of dislike than affection; when they wish to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure; when they seek friends without making any advances of friendship; and when they are unwilling to succour their friends in distress.

The world is too narrow for two quarrelsome fools to live in it.

Avarice is the chastisement of the rich.

Your white hairs are the avant-couriers of your death.

He who has not his hand open, has his heart shut.

True prudence is to see from the commencement of an affair what will be the end of it.

Be of good cheer when your enemies are divided among themselves, but fear when they are united and of one accord.

What is easily acquired does not long endure.

It is not astonishing that the wise man should keep silence among warriors. The noise of the trumpet drowns the music of the lute.

In whatsoever house you enter, remain master of your eyes and your tongue.

Why repent a second time of an action of which we have already repented?

If you wish that your own merit should be recognised, recognise the merit of others.

Never give counsel when it is not asked of you; especially to those who are incapable of appreciating it.

One can live well without a brother but not without a friend.

Two things cause affliction: a sad friend, and a joyous enemy.

We esteem in the world those who do not merit our esteem, and neglect persons of true worth: but the world is like the ocean, the pearl is in its depths, the sea-weed swims.

A hundred thieves cannot steal from a poor man who is naked.

How short life would be, if hope did not give it extent!

The body increases by sleep, the mind accumulates by watching.

Do not shorten the long nights by slumber, nor prolong the short days by wickedness.

The man that watches by night rejoices by day.

To teach a knave, is to put a dagger into the hands of an assassin.

A wicked soul is capable of all the wickedness it can conceive.

Fortune comes with chains upon her feet, but when she retires she breaks them all by the effort of flight.

Riches and courage are of no avail when we are deserted by fortune.

Think on those who have gone before you—consider the empires which have passed away—and of all which has ever been, nothing remains but the traces of virtue.

A man of learning, who makes no use of what he knows, is like a cloud which gives no rain.

The wisest of men is he who has the most complaisance for others.

Two things are embarrassing: to be silent, when we ought to speak; and to speak when we ought to be silent.

The heart of the fool is in his mouth, the language of the wise man is in his heart.

N. E. Galaxy.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON,
To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

NUMBER FIVE.

London, September 17.

OF all the surprising things about London, the most surprising is the rapid extension of the city itself. Owing to the shape of the little island of Manhattan, New-York spreads but in one direction, and its enlargement appears perhaps greater than it really is, in comparison with other places. I do not know whether it or London increases fastest, in proportion to their present extent—that is, I do not know which will double its present size in the least time, but I should think it would be a pretty near match. If this place continues to go on at the rate it has done for the last twenty years, it will soon be twice the size of Paris, allowing for that city's growth at its present rate in the meantime; for in addition to the new houses that are erected here, the environs being thickly settled, the city every now and then swallows up a village or a small town of two or three hundred houses. Even Primrose-hill, the Parnassus of Cockaigne, and the rural retreat of its citizens from time immemorial, will in a very little time be surrounded with brick and mortar, and taverns and gin-shops will circle round its very base. The formerly country towns of Hempstead and Highgate will in a few years become incorporated with and known but as parishes of the leviathan city; the same as Islington, Hoxton, Somer's-town, and a dozen other villages of former times are now. Houses are built for miles along all the principal roads leading into London—these are speedily intersected by other roads, and the spaces between are covered with houses almost immediately. And yet Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, Goldsmith, and the grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the present generation used to find London a large place; and the political economists, alarmists and croakers of those times were wont to cry out about head's growing too large for the body, and prophecy in merable evils as the unavoidable consequence thereof.

The superior order, beauty, and cleanliness of the modern style of constructing houses, and the great proportion of large buildings, must strike the most unobservant. Regent street is one unbroken succession of princely edifices. I do not mean a straight street, but has a graceful sweep in a semicircular direction, and there is not an acute angle in its whole range; for where it is crossed by other streets, the four corner houses are built so as to form nearly a circle, which, together with its extreme breadth, gives it a most imposing appearance. Yet this street, in its turn, is far inferior to what is called Park Crescent, and the clusters of terraces round the Regent Park. It is quite a pleasure to walk along such public ways and view such buildings. The foot walks are more than broad enough of a street in the old times, and are a clear gain to the poorer classes, being furnished for the accommodation of all at the expense of the rich. This is the west end, the fashionable part of the town. The large squares which were formerly to be inhabited by the fashionables, are now, for the most part, occupied by the middling classes of tradesmen, probably in the course of another generation will be let in tenements! Be they inhabited, however, by whom they may, they will always remain useful ornaments to the city. It is truly refreshing in strolling about the streets of London to turn down some small alley or other, and unexpectedly find yourself in a fine large square amid pure air and vegetation. Some of them are of such an extent and so thickly planted that a man in the middle of them might fancy himself in country, as he is not visible to, nor has he a view of people passing on the side-walks. What miserable poverty does it seem in the citizens of New-York to crowd a street destined to be one of the largest on the face of the globe, the smallest possible compass. It appears as if they exhausted all their ingenuity to do what ought not to be done, and build their houses of all shapes and sizes so as to make the most of their pigmy lots. I do not know who has the management of those affairs, but there must be gross mismanagement, and short-sighted avarice that ultimately defeats its own ends, somewhere. Doubtless the present generation think themselves very knowing and acute; but their grandsons, when they come to find themselves stewed, as in an oven, with every breath of pure air carefully excluded, will curse the folly and grasping cupidity of their ancestors, and, perhaps, in their wrath be led to speak irreverently of the honourable corporations of former times. Really the newspaper press ought to infuse a little more public spirit into the worthy men who construct houses and lay out streets, and teach them, if possible, to look "beyond the ignorant present."

If as much depends, as it is said there does, on first impressions, the many various accounts of London may be very satisfactorily accounted for. A stranger, with extravagant notions of the greatness of the metropolis, enters it at the west-end and finds his expectations exceeded; but I can easily conceive that stranger's disappointment if, approaching it from sea, he lands (as he must do) at any of the streets adjoining the river. He finds them narrow, dirty, confined places, worse than the worst he has left behind him in his native town. His ears are stunned with the swearing of draymen and the noise of ponderous waggons drawn by the heaviest and bulkiest breed of horses in the world, and his life is ever and anon put in jeopardy where two of those waggons have to pass each other; every three or four yards he has to step from off the footpath and wade in the mud in consequence of the said footpath being too narrow for a couple of people to pass abreast—vexed and annoyed he looks up at the tall grim houses on each side which almost shut out the light of day, and exclaims—"and this is London!" Should there happen to be a drizzly shower of rain, and the stranger feels an uncertainty respecting the right road, his stock of pleasurable sensations is greatly augmented. These streets do not contain a low resident population, for they consist chiefly of large warehouses and taverns; but they swarm with porters, draymen, coachmen, watermen, and other varieties of perhaps as finished blackguards as are to be found in the known world.

Eastcheap, where one John Falstaff and the hopeful heir apparent, Henry Prince of Wales, used to hold their midnight revels, adjoins, and is but one degree better than these streets. If they had used the same kind of dray-horses then that they do now, it would have been impossible for Falstaff and a horse to have passed each other in many places—one of the parties must have given way. Since that time what

A gentleman one day having, for want of a better analogy, called man a little world, was challenged to make out the resemblance by a bevy of belles, who were distractedly fond of poetry:

Man is a little world; in faith 'tis true,
The same ingredients go to make the two.
His tears are April showers that steal away;
His smiles the sunshine of an April day;
Like morning is his transient blush of shame,
Like noon his passions bursting into flame;
Like evening's gloom his pale and slow decay,
Like midnight darkness his last dying day;
His head's a hill with matted grass o'ergrown,
His veins are rivers, and his heart a stone.

Another gentleman, who was excessively addicted to music, but who was occasionally overheard in a matrimonial discord with his wife, having one day asserted that harmony was nothing but a series of discords properly arranged, occasioned the following lines:

Says fiddling Tom, all harmony is nought
But discords well arranged and finely wrought;
If this were true, then Tom's cross wife and he
Would make a most delicious harmony.

A certain musician, who gave a concert at the Springs, having made himself ridiculous by his vanity and impertinence, was despatched by the following broadside:

Fiddlers most like their empty riddles are,
And should be treated with the self-same care;
The concert over, and the supper come,
Both should be put in cases and sent home.

A young fellow, who passed for a first-rate wit at evening parties, was one night observed to be perfectly silent. An envious gentleman accounted for it on the following hypothesis:

Loosing his list of many a stall-fed joke,
Will stupid sit all night and never spoke;
What wonder Will so very silent sits,
When the poor devil has just lost his wits.

THE MONKEY GENTLEMAN

length threatened to make them pay for spoiling his window. One morning, to the astonishment of every body, the inspired throng was missing, and the mystery was soon explained by the following lines, written on the only pane of glass that had escaped being consecrated to the muses:

Bless us! these tuneful bards, how thick they come!
A swarm of drones, no honey and all hum;
Like clouds of insects still they buzz along,
In one eternal, rapid, stale sing-song.
Line after line the gaily wits dispense,
Married in rhyme, but yet divorced in sense;
The same in syllables, and feet and measure,
The meaning a most rich and hidden treasure,
That through the depths of midnight must be sought
In the same darkness that the author thought;
Their lines, like man and wife, limp side by side,
Yet two opposing with the pair divide;
Or like two barren banks of sickly green,
A thick mud puddle sleeping sound between

The following was written on a jolly, fat, good-natured gentleman, whose circumference far exceeded his altitude:

Fat Jack approach'd a lane, and courteous said,
"Can I go through this gate, my pretty maid?"
The gipsy quick replied, "I think you may—
I saw a load of hay go in to-day."

The following incident, it is said, occurred to a pedantic blockhead, who bored every body at the Springs with his scholarship. I'll not swear, however, that the story was not made for him:

Gradus one day a sporting voyage did take,
To see a friend shoot geese upon the lake,
When they came nigh them, in Greek Gradus said,
"See! there they are!" and straight away they fled.
"Pshaw!" said the sportsman, "wherefore did you speak?"
"Why who the devil thought that geese knew Greek?"

* Wild geese. Saratoga lake.

DUKE OF ORLEANS A SCHOOLMASTER.

A short time before the Duc d'Orleans left England, during his last sojourn, he received an invitation for the anniversary dinner of the Society of Schoolmasters. Unable to attend, he addressed a letter to the treasurer, inclosing a liberal donation to the charity, and in which he was pleased to observe, "That, among the motives which made him feel an attachment to schoolmasters, was that of having been himself once a member of the profession. It was one of the many vicissitudes of fortune which had fallen to his lot, that at a period of severe distress and persecution, he had the good luck of being admitted as teacher in a college, where he gave lessons regularly for the space of eight months. He hoped, therefore, that the 'Society for the Relief of Distressed Schoolmasters' would permit him to tender his mite as a fellow-schoolmaster." This donation was afterwards repeated; and the correspondence, which is preserved by the society, is said to be remarkable for the elegance of the hand-writing, as well as for the purity of the language.

La Belle Assemblée.

AN IRISH MANAGER.

Jemmy Whitely was not particular, in poor communities, as to whether he received the public support in money or in "kind." He would take meat, fowl, vegetables, &c. value them by scales, &c. and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus his treasury very often, on a Saturday, resembled a butcher's warehouse rather than a banker's. At a village on the coast the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish; but as the company could not subsist without its concomitants, bread and potatoes, a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy accordingly, after admitting nineteen persons, one evening, for a shad a-piece, stopped the twentieth, and said, "I beg your pardon, my darling, I am extremely sorry to refuse you; but if we ate any more fish, by the powers, we shall all be turned into mermaids!"

Bernard's Retrospections.

MACKLIN'S DAUGHTER.

At Needham I became acquainted with Miss Macklin, the actress, who had retreated to this little haven from the troubled element of public life, to live upon the income she had acquired by her professional labours. She was an admirable reader, (with a true Shakespearian attachment,) and her voice and figure led me to perceive some of the grounds upon which she had founded her popularity. She was not at this time on good terms with her father, which was owing to a domestic occurrence; but their original disagreements, as she informed me, grew out of a reading in *Portia*—she always said that "mercy was mightiest in the mightiest," but he maintaining it was "mightiest in the mightiest," showed her no mercy, but instantly renounced her.

Ibid.

PARTY TITLES.

Two factions, for nearly two centuries, divided and agitated the whole population of Holland and Zealand. One bore the title of *Hocks*, (fishing-hooks,) the other was called *Kaabeljaures*, (cod-fish.) The origin of these burlesque denominations was a dispute between two parties at a feast, as to whether the cod-fish took the hook, or the hook took the cod-fish? This apparently frivolous dispute was made the pretext for a serious quarrel; and the partizans of the nobles and those of the towns ranged themselves on either side, and assumed different badges of distinction. The *Hocks*, partizans of the towns, wore red caps; the *Kaabeljaures* wore gray ones. In Jacqueline's quarrel with Philip of Burgundy, she was supported by the former; and it was not till the year 1492 that the extinction of that popular and turbulent faction struck a final blow to the dissensions of both.

NEW FRENCH COINAGE.

The new French money is to bear the head of the new sovereign, surrounded by the legend, "*Louis Philippe I. King of the French*." The reverse will present a crown formed of a branch of olive and laurel, in the interior of which the date of the year and value of the piece will be inscribed.

LITERARY ITEMS.

"Robert of Paris, a romance of the Lower Empire," is the name of Sir Walter Scott's forthcoming novel. "Tales of a Grandfather, being stories taken from the history of France," are also announced.

Mr. Cooper's new novel, "The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas," will be published, by Messrs. Carey and Lea, early in December.

For the Mirror.

HAPPINESS.

BY IOLANTE.

Not in wealth's gorgeous hall,
Decked out in all art's costliest arraying,
Where mid tall columns silvery fountains playing
Upon the ear like music's echoes fall;
The home of pomp, the daily haunt of pride,
Not there, not there does happiness abide.

Not in the humble cot,
Whose walls no ray of fortune's sunshine blesses,
Where the dull weight of penury oppresses
The hearts that wither 'neath their heavy lot;
The home of want, too oft the den of guilt,
Not there has happiness her mansion built.

Not in the quiet nook,
Where the pale student his lone watch is keeping,
While his high thoughts, the bounds of time o'erleaping,
Forgetting earth, on things immortal look;
The home of genius, wisdom's calm retreat,
Not even there has happiness her seat.

Oh! seek her not on earth,
Where all the brightest hopes our hearts can cherish,
Like flowers in desert isles, are doomed to perish
Unknown beyond the spot that gave them birth:
Oh ne'er on earth can ought so fair find rest,
Not here shall happiness reward thy guest.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

French celebration.—The question has often been proposed to us, why is it that New-York does not evince her sympathy in the deep and pervading emotions of exulting joy which have been experienced in every portion of this extensive country, at the emancipation of our ancient allies and friends, the French, from an oppressive and a galling yoke? Why did not her citizens, as they were the first to receive the intelligence of the auspicious event, lead the van and set the example in its celebration? Different reasons may be assigned, not one of them connected with apathy, or indifference to the cause of freedom and humanity. Of these, two may be selected, as sufficient to satisfy every impartial mind: the one was the close approximation of our state election, and the strong political excitement incident thereto, which gave just ground for suspicion that any festive solemnities that might have been proposed, at the moment, would have been partial and exclusive; the other, and not least important reason for delaying the celebration, was a desire on the part of those individuals who were most deeply interested in the event, to see it brought to a sure and final consummation. The throne of the Bourbons had indeed been overturned; the tyrants, who had attempted to defy and scorn the will and majesty of the people, had been consigned to banishment from the land they would have betrayed, and which was soiled by their footsteps; a new government had been established, and the cause of liberty promised to be triumphant; but did not the experience of the past justify fears for the future? Had not light once before dawned on the vine-clad hills and verdant valleys of France? And had not that light been extinguished by internal, as well as external enemies? Was not the intervention of foreigners again to be anticipated, and civil commotions too, so bloody and endless? True—but circumstances have changed. The advancement of knowledge has placed weapons in the hands of the people of almost every country in Europe, which will both incite and enable them to resist any kingly mandate which should call them to contend in the cause of tyranny against the rights of man. And the people of France too, enlightened by the experience of the past, and justly dreading a renewal of former horrors and misfortunes, will neither recur to wild schemes of Utopian perfection on the one side, nor raise their hands in bitter violence against each other in support of a justly degraded family. No: the revolution of France, as it was brilliant in its commencement, and glorious and unparalleled for the resolution, the wisdom, the forbearance, the heroic magnanimity of its chief actors in its development, so will it be efficient in its results, and permanent in its duration. The recognition of the king of the French by the first powers of Europe—the consolidation of his government at home—and the complete overthrow of all transitory commotions excited by the turbulent disposition of a few dissatisfied adherents of the ancient dynasty, give us full and indisputable warrants for arriving at this gratifying conclusion. This then appears to be the most appropriate time for the intended festivities—now, that our elections have been brought to a close, and the event intended to be celebrated has been finally consummated. We are happy therefore to learn, that at a highly respectable meeting, a committee of upwards of two hundred of our citizens have been appointed to carry the desired object

into effect. The selection has been made from all parties and ranks, and it is intended to get up the pageant in becoming magnificence. The twenty-fifth day of this month, on which the evacuation of our own soil by its last foreign masters is celebrated, has been selected as the most appropriate for the occasion. It is to be hoped, that when the arrangements are completed, they will be of such an unobjectionable character, that all our population may participate in their observance.

Mr. Hazlitt.—The writings of this author have ever excited considerable attention in the United States, more especially those relating to dramatic literature and theatrical criticisms. The following notice from the Court Journal of September cannot but prove acceptable:

"The literary world has sustained a loss in the death of William Hazlitt, which it will not readily repair. He died at his lodgings in Frith-street, Soho, and was buried (in a strictly private manner) at St. Anne's church, in that parish. In those particular departments of literature to which Mr. Hazlitt chiefly directed his efforts—namely, criticism, and essays on men and manners—he may be regarded as the most distinguished writer of his day—almost of any day.

"An erroneous impression has been conveyed by the newspapers as to the pecuniary circumstances in which Mr. Hazlitt died. Perhaps he was never more easy in that respect than at the time he was seized with the illness which has terminated in his death. He had, within the two or three previous months, received considerable sums from a great publishing house for works lately completed by him, and one of which is just now published, (*Northcote's Conversations*), and he had also received various other sums to a considerable amount for his writings in periodical works—the *Edinburgh Review* in particular. It is true Mr. Hazlitt's habits of life were such as to make him dependent on his immediate literary exertions for the gratification of his immediate wants; he never wrote till his pecuniary necessities compelled him to do so; and the consequence was, that dying suddenly, he has probably not left behind him *any thing* towards the future support of the son who was the only person dependent on him. But this fact in no degree justifies the impressions conveyed by the statement that he 'died in poverty.'

"We may further add, for the satisfaction of the many who may feel interested on these points, that Mr. Hazlitt retained the entire possession of his faculties to the latest moment of his life, and died with perfect calmness of mind, and almost free from bodily pain. His death arose from organic disease of the stomach, of many years standing."

Mrs. Heber.—In vindication of this lady against certain malicious personal remarks, made in relation to her second marriage, we republish the following letter from the American.

"DEAR SIR—I am indebted to you for two letters, the last a most interesting one, written after you had read the "*Life*." I was very sure that the beautiful touches of goodness and wisdom, commencing in the very earliest of his letters, and increasing in strength and vividness to the latest, would interest and please all my kind American friends. You are right in supposing that there is a considerable mass of correspondence, of all ages, still unpublished; but I think I have omitted nothing which could throw additional light on his almost perfect character—while there are many grave persons who blame me for giving too much to the world."

"You will have heard of the change which has taken place in my name and situation since I last addressed you.

"In giving my children, as their protector, a man of sound judgment, sense, and temper, of strict moral and religious principles, as well as of noble birth, fortune, and possessing an honourable employment in his own government, while their fortunes are legally secured, I trust that they will find essential advantages. A residence of two years in the Ionian islands will, I have every reason to hope, be of infinite use to my eldest girl's health, which was much affected by the severity of our last winter. My beloved children will ever be my first objects, and to bring them up in the faith of their blessed father, my earnest and fondest hope.

"We leave England soon, and, travelling through France, Switzerland, and Italy, hope to reach Corfu in December.

"Count Valsamachi is secretary to the Ionian government, and we must consequently remain in that island till the parliament adjourns, when we shall proceed to Cephalonia, where his property lies, and where he has a country house in one of the most romantic situations in that beautiful island, close to the sea. I take an excellent governess with me, and look to enjoying every opportunity of superintending my children's education myself. The island boasts of little society; but with a happy family circle, such as I trust ours will always continue to be, one is independent of all external circumstances. Believe me, very truly yours, AMELIA VALSAMACHI."

LADY, THE SILVER MOON SHINES BRIGHT.

SUNG BY MISS LOVE—COMPOSED BY J. BARNETT.

Andante.

La - dy, the sil - ver moon shines bright! Her beams dis - perse the dew's of night; Then, la - dy, let thy pre - sence cheer Thy lo - ver who a -

waits thee here! Then, la - dy, let thy pre - sence cheer Thy lo - ver who a - waits thee here! *dim.* La - dy, the sil - ver moon shines bright! Her beams dis - perse the

dew's of night, Her beams dis - perse the dew's of night, Her beams dis - perse the dew's of night.

SECOND VERSE.

Let the soft lustre of thine eyes,
Disperse thy lover's anxious sighs!
And thy sweet voice which breathes divine,
Be tuned to love as well as mine.

For the Mirror.

WHEN ROSY MORN HER GRATEFUL BEAM.

AIR—"Pensez à moi."

WHEN rosy morn her grateful beam
Is shedding o'er the freshened earth,
Why do I chide the sunny gleam
That wakens me to pain or mirth?
'Tis that in dreams of ecstasy
"Je pense à vous, ma chère amie."

And oft at twilight's placid hour,
While gazing on the evening star,
My thoughts, despite its witching power,
Will turn to something brighter far—
Thou art that brighter light to me!
"Je pense à vous, ma chère amie."

And if, when hopes of storied name
Urge me to seek proud learning's prize,
(Pale watcher at her holy flame,
Should then a thought of thee arise,
Lost in the maze of memory,
"Je pense à vous, ma chère amie."

But, fare thee well! thou must not know
The curbless thoughts that fill my heart—
Though still in sickness, weal or woe,
Of all those thoughts art thou a part.
Ever! in joy or misery,
"Je pense à vous, ma chère amie."

W. H. R.

MUTABILITY OF FORTUNE.—A young lady, a native of Martinique, was on a voyage to France, with the design of being educated there, when the merchant vessel, on board of which

she was passenger, was captured by an Algerine cruiser, and taken to Algiers. The poor girl was at first overwhelmed with affliction at the prospect of captivity before her; but as passion gave way to meditation, it came to her recollection that an old woman had predicted that she would one day become one of the greatest princesses in the world! "Ah!" exclaimed she, for superstition was in this instance but the handmaid of inclination, "it is doubtless so, I am to be a princess. Well, I must not quarrel with fortune. Who knows what may come out of this?" So strong did this prepossession grow on the young lady, that ere she reached the Barbary shore she was as much a fatalist in point of resignation as any devotee of Islamism could possibly be. The French consul at Algiers immediately offered to ransom his countrywoman; but no, she would not be ransomed, for fear of offending fortune, by resorting to so vulgar a way of recovering her liberty. So to the seraglio of the dey of Algiers the lady went; and, strange to tell, from his highness's seraglio she was sent as a present to the grand seignor, who was so struck with her beauty and manners (for in both she was excelling) that he elevated her to the dignity of his favourite sultana! Such was the singular rise of the late Sultana Nalide, who died in eighteen hundred and eighteen, and was the mother of the present grand seignor.

FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.—We were walking in the garden among the flowers; my companion stopped by a border, principally of large carnation poppies. "O," says he, "what beautiful, what splendid flowers; but why do you not destroy those miserable weeds that so thickly and offensively occupy

the interstices of the border?" "Wait till evening and I will tell you," I replied. We walked to the same place again in the evening. "O, what delicious fragrance; how delicate, how sweet! and yet so fine, as, like the whispered music of the Eolian harp, it is scarcely perceptible—whence this delightful sweetness?" inquired my friend. "That, sir," I replied, "is the fragrance of that miserable weed, which you would have had me destroy this morning, and in it you have the answer to your question. That is the lovely *mignonette*, and now where are your beautiful, splendid flowers, the poppies? In the morning they were here in all the ostentation of splendid robes, but where are they now? Scattered over the walks. The sun shone upon them, and the gentle breeze came and they were gone—leaving neither beauty nor fragrance behind. But this little plant, the appearance of which was so offensive to you this morning, now fills the very air with rich fragrance—the one is the glare and ostentation of external show, the other the richness of mind and the sweetness of modesty."

MAXIMS.—True wealth consists in virtue, and not in the possession of great estates; and wisdom consists in understanding and not in years.

The wisest of men is he who has the most civility for others.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE UNTIMELY JEST.

A College Reminiscence.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

EVERY one has heard of Princeton, the abode of the most abused and insulted *alma mater* that ever attempted to restrain the wild sallies of youth. Fifty years ago Princeton was as much distinguished for its *belles* as for its *rebels*. The students were not forbidden a proper degree of intimacy with the young females of the neighbouring families, and many a mad prank, which ended in the discomfiture of the grave professors of the college, originated in the merry malice of these fair daughters of Eve. I was at that time at the head of the senior class. A laughing eye, a light heart, a great passion for beauty, and a wonderful liking for fun, were my sole recommendations to the favour of the ladies; but I soon found these sufficient. At all the tea-parties, quilting-frolics, apple-peelings, &c. my presence was deemed indispensable; and as I flirted with all without making love to any, I soon became a universal favourite. By the way, let me recommend such a course to all young gentlemen who wish to shine in the light of female favour. A particular partiality for one implies a degree of inferiority in the other members of the coterie; but when each can claim a portion of attention, all are flattered and all gratified. This piece of information is somewhat too valuable to be given gratuitously; however, let it pass.

How it happened that such a giddy and volatile fellow as myself should ever have become the friend of the serious and intellectual Mordaunt Ormesby, I could never exactly understand. He had been a pupil in the college, and after completing the prescribed course of study, had entered the theological seminary with the intention of devoting himself to the gospel ministry. For this vocation he seemed peculiarly fitted, both by nature and education. His expressive countenance, his soft dark eyes, his cheerful yet dignified manners, and above all his voice, low, rich, and clear as the tones of a flute, all seemed to mark him out as one worthy to be an apostle of the cross. There was one peculiarity in his character, which may perhaps explain the mystery of his regard for me. This was an extreme timidity, amounting almost to nervousness. He had a morbid fear of ridicule, which frequently exposed him to the very evil he sought to avoid, and probably it was the frank and fearless confidence of my manners which first attracted him towards me, and afterwards rendered me a necessary support to him.

Every body wondered at Mordaunt's choice of a friend, still more did they wonder at his choice of a mistress. When it was first known that he was the accepted lover of Cecilia Davenant, the quantity of gossip which issued from the rosy lips of the Princeton belles was absolutely terrifying. To be sure Cecilia was pretty and good-natured, but then she hated the very sight of a book; she was as fickle as the wind, and "so fond of frolic, that she would rather lose a friend than spoil a joke." Such were the remarks most volubly poured into our ears by the fair scandalizers, (I beg their pardon, but we all know that ladies are always scandalizers in a *moderate way*.) Cecilia Davenant was certainly the loveliest little romp that ever witched away the sober senses of man. I recollect perfectly well the circumstances under which Mordaunt and myself first beheld her. We had long been intimate in the family of Mr. Wilson, and had frequently heard his daughter, the gentle Mary, speak of her orphan cousin, the rich Carolina heiress. At length we were told she was coming to spend some time in Princeton, and the belles were all in fearful anticipation of a formidable rival. Late one afternoon as Mordaunt and myself were sauntering along the path which led to Mr. Wilson's house, we heard in an adjacent field loud bursts of laughter, occasionally interrupted by the barking of a dog, and the merry cries of a child. Though the field was concealed from the road by a thick hedge, we succeeded in finding an opening after some difficulty, and beheld a singular and amusing spectacle. Seated on the grass was a beautiful child, whom we instantly recognised to be Mr. Wilson's youngest boy, and beside him a young female, busily employed in adorning a large Newfoundland dog with a straw hat

and rich scarf, of which she had evidently just despoiled her own pretty person. When she had finished she started up, and running several times round the field, with a swiftness which completely baffled the pursuit of the dog, encumbered as he was with his unwonted trappings, threw herself on the grass, and laying her head on the child's lap, indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter. I never saw such picturesque beauty as she then displayed. The perfect symmetry of her form, as she lay extended on the grass, with her little feet carelessly folded over each other, the bright eye and flushed cheek, of which we obtained casual glimpses as the wind lifted her clustering curls, were exquisitely lovely. When, a few hours after, we were introduced by Mary Wilson to "my cousin, Miss Davenant," we had no difficulty in recognising the pretty romp, notwithstanding the smoothly combed locks and demure countenance which she then exhibited.

I never could see the use of making a long story out of a short one. We all know what stupid people lovers are, (to all but each other, I mean,) and the manner in which love affairs are conducted, has always been the same from the time of the deluge. My story only differs in its *dénouement*. Mordaunt had been the acknowledged lover of Cecilia for some months, and their union was only deferred until he should have taken orders. His fortune was considerable, and hers was very great, so that pecuniary considerations were of no weight with them. One evening I accidentally overheard a conversation between them, which gave me some painful doubts as to their future happiness. They had just returned from a walk, and as they seated themselves on the piazza, near the window where I was reading, Cecilia exclaimed, in a half petulant tone,

"Really, Mordaunt, you have grown so stupid and dull lately that you are absolutely tiresome—what on earth is the matter with you?"

"Tiresome," returned he, in a tone of melancholy sweetness, which thrilled my very heart, "tiresome even to you, Cecilia?"

"Oh! well I didn't mean tiresome exactly; but what is the reason that you are always so dull? I wish you loved mirth as well as I do."

"I am sorry you even indulge such a wish as that," said he, gravely, "as you well know it is one which never can be gratifying. I love to see you gay, but certainly never expect to possess such a frolicsome spirit myself."

"I declare, I am absolutely afraid to talk to you, you take every thing so seriously," returned she. "I once heard you called 'the knight of the rueful countenance,' and I really believe you deserve the title."

This was touching Mordaunt in the tenderest point. His dread of ridicule rendered him tremblingly alive to such a remark.

"Pray who was witty enough to bestow such an appellation upon me?" inquired he in a tone of pique.

"There," said she laughing, "didn't I tell you that you took every thing too seriously; now you are vexed about that harmless jest?"

"Will you be so kind as to inform me the name of the person?" asked he, in the same tone of vexation.

"Oh, I forget," answered the heedless girl. "Ned Willoughby, I believe."

I was about to start forward and repel the false accusation when Mordaunt replied,

"No, Cecilia, that I cannot credit; whoever it might be, I know it was not Edward. He has too much regard for me to wound my feelings by unmerited ridicule. I can easily believe that woman's affections are governed by caprice, but with man's nature I am better acquainted. You may be amused by a senseless jest even when I am the subject of it; but Edward Willoughby would never heap ridicule upon his friend."

He spoke this in a tone of the deepest mortification, but she only laughed still more heartily, and asked him if he was practising a homily! He rose hastily.

"Cecilia," said he, "I am not just now in the humour for merriment. If you will trouble yourself to recollect that on the coming sabbath I am to preach my *first* sermon you will probably understand the reason of my gravity. Allow me also to remind you that you have in your possession a manu-

script which I wish to make use of on that occasion. As you have probably been too much occupied to peruse it, will you be kind enough to return it to me?"

"Oh, I cannot go for it now," said she carelessly. "I suppose it will be time enough to-morrow. I dare say you know it by heart already."

"I know somewhat too much by heart," muttered he. "I will send for it to-morrow." And before she could reply, he bade her good day and departed.

As soon as he was out of sight I issued from my retreat.

"For heaven's sake, Cecilia," said I, "take care what you are doing. I have overheard all your conversation; and, believe me, you are trifling with Mordaunt in a manner which you will repent."

She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Why, really, sir, I thank you for your advice, but I have seen him in such a humour fifty times. He will come to-morrow and beg my pardon for his ill-humour. I will pout for a little while and then forgive him, and we shall be as good friends as ever."

In vain I remonstrated with her. The thoughtless girl had too often seen the power of her charms to doubt it now, and I left her with a painful presentiment of evil upon my mind.

The next day was Saturday, and Mordaunt, who was deeply impressed with the importance of the task he had undertaken, shut himself up in his room, and begged I would not interrupt him.

"Shall we go to Mr. Wilson's this evening?" said I.

"No," replied he hastily; "Cecilia's gaiety is too oppressive sometimes. I have reflected upon the duty which I have to perform to-morrow, until I am unfit even for your society. My feelings are certainly not in unison with her light and cheerful spirit."

In the evening I was admitted to his apartment and found him despatching a note to Cecilia, requesting the return of his manuscript. The messenger was delayed a long time and finally returned without it, saying, "Miss Davenant was engaged with company, but would send the manuscript in the morning." Mordaunt bit his lip, and the flash of anger passed over his pale cheek as he dismissed the servant.

"Edward," said he, "I sometimes do not know what to think of Cecilia. She is so incorrigibly volatile that I frequently fancy we can never be happy together. Last week I gave her the sermon which I intend preaching to-morrow, with a request that she would read it, and give me her opinion of it. Perhaps I asked too much from a gay and giddy girl; but she might at least have tried to comply with my wishes. I have in vain endeavoured to obtain possession of it since, and I dare not trust myself in the pulpit without it; for although I am perfectly familiar with every line, yet I know that my self-possession will fail me when I am compelled to address a large audience."

I saw that Mordaunt's feelings were deeply wounded, and I in vain endeavoured to soothe them. Though it was rather late, I went to Mr. Wilson's house in the hope of getting the manuscript, but Miss Davenant had retired to her apartment, and returned unsuccessful.

The next morning, as soon as I thought Mordaunt would admit me, I sought his chamber. He was exceedingly pale, and I could easily discover that he was very much excited. About an hour before church-service commenced, the manuscript arrived. Mordaunt opened it, and after reading the first few pages, said,

"I have not time to overlook it now. I believe I may trust my memory."

We went to the church together. An unusually large audience was assembled; and, seated in the front pew directly below the pulpit, was the gaily attired and beautiful Cecilia. Mordaunt read the psalm in a low sweet voice, which, like the air, rather felt than heard, seemed to pervade every part of the building. The prayer which followed was one of the most affecting appeals to heaven that ever issued from the lips of mortal. When it was finished he sat with his face bent down between his hands as if to recover strength for the more important task which now awaited him. At length he rose. His voice was extremely tremulous as he repeated the text which he had chosen, but in a few moments his self-

possession seemed to return, and his manner, so calm, so dignified, and so impressive, gave new force to the truths which his eloquence had adorned. The attention of the audience was intently fixed upon the preacher as he proceeded to explain the disputed points of his subject, and he was gradually approaching that part of his discourse which is usually designated the practical application, when he suddenly paused. A deep silence and almost breathless attention denoted the interest of his hearers. Still the pause was unbroken. I looked at Mordaunt; his face was crimsoned with emotion. He appeared busily turning over the leaves of his manuscript as if in search of some connecting link which had been found wanting. His search seemed vain. His brow grew almost black with suppressed agitation. A slight titter began to be heard among the younger part of the audience. Mordaunt was still silent. At length a laugh was distinctly heard from the pew which Cecilia occupied. Mordaunt bent over the pulpit, and for a moment fixed a stern and wild gaze upon her. He in vain endeavoured to speak. The words seemed to rattle in his throat, but he could form no articulate sound. He sat down. The more serious part of the audience remained in mute amazement, while the laugh had become almost universal among the young people. After the lapse of several minutes Mordaunt again rose and, in a low and hurried voice, muttered something about the loss of a part of his sermon, and hastily apologizing to the audience, abruptly left the church. The confusion which followed can scarcely be conceived. I made my way to Cecilia as soon as possible. Her immoderate mirth convinced me that she knew more than any one else of the mystery. But I could get no information from her, and, disgusted at her heartlessness, I left her and hastened to Mordaunt. In vain I knocked at his door and implored to be admitted. He refused to allow me to see him. I could hear him pacing his apartment with steps which betrayed his agitation. But it was not until some hours had passed that I was allowed entrance. His face was dreadfully pale, his eyes blood-shot, and his whole appearance was that of a man just recovering from an attack of epilepsy. The mystery was soon explained. In the anticipation of a frolic Cecilia had cut out a leaf of the sermon. Taken completely by surprise, Mordaunt entirely lost his self-possession. In vain he endeavoured to regain the thread of his discourse. Overwhelmed by mortification and anguish (for he well knew that it could be ascribed to no hand but Cecilia's) he was unable to frame a connecting link for his ideas, and the consequence was utter humiliation.

After a long and agitating conversation between us he rose to seek Cecilia.

"Shall I accompany you?" said I.

"If you choose," was the reply; "but remember I must see her alone."

When we arrived at the house I took a seat on the piazza with Mary, while he, having requested a private interview with Miss Davenant, retired to the drawing-room.

What passed during the time they remained together I never heard. Mary and myself were completely engrossed in the discussion of the painful circumstance in which a thoughtless jest had placed both. I remarked with some surprise that Mary seemed much agitated, and spoke of her cousin with a degree of severity very foreign to her usual sweetness and gentleness. For a moment a suspicion that Mordaunt might have found a more congenial spirit in her crossed my mind, but the recollection of her uniform tranquillity during the progress of his love-affair with Cecilia, entirely destroyed the probability of it.

In a few minutes we heard a confused murmur from the room. The low and tremulous tones of Mordaunt's voice were distinctly heard, followed by the accents of deprecation and entreaty from the lips of Cecilia. By degrees the voices were raised. We heard Mordaunt utter these words:

"I have loved you as few men can love, as few women deserve to be loved; but in proportion to the strength of my affection, is now the force of my hatred. I know that christian charity would condemn me for this, but I cannot help it. You have humbled me to the very dust, trampled upon my feelings, ruined my prospects, and crushed my spirit beneath a weight of humiliation which never can be shaken off, and at this moment the poisonous adder is less loathsome to my sight than the vain and selfish being who could sacrifice her best affections to a senseless jest. Farewell."

In an instant he issued from the room, and hastening down the steps of the piazza, scarcely allowed me time to overtake him before he arrived at his own apartment. The next morning a note was handed me from Mordaunt, stating that he had quitted the country forever. I hastened to his lodgings, but

he had left them at day-break, taking with him all his baggage, and none knew his destination. What were the feelings of Cecilia at this unforeseen event, I never knew. She loved Mordaunt as well as such a gossamer spirit could love, but she probably soon forgot his loss and her folly. She immediately left Princeton, and a few months after I heard of her marriage with a southern planter.

Fifteen years passed away, during which time, being deeply engaged in professional duties, I heard nothing of my early friends. One afternoon, conversing with a gentleman from England, the discourse turned upon the popular preachers of the day. He mentioned one who had for some years, he said, attracted the largest audience in London.

"One of our countrymen too," added he, "educated, I believe, at Princeton."

Feeling a vague sort of interest in his account, I asked the name of this popular preacher.

"His name is Ormesby."

Scarcely believing my own ears, I eagerly questioned him concerning his private history, and was told that he had taken up his abode in London about ten years since, had soon become very popular, had accepted a valuable living in the gift of a nobleman who was very much attached to him, and through whose means he had risen to the highest dignities of the church; that he had been married about five years to an American lady whom he had met with in London, and, finally, that he was living in great splendour, as much beloved for his virtues as honoured for his talents.

As I was upon the point of visiting England myself, I obtained Ormesby's address, and my first visit after my arrival in London was to him. He received me with the utmost affection, and introduced me with a smile to his wife, the identical Mary Wilson whom I had once known at Princeton. I learned from his own lips the particulars of his history. After he had been for some time established in London he accidentally encountered Mary Wilson, who, with her father, was travelling in search of that health which a hopeless love for Mordaunt had destroyed. He had by that time learned more of human nature, and he could not have long remained blind to Mary's partial regard. He offered his hand, and never had cause one moment to repent his generosity. Though not warmly attached to her when he married, her sweetness of temper and tenderness had won his most devoted affection, and they were now completely happy. I ventured to ask about Cecilia. He smiled sadly.

"She is a widow, the mother of two destitute children," said he. "Her husband squandered away her fortune, treated her with the utmost harshness, and finally died of intemperance, leaving her without a friend or a shilling in the world. She is now an inmate of my house. Mary sent for her as soon as she heard of her misfortunes, and for the last two years she and her children have been members of my family."

The next day I dined with him and saw Cecilia. Her sunken eye and pallid cheek told a melancholy tale. Her spirits were entirely gone, and when I contrasted the blooming appearance of the happy Mary with the faded and wretched countenance of her once brilliant cousin, I could not but feel that Cecilia had paid dearly for an untimely jest.

For the Mirror.

SHE SAW HER FLOWERS WITHER.

AIR—The Soldier's Tear.

SHE saw her flowers wither
And her fondest hopes decay,
And all their bright creations,
Like shadows pass away.
But she gazed on him, whose smiles
Like the summer's sun could cheer,
And thought to weep upon his breast,
Love's home of peace was there.

But she saw no more the smile
Of joy upon his brow;
And the breast, which oft had pillowed her,
No home of peace was now;
For cold the heart that beat within,
To its first love had grown,
And affection's smiles which cheered her once,
With hope's young dreams had flown.

There is no lustre in her eyes,
No bloom upon her cheek;
And yet she weeps not, though her sighs
The soul's despair bespeak.
She's fading like a summer plant,
Forever from the earth,
To dwell where sorrow ne'er exists,
Where angels have their birth.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

MR. MORRIS—The following sketch, which I have translated from "*Le Courrier des Etats Unis*," is a good-humoured caricature of that singular being—an Englishman abroad. It is good-humoured, for the French no longer look on their neighbours as their enemies, but as their friends and allies. As a proof of this I may mention, that lately at the theatre at Marseilles, when a "*Pas Anglais*" was to be danced, in ridicule of the proverbial awkwardness of a nation whose feet do certainly "hang too heavy on their hands," the spectators would not allow it to be concluded. Δ.

Translated from the French, for the New-York Mirror.

TRIBULATIONS OF MILORD KITTLEPING,

ON HIS LATE ARRIVAL AT PARIS.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

To the stranger who was suddenly transported among us from London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, or Madrid, how astonishing a sight must the city of Paris have presented during the three "glorious days"! How could he at the first glance decipher the strange spectacle before him? How understand those crowds—that ocean, whose waves grew and swelled every moment? How could any one who had not read the infamous "ordinances" feel, think, and act with that people, so terrible in its anger, so noble in its humanity—that people which breathed only one feeling, one thought, one threat? It was enough to set him beside himself, and make him think he was mad or dreaming; just as when we enter in the midst of a ball, we stop our ears, and cannot conceive what sets so many limbs in motion at once. Such was the situation of Milord Kittleping on the twenty-ninth of July. The story of his tribulations, which are worth telling, we have from himself. Their ridiculousness is but exterior, beneath is philanthropy, sympathy for France, courage, and true love of liberty. Honour to those who are thus ridiculous!

The wandering spirit of the English is well known. They are generally so adventurous that one might suppose them descended from the wandering jew, of peripatetic memory; and besides, there is the fashion which requires every gentleman to visit Switzerland and Italy, once at least in his life, as the Mahometan religion orders every true believer to bow the knee once at least before the tomb of the prophet. Economy also imposes a term of exile on many of them. They are persuaded that they can ruin themselves cheaper in France than at home.

Milord Kittleping had, at the age of thirty-two, traversed the four quarters of the globe; he had eaten pine-apples in Brazil, had seen the interesting reptiles of Africa, had inhaled the fragrance of the roses of Bengal, had even sipped tea in Canton. This was something, but he had neither seen St. Peter's at Rome, nor the Cretins of the Alps, nor the pirouettes of our opera, consequently he was looked upon in the London saloons as only half a man. Anxious to earn the other half, he finally determined to set out on the fashionable pilgrimage. He embarked, disembarked, bought a post-chaise, filled it with provisions, stretched himself out at full length, closed the glasses, and went to sleep, in order to have a better view of the country, nor did he awake till he reached Paris. The horses stopped before the hotel. Milord, supposing himself at his journey's end, looks out. What does he see? An immense crowd surrounding the carriage, and calling to him to get out! Milord does not understand them, and remains motionless. "Oh! oh! he is obstinate—he won't get out! let us upset the carriage, and set it cross-ways in the street—it will do for a barricade for want of better." And they go to work accordingly. Milord, who understood the Burman language, the Arabic, the Turkish, the Syrian, and the Monomatan perfectly well, and who spoke Chinese as purely as M. Rémusat himself, unfortunately did not understand a word of French. Feeling himself overturned, he cries, swears, rages, but in vain; the carriage describes a quarter of a circle, and falls on its side. Luckily for Milord, his stock of provisions deadened his fall; his head struck in an excellent *poté de foie gras*, which adorned it like a light-horseman's cap. Thus qucerly equipped, but uninjured, he managed to creep out of the upper side of his post-chaise, as one would out of a chimney.

"Good heavens!" cried he, in English or in Monomatan, I am not sure which, "is this the way they receive strangers in France? To judge by this specimen, they must be a most original people."

In the meantime the mob surround him, and offer him their

unintelligible condolences. But in such emergencies little time can be sacrificed to idle courtesy, they only ask him,

"Are you hurt?"

"No; silence is consent."

"He is not hurt."

"He is an Englishman."

"Long live the English! they are friends of liberty! they are at work with us every where. No doubt this one set off on purpose to lend us a hand; no doubt that's what he was saying just now. Come, give him a crow-bar, he'll help us to make our barricade."

"Long live the English!"

And with these words they put in his hands a long and heavy bar of iron. Milord, who doesn't know what all this means, at first refuses, and cries out, purple with rage,

"Good heavens! what an original people!"

But they make signs to him to tear up the pavement, and in spite of himself to work he goes, tearing up the pavement; tearing up indeed more than any one else, for he was in a glorious rage. His reflections, in the meantime, were most curious.

"Zounds," thought he, "what an original people! to treat strangers in this way! not even to give them time to get out of their carriage or to eat a beefsteak! To be sure, it's very well that every country should have its peculiar customs; it gives more variety to the human race; and I too am fond of original people, but really this is going a little too far."

When the barricade was finished, Milord wished to retreat.

"Another!"

"Huzza for another!" was the general cry, and Milord Kittling is carried in triumph to the other end of the street, amid shouts of

"The English for ever!"

Milord, who was but little flattered by proofs of gratitude and admiration he did not understand a word of, began to storm most terribly.

"What a devil of a people! I can't fathom them, and yet I have seen some very curious ones; I've seen Esquimaux, Monomatapans, and Hottentots, but never any thing equal to this. What fury possesses them to unpave their streets, and to make strangers work at it! Zounds! what an original people!"

What became of him when, after the second barricade was finished, a third was to be put up, then a fourth, then a fifth, then the sixth—no, the sixth was only proposed. Milord could bear it no longer; he had already raised his crow-bar, not to take up the pavement, but to establish a *cordon sanitaire* around himself, when a volley of musketry scattered the crowd, and left him once more his own master. He regained the street where his carriage was lying, entered the hotel, the address of which he had, and had only breath enough left to say,

"Give me some dinner, that is, if they dine at all in this accursed country. What a most original people!"

The host took occasion to explain to him what was going on. At each word, Milord's face varied its expression. His anger gave way to surprise, his surprise to enthusiasm.

"I understand, I understand!" says he, "it is all for liberty! Oh, what a great people! This is a sublime, and not an original people! I'm not hungry, I will assist them still farther."

He seizes his crow-bar again, rushes out, and with his head full of barricades, tears up the paving-stones, and piles them up before the door of the hotel. In vain does the owner try to restrain him, Milord grows warm, threatens to put him into the barricade himself, and in an instant the door is hermetically closed, so that there is no entering, except by the window. Thence he sets off, flying up and down the street, braving the musketry and grape, brandishing his crow-bar, and crying, "Long live the French! a great people! a sublime and not an original people!" and leaving mountains of stone behind him wherever he passes. One might compare him to the whirlwind, which gathers up the sand in heaps as it sweeps over the desert.

The tri-coloured flag was already waving on the mutilated front of the Louvre, the capital, like one shaking off a heavy burden, was making its last effort to cast out the fallen dynasty, and the barricades were useless, but Milord was still constructing new ones. In his noble enthusiasm for our regeneration he would have ended, I firmly believe, by unpaving his chamber and fortifying his bed, had he not met one of his countrymen, who like himself was fighting for our freedom, for the freedom of the world.

Milord Kittling learned from him that despotism was breathing its last. The cannon of the guard had rattled for the last time. The ball rang against the front of the Tuilleries, after which nothing, nothing, nothing but shouts of triumph!

"Long live liberty!" said the two fellow-countrymen, clasping each other's hand,

"Long live the French!"

"They are a great people," said the one.

"And not original," added the other.

And we—what shall we say to these brave Englishmen?—Thanks, gentlemen! you have fought for us—we owe you the same good turn!

As for Milord Kittling, once aroused from his habitual phlegm, he grew so fond of this busy life, that when there were no more barricades to make, he was at a loss for amusement, when luckily he heard of the disturbances at Brussels.

Three days afterwards he and his crow-bar were there. Thence, as he told me when he set out, he will go to Turin, from Turin to Milan, from Milan to Venice, from Venice to Rome, from Rome to Naples, from Naples to Madrid, from Madrid to Lisbon, from Lisbon to London, where his new talent may perhaps, sooner or later, find employment.

Glorious journey! may he accomplish it speedily! And all under a promise of returning among us, he and his crowbar, if, in the mean time—

For the Mirror.

UNWELCOME THOUGHTS.

BY ISIDORA.

Away, away! why come ye here
Unwelcome thoughts that darkly rise,
Like shapes embodied forth by fear,
Flitting before the slumberer's eyes!

Away! nor thus with visions dire
People my silent solitude,
To quench the spark of fancy's fire,
And e'en on reason's throne intrude.

Hours that were spent in ceaseless tears,
Days wrapt in melancholy gloom
Ye bring, with sadly boding fears,
A breaking heart, the silent tomb.

Ye whisper 'tis in vain to seek
Friendship unsullied, truth sincere;
Ambition, time, or chance may break
The bonds that bind my spirit here.

Ye tell of generous trust betrayed,
Of glowing words, and callous heart,
Of guileless hopes in ruin laid,
And links of kindness torn apart.

In vain my soul invokes the aid
Of hope, the charm of memory woes;
Hope hides her troubled glance, afraid,
And memory for oblivion sues.

Oh! let your tyrant reign be o'er,
Ye thoughts that darkly thus intrude;
My heart can hope, or trust no more,
Then leave it to its solitude!

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC ON THE LAST PAGE.

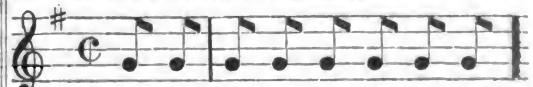
THE task imposed upon us by our worthy friend, the editor of the New-York Mirror, in reviewing the music of the present number, is not of a trivial nature. Had the composition submitted to us, been a song, a duet, a trio, or any other species of music, concerted or otherwise, composed by a Mozart, a Haydn, or a Handel, we should have found no difficulty in giving an opinion, according to our humble ability, on its beauties or peculiarities; but a *morceau* from the opera of *Der Freischutz*, is a much more serious affair, and embraces a vast number of considerations. Indeed it cannot be scanned by a critical eye, except as a link of that wonderful chain of ideas which, collectively, renders Weber's works the "*ultima thule*" of dramatic perfection. In noticing the "Laughing Chorus," as published to-day, we are consequently compelled to enter into some detail. Most composers, whether of the Italian, English, German, or French schools, have chiefly attended to the object of setting the words of a given drama to music, according to the sentiment which such words convey, and many have been highly successful in the combination of poetry and music; nevertheless, among the best of them a lack of design may be found, and a want of perfect union between the musical and the dramatic plot: Weber has taken up ground hitherto unoccupied, and with perfect success; for he has selected a drama replete with imaginary creations and supernatural agency, directly operating on the feelings and actions of mankind, and forming a complete underplot of his music, he has expressed through that vehicle sentiments which not only go straight to our comprehension, but literally he has explained circumstances beyond the reach of language.

Boieldieu and Rossini are two of the best writers of the

age, as regards musical consistency and arrangement of subject; but Weber has made his music so much a part of the drama, that he may be truly said to divide the poetry with the poet, while other composers are contented merely to embellish and add force to the muse. To prove this, even to moderately informed amateurs, is a matter of no difficulty. The piano forte arrangement of *Der Freischutz* ought to be found in the drawing-rooms of all people of taste, and we presume that it is to be found at least on the desks of those persons who crave after Italian music, unless such craving be merely "a babbling about green fields;" indeed all who raise the said cry ought to be well informed on music generally, or the cry becomes little less than folly. But to our business. The composition in question consists of a solo part and chorus, the former sung by Kilian, the latter by foresters and peasant girls. Kilian boasts of his triumph in having won the prize by shooting at a target, and defeating the best marksmen in the country. They laugh at Adolph's failure, and address Kilian in mock gratulation. Did the idea rest here, it would be easy to pronounce the chorus beautiful and well conceived, and after pointing out the remarkable features in the melody and harmony, our task would be over. But in this case, such a mode of proceeding would be highly unjust to the great author, for so closely has he entwined his music with the drama, that he has made the very subject of this chorus a prominent feature among the grand effects of the incantation scene. Zamiel, who is the chief cause and promoter of the events which occur throughout, is perceptible in every scene. The derision of the foresters at the triumph of Kilian, and the despair of Adolph, are all of Zamiel's kindling; and when the unfortunate forester, goaded by anguish at the probable loss of Linda, works himself up to the highest pitch of desperation, and ventures into the wolf's den at midnight to meet the villain Caspar for the sake of traffic with the fiend, the subject of this taunting chorus is again heard played softly by the band, evidently to impress upon the audience the agency of Zamiel in keeping alive the feelings under which Adolph is suffering, and to add nerve to his resolution: also in the same scene, the wild snatches of melody played by an octave flute, from Caspar's drinking song, by which he excites Adolph and plies him with wine, are repeated—and it is impossible not to be strongly impressed with the certainty that the recurrence to those passages alludes to the instrumentality of the fiend in Adolph's failure, and to his temptation by Caspar. In short, it is a glorious description of the ironical sporting of demons with the vices and weaknesses of mankind. Can ideality, embodied in music, go beyond this?—we think not; and yet, Weber is replete with similar ideas throughout all his works.

Those persons alone who can enter into the comprehension of Weber's beauties, ought to attend a representation of his *Der Freischutz* and *Oberon*. To the ignorant, it is a casting of pearls before swine. Any vulgar melo-drama would do as well, where red and blue fire with dead men, and dire music form a *mélange* more agreeable to their taste, and better suited to their capacity.

During the late sojourn of the French company in this city, an article appeared in this paper, on the extraordinary bad taste manifested in changing the name and location of Weber's drama, the title being "*Robin des Bois*," and the scene being laid in Scotland; and the writer comments on the marked superiority the English piece possesses from its adherence to the author. The chorus now presented is strongly in corroboration of the opinions therein advanced. A few words will render this evident. The Frenchman who has translated or adapted the German version, has thought proper to deprive the chorus in question of its great feature—the imitation of laughter—thereby overthrowing the effect of the repetition of the subject in the incantation scene. His version of the words, to the best of our recollection, is as follows.



Oui des chas - seurs il est le roi.

Our version, and that of the Germans the same, thus:



Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

We do not think that the result of a comparison admits of a moment's doubt, and our previous observations will bear us out. At the Park theatre, Mr. Placide as Kilian, by his excellent acting and correct singing, gives due weight to the part.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ANTIQUITIES OF NEW-YORK.

MR. MORRIS—I regret that you did not apply to me for information on the subject of the curious and interesting building at the corner of Broad and Beaver streets, before you published the engraving in your paper a few weeks ago; but, as you then expressed a wish to know something of its history and that of its various possessors, I take this opportunity of complying with your desires. My whole life has been spent in inquiries of this sort, and there are few families in the city of whom I don't know more than they do themselves. I may, perhaps, furnish you with some of the fruits of my studies. Your constant reader, ANTIQVARIUS NOVA EBORACENSIS.

Legend of the ancient Tile-roofed Cottage,
Corner of Broad and Beaver streets.

I find by consulting some ancient records, which came into my possession by reason of my descent from Governor William Kieft, the building in question was erected by Petrus Cornelis Van Gelder, a native of the province of Guelderland, where his ancestors for thirteen generations had been proprietors of a famous windmill. Petrus came over in disgust, in consequence of their high mightinesses, the states general, having taxed the wind which turned his mill. People don't mind such trifles now, but at that time it was thought rather unreasonable.

I gather that honest Petrus was something of a politician, and was chosen *scheepen*, under the dynasty of Wouter Van Twiller, on account of the popularity he acquired for his steady resistance to laying out strait streets in his neighbourhood. He continued in this post for many years, and came to his death, as is related by the historian Knickerbocker, by breaking a blood-vessel, in attempting to force a laugh at one of the governor's jokes.

Petrus left only one son, which was but reasonable, as he had but one house to leave behind him, a piece of honest Dutch prudence, which I am sorry to say is not much imitated in these extravagant times. It was an inflexible rule of these prudent people to apportion the number of their children to the amount of their property.

Petrus Cornelis, the second of the dynasty, was called after his father, another excellent custom, which hath likewise been superseded by numberless heathen names, which all good christians ought to eschew as they would paganism itself. He was a renowned smoker and fisherman, for which latter occupation his house was singularly convenient, being situated on the very edge of a creek, which in those days furnished a variety of fish, more especially the fish anciently known by the name of *tom-cod*, but which the fantastic affection of the times hath metamorphosed into *tom codus fuscus*, as I hear. This creek was moreover a source of health and salubrity to the worthy inhabitants on its borders, until the spirit of public improvement, in an evil hour, changed it into a villanous conduit, teeming with filth and yellow-fever.

In the time of Petrus Cornelis the second, though the people all studied the scriptures, nobody ever quoted Job, as an example of patience. It was not "as patient as Job," but "as patient as Petrus Cornelis Van Gelder," who of a truth was a glorious example of that christian virtue. It must be confessed that Petrus had one great advantage over his rival Job, in his pipe, than which there is no more potent auxiliary to patience. Truly he was an example to all men, for he would sit from morning till night, smoking his pipe, and hauling up his line and throwing it out again, with a most rare and philosophic indifference, without a single nibble, while his wife was exercising all her powers of reasoning and eloquence to convince him he was a fool. Once on a time, after having sat upwards of three days and three nights, with his pole in his hand, without being vouchsafed a single demonstration that there was a fish within ten miles, he was at length aroused, by a sudden jerk, which pulled him headlong, headforemost into the creek. His excellent wife immediately ran screaming to his relief; but as ill luck would have it, in her praiseworthy attempts to convince him he was a fool, and deserved what he had got, she neglected to afford him assistance, whereupon, after exclaiming triumphantly three times, "Ish cot him! Ish cot him! Ish cot him!" he sunk to the bottom, and thus endeth the history of Petrus Cornelis, the second of that name.

Petrus Cornelis the third was reckoned a genius in his day, and mighty in eloquence, wherein he resembled his mother, of whom it was said she could talk down a northwester. He saw a great way into futurity, but was apt in so doing to overlook the lessons of the past, and let the present moment slip

through his fingers. He predicted the time when New-Amsterdam would grow into a great city, and his posterity become immensely rich, by being proprietors of the little tiled cottage, which was then reckoned the second best house in Broad-street. Petrus founded his calculations on the gradual increase of his taxes, which he considered as proof positive that he was growing rich apace. It is astonishing to read with what satisfaction he saw his pocket picked every succeeding year of a few additional guilders, and with what triumphant reasonings he proved that the more money a man paid away for nothing, the richer he became. He lived to a good old age, in the happy enjoyment of his wealth and the payment of his taxes, but was suddenly cut off by a fit of mortification, at beholding the good city of New-Amsterdam conquered and taken possession of by the English, and its goodly name changed unto New-York.

Petrus Cornelis the fourth was the first of the family that ever subjected his rebellious tongue to the speaking of English, which he did in consequence of falling violently in love with a blooming English damsel, who used to come and rinse clothes opposite the little tiled cottage. She at first demurred to his proposals in Dutch, but his English proved irresistible, and he married her. By this untoward incident the genuine Dutch blood which had flowed in the veins of the Van Gelders was corrupted by extraneous mixture, and the way prepared for the downfall of the dynasty, as will be seen in the sequel.

The first innovation brought about in the domestic economy of Petrus Cornelis the fourth, by this unreasonable and profligate woman, was in throwing open the windows of his little parlour, or spare room, and admitting visitors every day in the week, instead of once a year, as had been the custom hitherto from time immemorial in the family. Nay, she went still farther, and wilfully did dispense with the pulling off their shoes before they entered, as had also been the custom time out of mind. Tea parties accordingly multiplied, in consequence of this throwing down of the old Dutch barriers, and there was great company-keeping in the little tiled cottage.

But this was not the worst. In the days of the primitive simplicity of New-Amsterdam, it was the custom with those who inherited property, to be content with what they had. They neither learned a profession nor entered into trade, but passed their whole time as gentlemen should do, in smoking their pipes, fishing, and other gentlemanly recreations. They were satisfied with not wasting their property, or outrunning their income, and never dreamed of making themselves the slaves of a lucre they had neither the habits nor the inclination to enjoy. How they managed to live without speculating in something or other, I pretend not to say; but certain it is, they did live, and that to a good old age.

But our English madam, forsooth, was not satisfied with this, but must be turning a penny; she actually became smitten with the egregious madness of growing rich. She moreover denounced the custom of smoking and fishing, and insisted that the children should be brought up to do something. She furthermore made a formidable breach in the ancient and praiseworthy Dutch custom of having but one son, and did burthen Petrus Cornelis with a family of three children, one daughter and two sons. The former she brought up to dress and tea parties, inasmuch that it is affirmed the young madam did spend in one year upwards of twelve guilders, which is equivalent to nearly four dollars of our money, in finery and frippery. Of the sons she must needs make one of them a lawyer, and the other a doctor, in order, as she said, that they might do something for a living. It was in vain Petrus Cornelis maintained that neither himself or his ancestors had ever done anything for a living, except tending a windmill in the province of Guelderland, which was, as it were, a gentlemanly avocation; all wouldn't do; the two little unfortunates were compelled to enter upon the study of the liberal professions, though it was the opinion of the neighbours they were a couple of the greatest noodles in all New-York. The eldest, Petrus Cornelis the fifth, entered the office of a famous lawyer, where he drew pleas and declarations, or rather copied them, from morning till night, by means whereof he became exceedingly skillful in compositions, which nobody but himself could comprehend. He was counsel for the commonwealth in the trials on the negro plot, and regularly talked Judge Horsemanden to sleep every morning. He moreover made such long speeches to the jury, that I have heard my grandfather assert that he himself used to get so out of all patience, that in revenge he always made it a point to lean in favour of the opposite side. But for all this he prospered exceedingly; and in the course of a long and lucrative practice saved money enough to buy himself a new suit of black broadcloth, a new three-cornered cocked beaver hat, and to

whitewash the little tiled cottage when he came into possession thereof.

Mynheer Ægidius, being a learned man, dropped his vulgar name when he became a physician, as was the custom with the scholars of that day. Having finished his studies with great *eclat*, he travelled, and sojourned at the university of Leyden, where he regularly walked the hospitals, that is to say, he walked every day three times round the outside of the walls. He came back in a great wig, and carried an ivory-headed cane in his hand wheresoever he went. He grew into great practice, upon an entire new system, to the great scandal of his ignorant rivals. When he visited a patient, instead of consulting his books he consulted his ivory-headed cane, as the priests of Dodona did the wooden block. Having first told the patient to put out his tongue, he caused the room to be made perfectly dark, and then made a great blow with his cane. If he hit the disease the patient was cured, if he hit the patient it was all over with him, and the disease was pronounced incurable. In one case the doctor got all the credit, in the other nature got all the blame. Being, however, one day called to a stout burgher, who was somewhat irascible withal, and who was assaulted with a violent tooth-ache, he gave him such a mighty blow with the ivory-headed cane, that he dislodged a whole row of his grinders; whereat the burgher was so incensed, that he seized him by the shoulders and waistband, and threw him out of the window, upon the pavement. Luckily he pitched upon his head, and no harm happened save that one of the paving stones was split into divers pieces, by coming in contact with Mynheer Ægidius's noddie. The great misfortune attendant upon this accident was the loss of his oracle, the ivory-headed cane, which being left behind in the chamber of the patient, was broken into a thousand pieces, and thrown into the fire. After this the doctor was obliged to practise in the ordinary way, which he did with good success, until one night he accidentally swallowed a dose intended for one of his patients, which unfortunately carried him off on a full gallop. He left his money to his sister, who thereupon held her head so high that nobody was good enough for her in New-York. She accordingly made a visit to Paris, where she married a half-starved chevalier of St. Louis, and came very near being presented at court.

Lawyer Petrus Cornelis the fifth, finding himself, on the death of his parents, sole heir to the little tiled cottage, and the lot of ground appertaining to it, which were both, according to the tax-gatherer's list, increasing every year in value, gradually launched out into various new-angled eccentricities. Rich as he was, he always found himself in want of money, and the richer the tax-gatherer made him, the more money he wanted. This puzzled him exceedingly, and before he could solve the mystery, he found himself under the necessity of relieving himself at the expense of posterity, agreeably to a practice just then coming into fashion. By this means he got plenty of money, and came to be reckoned a mighty rich and prosperous man, by all those not conversant with the register of mortgages.

He died, leaving to his only son, Petrus Cornelis the sixth, and last of the family, an estate and a mortgage. About this time the great and glorious invention of banks and paper money was first propounded in New-York, by an ingenious person, who some how or other could never get hold of the precious metals. They always slipped through his fingers. He therefore exercised his genius in the production of a substitute, which should be accessible to every body. The bank was set up close by the little tiled cottage, and in good time paper money became so plenty that property rose mightily in value, and Petrus Cornelis became a rich man—only that he always wanted money the more, the richer he grew. It puzzled him almost out of his wits to account for the phenomenon of so rich a man being so much in want of money. To solve the mystery he borrowed a sum of the bank to pay his taxes, and pay off the old mortgage, by which procedure he got out of the frying-pan into the fire. In process of time the bank wanted money, and Petrus had it not to pay. The bank had not the patience of his great ancestor the fisherman, of blessed memory; he was turned out of the little tiled cottage before he could turn himself round. This puzzled him ten times more than the phenomenon of the rich man wanting money. The miracle of a rich man being turned out of house and home was still more inexplicable; he never came to comprehend it, till it was too late. He died as poor as some of our rich men are at this moment; his name became extinct, for no reasonable woman will marry a poor man; and the LITTLE TILED COTTAGE was degraded into a grocery store, an object of abhorrence to the temperance society!—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON,

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

NUMBER SIX.

London, September 27.

I PERCEIVE that the account of the French revolution has created almost as much excitement in the United States as on this side of the Atlantic. The English journals are full of wise predictions on the subject, as well as the batch of American newspapers which you were kind enough to send me. I have read the fervid outpourings of the worthy editors in their several and successive leading articles, each one trying to excel his neighbour, until their sheets are one entire blaze of speculative eloquence! How the newspaper press throughout both countries has prophesied concerning the tumbling down of thrones, the setting up of republics, and the approaching political millenium when the poor man shall sit down with the rich, and the exclusiveness of "good society" be no more! The shock of this revolution will, no doubt, be severely felt in our "own green forest land;" not that it will materially affect its laws, institutions, commerce, or manufactures, but the additional expense in the article of oratory will be very heavy. Supposing that each of the members of congress, and each of the members of all the state legislatures, occupies on an average only six hours to deliver his views and sentiments on this interesting topic; how the sessions will be protracted, and what an amazing flow of language and innumerable number of tropes and figures will have to be paid for out of the pockets of the people; a member of congress charging six, and a state legislature-man three dollars per day for his eloquence. And should revolutions continue to have, what theatrical people term, "a run," which is not unlikely, until next summer—powers of speechifying! what a theme will there be for annually inspired men! What an inconceivable quantity of extraordinary metaphors and similes will be used up; and what a cataract of oratory poured forth, overflowing the public mind in every direction, and sweeping away plain intelligible language and common sense in its resistless course. Chrononhotonthologos and Bombastes Furioso will become tame by comparison; and should it happen to be a hot season—mercy upon us! As the day approaches I think I see the *Dumplings of Communism*, and other places of similar importance, swollen like a blown bladder with the vastness of his conceptions, until

"His soul, too copious for its earthly fabric,
Starts forth, spontaneous, in loud peals of speech!"

The new revolution in France is in truth a glorious event, and, notwithstanding existing differences and dissensions, will, it is to be hoped, ultimately prove as beneficial as glorious; while the revolution on a small scale in the duchy of Brunswick, and the serio-comic behaviour of that "most silly gentleman," the duke, show like a mock-heroic farce after a grand national drama. The revolution in Belgium has been productive of much bloodier consequences than was anticipated, and the cause certainly seems inadequate to the effect. There was at first no grinding oppression or substantial grievances, but merely a few differences about pecuniary matters, which would doubtless have been settled by amicable agreement, had not revolutions been the fashion: both parties, however, got into a most unintelligible passion, and a serious loss of life has been the consequence. Since the commencement of hostilities, the horrible brutalities of the Dutch soldiers, so different from what might have been expected from the phlegmatic lovers of sour krout, have, it is to be feared, rendered the breach irreparable. Meanwhile, the spirit of the age spreads eastward, and the hoarded vengeance of centuries of tyranny and misrule seems likely to burst upon the heads of the present occupants of the thrones of middle Europe, unless they have sense enough to make a virtue of necessity, and yield with a good grace to the demands of their subjects. The savage-spoilt child, Master Miguel, appears inclined to give up his play-things, the block and gibbet, and endeavours to curry favour with the army, by supping bad soup with his soldiery; whilst the bloody antic of Spain already feels his seat shaking under him to such a degree as to prevent his embroidering petticoats for the virgin, with his former ease and facility. The royal seamstress will doubtless be much perturbed, and promise fairly, in order to keep things quiet; but he has already proved himself to be such a notorious liar, that it is to be hoped, his subjects will insist upon some security more tangible than a promise for the privilege of wearing their heads upon their shoulders for the time to come. Prussia too, does not seem to be over and above quiet. Some Berlin tailors

have taken the lead in an attempt to cut out a new constitution—may their pattern be good, and their measures correct. Even Austria—cold, apathetic Austria—is rather uneasy. Despotism has evidently received its death-blow. The monster may kick and struggle for a while, but every convulsive effort will leave him weaker than before.

"Then let us pray, that come it may
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's cummyn yet for a' that,
When man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

And who knows but in the lapse of ages, Russia herself may be prepared for something approaching towards civilization and a free government.

But there are some persons so fond of revolutions that they think no good can be effected without them. They look upon them as the only efficient physic for a disordered state of the body politic, and are for administering the strong and nauseous dose on every trivial occasion. It is only quacks, however, who are partial to such ilk or cure remedies; the intelligent physician never resorts to violent and dangerous purgatives, when gentle aperient draughts, Seidlitz powders, or, in America, Congress water, would answer the purpose much better. Probably there are many people who, for want of correct information, speculate upon a revolution in England. There was never less likelihood of such an event; and perhaps at no one period, for these many years, has there been so small a degree of excitement afloat in this turbulent little island as at the present time. Business and wages have improved much in the manufacturing districts. In London there is no body of men out of employment, and no more poverty and wretchedness than what must always be engendered by idleness, profligacy, drunkenness, and individual misfortunes in a dense population. Indeed radicalism and blasphemy were never at such a low ebb, and the influence of Carlyle, Hunt, Cobbett, &c. has ceased for ever. Immense exertions have been made, and are making, for the spread of education in every direction; and the more the people of England know, the more they feel that they have much to lose and little to gain by a revolution. They cannot be more free or secure from any attempt at oppression than they are at present, and a revolution will neither pay off the national debt nor give a fresh impulse to commerce and manufactures. The only thing they appear to be united in opinion about is the overgrown wealth and enormous salaries of the clergy; and the duke of Wellington has only to bring forward a measure touching the reduction of the church establishment to make himself the most popular minister England ever had. Should such a measure be brought forward and defeated in the house of lords, then I would not like to answer for the consequences. The chance is that there would be a partial revolution, but it would not be a revolution against the government, but in support of two parts of the government, the king and commons, against a portion of the aristocracy. At all events, the church must succumb, and that speedily, for its staunch supporters, the old stock of the aristocracy, are falling fast away, and in the common course of nature cannot last long, while their sons and successors, either tinged with the spirit of the times, or from matter of policy, pay assiduous court to the people. The present king is extremely popular; which popularity, however, does not prevent his being libelled and caricatured in every possible manner. You will see vagabonds hawking about the streets shilling pamphlets, professing to contain an accurate life of his majesty, "including the whole of his love adventures with the bum-boat woman at Plymouth, Yankee Bet, Demerara Dolly," and other ladies of a similar station and complexion. King William seems to be a plain, blunt, frank, hearty fellow, excessively good-natured, without a spark of pride or ostentation about him, and sincerely desirous to make himself as familiar with and as much liked by the people as possible. As he adopted this line of conduct as soon as he ascended the throne, and long before any disturbances occurred on the continent, it is but fair to presume that he is sincere, and not playing a part from motives of policy. The newspaper press has by this time got through with its anecdotes of "royal benevolence," &c. and all the other little good actions that are eagerly sought after, and loudly trumpeted forth on a monarch's accession to the throne. Such actions may proceed from a good heart, but where is the great merit in a king or any one else giving away ten or twenty pounds in charity, when he makes no sacrifice, and deprives himself of no earthly comfort by so doing. But this, and another species of sycophancy, namely, describing minutely and eulogizing extravagantly every trivial word and action of men in power are fast falling into disrepute here, though, lack-a-

day! they seem to be rapidly becoming the fashion with journalists in the United States, as witness the memorable descriptions of General Jackson's visit to Old Point Comfort, and the very minute and particular account of how he eat, drank, slept, walked, talked, and tied on his neckcloth, and in some other matters wherein they almost out-did their European brethren. Such conduct is pitiful, happen where it will, and cannot but lessen the power and dignity of the press. This species of folly was well ridiculed by the John Bull newspaper a few years ago, in a story told about his royal highness the duke of Gloucester, or as it used to call him for shortness, "silly Billy." I have forgotten the language, but the substance was as follows:—As his royal highness was walking in the park the other morning, with his hands behind his back and his mouth open, as is his highness's custom, there happened to come on a shower of rain, upon which his highness, with his usual promptness, turned round to his secretary Taylor, who was in attendance, and said, "Taylor, the rain comes into my mouth—what shall I do?" To this condescending interrogation Taylor replied, "Had not your highness better shut it?" Upon which his highness, with that energy and decision which characterize his minutest actions, immediately shut his mouth, and no more rain found admittance during the remainder of the walk! C.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE PRATTLE OF AN OLD FRIEND,

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

"I sit by the mossy fountain, on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above me. The deer descend from the hill. No hunter at a distance is seen; no whistling cowherd is nigh. Come, memory! come on the wings of the gale! Bring back the past, when mid-day is silent around."

WELCOME to my summer bower! When last I addressed my musings to you, the christmas fire shed its cheering warmth and artificial light around my snug room, whilst now and then a sudden blaze would play on Chirk's pictured castle, and give it to my fancy as I have seen it in all its grand reality through the broad red light of a fine sun-set, when the rich woods were empurpled and the bright translucent water meandered through the verdant park in the lustrous colours of the sky. This castle is one among the very few whose possessors have had the good fortune and good taste to preserve as a family residence, without modernizing away the grandeur and charm of antiquity, at the same time that they have introduced sufficient domestic conveniences to render it a delightful and social dwelling.

There are few places I ever visited in Great Britain that gave to my mind a wider range for contemplation. It is situated on the brow of a lofty hill, from which the eye may wander over the vast expanse of seventeen counties, plains, towns, glittering spires, and ruined towers, which are seen dotting the extended landscape. The massive quadrangular building, with its gray stone turrets, part ivy-clad, rises in sublimity, and a bright young ash growing from the creviced tower waves its light branches in the breeze like a silken banner, whilst the rooks, that time out of mind have fixed their lofty citidel in the tall elms, sing out their wild alarm from the battlements at the approach of strangers. All else is still, and the impressive calm speaks to the heart of days of other times. Often, as I have trodden the mazy windings of this gothic pile, and heard the heavy iron portal close with echoing roar along the vaulted stone passages, I have felt mysterious awe creep over me, and thought, so sounded the loud battle's din, when to this spot the second Henry led his proud English forces against old Cambria's sons, headed by the intrepid Owen Gwynedd, and found defeat and slaughter from their gallant arms. And sometimes as the rushing wind was heard in hollow moan from the spiral stairs that led to the dark dungeon's depth, I would start and think of the two murdered sons of Madoc ap Griffith, whom their guardians, John earl of Warren, and Roger Mortimer, sacrificed to their cruel avarice. I have followed, with noiseless step, the good old housekeeper through the many folding-doors opening to apartments, suite after suite in varied magnificence, until we reached the picture gallery, where the old lady drew herself up in stately pride, and commenced her historical account of the family portraits, belonging to each line from the earliest possessors of the castle, with as much apparent self-satisfaction, as if she had been coeval with the first corner-stone; and I have caught her harmless enthusiasm as I have at her recitals, gazed on features which in their turns had looked out on that lovely scene, glowing, as I then beheld it, in the brightness of a summer sun. Where are they now? enshrined in the dark tomb, and these poor effigies remain to smile in mimic garniture of splendour. These portraits were

to her as pages of history, chronology, biography, and the arts; from infancy she had conned them, and their frames of glittering gold or silver-studded ebony, had attracted her baby eyes before the forms they contained were aught to her conception. In lisping accents she had learnt to point to the fair Rosamond, to Thomas à Becket with his mitred crown, and to shake her little head in just displeasure at Edward the first, who in cold blood massacred the Welsh bards; and the steel-clad Baron Mortimer, placed in a dark recess, was viewed askance as the usurper and fell murderer of the rightful heirs.

The fair descendants from line to line, are, many of them, beautifully painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely, whose richly lusted draperies remain unrivalled specimens of his art. The mother of Wales, (so called from being the parent of several heirs of the most distinguished families, the Tudors, Trevors, Owens and others) looks from a deep ebon frame, so primly demure, that she seems fitter to have been some lady abbess, to have kept holy vigils, rather than to have been *six times* a courtly bride; it is said, that in following her fifth lord to the grave a gallant knight proffered his hand and love, which she most courteously declined, with an assurance that she had given her promise to an earlier suitor, but that the *next* time he should be preferred. But most of all, my interest has been awakened when seated in a small room at the extremity of this long gallery, to which you enter by a sliding pannel, and from which you may descend to the chapel through a small door concealed by tapestry. Here it is said Charles the first found a temporary refuge from his pursuers: the bed on which he slept, with its crimson damask hangings, are still preserved, and many a glowing cheek in dimpled smiles press the pillow for playful boast, on which, perhaps, the bitter tears of an injured monarch have been shed. The charms of the historic page are never more forcibly felt than when we stand on classic ground, for then scenes of the past rise to our imaginations as realities of the present. Our feelings partake in the glory, the honours, the revelries, the joys and sufferings of those who have breathed the same atmosphere we breathe; who have, on the very spot we stand, planned battles, signed deeds of peace, drained the wassail bowl in good fellowship, sang in the gay carousal extemporaneous verse in praise of highly-gifted dames and chivalrous knights, or listened to the legends of the bards who, with dark eyes up-turned, their silvery locks parted on their bent brows, have swept their loud harps till the wide welkin rang with wild harmony.

The many hours I have passed in this castle have always been to me moments of deep interest, and I should have felt it like a profanation of mind to have entered into commonplace converse within the walls that have echoed to the voice of a Giraldus Cambrensis, whose philanthropy led him in the eleventh century to preach the gospel to the unenlightened Britons. He was afterwards bishop of St. Davids, and to his records we owe much of our knowledge of our British ancestry. I cannot help feeling a high veneration for a people who, to the present era, have maintained a national character wholly their own: there exists many thousand families in North Wales, that to this day have never mixed their blood with the stranger Saxons, and who have preserved their language, customs and dress, free from the innovations of their English neighbours. Many have tried to introduce the English language into the church service, but the attempt has been generally resisted; and when allowed for the convenience of the numerous English residents, it has been restricted to one lesson, and an English sermon once a month.

Many of the genuine Welsh hold rooted prejudices against their proud invaders, and will not allow English servants in their families, lest the children should learn the Saxon tongue. *Pen coch*, red head, is a term used in derision among the vulgar, as denoting the Saxon race. Dark hair, fine black eyes and ruddy complexion, a middle stature, and round forms, are characteristic of the North Welsh—whilst the South Welsh partake more of the Irish character and feature. The Welsh language resembles the Hebrew in many words, and there are some whole sentences, which in both sound alike.

Hebrew.	Welsh.	English.
Nadu.....	Nadu.....	They moan or lament.
Nafe.....	Nef.....	Joyful.
Bareh.....	Bara.....	Meat or victuals.
Denah.....	Dyna.....	This or that.
Gad.....	Cad.....	An army.
Hanes.....	Hanes.....	To signify or account.

It is believed that the Welsh language had its origin in the Hebrew. The letters which are now used in writing Welsh, are the same as those used in writing English; but the alphabet now called Saxon, was used in their writing some centuries previous to the Saxon invasion. Dr. Johnson says, "when the Saxons first came into Britain, in the fifth century, they appear to have been a people without learning, and very

probably without an alphabet." From an expression of Cæsar in his description of the Druids, "*Græcis literis utantur*," (they used the Greek letters;) it should seem that the Britons used this alphabet in the remotest period.

Among the many ancient customs still preserved in Wales, is the harper attached to every family of note; and every town or hamlet in the principality has its bard, who welcomes the travellers to the inn with merry minstrelsy. It is often that children of the village who are born blind, or by casualty are deprived of sight, are trained to this office, and it insures to them an easy and an honest livelihood. The harper is a very important person at all wakes and fairs, at bridal and all merry makings.

The earliest Welsh harp had only one row of strings, and to change the key it was necessary to tune it accordingly. Next followed the harp with two rows of strings, by which the difficulty of playing flats and sharps was somewhat surmounted; the next improvement was the "triple harp" which was invented about the fourteenth century, and which is now the common harp of Wales. The three rows contain ninety-eight strings; the two outer rows are diatonics, and are tuned in unison; the middle row constitutes the sharps and flats, and it is curious to mark the rapid facility with which even the blind harper can touch the required string. The pedal harp is a modern invention; I believe it cannot claim more than half a century; the first was made in Brussels; and for many years in England this instrument was called the French harp. The first I ever heard thrilled my heart with pleasure, it was most skillfully touched by Madame Krumpoltz. True Cambrian minstrels would not allow that other harpers than theirs could wake the music of their ancient bards; and in truth, I so far enter into their feelings that I would as much prefer to listen to their simple melodies played on their native instruments, among their romantic mountains, as I would to hear the brilliant tones of a pedal harp in a drawing-room. So highly was the power of playing on the harp esteemed in Wales, that it was considered as an indispensable accomplishment for every gentleman; and Scotia's magic bard, as true to custom as he is to nature's laws through all his fascinating numbers, introduces his bard in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," as one who had been honoured for his art.

"No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay."

In Rokeby's halls the minstrel is admitted to join the noble guests, and Rokeby's lovely heiress wakes on his harp sweet notes of sorrowing plaint. Old Allan, in the "*Lady of the Lake*," is an important personage; and in "*Marmion*," the lady Heron is made to charm the king and nobles by her art of minstrelsy.

My grandsire was a true born Briton; and although I never heard that he boasted his pedigree farther back than to Cadwaladr, the last king of the Britons, no doubt he, like many of his contemporaries, could have traced his family name, with half an hundred *aps* on the genealogical tree, to a much earlier period; however this may be, my lady grandmother was far more proud of the title which he had established for himself, than any he could have acquired from his line of ancestors, namely, that of a noble minded and independent gentleman of Wales, whose greatest ambition was to ensure the respect of his neighbours and the love of his family, and these substantial honours he bore with him to the grave. He was a strict observer of good old customs, was enthusiastically fond of music, and was esteemed one of the finest harp players of his day. He had a commanding figure and expressive features, and when seated at the instrument, which was of more than ordinary size, he looked like one of Ossian's bards "graceful at the harp," and like them would raise the song of love, or recount valorous deeds of war, "as the blue host of heroes rose on his soul." He was elected president of the *Eisteddfod*, a triennial meeting of the bards; and if I may judge by a translation of an original Welsh ode, sang to his harp at one of those meetings, he possessed the true powers of poetry: his subject was the taking of the Isle of Mona, now better known by the name of Anglesea, the destruction of the sacred groves and altars, and the sacrifice of the druids by Suetonius Paulinus, in the reign of Nero. Such odes were not sung to regular melody as in our modern ballads, where every verse, however differing in feeling and sentiment, is drawled out to the same ditty; but extemporary harmony flowed from the lyre, expressive of the words in wild and changing measure befitting the subject, somewhat resembling recitative, but more varied. I much regret that masters of the art of music do not at this day give to their auditors such effusions, warm from the head and heart, in lieu of the hack-

nied songs which you hear thrummed on every piano, by every age and in every place, from the opera band to the grinding hand-organ in the streets. It might easily be done by musicians charging their memories with a few well selected poems. I have heard it attempted in private with excellent success, and once on *Moll Morrydd* with magical effect.

This mountain is in Denbighshire, and here the *Eisteddfod* was once held; on this spot a large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the suggestion of one, whose capacious and liberal mind loves to recall the glories of the past, for the edification and charm of the present. It was a lovely morning in July when the party moved merrily on by the windings of the romantic Dee, and ascended the mountain in various groups, some mounted on little Welsh ponies, whose sure-footed pace leaves the rider at full liberty to enjoy the enchanting prospect which every where surrounds him.

As we gained the summit of the mountain, music was heard on the breeze, now swelling in full chorus, and then gently fading into distant echoes. The deep soft sod gave no noise to the many trampling feet which pressed it, and when the music paused, the skylark's note was heard, "mid mottled clouds, now lost, now found," whilst every little flower upon its verdant bed rose up, as if in conscious pride that each lovely blossom had power to charm and claim the poet's verse. The *cowslip*, on its pale green stem, showed its bright golden cup filled with rich nectary, and it proudly seemed to say, "Behold in me the favourite blossom of the immortal Shakespeare!" and next peeped forth the *mountain daisy* like a bright star, to shed its lustre on the never-fading garland of Albin's favourite Burns; and then the modest *hare-bell*, with glistening dew drops trembling on its leaves, bade us remember the "little flower that loves the lea," and which, so long as love and poetry can charm the heart of man, will sparkle like a gem in the rich coronet with which fame has encircled the brows of Scott. The *lesser celandine* with burnished leaf, was seen amidst rich tufted grass near to the rippling water, that from the hidden spring ran like silvery thread adown the mountain side, and this humble floweret in the sweet freshness of nature blooms through Wordsworth's verse.

"The shamrock rose for Erin's bard,
Sparkling through
The limpid dew
Like emeralds through crystal."

Nature in profuse loveliness, shone through heaven's bright light along the lengthened vale, and as we stood upon the mountain's top-most height, and viewed the fleecy clouds rolling beneath us, it seemed a sacred fane and the spirits of departed bards floating around us.

It was at this moment, when my thoughts were enwrapped and every thing breathed the tone of inspiration, that the chords of the harp were swept by a skilful hand, and the following verse poured spontaneously from a heart that loves all nature's harmonies.

Sweet harp of Wales!
Forgive a border minstrel young,
That tunes thy strings all slack and sleeping,
And wakes thy fires to Saxon tongue,
Thy chords with feeble fingers sweeping.
Though thine old oak
Is bare and broke,
And sad scathed branches long have crown'd it,
Some few green sprays,
In summer days,
All glossy green, wave light around it.
Of these I'll pluck, and prank thee fair,
And golden mistletoe I'll bring thee,
With its bands to bind it there,
Though I to Saxon voice must sing thee.
And if short while
These garlands smile,
They'll better suit the songs I sing thee,
Sweet harp of Wales!

Sad harp of Wales!
Thy wild and mournful melodies,
Though hushed, alas! in silent slumbers,
Have gained the good and won the wise
To weep and worship at thy numbers,
By Llywarch, aged bard of yore,
Who wail'd his twenty sons and four;
And Taliesin, honour crown'd,
By Prince, in wat'ry cradle found;
And Hoel's lay, like May-day morn,
By nipping frost his blossoms torn;
By all the bards whose sorrowing swells
Have echoed down thy mountain dells.
How oft have they thy dirges swept
To hearts indignant glowing;
And eyes, like trickling rills, that wept
To hear thy sound of sorrow flowing,
Sad harp of Wales!

High harp of Wales!
By firm conflicting freedom strung,
How has thy spirit sped her!
Thy strains to panting patriots sung,
Have on to conquest led her.
Great bards of Cambria! your grand requiems loud,
Hymn'd in the mountain-torrents roar I hear;
See monuments in Snowdon's summits proud,
While setting sun-beams mark your stories there
Though down your souls on eagle wing,
Still neighbor'ring nations list with wonder
Those sounds that called a ruthless king
To cut thy glorious chords asunder,
High harp of Wales!

When the human mind contemplates the endless variety which nature and art present, the many wonders and beauties of each through all their divine mysteries, how can satiety, with torpid touch, deaden our sensibility? It is vice alone has the baneful power, a too eager pursuit of selfish pleasures mars the capability of enjoyment; but where virtue leads, increasing joy, new ecstasies, and invigorated mind attend our exploratory way. Those persons are the happiest who possess in themselves the greatest power of enjoyment; and yet how many there are who go through every stage of life, from the cradle to the grave, resting on others for support, for daily necessities, and for daily pleasures, listless and inactive, their passing existence is a blank, or at least resembles a scrap-book, whose borrowed trifles fill the page! How ably has Providence supplied to highly-gifted man an intellectual spring, where blossoms in succession rise and ripen into fruit, which by the *wise* and *good* are husbanded, and stored for the winter of old age, these treasures make the evening of life cheerful, and enable him when darkness closes his day, to go to rest in peace and wake to everlasting joys! Sculpture, painting, typography, how much of happiness we owe to thy powers! O god-like arts! that can perpetuate our enjoyments, can rescue from oblivion the past, and bid all that is good or great or glorious live on through ages. The sculptor gives to cold marble the animated form, and sees it leap to life in vigorous strength of Hercules, or move in beauty of Apollo, or from the tomb gives back to view a Milton, Shakspeare, Handel, and a Howard; poets, patriots, and heroes of the past are by this art embodied in our thoughts, and we gaze with rapturous delight upon the venerated forms which else were lost, or only seen in shadowy fancy. Painting adds to these valued images a living lustre, the eye sparkles under our gaze, the lip breathes eloquence, the dimpled cheek of beauty glows with the blush of love. Who can look upon the benign features of Washington, and mark his noble front, like the mind's throne, without feeling the spirit of bold enterprise and glory of philanthropy? But vain were these arts without the aid of letters. O golden keys, that open the gates of immortality! Painting and sculpture give the form, but it is through you we read the very soul of man, the thoughts of saints and sages; debarred thy blessing, what would have been the state of mortals? Dull insects of a day, indeed! past ages lost, the future unpromised, the present half enjoyed, and yet there but few who seem to be fully sensible of the great importance of this inestimable gift, the powers of living with the best, the greatest, the wisest through every age of man.

It is one of the chief frailties of human nature that we are prone to view with cold indifference or apathy, objects, however beautiful or interesting in themselves, if daily present; but when time or distance removes them from us, we regret their loss, dwell on their worth and charms with magnified zeal, and deplore their absence. This arises from our habit of contemplating the past and the future, forgetful of the present; a beautiful face, or a lovely prospect which we daily see ceases to excite our admiration, and I fear the blessings of life are too often disregarded or thanklessly received, because common to us. It were better philosophy to enjoy that which is present than to lose the happiness within our reach in sighing for that which is beyond it, or in longing after that which may never arrive. But if we make our desires and our wishes subservient to our reason and necessity, we may derive much enjoyment by retrospection and reflection. Thus can these little pictures round my cottage walls bring to me past days of happiness, and teach me to live them over and over again!

For the Mirror.

THINK OF ME.

BY EVERARD.

When the soft night-wind, on its hidden pinion,
Steals to the green earth from the azure sea—
When the moon saileth through her meek dominion,
Then, fair enchantress, think in dreams of me.

When the rich glories of the western heaven
Glowed o'er the waters and the emerald lea;
Then, while emotion to thy heart is given,
Then, rapt and spirit-kindled, think of me!

When the glad odours of the dewy morning
Rise from the blossoms of the summer tree;
While the gay east grows bright in day's returning,
Then, with unquench'd affection, think of me!

In the gay spring-time, when the skies above thee
Are full of sweetness and awake with glee;
When the young birds to countless raptures move thee,
Then, midst their carols, pause—to think of me.

When the sad autumn o'er the earth is throwing
The faded honours of the summer-tree,
When the choked streams with mournful wail are flowing,
Still let thy pensive spirit think of me!

For the Mirror.

LINES TO MY BROTHER.

BY MISS A. OF BRANDON, VT.

I think of thee when twilight gray
Steals softly down the vaulted sky,
And all the tints of parting day
Allure and charm the gazer's eye;
For then fond memory brings to me
The days of childhood's happy glee.
I think of thee when from afar,
As in some glittering coronet,
Proudly looks down yon polar star,
A diamond in heaven's azure set;
For ah! in other, happier days,
We loved on that lone star to gaze.
I think of thee when silent sleep
Has banished all unholy mirth,
And angels their kind vigils keep
O'er the beloved, the blest of earth:
Oh! then is breathed my prayer for thee,
That they may guard thy destiny.
I think of thee when rosy light
First dawns upon the eastern sky,
And all the glorious stars of night
Are giving place to coming day:
Ah! then with spirit meekly free
Is breathed my matin prayer for thee.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. C. KEAN commenced a short engagement at the Park theatre on Friday evening of last week, in his *top* character of Richard the third. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, he was greeted by a numerous and fashionable audience, who frequently gave unequivocal testimony of the actor's excellence; but, at the close of the piece, the applause was long, enthusiastic, and tremendous. Mrs. Sharpe sustained the part of the queen in an able manner, and merited the approbation which was awarded to her with no unsparing hand.

Mr. Thorne appeared for the third time on Saturday evening as Captain Macheath, in the Beggars' Opera, and he acted the part admirably, particularly the song of "How happy could I be with either." We however must add, that Mr. Thorne has no business to attempt tenor singing; for although his voice is one of great compass, (we do not say power,) yet from the circumstance that it is a baritone voice, the upper notes have not strength enough to give force to tenor songs. In this number we shall be unable to criticise his personation of Artaban, but we know the music lies well within his compass, and we expect that he will succeed. Mrs. Austin's most triumphant character is that of Mandane, no mean compliment to her either, for it has been long considered the test opera on the English boards. Mrs. Sharpe will appear in Artaxerxes. We have never yet had any very eminent vocalist in New-York to take charge of the beautiful music of the young prince. Mr. Jones, the Arbaces, is a sterling musician, with a fine voice and faultless intonation; but his intrinsic value, except to musicians, is much impaired by his awkward gait and faulty acting—we wish he would take a hint on the subject, for we respect his talents. Der Freischütz is announced for Thursday, of course we must reserve our remarks on that opera for another number. Mr. Thorne, we take upon ourselves to predict, will enact Caspar well, and the music will suit him. Jones will be very good in the music of Adolph, and the excellence of Linda, the part of the *prima donna*, as played by Mrs. Austin, and of Kilian, as played by Placide, is well known. Rose, whose difficult and charming music makes her a very important personage, is to be for the first time entrusted to Mrs. Blake, of whose performance we shall take an opportunity of speaking. For the incantation scene, surely Valmond has peopled the Park with devils enough.

On Monday Mr. Kean performed Hamlet in a manner even more to our liking than when we first saw him in the character. It is a chaste and beautiful piece of acting, and elicited repeated bursts of admiration from a crowded house. We deem it superfluous to enter into any comments on the minutiae of the part, having given a full analysis of it on a former occasion. Mr. Kean evidently gains upon the favour of the public at every new effort. Ophelia was successfully sustained by Mrs. Sharpe. We perceive that this lady is about proceeding to Philadelphia, where we cannot doubt that she will become as decided a favourite as she is at Boston and in this city, and as she must be wherever she goes. She has peculiar merits—great versatility combined with accurate judgment and the most delicate taste. We regret that her benefit is necessarily postponed until her return from the south. When it takes place, we feel confident the opportunity will be speedily seized by her numerous admirers of evincing their feelings towards an amiable, industrious, and accomplished actress. M.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROGERS, CAMPBELL, J. MONTGOMERY, LAMB, AND KIRKE WHITE. COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.—And a most beautiful octavo volume it is, and from the press of Carey and Lea, recommending itself not merely by the choice and standard matter of its contents, but by its fine typography, glossy paper, and a delightfully executed engraving, containing the heads of the five distinguished bards. We shall not pay so poor a compliment to the reader as to comment on the claims of the authors, whose compositions are identified with the English language, and are almost the first to be liaped by the school-boy. Every lover of poetry will avail himself of the opportunity now afforded him of possessing these invaluable productions. The book before us forms a companion to the similarly printed works of Scott, Byron, and Moore.

THE PEARL.—This is the title of an annual published by Thomas T. Ash, of Philadelphia. It is intended as a holiday present to the younger classes, and is handsomely printed, and embellished with several engravings. Among the contributors we notice the names of Willis G. Clark, L. H. Sigourney, E. Leslie, &c. There are some beautiful lines, "To a young Child," by the first of the above-named writers. The object of the editor is to inculcate lessons of virtue and morality in the minds of juvenile readers.

THE SANDFORDS, OR HOME SCENES.—We have read with pleasure the first volume of a work, just published by Mr. E. Bliss, under this name. It is from the pen of a lady of high rank. Her claims are not unknown to the readers of this journal, who will well recollect "The Uneducated Wife," which was her production.

JOURNAL OF THE HEART.—Another neat duodecimo from the Careys. It is nominally edited by the authoress of Flirtation. "This work," says the United States Gazette, "is written from the heart, and speaks to the heart. It speaks of religion as a principle of action, but erects no stakes nor collects no faggots; it talks of convents, but does not ridicule the abbess; it mentions nuns, but does not mark them down as fools. It is a pleasant book, and will afford pleasure to those who read it."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

French celebration.—The event which we announced in our last number promises to be attended with even more pomp and display than we had anticipated. At the first meeting of the committee, held on Friday the twelfth instant, the venerable James Monroe presided. On taking the chair he offered some remarks which were deeply imbued with his characteristic love of liberty, and evinced the very lively interest which he, in common with his fellow-citizens assembled around him, felt in the glorious regeneration of the gallant people of France. He was listened to with profound attention, and when he finished his short but pithy address, he was loudly and enthusiastically cheered. Sub-committees of arrangement, selected from amongst our most respectable and public spirited citizens, were then appointed. All these have entered with cheerfulness and activity upon the grateful duties assigned to them, and the approaching twenty-fifth promises to be a day of glorious rejoicing and magnificent exhibition.

Mi pizzica, mi stimola.—We lately inserted an English version of this celebrated aria, written by Mr. Woodworth, and now present our readers with another, (from a more martial muse) as recently sung by Mrs. Austin, at the Park theatre. Bourne has just published it, and gives us permission to copy the words. The language and sentiments are very suitable to the blustering spirit of the music.

RECITATIVE.

How bright and joyous nature bloomed
Beneath a vernal sky,
Ere he who won my heart had doomed
That heart alone to sigh.
But love of fame inspired his breast,
And now in fields afar,
With crimson blade and towering crest,
He seeks the din of war.

AIR.

High o'er the field in martial pride
His stately banner waves,
Where heroes stem the battle tide,
Or sink in hallowed graves.
There, mid the rude and maddening clash
Of havoc's vengeful steel,
His falchion gleams, the lightning-flash
That leads the thunder-peal.
His deeds shall live in story,
He strikes in freedom's name,
For country, home, and glory,
Inspired by love and fame.
Rude was the shock! the squadrons close,
And freemen win the field!
On, victors, on! pursue your foes!
But spare them when they yield.
Believed from sterner duty,
The hero now may claim
The sweetest smiles of beauty,
With freedom, love, and fame.

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For the Mirror.

THE WARNING.

BY THYRA.

CALL back, call back, each winged thought,
And fold it in thy silent heart!
The words with fancy's fervour fraught,
Oh! let them not to utterance start!
Each trace of feeling deep repress,
Be cold, and calm, and passionless.
Tame down the soaring thoughts that spring
In youth's enthusiastic heart;
Chain fancy's wild and wandering wing,
And to no ear thy dreams impart—
Let not thy deeper feelings speak
In bright'ning eye or flushing cheek.
Thy features—let them never be
A mirror, but a mask to hide
Love, scorn, hope, fear, or agony,
Each feeling of thy heart, while pride
Shall smile to meet the baffled eye
Which would the secret soul espy.
Smile—while thy heart is withering—
Be gay—when every hope has died—
Let mirth her veiling mantle fling
Each pang that wrings thy heart to bide;
Wear thou the look of happiness,
Though thousand ills around thee press.
Dream not the open brow of youth
Its frank and fearless mien to wear,
This is no world for trust and truth—
Hide in thy heart what passes there,
And pride and scorn shall reach thee not,
And thine will be an envied lot.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

SIMON SMITH, OR THE SOUTH CORNER.

WHAT caution should be in direction! by want of it I knew a lady miss a husband—his true, upon my word—her name—
Smith—two words were missed and so she missed a husband.
It was her father's fault too—and yet a father never loved a daughter more; he enjoyed the world because he could look at her, and when he thought of rapturous praises he had heard, the old man smiled and his eye glistened. "She is indeed," he would exclaim, "equal to one's fairest imaginations; such a delightful glow upon her cheek, and the curls over her forehead are so gracefully grouped and located—there's such humour and animation about her too"—and he thought of her gay speeches, and he smiled; and then he smiled that he had smiled—"what vanity!" cried he.

Simon Smith was a merchant—he was absolutely compelled to go to New-Orleans; his daughter had just bid him goodbye; she could not force back her tears; her pretty form was vanishing out of the parlour door. "When the long last separation shall come," thought he, "who will protect thee, poor child, when thou hast no parents? Thy relatives are kind, but they have their own to protect. If I could but find one who would appreciate your worth, and treat you as your angel soul deserves. I wish you were married; though I should lose you, it is my duty: 'tis a strange place, but I will look out at New-Orleans."

He had never been there before; it would have charms to the inexperienced, but licentiousness has no beauty in the eyes of age; the indulgence of passion is attractive in description and excites the imagination of youth, but in reality is tarnished by unlooked-for circumstances. He determined he would look out at New-Orleans.

"My old friend, how are you?" cried a voice as he was passing one morning through the Rue de —.

"Who the deuce are you?" thought old Simon.

"It certainly is Simon Smith," said the speaker.

Mr. Smith shook him kindly by the hand; he ventured on no name, but looked ignorantly in his face.

"You have forgotten an old school-fellow."

His name was Ravelle. Mr. Smith remembered him. He was always a great talker, and always amusing his neighbours by speaking of his own affairs.

"Where have you been," said he, "these many years? I'm delighted to see you. I'm almost killed with labour; I've made a great deal since I saw you. At Havana I made

fifteen thousand dollars, at Corthagena twenty, at Lima ten more, and here I am with loads of business. The — in New-York employ me; the — in Charleston, and the great house in Boston say no firm shall be employed but mine."

"The deuce they do," thought old Simon.

"But I forgot to introduce my son," continued old Ravelle. "Do dine with me to-morrow."

Mr. Smith promised; he dined frequently with old Ravelle.

"I should be glad to go with you, Mr. Smith," said young Ravelle, one day after dinner.

"There is nothing to prevent you, Ravelle."

Mr. Smith had been delighted with young Ravelle; his difference from his father was so singular—coming from the same quarter. Ravelle was but twenty-five. "Just a match for her," thought old Smith. "I'll try and persuade him to return with me." It was determined he should go. They went by the Mississippi.

"Drain of a world!" thought Ravelle, looking over the side of the steam-boat.

"Father of rivers!" said a lady.

"The family is large," said Ravelle.

"You have them of all sizes," answered the lady.

"It's very like the Raritan near Perth Amboy," said a bystander.

"*Parca componere*," thought Ravelle.

They were three weeks before they reached Philadelphia—the modern Athens—and it has such an affectionate name—it is a little paradise—but they say we may grow tired of paradise. Ravelle grew sick of the modern Athens; he begged Mr. Smith for heaven's sake to go—but this last was obliged to stay a week longer.

"I'm tired to death," said Ravelle; "I'll go on before you."

"You must go to my house the very day you arrive and see my family, and I will write immediately. 'Tis the corner house—a large three story building; ask for Mr. Smith, any body will tell you—a new house," said old Simon, as he shook young Ravelle's hand.

He heard the distant paddling of the wheels—it was too late to call. At this seasonable moment he remembered there was another Mr. Smith, who lived opposite, likewise in a corner house—a large three story—and the house was a new house too, and was continually mistaken for his; and this Smith had a pretty daughter too.

"If he should unluckily go to the north corner, he will see her first, and first impressions are so fatal; why didn't I tell him the south corner, or rather, why the deuce do people take the same names?" muttered he; "making constant blunders and difficulties in society: when proper names are improper names, then they are not proper names; the meaning of proper is peculiar and distinguishing. What kind of distinction, I should wish to know, does Smith give? you might as well call a man a two-legged animal. It's true she's not as pretty as Elizabeth, what matters it? He'll see her first—'good-by' he'll say to old Simon's daughter. Fool that I was—why didn't I specify south corner? it was but two words, and yet I could not say them; thus do I blunder for ever, and will, while I live, I suppose."

He looked back towards the steam-boat; she was making the best use of her paddles. As he saw the foam behind her stern, he muttered in a species of vexatious growl, "You're determined nothing shall catch you." He almost wished she would blow up, so that all went up except Ravelle. He walked sullenly away; he felt the pleasures of a reproaching conscience all that day; he was one of those poor wretches full of sin first and sorrow afterwards.

Ravelle arrived at New-York; he sat himself down alone in his room and looked at his watch—it was just eleven o'clock. "What in the name of heaven shall I do?" thought he. He walked to the window; the rain was one of those melancholy rains—it was enough to make a man throw himself off the Battery. He looked down on the polished pavement, and then as the drops fell in the water that had fallen, he watched the circles that appeared and vanished, and vanished and appeared in endless wearisome sameness. He gaped and breathed out a sound—it was a plaintive wail. There was a mass of black coals in the grate, and every now and then a cloud of choking smoke rose to the ceiling. "Pleasant," thought Ravelle in the misery of his soul. There were no cur-

tains—exposed was all the gloom of the heavens—it was gloomy in and gloomy out. "Fool that I was, to leave my home," cried he. "These are the joys of travelling, to be afflicted with all the curses of fatigue one moment, and solitude the next." He rose and took a book and sat down to read—it was impossible. When the mind is distracted by real or imaginary ills, the remedies are loathsome which might often be its cure. "In heaven's name, what shall I do? I shall die here. Why did I leave the old man? Him at least I should have had, here I know nobody." There is a feeling of loneliness or abandonment when we first come among those who know us not; and Ravelle was young. He would not go to old Smith's—he would be among strangers, he would be tired to death there, and be obliged to talk and be civil; it was such a trouble to be civil and to talk when you would rather say nothing—but any thing better than this purgatory.

"The corner house, sir—a large new house."

"The old fellow has really a palace," thought he.

"Mr. Smith's?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman of colour.

"When you open the door, mention my name."

"Mr. Ravelle," cried the dark gentleman, smiling.

Two ladies sat near the fire. "How very pretty," thought he, as his eye for a moment fell on the younger.

"Sit down, sir," said the elder of the two.

"Mrs. Smith, I presume I have the honour to address?"

"Mrs. Smith," said the lady.

"She's beautiful," thought he. "I had the pleasure, madam, (looking at the old lady) of meeting Mr. Smith at New-Orleans—"

"I don't envy you the pleasure," thought the lady; "my husband has not left town these five years."

"And," continued Ravelle, "I had the pleasure of travelling with him from New-Orleans to Philadelphia. There is an attractive gravity—I never saw such a face," thought he.

"You have travelled with his ghost," thought the old lady. "I believe there is some mistake, sir."

"Mr. Smith informed me he had written."

"Smith is my husband's name, but it is probably Mr. Smith at the south corner; there are continual mistakes."

Ravelle was confused; he expressed his regret at having disturbed them.

"Heavens and earth! what a beautiful woman! Ye gods I must know her," cried he, as he left the house.

Ravelle went soliloquizing to the opposite corner. "An awkward blunder in old Simon not to mention the south corner; but it was worth an age of suffering to see her face; she must have been the old woman's daughter."

The true Miss Smith he next saw was pretty: had he seen her first, he might have sworn she was the most splendid specimen he had ever seen—but it was too late. When he found himself at the south corner in the drawing-room with the real Smiths, the image of the absent unknown was constantly before him. "They must know their neighbours," thought he. He told them his mistake.

"And there was a young lady there too," said he in a tone of indifference, (it is so horrible to have one's agitation observed.)

"Had she pretty teeth? And her hair prettily arranged?"

"Beautifully."

"And a pretty form?"

"Very pretty," answered Ravelle, as if he were speaking of a statue.

"It was Miss Smith, daughter of the old lady you saw, my particular friend and namesake." Just as our old friend Smith had predicted.

He was invited to take tea with the true Mrs. Smith.

"Miss Mary Smith"—it was the original of his visions again; there was too much boldness perhaps, but there was candour in Ravelle—"I was delighted with you when I saw you the other day."

She laughed. "That's very rude."

The gentleman jested, but ere long

"*Mal bene sentiva che quanto li vedeva.*"

He liked to be near the lady in the morning, and in the afternoon, and after afternoon too. "If I am not always near," at length he cried, after he had known her two or three weeks,

"I never can be happy in this life. Come what, come may, I'll ask her the first golden opportunity. Suppose it prove a leaden one," thought he.

Old Simon, after some delay, arrived from Philadelphia. He saw Ravelle's devotion to the stranger: "Just as I dreaded," thought he; "if he had but seen Elizabeth first—if I had only said 'the south corner' fool that I was—thus have I ever missed my wishes in the world; and with such want of presence of mind in giving my instructions, for what important station am I fit in life? not one." Old Smith had a spasm of reproach—he had had them often before—he was getting used to them.

Ravelle liked her still better when he knew her better; every day he found out some new attractions—this always happens to a good production. At length he married her. Old Smith smiled and was sorry; his daughter was glad of her friend's good fortune; and though she afterwards married well, her father was always sorry, in his direction, he had forgotten the south corner.

For the Mirror.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

WHAT sounds are these, that from the eastern shore
Burst on the ear as time were now no more?
The loud Atlantic, from her foaming track,
Echoes the shout in tones of thunder back.
Earth stands aghast, while all her despots feel
Their thrones and temples to the centre reel.

Say, have the nations from their slumber woken,
And burst the bigot's chain—the tyrant's yoke?
Hath freedom's banner been again unfurled
By patriot hands above a prostrate world;
The lurid flames that mark'd the hideous past,
Been quench'd in blood, and vengeance roused at last?

'Tis even so—the peasant hath hurl'd down
His iron gauntlet 'gainst the monarch's crown.
His sword is bare—his scabbard thrown away,
Freedom his war-cry, and her foe his prey!
How changed since, slave-like, he had bowed him there,
His birth-right chains—his heritage despair.

Deep in the trench the armed burgher stands,
With flashing eye and gore-empurpled hands;
No burnish'd shield defends his patriot breast,
No sable plumes float proudly o'er his crest:
Fearless he stands amid the shock of death,
His loose locks shaken by the cannon's breath,
And hears in each reverberated roar,
"The sons of Gallia shall be slaves no more!"

When freedom's sword insulted nations draw,
And fierce revenge adds terror e'en to war;
When feelings, lash'd to madness, spurn control,
And mercy sleeps, and frenzy fires the soul;
Then the proud columns in their armed array
To naked breasts and peasant-hands give away:
From rank to rank the baffled leaders fly,
And urge their slaves to conquer or to die,
In vain—for deeply falls the freeman's sword,
By them more heeded than their leader's word;
One more impetuous charge—the route's complete,
And slavery's chains laid low at freedom's feet!

Now when the feeble tyrant of your land,
In shame and fear hath sought a foreign strand;
His gray head loaded with the curses wild
Of the lone widow and the orphan child—
Now when the upas-breath hath left your shore,
And carnage stalks along your streets no more—
To win your peace at home and friends abroad,
Hear mercy plead while justice holds the sword;
Let wisdom's voice your halls of council fill,
And bid sedition's factious tongue be still—
So shall loud discord in your cities cease,
And rights, blood-purchased, be enjoyed in peace.

MISCELLANY.

NOVEL WRITING.—ASKING AN OPINION.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH, who often entertains himself and his readers with his laughable imitations and burlesques, has lately supplied the following, as a hit at the tribe of modern romancers.

"Now that the servants are all gone, the table drawn towards the window, and every thing comfortable about us, let me hear the secret you spoke of before dinner."

"Why, really, my dear fellow, I have long wished for an opportunity to disburden myself to some kind and sensible friend, and I know none I can so readily confide in as yourself. You must know I have turned my attention, seriously, for the last two or three months to a certain point."

"Aha! Matrimony? Who is it, Billy? Who is this wonderful paragon who is going to become Mrs. Billy Tompkins?"

"Nonsense, man; what can you be talking of?"

"Stay, Billy; I'll describe your choice to you:—fair hair, almost approaching to love's proper hue, celestial rosy red; wideish mouth—there is nothing equal to the mouth for expression; crooked-nose; a delicate obliquity of vision; pointed chin; age, thirty-five; and the name of this Dulcinea is"—

"Mr. William Blackwood, 45 George's-street, Edinburgh; see, there's his address—I am just going to send off the letter. The fact is, my dear Simson, I have turned author; I have written a story or novel, or whatever you like to call it, and before sending it down to the north, I should like very much to have some rational and intelligent person's opinion on its merits."

"Thank you; you could not, I am sure, have applied to a more disinterested friend, or one who would be happier to give you any advice that may benefit your work. (Vain puppy! what can tempt such a silly fool as this to commence author?)"—*Aside.*

"I thought so, Simson; and, if you'll give no interruption, I shall be most happy to read you the first chapter or two."

"I interrupt you? It is a thing I never did in my life. Depend on my not making the slightest noise—(unless I should happen to snore.)"—*Aside.*

"Well then, here goes. It was on the evening of the fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-eight"

"Why, that's just like the beginning of a law paper; but I beg pardon—mum."

"It was on the evening of the fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, that a stranger was seen to enter the stable-yard of the Angel inn, in the ancient town of Bury St. Edmunds. The stranger, from the juvenility of his appearance, was evidently young. His hat was set perpendicularly on the top of his head, while his legs were carelessly suspended one on each side of the animal which he bestrode. Buttons of a bright yellow metal, relieved the sombre shade of his dark brown coat; and, after dismounting from his horse, he eyed it affectionately for a considerable length of time, and having ordered the hostler to give it a feed of corn, he proceeded into the house. The room into which he was shown was a clean, well furnished apartment, about sixteen feet by twelve. The fire-place was exactly opposite the door, and above the mantel-piece was suspended a black silhouette of a very fat gentleman, with a Roman nose; while, on the mantel-piece itself, was laid an elegant glass case, containing a representation of the babes in the wood, in wax. A small round table was placed in the middle of the room, supported on one leg, which divided, about a foot from the ground, into three separate claws. Another table, surmounted by a large paper tea-tray, was stationed close to the wall; and five rush-bottomed chairs, ranged regularly round the room, completed the furniture of the apartment. The stranger, depositing his hat on the table that stood next him, sat down on one of the chairs we have previously mentioned, and seemed to sink into a deep reverie of not the most pleasing nature. 'Unhappy that I am!' he at last exclaimed, dashing his hand with energy upon his brow; 'whither can I turn? No where have I a friend; my uncle opposes my inclinations; Mrs. Johnson is severe and cruel to my Sophia; and she herself—wretch, wretch that I am, to have inflicted such woe on so gentle, so susceptible a heart!'"

"Stop now, Billy; does your hero exclaim all this in the small room you so circumstantially described, sitting alone by himself, without even the waiter to sympathize in his griefs?"

"To be sure he does. Waiter? nonsense; stop till you know who he is."

"Saying these words, he rested his head on his hand, and betrayed by the frequency of his sighs, the sorrow that oppressed his breast. 'Yet why,' he exclaimed, starting up, 'why give way to dejection? why surrender hope because friends prove unpropitious? So long as my Sophia continues true, never, never, never shall I despair.' He rung the small bell upon the table with great vehemence, and having ordered a beef-steak and pickles to be ready for him at ten o'clock, he rushed, with renewed confidence and spirit, into the open air. On coming out into the street, he found the scene considerably altered. The gray light of twilight had now faded into night, and the moon was sailing high in heaven, attended by her galaxy of stars. The tower of the ruined monastery, which imparts such an air of grace and dignity to the town of Bury St. Edmunds, was now no longer revealed to the eye by the mellowing rays of the declining sun, but rested in a deep shade, save where it was partially illuminated by the moon-beams, as they struggled through the foliage of the trees. Still indulging in melancholy thoughts, the stranger directed his

steps towards the old bridge, and sighed at the remembrance of ruined magnificence as he passed the abbey wall. The wind by this time had risen, without his having perceived it. Dense masses of cloud had congregated in the sky, and occasionally obscured the moon for a moment, and then floated past her, with their dark edges tipped with her silver light, like a rich shawl of the darkest cashmere wool, fringed, as we sometimes may remark, with bright and glittering colours. He had now approached very near the water, when he thought he heard steps close to him, and waited impatiently for a transient glimpse of moonlight, to discover from whom the sounds proceeded. The steps seemed those of a heavy man, and occasionally he thought he detected the clank of spurs. He placed himself as much as possible beneath the shelter of the abbey wall, and with considerable excitement waited for the gratification of his curiosity. A thin haze now passed over the moon, and revealed the figure on the opposite side of the water, but whether a male or female, the light did not yet enable him to discover. Suddenly, however, he heard a violent splash in the river, and instinctively rushed forward. 'For heaven's sake, stop,' he exclaimed, 'whoever you are, for I solemnly assure you, you have fallen into the water!' 'Yare, yare, hold in your bellowing tackle,' replied the object thus addressed, 'do you think I don't know water from land, especially when it's running into my boots?' 'The channel, perchance, is deep; take care of your steps, for if it takes you over the head, and you cannot swim, you will very probably be drowned.'

"The traveller, however, made no answer to this, and the deepest silence succeeded to the previous disturbance in the water. 'Is it possible,' thought the stranger, 'can the individual be already drowned? At least let me try to save him, if, indeed, it be not already too late.' Urged on by these generous feelings, he rushed into the stream; but, greatly to his surprise, he found that he arrived at the other side, without having waded nearly up to his knee; and what added to his astonishment was, that the person whom he had addressed was no where to be seen. He perambulated every part of the street, but could not anywhere find the object of his search; and what increased his disappointment was, that he began to have a strange idea of having somewhere or other heard the traveller's voice before. Bewildered, and in a state of considerable suspense, he was now warned by his appetite, and also by a fit of coughing, which he considered was probably brought on by having wet his feet in his humane endeavours, that it was time for him to pursue his way back to the inn. He had not proceeded far, when he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and a voice muttered in his ear, 'Kites are abroad—beware.' He turned round to the speaker, and saw only a closely muffled figure, but could not distinguish any features. 'Kites?' he said—'Thank heaven, I care nothing for any kites; they can do no harm to me.' 'The wolf attacks not the shepherd, yet he guards against it for the sake of his flock. Know you of no timid dove whom the kite may wound? Listen.' He applied his lips close to the stranger's ear, and whispered some words, which had a surprising effect. 'To-night, say you?' said the stranger. 'Ay, to-night,' he replied; 'ere the gray dawn, you shall see me again. Farewell!' So saying, the mysterious figure disappeared into one of the smaller streets, and left the stranger to pursue his walk alone. His mind was now in a complete chaos. The information which his visitant had given him was of the most perplexing nature. Sometimes he was half inclined to doubt its truth; at others, he determined to forego his beef-steak and pickles, and proceed instantly to ascertain whether it was true or false. Amidst these conflicting feelings he arrived at his room. 'Supper's quite ready, sir,' said the waiter; 'what do you please to drink, sir?' 'Is your ale mild?' 'Yea, very good indeed, sir.' 'Then bring me a quart of ale.' 'Directly, sir. A note for you, sir.' 'A note for me! where? when? how did it come?' 'A sailor brought it a few minutes ago—Steak's quite hot, sir.'

"The stranger seized the note with avidity. It had no address, and was written in such a miserable hand as to render it difficult to make out its meaning. He at last, however, deciphered it, and found it to contain these words: 'If you be he as comes from Bungay; and cares for S. M., you will not fail to be in St. Mary's church-yard at half past eleven to-night. Yours, Tom Tyger.' 'To night, in St. Mary's church-yard,' he muttered, inaudibly. 'The plot thickens round me on every side; first, the stranger who disappeared in so marvellous a manner near the bridge; then the person who addressed me on my way hither, and who seemed to know what I had believed hidden from every human being, except one; and now this letter, pointing so manifestly to my dear Sophia! In fact, I know not what to think.' In this

state of uncertainty, he paid his respects to the viands before him, and had nearly succeeded in demolishing every particle of the solids, when the door opened, and a gentleman walked into the room. 'Servant, sir,' said the intruder; 'hopes I don't incommode you; but finding as the house be chokeful, takes the liberty to walk in here.' 'Sir,' said our hero, swallowing the last morsel with a gulp, 'I certainly hoped to be secure from interruption.' 'Don't mention it, I beg, my dear sir,' replied the new comer, taking off his great-coat, and throwing himself on a chair; 'don't say a word of it—I knew—indeed, I told the waiter, I was sure you would be delighted to have a companion. Is the beer good, sir?' As he said these words, he laid hold of the pewter vessel containing the whole of our hero's quart, and nodding familiarly, drained it to the very bottom. 'Sir,' said our hero, in a passion, 'what do you mean by that?' 'By what, my good friend; what makes you so angry?' 'Angry? who the deuce can submit to be intruded on by a fellow who flops himself down without ceremony at another gentleman's table, and drinks up every drop of his beer?' 'Fellow?' replied the other: 'I'd have you for to know, sir, I'm no fellow of your'n. Confound you and your beer too—can't you order another quart? If it's too much for you, I shall be very happy to help you to finish it—so ring the bell, and order in a supply.' 'Who are you, sir?' roared our hero, in a prodigious rage—'who are you, sir, who order me to ring bells, and send for more beer, which you would infallibly pour into your own throat? Sir, I won't stand it, and if you don't take care, I'll throw you neck and heels out of this window into the street.' 'Now, listen,' said the other, very composedly: 'in the first place, this window opens on the stable yard, and not on the street. In the next place, look at my shoulders, and then at your own. In the third place, sit quietly down in your seat, for even wet feet, I see, can scarcely cure your courage.' 'How do you know my feet are wet, sir?' said our hero, still irate; 'are you the person who—' 'Ha—ha—ha! so your curiosity's raised at last! Come, come, let us have in some more beer; we shall be good friends by and by.' 'Sir, you are one of the most extraordinary impudent men I ever saw.' 'You may say that, with your own ugly mouth.' 'Ugly mouth! what the deuce—' 'There now, you're in a rage again—always flying your kites—they'll bring you on your back some day.' These words were said with the most provoking calmness, and an emphasis was laid on the word *kites*, which strongly arrested our hero's attention. Resolved to gratify his curiosity, he sat down, and said, with as much softness as he could assume—'Sir, your conduct is undoubtedly very strange; you came in when I had just finished my beef-steak—' 'Gadso,' interrupted the intruder, 'and I've kept you all this time from your cheese! Here, waiter, waiter! bring this gentleman's cheese—and, waiter, bring in a couple of plates—and, waiter, do you hear, fill up the gentleman's pot with the same sort of beer, for I feel myself uncommonly thirsty again.' Our hero checked himself as much as possible while his forced guest gave his orders, and resumed, 'You have made yourself quite at home in my apartment; you have persisted in forcing yourself into conversation with me, and in the course of it you have twice made allusions to affairs which happened to me this night. Now, tell me who you are, and what possible interest you can take in me and my concerns.' 'Now,' said the other, 'you speak like a man. I have certainly made myself at home in your apartment, and enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with you, although it was rather noisy on your part. Who I am can be nothing to you; and as to being interested in you and your concerns, you and your concerns may go to the d—l, for I don't care a brass farthing for none on ye—I'll thank you for a piece of that there cheese.'

"As he said this, he seized the cheese, and helped himself in no sparing manner, drawing near to him at the same time the replenished beer jug. Our hero sat eyeing him in a state of boiling impatience, wondering to what pitch of familiarity his strange companion would proceed. In perfect silence, meantime, that worthy gentleman continued his labours; and, after having satisfied himself on the Glo'ster, [cheese] he again, and with the same absorbing effects, applied the liquid to his lips. 'Hah!' he said, drawing in his breath as he placed the now empty receptacle on the table, 'how very refreshing it is! Don't you find yourself greatly invigorated with the beer, sir?' 'Sir, I never met with such treatment! Sir, you're a robber, an uncivil fellow, a cheat! I declare, on the word of a thirsty man, I have not tasted a drop of beer to-night—thanks to your eternally seizing possession of the jug. What you mean by it, I don't know; but you or I must leave this room immediately.' 'Sorry you're going, indeed sir,' said the gentleman thus addressed; 'couldn't you stay a few minutes longer? Well, if you must go, it can't be helped'

I suppose. Don't forget your bill for the supper, and two quarts of beer.' 'Villain! rascal!' cried our hero, seizing his heavy handled whip. 'Oho! is that your kindness to your supper companion? Here's summat to match it,' replied the other, presenting a pistol which he pulled from his side pocket. 'But I see what you wish. I'll give you a helping hand into St. Mary's church-yard, before your time too. Ah! touched ye there—I see. What! won't you give one side with your carrion thumper?' 'You utterly amaze me,' replied our hero, resuming his seat. 'How do you come to know that I wish to go to St. Mary's church-yard? Pray, tell me one thing—is your name Thomas Tyger?' 'No sir, my name is no such thing. I know the difference, I assure you, 'tween a dog's name and a man's, though I can't say I see much difference 'tween a Bungay man and a fool.' 'Your knowledge is amazing. You are a perfect riddle to me; a wonder, a rebus, a conundrum, an enigma!' 'Come—keep a civil tongue in your head, and call no names. I'm no more an enigma nor you are, nor no other trade you mention, but a plain horse-dealer at your service, with as pretty a bit of blood in the stable as ever eyes saw. She'll carry your weight to Bungay to-night 'tween twelve and three easy.' 'Have you indeed such an animal?' 'Ay, that I have. Be that long-tailed bay pony yours, with the star on's face?' 'Yes.' 'Well, let's see if we can't make a swap on't. She'll walk ye grand, trot amazin'; and as for her gallop, la! love ye! ye never saw nothin' like it.'

"As our hero had no great confidence in the speed of his own horse, and knew that he should probably require to go a great distance in as short a time as possible, he felt strongly inclined to accede to the worthy horse-dealer's proposal of an exchange. For this purpose, after a little preliminary conversation, they adjourned into the stable to settle the terms of the treaty. There we shall leave them for a while, and now proceed to give the reader some new information, and introduce him to some other personages in the following chapter.

"Bravo, bravo, Billy, upon my word! Why, Tompkinson will soon be as great a name as Scott. You draw characters in the most spirited manner. Your conversations are as natural as if they were reported by Gurney; and, in short, I think you will one day become a very great man."

"Nay, now, Simson, do you really think it good, or are you only bamming me?"

"Bamming you! Impossible. But without troubling you to read any more, can you not just give me a slight idea of the issue of the story? Who is the stranger, for instance, who meets with all these adventures in Bury St. Edmund's?"

"Why, he's the hero of the book—a Bungay man, in love with Sophia Malton, who is an heiress. Her mother, of course, objects to the marriage, and manœuvres to bestow her on Sir Gregory Grumps, who is rich, and old, and ridiculous. The horse-dealer acts a prominent part in the story. The horse he exchanges with Fitz-Reginald Montresor (that's the hero, you know) turns out to be stolen. At the end of the first volume, Fitz-Reginald is tried for the theft; the evidence is unaccountably strong against him, and at last he is condemned to death, and left for execution. The heroine, meantime, uses all her influence to save him; escapes from her mother's house and makes a pilgrimage on foot to intercede with Lord Tenterden, but without effect. She faints in the streets, and is brought before Sir Richard Birnie."

"But do you give real names?"

"Oh, no. I call Lord Tenterden, Lord Denderten; and Sir Richard Birnie, I call Sir Thundering Pompus. She is ordered to the treadmill as a vagrant, when, luckily, just when she is on her way to the house of correction, she is rescued by Sir Gregory Grumps. By him she is taken to a distant relation of her own, living in Grosvenor Square, which enables me to introduce a good deal of high life. Almack's, Vauxhall, the opera, and the Surry theatre; and this takes us to the end of the second volume. The third volume begins with a letter from Fitz-Reginald, still in prison, but with his punishment changed to transportation for life. In it he bids Sophia farewell, and releases her from her engagements, and he proceeds in due course of time to the settlements at New South Wales. There, however, he luckily recognises an old and intimate friend in the attorney-general, by whose interest his situation is made comparatively easy. The horse-dealer, in the meantime, goes on in his course of wickedness, and Sophia begins, however reluctantly, to comply with her family's wishes, in accepting Sir Gregory; but, just on the eve of acceding to their solicitations, a note is mysteriously put into her hands, offering, on payment of a considerable sum, to prove the innocence of her lover. This of course distracts her from her design; and she promises all that her secret informer desires. In this business she employs an attorney,

who, contrary to the general practice among us novel writers, is honest. He tracks out the author; discovers the horse-dealer to be the thief, and false witness on Fitz-Reginald's trial; the villain at last confesses, and is executed; Sir Gregory is discarded; three or four cousins of Fitz-Reginald's die, and enable him to step into his distant relations' titles and estates; and Sophia's mother can now have no objection to such a distinguished son-in-law as Lord Bungay: the good are rewarded, the bad are punished; and the third volume concludes with an affecting parting between the hero, now fully restored to his character, and his friend the attorney-general in New South Wales, leaving his happiness, on his arrival in England, to the reader's imagination."

"Capital! and very original too. But there are a few things I should like to ask you. In the chapter you read me, you mention a Mrs. Jobson; and, in the rest of the story, you always talk of Sophia's mother; now—"

"Why, they are one and the same thing; but in novels bad mothers are always married to second husbands, in order that the daughter may have a rational excuse for hating her step-father; for that, you know, is always allowed, without any breach of filial piety."

"Then the hero—you'll excuse me, you know, if I take the liberty of a friend—the hero—doesn't he strike you to be a bit of a softish Johnny Rawish sort of a fellow? rather milk-and-watery? eh?"

"Oh, I don't know; I think he's just like other people's heroes; he's handsome, you know, and very like a gentleman; and I don't know what more any man has a right to expect."

"The horse-dealer, too, strikes me to be a little too clever; to act too many characters; to be, in short, made too much of."

"Now, Simson, I think you're getting a little captious. Just look at other people's villains; mine is not a bit cleverer than any novel blackguard you'll point out. And as to acting too many characters, why look at Rob Roy, or Fenella, or Ganleaze, or—"

"Now, my dear Tompkinson, that is too bad. Why, you whipper-snapper, do you compare your ridiculous, unnatural abortion of a thief and horse-dealer to any of Sir Walter's glorious imaginations? I never thought you so egregiously absurd before."

"O you didn't, didn't ye? We shall see about being absurd. Mr. Blackwood will show you whether I'm absurd or not."

"Why, do you think Mr. Blackwood, or any man in his senses, will give you three farthings for such a rigmorole of nonsense?"

"We shall see, Mr. Simson; we shall see, sir. I wish you good night. Our friendship is over, sir; our friendship is over. The sooner you can pay me that trifle I lent you the better. Good night, sir."

So! there goes a fool! He'll get cool upon it in the morning; if not, I have lost a very good-natured, easy, silly, kind, accommodating sort of friend. What tempted the blockhead to ask my opinion upon his book? If it should be accepted, published, puffed, there will be no bearing the puppy's vanity. Billy Tompkinson the author of a popular novel! The author of *Waverley* ought to be pricked half dead with sharp-pointed quills, and ducked, *pro bono publico*, in printer's ink. But if Billy gets paid for this, gets a swinging douceur on a second edition, and wallows in wealth from the exercise of his pen? well, what then? Egad, I'll write a popular novel myself—that's all.

Blackwood

For the Mirror.

A TURKISH SONG.

Thou wretch, of sordid mould,
Who poises love with gold,
And hugs the yellow store,
Till passion's reign is o'er,
Can never hope to prove
The sweets of mutual love.
But O, the generous youth,
Inspired by love and truth,
Who deems no price too high,
That wins affection's sigh,
'Tis he alone can move
A maiden's heart to love.
A maiden's heart is cold
Till touch'd with dart of gold,
All feathered from the dove,
And barb'd by infant love.
Its polished point must be
The weapon of the bee,
Adorn'd and hid from view,
By gems of honey-dew;
It then so charms the eye
We deem no danger nigh,
Till deep within the heart
Is felt the stinging smart.

For the Mirror.

A FRAGMENT.

BY ISIDORA.

He flies! his foes are hard behind,
 Their vengeful shouts are on the wind;
 Is it a coward's act to fly—
 Or shall he face their front, and die!
 Wild thoughts are rushing through his mind,
 His headlong speed outstrips the wind!
 Could that good steed still bear him on,
 The sheltering cot might yet be won.
 Already through the night's thick haze
 He sees its burnish'd casements blaze!
 What sudden thought has check'd his speed?
 No spur impels the lagging steed.
 Even could he gain yon welcome roof,
 Could that fierce band be kept aloof?
 There, there, his wonted tread to hear,
 His fair bride bends her listening ear;
 Her blue eye on the wicket turn'd—
 And long her beacon lamp has burn'd.
 Oft has she sent her glances bright
 Through the deep shroud that veils the night,
 And oft his welcome step to hear
 Shook back the ringlets from her ear,
 Like threads of gold imperl'd, wet with the sudden tear.

One moment through his whirling brain
 These thoughts have rushed, and now again
 Hope yields to deep and stern despair.
 What! shall he guide the foemen there!
 To his own hearth—within her sight,
 Yon flower of beauty, pure and bright,
 With blood and conflict to defile
 The roof made sacred by her smile;
 To combat, struggle, and o'ercome
 Her idol in his own blest home!
 Shall her heart wither at the sight
 Of carnage and unequal fight!
 Shall her ears drink his dying groan?
 No! if he falls he falls alone,
 Unseen by her—his fate perchance unknown!

He turns—their shouts of triumph rise,
 As, urged by maddening thought, he flies
 Through yon deep forest's tangled shade,
 Hopeless of flight, or ruth, or aid.
 Life, peril, hate, are all forgot,
 All lost in one absorbing thought—
 To lead yon ruffian band afar
 From that low casement's beacon star!
 Exulting in his headlong speed,
 Still urging on his panting steed,
 Till horse and rider, both o'ercome,
 Have halted to await the doom,
 Which, borne upon the midnight wind,
 Peals in those madd'ning shouts behind;
 When lo! uprising fierce and bright,
 As their red blades flash o'er his sight
 A watch-fire bursts upon the gloom of night.

Once more he turns, and strives to fly—
 'Tis won! a band of brothers nigh,
 Roused by those shouts from brief repose,
 Are circling round his vengeful foes:
 The cry of death is on the blast—
 The ruffian leader shouts his last!
 O'ercome by numbers and by right,
 Their swords have failed them in the fight.
 He conquers now who lately fled—
 A charmed spell was o'er his head:
 Thine, *holy love*, the victory;
 Thy impulse sway'd his soul, and he
 Shall ne'er unaided fall who worships thee.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON,

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

NUMBER SEVEN.

London, October 6.

THE crude and indigestible notions concerning England and English affairs afloat in the United States, are more to be regretted than wondered at, when it is considered that, notwithstanding the number of slipshod journals that have been published by people who have galloped through the country, few sound substantial works from the pens of well-informed and unbiassed Americans who have resided for some time here, have as yet made their appearance on your side of the water. The degree of ignorance prevailing in this country, respecting America, to be sure is ten, ay, fifty times as great, and questions are asked by respectable people that are perfectly astounding; to wit, whether Boston belongs to the British—whether New-York is situated on the St. Lawrence?—in what part of the United States is Quebec, where General Wolfe was killed? &c. &c.; but then they acknowledge their ignorance, and merely ask silly questions. Now Americans, in discoursing of England, are exceedingly dogmatical. They think they

know exactly the state of affairs here, and how all things are done and transacted, and indeed will scarcely allow an Englishman to give an opinion respecting his own country, setting him down, if he differ from their views, as either ignorant, partial, or prejudiced. The misfortune is, that Americans glean most of their information respecting England from English newspapers and party periodicals, or at least from such portions of them as are extracted into their own. Now nothing can be more fallacious and incorrect than the information so obtained, unless the reader is perfectly familiar with the state of parties, and the character and motives of the several papers, so that he knows just what to believe and what to disbelieve, and the requisite allowance to be made for the different colourings given to the same statement; for though many of the English newspapers enjoy a deservedly high reputation, and will not descend to low abuse, or be guilty of direct falsehood, yet with a great portion both are habitual, and the very best of them, from party motives, will soften and throw into the shade whatever makes against their own side of the question, and colour and exaggerate what is in their favour. If an Englishman attempt to explain this to an American, he replies, "Oh, I know nothing about that—here is what your own papers say—if I am not to believe them, what am I to believe?" There appears at first to be some reason in the question; but, supposing a London merchant were to go into the New-England coffee-house here among a few sharp-witted, intelligent Yankees, and proceed to give the very flattering portraits of eminent Americans—Jefferson, DeWitt Clinton, General Jackson, Henry Clay, or Martin Van Buren, as drawn by the portion of the press opposed to them during the heat of political contest, and say unto them, "So, these monsters, these villains, murderers, knaves, fools, place-hunters, and sycophants, are what you call your great men in America, and place at the head of your government—a pretty government, truly!" the Yankees would laugh at him, and tell him, right enough, that he knew nothing about the matter; but he might, with equal justice, retort, "I only say what your own papers say—if I am not to believe them, what am I to believe?" I think this a fair parallel case, more especially as the lower class of American journals are in the regular habit of extracting whatever paragraphs or statements tend to lower foreign nations in the eyes of their readers, thus flattering the self-love of the multitude by the comparison immediately drawn between their own condition and that of the people of those countries.

The actual state of England is, I think very much misunderstood in the United States. Doubtless there is frequently great distress in the manufacturing districts, the consequence—perhaps the natural consequence—of such large bodies of men depending entirely on one source for their subsistence; and that there is something radically wrong in parts of her agricultural system is sufficiently evinced by the state of the poor-laws in certain districts; but for all this, the distress is only very partial. As a celebrated writer lately said, in speaking of the condition of the nation, "Though one wave may have receded, the tide is still coming steadily in." Of this all must be sensible who have passed through the large towns in England. The rapid extension of those towns in every direction—the various schemes on foot for adding to the facilities of communication between them—the plans for roads, canals, tunnels, bridges, railways, all over the country—the excavation of new docks, and rearing of immense warehouses in maritime ports—indeed, the untiring spirit of industry and enterprise every where manifested, backed by exhaustless capital, denote any thing rather than decrepitude or decline, and are, in fact, the very antipodes of the dull stagnation of gradual decay. Many in America will hope that this picture is correct—perhaps some that it is not. Every friend of freedom and mankind will rejoice if it be true—every lover of literature, science, and the arts—indeed all the enlightened and generous-spirited among you will be glad to know that England is likely, for centuries to come, to maintain her rank among the nations; and it is only the timid, the revengeful, the meanly jealous, and such as are incapable of truly appreciating the rising greatness of their own country, who desire to exalt her by the depreciation of others, that will be sorry such is the case.

As for that incomprehensible bugbear, the national debt, perhaps I cannot do better than send you an extract from the Edinburgh Review respecting it and other matters. It may be remarked in passing, that the Edinburgh generally looks at the gloomy side of affairs along with its party, the Whigs, and makes the most of every thing:

"If we were to prophesy that in the year 1930, a population of fifty millions, better clad, fed, and lodged than the English of our time, will cover these islands—that Sussex

and Huntingdonshire will be wealthier than the wealthiest parts of the west-riding of Yorkshire are now—that cultivation, rich as that of a flower-garden, will be carried up to the very tops of Ben Nevis and Helvellyn—that machines, constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house—that there will be no highways but rail-roads, no travelling but by steam—that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great grandchildren a trifling incumbrance that might easily be paid off in a year or two—many people would think us insane. We prophesy nothing, but this we say—if any person had told the parliament, which met in perplexity and terror after the crash of 1790, that in 1830 the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest dreams—that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered as an intolerable burden—that for one man of ten thousand pounds then living there would be five men of five thousand pounds—that London would be twice as large and twice as populous, and that nevertheless mortality would have diminished to one half what it then was—that the post-office would bring more into the exchequer than the excise and customs had brought in together under Charles the second—that stage-coaches would run from London to York in twenty-four hours—that men would sail without wind, and begin to ride without horses—our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction as they gave to Gulliver's Travels. Yet the prediction would have been true; and they would have perceived that it was not altogether absurd, if they had considered that the country was then raising every year a sum that would have purchased the fee-simple of the revenue of the plantagenets—ten times what supported the government of Elizabeth—three times what, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, had been considered intolerably oppressive. To almost all men the state of things under which they live seems to be the necessary state of things. We have heard it said that five per cent. is the natural interest of money, that twelve is the natural number of a jury, that forty shillings is the natural qualification of a county voter. Hence it is, that though, in every age, every body knows that up to his own time progressive improvement has been taking place, nobody seems to reckon on any improvement during the next generation. We cannot absolutely prove that those are in error who tell us that society has reached a turning point—that we have seen our best days; but so said all who came before us, and with just as much apparent reason. "A million a year will beggar us," said the patriots of 1640. "Two millions a year will grind the country to powder," was the cry in 1660. "Six millions a year and a debt of fifty millions!" exclaimed Swift—"the high allies have been the ruin of us." "A hundred and forty millions of debt!" said Junius—"well may we say that we owe Lord Chatham more than we will ever pay, if we owe him such a load as this." "Two hundred and forty millions of debt!" cried the statesmen of 1783 in chorus—"what abilities or what economy on the part of a minister can save a country so burdened!"

John Bull is, in truth, a very curious animal, and has the happiest knack in the world at magnifying evils, and making mountains out of mole-hills. He is "enamoured of calamity," and never feels himself more comfortable than when he is complaining of being ruined and miserable. He eats his dinner, drinks his wine or porter, smokes his pipe, and then joins in the chorus of "Let us all be unhappy together!" If a revolution, similar to what has taken place in Paris, had come to pass in London, and been attended with similar results, instead of rejoicing, flattering, and complimenting each other, like the light-hearted Frenchmen—extolling their own exertions to the skies, and calling themselves the most heroic and magnanimous nation on the face of the earth—the John Bulls, long before this, would have been lamenting their late dreadful misfortunes, and the awful consequences thereof. And if they had had to form themselves into a National Guard, instead of marching on their way, as proud as peacocks, like the gay Parisians, with music playing, colours flying, and hats and handkerchiefs waving—the Bulls would have been trudging along with their muskets, grumbling and swearing as they went, and lamenting the blessed predicament they were placed in of having to neglect their business half the week and go a soldiering. John wants some striking national visitation to bring him to his senses. Some how or other, however, he has lost his faith in radicalism, and though Hunt and Cobbett, and the rest of them continue to tell him, with unabated zeal, of his sorrows and his sufferings, his debts and his difficulties, he no longer listens to the interesting detail with the zest he did formerly. Facts speak for themselves. There was an election for coroner in London the other day, at which not less than fifty or sixty thousand people were present. To this

assembly Hunt announced his intention of calling a grand meeting of the working classes together on Kennington common, for the double purpose of complimenting the French, and complaining to the king of their own grievances. The common was selected, I presume, in order to have plenty of room; but lo! instead of seventy or eighty thousand people, little more than a twentieth part of that number listened to Mr. H.'s elegant and sensible declamations. Notwithstanding the groans and hisses with which this person is frequently greeted at public meetings, he still finds that his harangues sell him a sufficiently extra number of bottles of blacking to make it an object for him to thrust himself in the way, and his patriotism will doubtless last as long as he finds it a means of vending "Hunt's matchless."

C.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FAME.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

"So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a few
Few transient years, won from th' abysses abhor'd
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown."—*Cooper.*

MAN was born for action, and is fitted with motives and propensities accordingly. There is a restlessness in his nature, which neither weariness, the decrepitude of age, nor even the attainment of the desired object, can entirely subdue. The physical power may slumber, but the mind remains sleepless and vigilant, and scorning the clog and burden of its mortal accompaniment, it goes forth, an unchained existence, to revel amidst scenes of ideal glory which the waking eye has never witnessed. It is the property of matter to be passive and inert; of spirit, to be free and exursive. Mind alone is the perpetual motion for which the visionary has sought diligently, but without success. And what is the great main-spring of its activity? Is it the unmixed desire for independence—the longing after added and superadded treasures, or the search for present rather than prospective happiness that operates as a continued excitement upon the soul, that it cannot throw off for a season the cares and business of life? These are comparatively but minor springs in the machine. But the hope of distinction, of gaining a hold in the remembrance of mankind, the untiring and unyielding grasp for place and power as conducive to fame,—these are the impulse and fascination to which man is subservient. There is something degrading in the thought, that the measure of his earthly existence is but a span; something abasing in the prospect of living nameless and unnoted through that transitory duration; something revolting to his proud dignity in the idea of being a blank in society, displaying no distinctive peculiarity of mind or muscle, which shall set him apart from the common herd. But still more humiliating is the thought, that presently he shall lie down in the mute grave; that perchance his fellows will take no note of his departure; that he shall leave no beacon for the gaze of posterity; that the gloom of forgetfulness shall gather speedily and heavily over his name, shrouding every memorial of his being in the very bosom of friendship; and that ere long even those whose heart's blood welled from his own, shall forget the path to his sepulchre, and the weed that grows rankly above it, and the moss which buries up the record of its possessor. Besides, in spite of the glorious assurances of revelation, at times these come to all the doubts of another existence, and the appalling fears of annihilation; and then the abhorrence of oblivion and the anxiety for fame, are reciprocally augmented. Therefore man mocks at the very elements, at the rougher and more fearful passions of kindred adventurers, whilst contending for celebrity. Hope points to the high places of renown around which genius has concentrated the effulgence of all ages, and his imagination is dazzled by the alluring radiance. He looks to the relentless past, in whose deep shadow lie wrapped the memories of earth's countless undistinguished millions; and he girds himself for higher and sterner effort. Ambition cries onward! and the siren-notes of pleasure fall charmless upon his ear. Onward and still upward! is the cry; and the importunities of nature, the tears of slighted love, the chidings of injured friendship, and the sepulchral warning of conscience herself, cannot stay him in his career. Fame is the El Dorado of human wishes. For this they have laughed at jeopardies of every form. For this they have bowed their way through a parent's or brother's bosom to a throne, treading recklessly upon the deposed dead, and leaving behind them the footprints of kindred blood, as they ascended the dizzying eminence. For this they have rushed to the battle-field, or mounted the forlorn breach, or entered the arena to grapple with the savage monster of the desert, or swept proudly to the lists, to break lance and shield beneath

the applauding gaze of assembled beauty and chivalry. For this too, the student trims his lamp and toils on, solacing his midnight labours with the charms of eloquence and song, developing new principles, wresting from nature the secrets of her operations, striking out bold inventions that more than realize the wildest visions of antiquity, and giving order, and boundaries, and names to the starry and mysterious revolutions that circle around him. Yet how few have been successful in their aim? How few have gained that doubtful good, the *aliquid immensum infinitumque* for which they struggled—a name which shall live and be hallowed through all futurity? And how many have faltered in the race, or turned back in despair and withered from the earth, leaving behind them not the least memorial or manifestation that they have been?

It is difficult to combine the pursuit of fame with the strict performance of all personal and relative duties. Men of severe morality have condemned it altogether, as being at variance with that spirit of humility, to which christianity has promised a blessed inheritance. Before we utterly discard it, however, we should remember that the effort for whatsoever is honourable and of good report, is not only not forbidden, but enjoined as an obligation. Moreover, in our arbitrament of the point, we should distinguish between the narrow-minded, grovelling ambition that centres in self, and the liberal aim for distinction, which, while it seeks the glory and prosperity of the individual, regards that of the community also. The one was the ambition of Charles X., the other the ambition of La Fayette. The former sought exaltation by degrading those whom nature had made his equals; the other, by raising to his own proud elevation as an enlightened freeman, the debased and down-trodden of every land. And the name of the haughty Bourbon shall be forgotten, or live but as a by-word of contempt; while that of the citizen philanthropist shall go down with the march of liberal principles, to the remotest future. The oppressed shall whisper it in their dreams of emancipation: the redeemed from bondage shall pronounce it with hallowed enthusiasm at their jubilees; and to those who go out to do battle for freedom and human rights, it shall be as a pillar of fire to animate and to guide.

The desire of fame is common to every modification of humanity. No one, however high or low, however independent, or apathetic, or reckless of the world's opinion, is wholly unmoved by this active stimulant. In the bitterness of disappointed pride, the misanthrope may spurn the ties of society, and turn away to the unvisited wilds of nature, making their solitude his "dwelling-place"—still his ear shall at times thirst for the remembered music of applause to which all, however abject, have listened, and his spirit shall be stirred by the wish that his name may live, if not "entwined with his land's language," at least with the memories of some faithful heart. No matter how thoroughly convicted of the instability of fame, no matter how cloyed with the vanity of human honours, or weary of this sublunary existence and blessed with the animating certainty of a better,—there is not that man living who has not, at one time or other, yielded up his thoughts to visions of renown. Even so did the magnanimous Milton, when, though blind, procried and in poverty, he proposed to himself, with the exalted consciousness of powers adequate to the task, and a prophetic anticipation of immortality, "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe." Such was the magnificent theme and such the lofty undertaking upon which Milton embarked his hopes of immortal renown—a theme shadowing forth time and eternity, heaven and hell, and all forms of spiritual and material existence, and the attributes of all intelligences, whether limited and clay-bound as in man, or infinite and all-perfect as in God—a theme apparently beyond the scope of mortal daring, and one fitted to employ the harp and challenge the sublimest powers and revelations of the most gifted seraph. Yet he shrunk not from the self-allotted task,—

"though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round"—

for the desire of celebrity which sprung up with his youth,

unsubdued by the multiplied vicissitudes of a perilous life was mighty to solace and encourage during the friendlessness and despondency of age. Therefore he girded himself for the effort, not with a rash enthusiasm, but with a "sober certainty" of success; and while the records of science, and the beauty and grandeur of the outward creation, were veiled forever from his sight, his intellectual vision expatiated amidst a paradise of glorious memories, conceptions, and imaginations rich with the promise of immortality. What cared he for the utter obscuration of this "visible diurnal sphere," while clearly upon his unclouded spirit arose the effulgence of an ever-during renown! What cared he for the neglect, the contumely, the scorn and scoffs and persecutions of inveterate malice, while in anticipation he listened to the swelling plaudits of enlightened millions, whose admiration was to deepen to the end of time!

The desire of fame is as permanent as it is universal. Other passions are more under the control of contingencies, wasting away or varying as our destinies are unfolded. Hope loses itself in fruition, anger in revenge, and love changes with absence or the realization of its idol's imperfection—but the longing of ambition remains steadfast. It is the sleeplessness of the mind for which there is no opiate—the feverish thirst of the soul, which, like that morbid and quenchless one of the body, continues unappeased after the most liberal draught. It was this that wrung tears from the youthful conqueror, when amid crowns, and laurels, and high praises of his lofty triumphs, he sighed that there were no other worlds from which to take bonds of immortality. Unsatisfied with the title of great in prowess and heroic achievements, he purposed to obtain distinction in another sphere; and died in the endeavour to gain the paltry glory of the chief of bacchanals. In our own times a mightier than he of Macedon has manifested the same weakness, or rather the despotism of that passion to which success brings no satiety, when after returning triumphant from a hundred battles, whose victories gave to him a supremacy unparalleled and almost absolute, he sought, with a childish infatuation, to add to his multiplied honours the empty title of king! This eagerness for celebrity, like the miser's for gold, increases with every new acquisition; nor can poverty, or disappointment, or age, though powerful to control other emotions, either weaken or subdue it. The same aspirations for distinction which glowed in the anticipations of youth, and invigorated the energies of manhood, *finds us not during the infirmities of declining years*; but go on with us to the last, to be swallowed up only in the deepening shadows and stupefaction of death itself.

Numerous and diversified also are the opportunities for acquiring fame, and the ten thousand avenues to her temple, though thronged with votaries, are open to all; inasmuch as each is furnished with peculiar endowments which give to him a specific individuality. There is no pursuit so contemptible that ambition shall altogether overlook it; no art or calling however mean, and no combination of circumstances however insignificant, from which men have not gained a comparative notoriety—circumscribed and unenviable perhaps, but still it was that for which they panted. To the school-boy poet the corner of a country newspaper offers as ample and inviting a theatre for the attainment of the coveted applause, as the pages of the Edinburgh Review, or the *carte blanche* of a novel or history to the magnificent powers of Sir Walter Scott; and if "ignorance be bliss," the limited and evanescent celebrity of the former affords as much personal gratification, as the far-reaching and enduring renown of the latter. The same is true of all the games and competitions in which human pride and human capabilities can be enlisted, from the village wrestling-ring, to the battle-field where the liberties of a nation are at stake. To the simple rustic the one presents as stirring an opportunity for the display of his rude accomplishments, as does the other to the heroic champion of freedom; and though their respective glories shall differ as twilight from midnoon, it is not improbable that to both the joys of triumph are equal. I look upon this appointment of things, therefore, as one of the wisest provisions of divine wisdom. In the moral constitution of a world like this, it was necessary that every form of character should be developed, each bearing a common resemblance, yet in itself distinct and peculiar. Thus intellectual varieties must be as numerous as the almost infinite series of individuals from the first to the last human being; and their measure of fame must vary accordingly. All therefore could not be Homers or Shakespeares, Newtons or Washingtons, Luthers or St. Pauls; yet all, though less honoured by the favouritism of genius, have felt, in a greater or less degree, the cravings of that common appetite whose food is admiration. To gratify this, the resources of nature are multifold and various. While to some she has given the eagle's wing

to spurn the earth and mount upwards as by ethereal paths, to the summit of fame; to others of humbler endowments, she has opened innumerable by-ways by which to ascend to their appointed height. Thus is every one, in whatever sphere he is placed, enabled to acquire a corresponding notoriety; be it in the turning of a pin or the upheaving of a pyramid, in the grouping of puppets or the marshaling of armies.

A charming moralist has observed that we are not accountable for possessing passions, but for our conduct under them. When, therefore, yielding to the influence of ambition, we should be firm and circumspect. For myself I am persuaded that an honourable pursuit of fame is lawful, so long as it does not interfere with the rights of others; for the Creator, not undesignedly,

*Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

And lest from its communion with earthly things the mind should become grovelling and debased, he fills it with lofty aspirations for renown, which speak eloquently of a nobler nature and state of existence. No matter, then, how high we fix our aim—the higher, indeed, the better—if in contending for the prize we manifest the ingenuousness and humility of magnanimous virtue.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From the New-England Review.

REFLECTIONS OF A BELLE.

I'm weary of the crowded hall—I'm weary of the mirth
Which never lifts itself above the grosser things of earth—
I'm weary of the flatterer's tone—its music is no more,
And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as before.
I'm weary of the heartless throng—of being deemed as one
Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of fashion's sun.

I speak in very bitterness, for I have deeply felt
The mockery of the hollow shrine at which my spirit knelt—
Mine is the requiem of years in reckless folly passed,
The wail above departed hopes on a frail venture cast;
The vain regret that steals above the wreck of squander'd hours,
Like the sighing of the autumn wind, above the faded flowers.

Oh! it is worse than mockery to list the flatterer's tone—
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek must blush to own,
To hear the red lip whisper'd of, and the flowing curl and eye
Made constant themes of eulogy, extravagant and high;
And the charm of person worshipped, in a homage offer'd not
To the perfect charm of virtue and the majesty of thought.

Away—I will not fetter thus the spirit God hath given,
Nor stoop the pinion back to earth that beareth up to heaven;
I will not bow a tameless heart to fashion's iron rule,
Nor welcome with a smile alike the *gifted* and the *fool*—
No—let the throng pass coldly on—a treasured few may find
The charm of person doubly dear beneath the light of mind!

LADY LONDONDERRY'S BALL.

The marchioness of Londonderry has been giving a grand ball at Mount Stewart, his lordship's seat in Ireland. A description of this ball, written by a lady, is published in the Belfast News Letter. We extract a part of it.

Every chaise, car, and horse, for twenty miles round was engaged a fortnight ago for the "Ball at Mount Stewart!" and by five o'clock on Friday evening, the whole town of Belfast was one scene of life and motion.

By half past seven the congregated stream of equipages began to pour and roll from the town over the long bridge. By the time you passed Newtonards, the sight was beautiful; before, on the point of land which stretches into the lake, a blaze of light like fifty beacons, reddened the sky and illuminated the lake on the opposite bank. Behind, the rise of the hill gave to the view an interminable line of carriage lamps; night and the distance seeming to connect them, like a chain of comets; as you advanced you found the gates, the avenues, and even the remote paths blazing with illumination, and every window resplendent with internal light, while the music of the fine military band issuing from the hall where they played, inspired a sort of bounding animation. The great hall and the fine staircase had been converted into a lovely arbour, the contents of the hot-house and green-house contributing their joint aid to render it alike fragrant and beautiful. Entering the smaller room, which serves as an ante-room to two of great magnitude, into which it opens on either side, there stood Lady Londonderry to receive her guests. She was resplendent with jewels, which actually cast halos of variegated light about, like a succession of rainbows; not only her graceful head and beautifully formed bust and arms were enshrined in jewelry, but the front of the dress and the Persian sleeves, the girdle and stomacher, seemed formed by flexible masses of diamonds, (a very small part, it is said, of her many sets.) She stood an empress, and the surrounding

groups of elegant females of rank, looked like her ladies in waiting. Lady Antrim was very brilliant in jewels, which her form is calculated to display to advantage, but she last night was a mere satellite, nearly lost in the blaze of her fair daughter's lustre. Carriage after carriage now deposited its burden, the noble hostess standing to receive party after party, till it might be fairly said her toil made grandeur a painful pre-eminence. By eleven, the three apartments open for reception rooms, were nearly filled. The ball commenced with the Marquis of Donegal and the Marchioness of Londonderry in a contre-dance; this was followed by quadrilles, and double and single sets of waltzing. Between twelve and one several officers, in brilliant uniforms, arrived, and added considerably to the gay appearance of the groups. Between one and two supper was announced. It was laid in the large dining-room, which, I am told, (and can readily believe) is the finest room in any private house in the province, also in a large room on the same floor, and on the corridor above the grand staircase, affording ample accommodation to at least four hundred and fifty persons to sit down to a splendid supper, where every luxury, in and out of season, was to be seen in profuse and elegant variety. After supper, waltzing and quadrilling were resumed, and kept up merrily till past four, when jocund day peeping in at the windows, reminded the company that it was time to retire. As to the external likeness, both of Lady Londonderry and Lady Belfast, so often placed in a sort of juxtaposition in the English papers, as being each the fashionable leader of the circle, I have already said Lady Londonderry looked like an empress, not merely from the splendour of her diamonds, which are unique, but from her air and carriage, she looks born to be a queen. Suppose we draw her as a Juno, reposing on her throne; the pure delicacy of her lily skin unsoftened by the slightest tinge of rouge, her finely chiseled features looking the most perfect tranquillity, but of a character to show they could be animated by sufficient cause to the most powerful expression. She seems to be nearly trampling on the cestus which Venus has given her, looking too proud to accept of admiration in any form but that of reverence and devotion; and putting away the conceited peacock, we will give her the snow-white bird of Leda, whose gliding motion and stately air make it her appropriate emblem. Lady Belfast is an extremely pretty woman. She is more lively and graceful than dignified; she looks with expression, and speaks with emphasis and intonation. They say a French woman speaks to her fingers' ends—Lady Belfast seems to make her very fan speak: she seems to be the medium between the too great glare and vivacity of the dauntless French woman, and the frigid coldness of the high-bred English lady; she might be chosen as a specimen of the highest order of well-bred Irish ladies; Lady Londonderry might be sent vice-regent to represent all the female majesty of every queen since the conquest.

From Whitaker's Magazine.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

She loved him—just as modern ladies love;
Admired his figure on a rainy day,
And suffered him to reach her fallen glove;
She liked him present; if he stayed away
She did not miss him. "Men were meant to rove,"
Was still her theme! "To honour and obey,"
She had no thought of; but she looked on marriage
As something requisite to keep a carriage!
And he liked her—as much as creatures can
Who live at balls, and vegetate by night;
Not useless, since they serve to hold a fan;
Whose heads are heavy, while their heels are light;
Who, wanting other titles, are called—man!
Yet ladies liked him, he was so polite;
'Twas strange how favour from mamma he won;
And yet not strange—he was an eldest son.
He met her first at some prodigious rout,
Where all the world was voting it a bore;
She was a beauty, having just come out—
That is, she had rehearsed her part before,
And now performed it with great skill, no doubt.
She knew her points, and that the dress she wore
Set off her figure; thanks to prints and pins,
Padding conceals a multitude of sins!
Ball followed ball; they often danced together,
And though they said but little to each other,
Talking of novels, music, and the weather,
And such ball themes, he called upon her mother—
Who heard him make proposals in "high feather,"
And introduced him to her son, his brother
That was to be—and all were quite elate;
For he'd a title and a good estate!
The fair betrothed then sought thy street, Long Acre,
To choose the shape and colour of her carriage;
I know not why, but somehow a coach-maker
Appears to me, in my loose view of marriage,

A kind of matrimonial undertaker;
By this I've no intention to disparage
That blessed state, which many a damsel enters
Not knowing why—our mothers are such mentors.
The day was fixed, the *dejeune* was spread,
While bride's-maids simpered in their Brussels lace;
The bride shed tears at first, then bowed her head,
And thought how great a change would soon take place,
Though none might read her thoughts upon her face.
Indeed her feelings were not quite intelligible;
One thing she felt—her husband was quite "eligible!"
The marriage-service soon was blundered o'er;
Congratulations round the room were pealing;
The travelling-chariot waited at the door—
But first the bride must do a "bit of feeling;"
And so she gently sank upon the floor,
In a position such as players deal in:
A graceful attitude for loveliness,
And so contrived as not to spoil her dress!
At length they started, he and his fair prize—
A prize!—she proved a blank. Sad, stern reality
Makes happiest things seem hideous: they grew wise—
He cured of love, and she of her morality.
So throwing off the troublesome disguise,
She ran away—like other folks of quality;
Leaving her lord (she left him not a jewel)
A drive to Doctor's Commons—and a duel!

From the Dramatic Magazine.

MEMOIR OF MASTER BURKE, THE IRISH ROSCIUS.

This is the most extraordinary instance of precocious genius that has appeared in Europe during the present century. At seven years of age he was introduced to the late king of England, George the Fourth, at the Pavilion at Brighton, who expressed in warm terms his admiration of his musical powers. The London critics pronounce themselves at a loss which to admire most, his histrionic or musical talents.

"O, 'tis a parlous boy."
"I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough."

Joseph Burke is descended from one of the most respectable families in the county of Galway, in Ireland; his father being nephew to Sir John Blake, and consequently first cousin to Valentine Blake, who represented the above county for some years. Mr. Burke is also, as we are informed, first or second cousin to Sir John Burke, whose family once possessed considerable estates in the county of Galway; but by adhering to the cause of Charles, they suffered in common with those who, having pledged the oath of allegiance to that monarch, refused to abandon his fortunes. The descendants, therefore, of the families who had been plundered of their possessions by Cromwell, were obliged to trust to their talents for the means of subsistence, which they employed, of course, in various ways.

Master Burke made his *debut*, when only five years old, on the Dublin stage, in the year 1824, in the characters of Tom Thumb and Lingo.

His success was so complete as to prognosticate to his grateful friends the certainty of future fame. He shortly after appeared at the English Opera house and the Haymarket. At the latter theatre he met with considerable applause in the characters of Dr. O'Toole, Lingo, &c.: he then quitted the metropolis and took the general provincial tour, where the versatility of his genius gave not only unqualified satisfaction to the general admirers of the drama, but obtained the encomiums of those whose powers were of matured excellence. Among others may be noticed the venerable O'Keefe, who, as a tribute to his talents, presented him (in the year 1836, at Chichester) with a pair of silver buckles, which he himself wore when a candidate for public favour; he also gave him a lock of his hair, and requested that on his death it would be worn in a ring by him. We must now notice the theatre which may be termed the key-stone of his fame—for by the excellent management of Mr. Elliston, opportunities have been offered of exhibiting Master Burke's talents in every varied hue. His first appearance at the Surrey was in 1837; his principal character this season was in "The March of Intellect," which drew many crowded houses: since that period he has performed numerous parts in tragedy, comedy, opera, burlesque, and farce.

We have now to speak of Master Burke's professional attainments. On viewing him in the combined light of actor and musician, we certainly think we are warranted to declare that he is the most astonishing instance of precocious talents it ever befell the biographer's lot to record: for though there are many extraordinary examples handed down to us of early genius being evinced in either of the above sciences, yet we believe they have never been so admirably united in one so young till now.

Although Master Burke is only in his twelfth year, he possesses as fine a power of observation and as correct an idea of genuine humour as any actor we ever saw. His attitudes, too, are astonishing, varied, easy, and graceful; while his by-play, self-possession, and attention to the business of the scene, even in the most difficult characters, are no less curious than gratifying to witness.

Though his tragedy is by no means devoid of merit, we think that the bent of his genius is decidedly comic; there is a playful gaiety in his manner, and an archness and vivacity in his looks, all admirably adapted to the service of Thalia. Indeed, in some of his favourite performances, his acting was so easy, so utterly void of art, that the stage seemed his proper home, and the happiest imitation of the varieties of human life a part of his own nature. There is one character in particular which we will notice, for it induced us to make the above remark. It is in a farce called "At Home for the Holidays," where Master Burke had to represent a young lad returned from school, who is allowed the absolute mastership of the family for one entire day. The glee he displayed when he compelled his old tutor to learn the lessons with which he had been teased during the past month, was delightful; and his audacious ease, high good humour, when he ordered the servants about, was extremely ludicrous.

Of his performance of Richard and Shylock we can only observe, that he spoke the dialogue with great correctness, evidently appearing to feel the sentiments he uttered, and displayed, in some of the impassioned scenes, that true energy which is as removed from the boisterous rant of certain actors we could mention, as the cool courage of a Henry differs from the braggadocio of a Pistol. We cannot better close this memoir than by the following extract from Mr. Stafford's very interesting History of Music. "Master Burke is, at the age of twelve years, one of the finest violinists in the kingdom. The ease, the feeling, the brilliancy and fineness of his tone, and the scientific acquirements of this mere child, are allowed, by all who have heard him, to be most surprising."

"Old Heads on Young Shoulders," is a one-act piece, compiled by Mr. Moncreiff, in which Master Burke performs the part of a faithful servant, who is left in the care of a young lady (his master's intended,) whom a party of ruffians have attempted to carry off. Master B. by assuming the disguises of a gardener, valet, cook, and a veteran seaman, contrives to intimidate the above ruffians into the belief that the house is full of company, until his master really arrives with his friends. Master Burke supported his characters very cleverly, and certainly by his acting, in a measure, contrived to dispel the author's absurdity of a child frightening a band of robbers.

In this piece Master Burke appears to give instructions to the orchestra towards the composition of an overture, after the plan of De Bagnis' well known buffo scena. He also accompanied Miss Somerville on the violin, in two duets; his efforts were rewarded by repeated bursts of applause.

The following is from the London Atlas.—"This talented boy took his farewell of a London audience, at the Surrey theatre, on Tuesday evening, which was absolutely crowded in every part to repeat the farewell to him. He sustained the character of Richard, as it appears in the three last acts of the play; that of Tristram Fickle in the Weathercock; of Shotto in Old Heads on Young Shoulders, and Jerry in a Day after the Fair. This evening's task, therefore, included the assumption of no less than eighteen different characters. He uttered from memory, at least three thousand lines, and dressed no fewer than twenty times. Setting talents out of the question, what an undertaking for a boy of twelve years of age! He played a difficult overture on the violin, an accompaniment on the violoncello, and a prelude on the piano-forte in a manner which stamped him as a musician of no ordinary attainment. To conclude, he spoke such an address as a boy might speak—no straining after effect, but with the pathos and simplicity of a child, taking leave of his home and his friends. He was much affected, and his feelings appeared to be shared by the audience."

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

On Thursday of last week, we had Der Freischutz got up with some care; the devilry was perfectly done, and the chorusses went smoothly. Mr. Thorne, as Caspar, acted with ease, but not with force. Neither his singing nor acting are equal to Horn in this character, with the exception of the incantation scene, and there we must do him the justice to say, he made a new feature by repeating the spell on the lower notes of his voice, which had a fine and remarka-

ble effect—indeed, when Mr. Thorne abandons the tenor and assumes the bass, he always makes the most impression. Mr. Jones was the Adolph of the evening. He sang with taste, excellent intonation, and proved himself a musician of no mean grade: his performance was decidedly superior to that of Mr. Pearman; but alas, he was vilely dressed; his culottes or unmentionables, were evidently the offspring of some tailor, by no means a first-rate artist, and he wore a little black hat, that might have served for a Jeremy Diddler. Mr. Jones, in truth, has such a Dominie Sampson like *insouciance*, touching his garments, that we recommend the manager, in future, to have him dressed by some careful personage, who understands the value of personal appearance! What a man might be made, by dividing the persons and qualities of Messrs. Jones and Richings! the former would gain every thing by obtaining the person and taste of the latter in dress, the latter would carry all before him by obtaining the use of the former's head and throat. We expected to have seen Richings in Zamiel, making the most splendid red fiend possible, but it appears he sticks to the blue gentleman in Valmond. However, Mr. Blakely was most efficient in the part, and left us nothing to regret; his disappearance through a trap was such an expeditious event, that a number of sagacious persons commenced loud applause at the feat during Adolph's beautiful scena, a proof of the high cultivation of musical taste at which we are arrived. Mrs. Austin acted and looked Linda perfectly; the splendid scena gives every opportunity of hearing to advantage the soft and liquid tones of her voice. If we point out any peculiarity in her mode of executing Weber's music, it is an absence of embellishment, and a close adherence to the author, manifesting a proper deference to the originality of idea which pervades his works. Mrs. Blake as Rose, we have promised to criticize; and although we were not prepared to expect her to equal her predecessor, Mrs. Sharpe, yet it is but justice to state that she was equally correct, and her voice blends better in concerted music. The duet with Linda, and the trio with Adolph and Linda, are proofs of this fact. In short, we look upon Mrs. Blake's personation of Rose as an addition to her dramatic laurels.

Mr. Kean's benefit, on Friday night, attracted a numerous and fashionable house. To speak briefly of his performance of Sir Edward Mortimer, he has all the fire, passion, and points in the acting of his father, without his maturity; and those persons who endeavour to forestall public opinion to his prejudice are unable to withstand the daily impression he is making on a discerning public. Mr. Thorne appeared in the character of Wilford, and acted with feeling and propriety. Mrs. Austin, as Barbara, brought music to the aid of the drama in its most pleasing form. The Caliph of Bagdad afterwards ushered to our presence Richings towering in all the pride of figure—a magnificent representation of Haroun Alraschid, the man of many wives. This part Richings appears to hold by dint of appearance and acting, in opposition to the benefit the music of the piece would undoubtedly sustain by placing therein Mr. Jones or Mr. Thorne. We are not prepared to dispute the justice of this arrangement; on the contrary, we rather incline to applaud it, because, in the first place, nine out of ten of the audience imagine that a good-looking actor who endeavours to sing, really succeeds in the attempt, whereas the finest vocalist will pass unheeded who happens to be a wooden, heavy personage on the stage—an Italian or Frenchman excepted, whose strange gestures and stranger language, will ensure him not only a hearing, but applause at all times.

MASTER BURKE.—This rare specimen of precocious talent made his appearance at the Park theatre on Monday last, the twenty-second instant. The characters chosen were Young Norval, in the tragedy of Douglas, and Dr. O'Toole, in the Irish Tutor. As a tragedian Master Burke manifests powers of no ordinary nature. We have not to criticize the mere school-boy, parroted in his lesson, but we have to report upon the extraordinary phenomenon of a child, scarcely twelve years of age, giving due weight and force to the passions and feelings of an adult; of course, in this arduous attempt the child has many adventitious circumstances to aid, and some to deteriorate him in his exertions. The audience are predisposed to make allowances for extreme youth when it assumes the attributes of manhood; and on the opposite side, a child opposed to grown people, and assuming to itself the actions of manhood, the passions of love, revenge, &c. by which manhood is actuated, has much to do in preventing the affair from being altogether ridiculous. It is mere justice and matter of fact to assert, that Master Burke completely carried his audience with him. His readings were so just, his actions so appropriate, that the feeling of wonder, at first excited,

soon ripened into admiration; the only drawback upon his delivery of the English language in full force is the brogue, of which he can never for one moment divest himself. The curtain descended with the plaudits of the whole house, given with an enthusiasm we have seldom witnessed.

Master Burke next appeared on the stage, violin in hand, as leader of the band, in the overture of Guy Mannering. This beautifully selected *morceau* consists of Scotch melodies, worked up by the master hand of Bishop; but we are bound, as faithful historians, to add, that until this evening it has been buried in obscurity, and has been seldom honoured by the plaudits of an American audience! Master Burke plays on the violin remarkably well for a child of twelve years of age, but he by no means stands singular in this respect. We have heard a Master Blagrove, and various youthful members of the royal academies, both in London and Paris, infinitely superior to him in tone, taste, and execution. The leading of the band is likewise a mere "*nomini umbra*." The gentleman who is the instructor of Master Burke actually led the band, and Master B. merely played a first violin part, with a solo, the latter of which included the Scotch air "Donald," which he executed with good plain taste, but indifferent tone; both tone and taste, nevertheless, do honour to the extreme youth of the professor. The gestures of the child, as meant to represent the direction of the time to the band, would be better omitted, as was apparent on the encore of the overture, on which occasion he went through the same manual operation with his bow, at the precise bar on which he made the same demonstration on its first performance, although it must have been evident to the most casual observer, that no such signal of government was necessary at the time. These remarks we make to guard our readers from that which is the offspring of trick and not genuine talent. We now have to speak of the farce, and we do so with full and unfeigned admiration—the native richness of the Irish brogue, the dry wit and intelligence which sparkled throughout the performance, the admirable adaptation of action and feature to the part, altogether form a concentration of excellence which we have never beheld possessed by one so young, and seldom by actors of the first-rate talent and of the highest renown. We conclude, by advising every body to see Master Burke. E.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Cincinnati Chronicle.—We have just had occasion to glance over a file of this journal, in one of which we find ourselves soundly taken to task for the alleged crime of plagiarism. The instance in which we are accused of having sinned, is the copying of an article, entitled "Romance in Early Life," and crediting it to the Somerset Whig instead of the Cincinnati Chronicle. The error is so obvious on the face of it, that we are astonished at the language of the complainant. He certainly does not understand the definition of the term plagiarism in his present application. We can assure him that none are more jealous of editorial rights, none more willing and anxious to respect them, and, unfortunately, none more liable to maltreatment than ourselves. The Somerset Whig is alone to blame on the present occasion. We took the article as we found it in that paper, and had no knowledge that it originated elsewhere.

Miss Fanny Kemble.—This young lady is soon to appear at Covent-garden, in an entirely original character, that of a royal Jewish maiden. The title of the piece is the "Jew of Arragon, or the Hebrew Queen," and is from the pen of Thomas Wade, author of "Woman's Love." Miss Kemble and her father netted by their theatrical tour in the provinces, during the summer months, between five and six thousand pounds sterling.

Madame Malibran Garcia.—This distinguished vocalist recently appeared before a Manchester audience in English opera. The two first acts of the "Marriage of Figaro" were selected, in which, of course, she played the part of Susanna.

A light hat.—The hatters of London are manufacturing for queen Adelaide a riding-hat, the weight of which is not to exceed four ounces.

Another arrangement of the Marseilles Hymn.—This popular composition, which animated the brave citizens of Paris on the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth days of July last, arranged in a brilliant manner for the piano-forte, and dedicated to her illustrious father by Mademoiselle Eugénie Lafayette, has just been published by E. Riley.

Splendid Dinner.—The most extensive dinner ever given, was that by Lord Romney to the Kent volunteers, when reviewed by George III. at his lordship's seat near Maidstone. The tables were seven and a half miles long!

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN AIR, FROM MOORE'S NATIONAL MELODIES.

Melancholy.

All that's bright must fade, The bright-est still the fleet-est; All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweet-est: Stars that shine and fall, The flow'r that droops in spring-ing; These, a-las! are types of all To which our hearts are cling-ing. All that's bright must fade, The bright-est still the fleet-est; All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweet-est.

SECOND VERSE.

Who would seek to prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That ev'ry hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light for ever flying!
All that's bright, &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

A CHAPTER ON POETRY AND PAINTING.

BY JAMES B. SHEYS.

POETRY and painting have been pronounced sister arts, and it has been common to contend that they both sketch pictures—and so they do—but with a broad distinction. This opinion, however, has been current and uncontradicted so long, that, like many others, it has ceased to be considered as hypothetical, merely because age has given it the guise of truth.

We deny the alleged affinity in its full extent. That much of even mechanical preparation and process enters into the compositions of painting is manifest; they are pictures upon canvass or wood, embodied forth and completed by the use of artificial colours; and however perfect in their representation of the realities of nature, they appeal most directly to a single sense—the sense of sight. Poetry, on the contrary, ranging through real and imaginary worlds, claiming dominion over animate and inanimate things, depends alone upon her pure original spirit for that supremacy which, in all ages, she has exercised over all the senses, all the feelings, and all the faculties of man. By using the mysterious power of language, the elements of which are but emanations from human sensibilities, expressing the hopes, the resolves, and the affections of the heart; by calling to her aid memory and the passions, poetry sketches her pictures; and, departing in no wise from the common current of human feelings, her groupings are nature's own incidents, rendered more influential by being endowed with *harmonious speech*. The fading, yet gorgeous foliage of autumn, speaks, by the aid of song, a moral lesson to the reflecting mind. It reminds us that vigour and health are but fleeting blessings, and that man is doomed to lose the freshness of his youth, and go down to "dusty death" a subject for decay, even as the withered leaf which, rustling, falls at his feet;—yet, as interspersed among the seared woods in autumn, the humble but beautiful evergreen stands robed in brighter verdure, while the foliage of

the lordly oak is piled at its root, so may virtue, often unnoticed among the show and glitter of the summer multitude, be discovered amid the gloom of adversity, unchanged when all else is changed, charitably screening the fallen honours of her foes.

The poet, unlike the painter, when traversing some scene fraught with new and inspiring beauty, can dispense with all tools of trade. He needs no pencil fashioned by the hands of the artizan to enable him to convey to his home a likeness of earth's attractive loveliness. With a taste, ever present and active, he selects the outlines of the scene; he calls up his similes and his analogies; they are arranged by a mental process, felt but indescribable; returning homeward, the very subject is in itself an inspiration, and, when impressed upon paper, it becomes what triumphantly vindicates at once its variance from and superiority over its mis-called sister art—a *speaking picture*.

Poetry, unlike painting, is not confined to mere delineation; its frame is less perishable; its utility at least equal. It consecrates the beauties of language, gives perpetuity to the glory of heroism, and immortality to the goodness of virtue. But there may be, and doubtless are, some very worthy people who deny the utility of this delightful pursuit. It may, perhaps, be asked with that impressive importance of manner which some mere "business men" so well know how to assume, "to what useful purpose does the arranging of words into what is denominated, by crack-brained minstrels, pleasant harmony, tend?" And ere we have time to reply, the question will probably be answered by the interrogator himself—a habit, by the way, very prevalent among some people calling themselves well-bred. Then come the loud and pompous conclusions of the self-sufficient: "No man can be an intelligent merchant or a profound lawyer who devotes any portion of his time to the composition or reading of poetry." And then to note their exclamations! "Time idly spent!" "Ignorance of business!" "Poverty and lunacy!" "No money to be made by writing books!" There is some truth, however, in the last of their assertions.

We admit that the historian holds a commanding rank among the benefactors of the human race, that the claim of the pure moral philosopher to eminence may not be safely disputed, and that the votary of general literature, when his motive has been the discovery and enforcement of truth, has left in his works an enduring monument of his usefulness. In the early and succeeding ages of the world, the writers of honest prose have been serviceable in preserving a record of deeds to be decried or commended; the more concise, calm, and minute detail of prosaic composition has perhaps better served the purposes of dignified history and grave moral instruction; but there is something more than all this necessary to fortify the mind, to enlarge the bounds of its reflections, to awaken its energies, and to direct its exertions towards noble and exalted actions. History does not alone contain this inspiring ingredient. No! when the youth of a country would seek amid the literature of the past for the highest examples of patriotism, for improving details of filial and fraternal affection, for touching descriptions of fire-side peace and home-born purity, for all the meritorious deeds best described, it is among the captivating strains of the poet that their search will find its largest reward. This fact alone proves the utility of verse, and of what importance it is to all the great purposes of education; for however the mere business plodders of earth may hang their wreaths of honour around the wisest of their craft, however tenaciously they may insist upon ranking the desire of accumulating money among the sublimer virtues, yet is the poet more truly a part of the national glory than is that merchant who allows his anxious care and toil to absorb his faculties, and who admits no intruder from the academic grove to invade his domicile.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

LAST DAYS OF A PIRATE.

IN the Caribbean sea, and not far from the estuary of the river San Juan, are situated a number of small keys, generally denominated the "Cora Islands." They are inhabited by a mixed race of English, Spanish, Indian, and Negro; and which have from the earliest settlement of the West India islands, been the resort of buccaniers, pirates, traders, and fishermen. Lying at a sufficient distance from the main land to be exempted from the continual storms and rains for which that coast is noted—open to the trade winds, which by day meliorate the heats of a tropical climate, and by night waft from the ocean an ample supply of moisture for the production and preservation of uninterrupted and fadeless vegetation, they appear to him whose eyes have long been unblinded by a view of the green and smiling land, as little specimens of paradise scattered on the sea.

Thrown by fortune on one of these secluded isles, and after partaking largely of the cheerful but unostentatious hospitality of the inhabitants, I wandered forth along the avenues of orange and lime trees, whose clustering flowers loaded the air with perfume, while the moonbeams glancing through the interstices of the foliage, were brightly reflected from the pendant drops which hung like diamonds from the leafy spray.

I was now treading the ground oft trodden by the fierce freebooters of by-gone days; here they rested from their murderous toils; threw aside the blood-stained brand, and for a time indulged the gentler passions of their natures. Often, perhaps, have these woods echoed with the wild song of mirth, the bacchanalian revel, or the softer whisperings of love—for even the remorseless pirate loves, and fiercely too. Reflections like these brought in their train the fancied forms of Lolonois, Brasileno, Bat, Morgan, and other rovers of renown, whose deeds of desperate daring still live in a thousand legendary tales. But my reverie was interrupted by a sound of distant music softly and sweetly stealing along the winding alleys of shrubbery, and losing itself amid the murmurings of the waves as they broke on the rocky shore. Curious to know from whom the strain proceeded, I followed it, and suddenly found myself in front of a small, low hut, built of reeds and thatched with branches of the palm; the windward side was entirely open to the breeze, and from within a small glass lamp, filled with the oil of cocoa nuts, shed a faint and fitful light. In front of the hut, reclining in a hammock which was suspended between two orange-trees, I observed a man apparently listening to the song of a female who sat beside him and seemed endeavouring to soothe him to slumber as she gently swung the hammock to and fro. His face was pale, his sunken eyes were closed and partially covered with a profusion of auburn hair, which fell in ringlets over his brow, on which the burning sun had left its swarthy impress. As I approached he raised his head and motioned his attendant to cease her song, while with a voice feeble, but somewhat stern, he bade me welcome; and the lovely songster, who was a beautiful creole girl, with the form of a sylph and the step of a fawn, brought me a seat which she proffered and retired within the hut. Some trifling conversation ensued, during which his manner made an impression on my mind which time has failed to erase. His person was small and lightly formed, and though now feeble and emaciated, still betrayed the remains of elegance and activity: his large blue eye, sunken and lustreless, darted from object to object with a restlessness that denoted a heart but ill at ease, as the fierce energies of his nature seemed struggling with the languor of disease. Interested by his appearance, I made some inquiries respecting his disorder.

"The physicians," replied he, "think it a pulmonary affection, and for ought I know it may be so, but the root of the matter is here," (laying his hand upon his heart) "far beyond the reach of medicine."

"Perhaps a change of climate—"

"No, no?" interrupted he; "climates and countries are alike to me; my glass is nearly run, and it matters little how or when I die—so I but die."

These words were spoken with a certain premonition of

manner which precluded farther conversation, and I took my leave, resolved, however, soon to repeat my visit, for I had become too deeply interested in his fate to rest satisfied without obtaining a farther knowledge of his character. Accordingly I renewed my visits from day to day, until they became frequent; and by many little nameless attentions, I at last won upon his confidence, and he appeared to take pleasure in my society, and even expressed himself uneasy at my absence. In the meanwhile his health continued rapidly to decline, and he was evidently just on the verge of mortal existence. I had often in the course of my conversations with him endeavoured to draw his attention to the consolations of religion; but the most indirect allusion to religion or immortality would cloud his brow with a frown which told me they could minister no comfort, peace, or hope to him. At the close of an afternoon which we had passed together, as he lay gently swinging in his hammock, he fixed his eyes on the sun, just then dipping beneath the western wave, and remarked,

"See what a glorious sight is there! The time has been when I could look on such a scene with emotions of the most elevated pleasure; now my heart sickens at the sight—it reminds me of my fast approaching doom. Yon sun has run its course in brightness, and it sets in splendour—my career has been one of darkness, and soon must set in gloom—"

"But the sun will rise again," I observed.

"Yes," he replied; "and you mean to say I too shall arise—ha! ha! Arise to what?" and he laughed, not loud, but such a laugh! Oh, its infernal gibber still rattles in my ears! 'twas such a laugh as the refinement of torture might extort from a wretch agonizing on the rack: it was the wild expression of the horrors of hell already seizing on the soul.

"Do you not believe it?" said I; "surely you are not an atheist?"

"No, no! no more an atheist than yon grazing brute who believes or disbelieves neither creeds nor doctrines. Would I were an atheist!"

"Nay, say not so—sickness has disordered your mind. Can you not pray? Have you never prayed?"

"Did I never pray? Oh, yes! I remember, but 'tis like a dream, when kneeling on my mother's lap she taught me to lift my infant orisons to heaven; and she would pray with me too, and for me; and in after years, when thrown adrift on the wide world, when all who loved or was beloved by me were slumbering in their graves, even then the memory of those prayers would shed a sacred influence over my soul; and I hoped, but ah! how vainly hoped, that still a mother's prayer would draw heaven's blessing on my head. Long years have fled since aught like supplication to God or man has passed these lips. It is true I worshipped, but it was at a most unholy shrine—the deity whom I adored asked blood, and blood I gave him. Yes, a whole hecatomb of human lives this hand has immolated on the altar of revenge."

"Oh, horrible!" I exclaimed: "surely you rave, you mean not what you say."

"Nay, nay! 'tis sober truth. But listen—I have not many hours to live; I will employ them in sketching for you a brief outline of a wicked, hapless, hopeless life. For twenty years you are the only human being who has crossed my path from whom I have received, without a bribe, one cheering word or kindly look, save this poor girl, and she—but enough of that—you will not betray me! Justice indeed claims much at this ensanguined hand of mine, but death will help me cheat her of her due. I was born in Wales: at the age of fifteen years I lost parents, friends, and fortune. Thrown on my own resources, I came to the West Indies, and succeeded after a time in obtaining the situation of overseer to Gonzales, the governor of St. Ann. He was a proud and haughty Spaniard, whom I disliked, for I had not yet learned to hate, and I should soon have left his service but for a being whom he called his daughter; the fairest—but what matters it how fair she was! I loved her—loved her with all the pure affections of my soul, and she loved me. Well! five years passed away. At length I gained her consent to leave the island and unite her destinies with mine, for the stern Spaniard would as soon have bestowed his daughter on a slave as on me. I obtained a boat and the assistance of a negro to accompany me to the main, when the black villain betrayed me, and I was

and on the point of embarking we found ourselves surrounded by soldiers and slaves, who, by the governor's order, stripped me to the skin—yes, there before the gaze of hundreds, and worse, before her for whom only I cared to live, I was stripped and flogged—publicly flogged by a negro! Oh, how my heart was crushed! My spirit was broken, but not subdued. There, kneeling on the sand, the blood streaming from my lacerated shoulders, I swore never to rest satisfied until I had washed out the foul disgrace in the hearts' blood of a hundred Spaniards. I have performed my oath. Twenty long years have sped away since that accursed hour, and the vengeful flame then kindled in my soul has ever burned with fierce intensity, while each new victim served as fuel to the raging fire, and nought but the chill damps of death can quench its blaze. The governor sent me to Chagres as a prisoner, and to obtain my liberty, or rather my release from a filthy dungeon, I entered into the military service of the Spaniards. The revolution which had broken out in Caraccas, had now become general along the main; the patriots were every where in arms, and I soon found means to join them, but not without first sheathing my knife in the hearts of my colonel and two sentinels. Here my hatred to the Spaniards soon rendered me conspicuous, and obtained for me the command of a small party, with which I prosecuted a guerrilla warfare in the interior; but was finally taken, manacled, and marched barefoot and wounded across the isthmus to Panama, with scarcely a rag to protect me from the scorching sun: it was almost insupportable. I complained of my head, and the merciless villains gave me a paper cap; and lest the wind should blow it from off my head, they fastened it to my scalp with boiling pitch. But the desire of revenge supported me beneath all their tortures. I again escaped, and at length found myself at the siege of Cartagena, in the command of a gun-boat. Here I signaled myself by many a deed of blood, and after the capture of the place obtained a captain's commission, and the command of a fine brig. I was ordered to convey several of the Spanish nobility with their property to the island of Curaçoa, and accordingly set sail, but steered my course directly for St. Ann. On the passage I called my crew together; informed them we had on board upwards of two millions of dollars belonging to the Spaniards, who were our natural enemies, and inquired if they were disposed to let so fine a prize ship thus easily through their fingers? They caught greedily at the glittering bait, and with one voice exclaimed, 'Set the Spaniards adrift! Land them on some desert island!' Having thus obtained their consent to an act which equally implicated all, I resolved upon my future course, and took my measures accordingly. That night, while the passengers were asleep in their berths, I dispatched them successively with my own hand, and lanced them through the cabin windows—they told half a score towards the fulfilment of my oath. We arrived at St. Ann, and anchored off the island at night. I immediately landed with a boat's crew of chosen ruffians, and proceeded undiscovered to the house of Gonzales. On the way we met his son, a lad of some sixteen years, whom I compelled to conduct me to his father's bedside, where I found him buried in the arms of sleep. There he lay, the object of my soul's most bitter hatred! Did I strike him then? did I send him slumbering into eternity? No, no! I aroused him—he saw me stand smiling over him, with my dagger at his throat, and his craven soul almost burst with terror from his glaring eyes. Oh! what a delicious moment was that to me! He spoke no word, but gagged and bound, I had him speedily on board, whilst my crew sacked and set fire to the town, the hateful scene of my early degradation. Yet was there one bitter pang to be endured—but 'twas only for a moment. Ere I left the island, the daughter of Gonzales came—she whom I loved so well; on her knees she besought me 'spare, oh! spare my father! you loved me once—' 'Ay! but I love no longer—Revenge has absorbed my soul, there is no room for love—away!' I saw her no more. As for the governor, I had him whipped until he implored me in mercy to plunge my dagger in his heart: no such mercy for him—the average Spaniard, while he had aught of sense or feeling left, and then we gave him to the sharks. Why do you shrink as if in horror? Think I was an iota more than enraged? He was but one of the damned hundred, and at the end of the day I was outlived by the

government, and commenced a cruise upon my own account. The few remaining hours of my life would not suffice to tell a tithe of my adventures, perils, and escapes. Three times I have been a prisoner; but stratagem or gold were ever potent to loosen bolts or bars. Once I was tried for my life at N. O.—, but the glittering of the shining ore dimmed the eyesight of my judges, and they could discover no spot of blood upon my hands. Five years I roved the terror of these seas; but now, what all the art and power of man have failed to do, the never-ceasing tumults of a guilty mind has done—cut short my mad career. Long since I felt the hand of death upon me; and like the wounded tiger that seeks some gloomy den wherein to die, hither I came without associate or friend but this my little creole nurse. Chance has made us acquainted. I have confided to you the outlines of my history; it will serve as a tale to while away a tedious hour, and make your hearers stare. And now, grant me one favour when I am dead, living I ask none;—bury me in the sea full twenty fathoms deep. I have done. Give me some drink—my mouth is parched—my brain is in a whirl! Ha! that pang, death is here, I feel it about my heart. Well, why should I live? and yet to die with such a load of guilt—hush—hush! speak not to me, I know what you would say—but 'tis all in vain. What's death to me? I have bearded him a thousand times—why do I shrink so now? A heavy mist comes gathering over my sight. Who are these? Off, off! why do you let them come so close?— With a desperate effort he raised himself upon his couch, seized with a convulsive grasp my hand; gazed on me for a moment with a terrified and ghastly glare, and then fell back exhausted on his pillow. His distorted features gradually relaxed; the wild expression of his eye slowly assumed a placid look, and something like a smile played about his lips—the pirate was no more.

BIOGRAPHY.

Original Sketches of Eminent Women.

XANTIPPE.

Ova lady readers will, no doubt, smile when they see the name of Xantippe at the head of an article which professes to treat of eminent women. The wife of Socrates is not indeed eminent for any merit of her own; she shines merely in the light of her husband's fame; but she is remarkable for her obstinate perseverance in maintaining what she considered "the inalienable rights" of woman. Her name has been made to designate—and we maintain most unjustly—a distinct class among her sex. We do not believe that scolds, like poets, are born; but, like orators, are made by circumstances; and if in former days special laws were enacted against scolds, it was because men were the tyrants of women. These laws have fallen into disrepute; because, perhaps, the ducking-stool was not found the stool of repentance; because tyranny is out of fashion, and men are becoming more enlightened and more rational; and women are rapidly rising to that rank among intelligent beings to which their gentle virtues, their refined sensibilities, and the delicate structure of their minds entitle them. We place the name of Xantippe on our pages, not indeed to apologise for the asperities of her temper—for them there is no apology—but to show that there is no foundation in truth for most of the scandalous stories so industriously circulated concerning her by the enemies of the Socratic school—stories which have affected the character of woman in general, and given rise to a classification which we consider a base libel upon the sex.

Little or nothing is known of the birth, family, or education of Xantippe; her character, however, has been drawn by many a writer, and there is sufficient reason to believe that the pencil of calumny has been too busily engaged in furnishing her picture. If we were disposed to speculate, we might conjecture that her person was attractive; because Socrates was a great admirer of a finely proportioned form, and of a beautiful face, which he regarded as the index of a mind possessed, or at least susceptible, of great moral beauty. If he chose his wife upon this principle, he must have sought for a fair form and a lovely face, and Xantippe's charms must have been of no ordinary kind; but, alas! for erring human reason, he found his sweet companion a sad exception to his general rule, and if he still continued to believe in his own theory, he must have considered it at least very dangerous in practice. Unfortunately for our conjecture, however, both our premises and our conclusions may be false; for Socrates may have formed his theory after having had some experience in the matrimonial state. But let us proceed to facts. His partiality for beautiful forms is easily accounted for. His father was a statuary, and brought his son up to his own pro-

fession. Socrates supported himself some time by his chisel, and must have been daily in the habit of studying the most perfect models of the human form; while he would be naturally inclined to admire that most which presented the fairest proportions; and when beneath his chisel he beheld

"The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timidly expanding into life,"

his habits of thought would naturally lead him to meditate upon the connection between mind and matter; upon the influence which the body exerts over the mind, and the modifications which the one may receive from the other. A form well proportioned might in this way easily be imagined to be animated by a well adjusted mind, or governed by a well regulated disposition. Socrates, however, disregarded speculations like these when he proceeded to the matter of fact business of selecting a wife; and if he was not particularly fortunate in his choice, we have no right to accuse him of a want of discernment; for no man was better acquainted with human nature than he. "He was eminently qualified," says Xenophon, "to penetrate into men's characters." He was in fact a practical philosopher: visiting the busy haunts of men, as well as their places of retirement, he was heard in the streets and public squares, in the mart and in the temple, exposing the errors and chastising the vices of his countrymen; and, conversing with the great and lowly, with the rich and poor, he exhorted them to the practice of virtue as the only basis of happiness. While he laboured to improve the public and private morals, we are told he neglected no means of correcting the faults of his own character, which he admitted were numerous. To this end he united himself to the intractable Xantippe, or at least he turned her perverseness to some account; for, says he to one of his friends, "in accustoming myself to bear patiently the ill humour of Xantippe at home, I acquire habits of moderation, and learn to treat, when abroad, the infirmities of all men with indulgence." It would seem he sought the hand of Xantippe as a sort of moral philosopher's stone, that he might convert the dross of his own nature into pure gold—an experiment which few men would have the courage to make. That she was a woman of a perverse disposition and violent temper, we have seen that Socrates himself admitted; but that she was guilty of such gross violations of decorum as the writers of later times have, without any authority, asserted, we cannot believe. There is no probability in the story that she was capable of such unwomanlike conduct as to trample under foot a cake presented by the accomplished and elegant Alcibiades; that in the open street she tore the cloak from the shoulders of her husband; or that in a fit of passion she overturned the table at the sight of Euthydemus, whom Socrates had invited to supper without notifying her of his coming. Now the true version of this story is simply this, that when Xantippe expressed some dissatisfaction at being unprovided for visitors, Socrates desired her to give herself no concern; for if his guests were wise men, they would be contented with his simple fare; if otherwise, he did not value their friendship. "Whilst others," said he, "live to eat, wise men eat to live."

Another scandalous story, re-echoed unfortunately by christian writers, is told without authority. They say that Myrto shared with Xantippe the affections and home of Socrates to whom she was married; that these two Grecian matrons, seized simultaneously with a fit of jealousy, came from words to blows in the presence of the astounded husband; that when "Greek met Greek" Socrates, with stern impartiality, remained an impassive spectator of "the tug of war;" that his immoderate peals of laughter testified how much he enjoyed the scene; but that the combatants, offended by his unseasonable mirth, suddenly turned their allied arms against the innocent cause of their pugilistic sports, and engraved, in no ambiguous characters, the story of their wrongs upon the philosopher's face, which looked after the operation like a black-letter manuscript. But we do not credit these vile tales, and we regret that the impartial biographer is compelled to repeat in order to refute them. If there had been any truth in this story, the detractors of Socrates would have circulated it with malicious industry; and Aristophanes would have seized with avidity a scene so full of comic interest, and would have transferred it to his comedy of the *Clouds*, intended exclusively to overwhelm Socrates with ridicule. But as it is mentioned neither by the dramatist nor by contemporary writers, we are warranted in believing nothing of the kind ever occurred. Besides, Myrto does not appear to have been at any period the wife of Socrates. She was the daughter of Aristides, the just, and upon the death of her father was left in indigent circumstances. Socrates, moved by her poverty, and respecting the daughter of so virtuous a citizen, offered her the protection of his humble roof and the hospitalities of

his frugal table; and if she accepted both, we can only infer that the house of Socrates was an asylum granted to the daughter of Aristides.

While all the censurable parts of Xantippe's conduct are carefully exposed, the laudable traits of her character are entirely overlooked. It is evident that with the little attention Socrates paid to his domestic interests, the mother of his children must have possessed an uncommon degree of industry, economy, activity, and prudence in the management of her household, or his moderate fortune would not have been sufficient for the education of his children and the support of his family. In fact, according to his disciple Xenophon, Socrates himself allows her many domestic virtues, and bore testimony to her unceasing maternal cares, and to the tender solicitude which, under all circumstances, she manifested for her children. Many occurrences creditable to her heart are related by her husband's disciples, tending to show that the daily example of moderation and kindness set her by Socrates, was not without its beneficial influence. When Socrates was condemned to death, Xantippe was inconsolable. Plato has described the excess of her grief; and we are told that the disciples of Socrates, who went to his prison early in the morning that they might have an opportunity of conversing with their master throughout the last day of his life, found him sitting by him with a child in her arms. As soon as Xantippe saw them, she burst into tears and exclaimed, "O Socrates, this is the last time your friends will ever speak to you, or you to them." Socrates, that the tranquillity of his last moments might not be disturbed, desired that she might be conducted home. She left him with the most frantic expressions of grief. The following passage in a letter, sometimes ascribed to Xenophon, shows that her grief was not a passing cloud, but threatened to overshadow the remainder of her days. "Cease, excellent Xantippe, cease to weep; what will it profit you to cherish a hopeless sorrow? Endeavour to preserve yourself for your children—be of good cheer, and avail yourself of all the advantages which as the widow of Socrates you possess. Apollonius and Dion applaud you for having declined the gifts which have been tendered to you, and they admire your noble reply, that you consider the wife of Socrates sufficiently rich. As long as I and your other friends have the ability to aid you, you shall want nothing." This extract clearly shows that the friends of Socrates, who knew his widow best, esteemed her much; and it shows too, that her grief was not a solitary spark of feeling, struck by a sudden blow from a flinty heart; but that it was a constant and consuming sorrow. Moreover, the grief of Xantippe, and the fear expressed by her friends that she would sink beneath the pressure of her saddened spirits, evince the sincerity of her attachment and her just sense of the excellence of the husband whom she had lost. If it be urged that so distressing a scene as the death of Socrates would move the most insensible heart, and that the poignancy of Xantippe's grief, at such a moment, was no proof that she estimated at its just value the man to whom she was united, we reply that (according to an anecdote preserved by Elien) she took pleasure in doing justice to the virtues which she had daily witnessed for so many years. "Xantippe," says this exact and learned writer, "asserted, that through all the revolutions in Athens during the life time of Socrates, she had never perceived the slightest change in his countenance which was always expressive of tranquillity, content, and benevolence. 'He went out and returned home,' said she, 'always calm, always serene, superior to every fear, and judging men and things invariably with equity and moderation.'"

A woman who could speak so mournfully of the fate of her husband; who could bewail his death so long and so bitterly; who could appreciate his virtues and paint them so feelingly; could not herself have been destitute of virtue and feeling; and she who was a prudent wife and a tender mother, though she did not always control her temper, deserved at least charity for her faults and credit for the good qualities which she really possessed D. E.

Lord Ellenborough lately visited the Zoological garden, and attracted almost as much notice as the bears; his fair *divorcée* was also there; and "they met!"

"But, oh! 'twas anguish to her heart
To see his alter'd eye;
To see him smile on all beside,
Yet coldly pass her by."

We are no admirers of fellows who "take the law into their own hands." Eng. paper.

Why is the steeple of a church like a fashionable bonnet?—Because it o'ertops a *belle*.

Why do the American theatres excel all others in their representation of wood scenery?—Because they have a *star* in their *Forest*.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MASTER BURKE continues to attract full and fashionable houses. On Wednesday the twenty-fourth ultimo he appeared in the character of Sir Abel Handy, in Morton's comedy of *Speed the Plough*, and his personation of the eccentric old gentleman was rich and pointed in the extreme. We do not presume to assert that any child can give the force and identity to such a character as would attend its representation by Barnes or Kilner, and a repetition of the extraordinary powers of this wonderful boy must cease to interest, in attempts of this description, when divested of novelty; nevertheless, we take upon ourselves to say, that Master Burke has never had his equal as an instance of talented precocity. In a piece called *Whirligig Hall*, more adapted to show him to advantage, he manifested great comic abilities, and excited loud shouts of laughter. The overture to *Tancredi* followed, and here we beg leave to remark on the bill, which asserted that "Rossini's celebrated overture to *Tancredi* would be led by Master Burke." The fact was widely different. The overture to *Tancredi* has been merely taken as a subject by some musician, and mutilated after a most barbarous manner, for the use of Master Burke. Whoever the gentleman be, he has amused himself by making thereof a *concerto*; not, indeed, by adding variations or different passages, but by silencing *futes*, *hautboys*, *clarionets*, &c. and giving their best passages to the *first violin*, consequently Master Burke has the principal part throughout, and all the instruments are subordinate. Now let us not for one moment be understood to throw the least censure on Master Burke's violin playing, for it is excellent; but we must object to the mode of calling public attention to his performance, as *leading Rossini's celebrated overture to Tancredi*. The truth is, that Monsieur Vamboise, his music-master, (who we suspect has arranged Rossini's subject,) actually leads the band, and Master Burke plays a *concerto*. We think it but justice to Messrs. Segura, De Luce, W. Taylor, and other adults, who have the credit of understanding their profession, to state this, because we have heard it remarked that Master Burke, in *leading* these overtures, assumes a much more prominent stand than these gentlemen; he must always do so, unless they are permitted by their patrons to convert the overtures of great masters into *violin obligato* movements, at which the whole of the profession and amateurs of music would be amazingly shocked; unless Master Burke plays the original music, as they say. A most respectable contemporary journal likewise states, that Master Burke's *leading* the difficult overtures of Rossini, is marvellous. The marvel, we believe, is solved in the above explanation.

On Friday Master Burke appeared as Richard the Third—of course, a most difficult and dangerous undertaking for one of his tender age. All we shall say on the subject is, that we cannot conceive any boy exceeding him in such a character. Miss Clara Fisher is the only young person who has made the attempt in our remembrance, and we look upon little Burke as a better tragedian than the young lady. The Irish Tutor followed, and the house, crammed to suffocation by the holiday people, (the orchestra-bins filled with ladies and the stage covered with gentlemen,) literally shrieked with laughter at his acting. We do not ever remember to have witnessed so powerful an excitement of risibility. The overture to the *Caravan* was announced as about to be led by Master Burke. This piece is by the celebrated Grétry, and the *slow movement* is a graceful *cantabile* for the *hautboy*—so we find it in the score—but the same mutilation has taken place, and it has been adapted as a *solo* for the *violin*, accordingly the wind instruments are silenced. It may look more imposing in a theatre bill to announce Master Burke as *leading* a band, but it would be more consistent with truth and good taste to produce him as a *concerto* player; for it is evident to all musicians that the band is not led by him, nor the music of celebrated authors given in its original form. Nor does Master Burke appear sensible of any mistake which occurs during his performance; on the other hand, Monsieur Vamboise, in the leader's chair, shows just the same marks of impatient recognition of an error as Mr. De Luce does on ordinary occasions.

Mrs. Austin and Mr. Thorne have proceeded to Philadelphia, to produce operas on an extensive scale at the theatre in Arch-street. Several of the leading choristers of the Park theatre have been engaged to assist, by Messrs. Maywood, Archer, and Walton, the enterprising managers; and the Philadelphians, who are admirers of music, will be regaled with those pieces which are so admirably performed on our boards, several of which are novelties to them; Boildieu's *Caliph of Bagdad* in particular.

ODE,

FOR THE CELEBRATION IN HONOUR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By Prosper M. Wamors.

A voice on every wave,
A sound o'er every sea!
The war-note of the brave,
The anthem of 'he free!
From steep to steep it rings,
Through Europe's many climes—
A knell to despot kings,
A sentence on their crimes;
From every giant hill, companion of the cloud,
The startled echo leaps to give it back aloud.
Where'er a wind is rushing—
Where'er a stream is gushing,
The swelling sounds are heard,
Of man to freeman calling,
Of broken fetters falling;
And, like the carol of an uncaged bird,
The bursting shout of freedom's battle-word!
Spirit of freedom! from thy home,
Beneath our western skies,
We gave thee forth the shackled earth to roam,
That red oppression's heart might quail,
And shuddering tyranny grow pale
Before the lightning of thine eyes!
Thy course hath been a glorious one—
For nations now are basking in thy light,
That, ere the trial deed was done,
Were grovellers in being's night;
Upstarting from their sleep,
They grasp the dooming brand,
And, vengeance-nerved, the spoilers sweep
From off the trampled land;
They give thee vent to death—contempt can punish more;
But frowningly and stern, they wave them from the shore.

From the north's frozen regions,
Ice-fettered in gloom—
Where slavery's legions
Are wailing their doom;
From Italy's clime,
The brightest of earth,
Where man lives in crime,
Polluted from birth;
From Spain's death-like trance,
And from Portugal's blight,
We turn to thee, France,
And we turn with delight.
Where the eyes of our fathers were turned,
To the land of the warm-hearted Gaul,
When dimly the flame on their altar-stones burned,
And their hopes were as dark as the pall;
To the land of the noble in soul,
The mighty in spirit and name,
Where vengeance hath listened to reason's control,
And the doom of the tyrant was shame!
Oh! deeper and darker that doom, than if blood
Had been poured o'er regenerate France like a flood!

Joy to thee, France! in thy pride,
The world shall rejoice at thy deed;
Long may the hearts that the despot defied
Ennobled the land they have freed.
Away with the flag of the Bourbon—away!
Oh! never again let it wave,
Where glory hath marshalled her chosen array!
To earth, with the flag of the slave!
Down, down with the banner of shame,
And trample its folds in the dust;
Away with the race that have blighted its fame,
Where the fetters of tyranny rust;
Come from the gloom of thy cloud,
Come with thy splendour of yore,
Thou pennon of glory! each Gaul shall be proud
As he welcomes his own tri-color!

And Thou, the ruler of the storm,
Whose hand put back the wave,
When anarchy upheaved his awful form—
Whose voice went forth to save;
Thou, whom we proudly call our own,
The warrior of the free,
Among earth's mighty ones thou stand'st alone
The delegate of liberty!
Kingsdoms nor crowns—the patriot warrior's name
Thy nobler recompense shall be—
No brighter record gilds the page of fame!

Spirit of freedom! on—
Oh, pause not in thy flight
Till every clime is won
To worship in thy light;
Speed on thy glorious way,
And wake the sleeping lands—
Millions are watching for thy ray,
And lift to thee their hands;
Still onward, be thy cry—
Thy banner on the blast—
And like a tempest as thou rushest by,
Despots shall shrink aghast;
On, till thy name is known
Throughout the peopled earth,
On, till thou reign'st alone,
Man's heritage by birth;
On, till from every vale, and where the mountains rise,
The beacon lights of liberty shall kindle to the skies!

LITERARY NOTICES.

FAMILY LIBRARY, NO. XI.—*Demonology and Witchcraft*.—Another gem from the inexhaustible mine! one more piece of master-work from the never-idle factory! or in plain English, another volume from the fruitful brain, and restless fingers of Sir Walter Scott! This book was published about ten days ago, and who has not already peeped into its pages? What man with any pretensions to the name of reader, has not applied the ivory, (or if perchance that useful implement were not at hand,) his remorseless fore-finger to the undivided leaves, and devoured with eager eyes the long desired contents? At this late day, (late for a work from him) it is almost a farce to write a notice of the *Demonology*, for the odds are, that every body who reads us, has read or at least begun

to read it, and if the latter be the case, we can scarcely hope to receive our usual share of attention until the prior claims of him whom we would honour, are fully satisfied. But custom is an insatiable task-master, and we beseech our readers to understand and to believe that it is only for its sake that this, perhaps superfluous article is written.

It is probably unnecessary to say, that we have read these ten letters; or that we consider our time as having been very profitably employed. In them we have found the result of a wonderfully extensive course of reading and of much reflection upon one subject, and this result is a profound and philosophic and satisfactory elucidation of a great mystery, illustrated by numerous striking and amusing anecdotes. We may almost say that no one of the innumerable modes in which human superstition has exhibited itself, is passed over without comment or example; the wild notions of all ages and of every people, are here exposed and accounted for; and in the greater number of instances, the theory is perfect and convincing; in all, it is remarkably ingenious. But how could it be otherwise? the hand of a wizard has been laid upon the arcana of necromancy; it is the voice of a mighty conjuror that exposes the secrets of the supernatural fraternity. The mantle of his namesake, Michael Scott, that "wight of power," has fallen upon him, with the wisdom of another Scott (Reginald) who was deeply skilled in all unearthly lore; with such aids Sir Walter could not but write wisely of witches and wizards and spirits, "gray and white with all their trumpery."

TALES OF TRAVELS WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Mr. Solomon Bell, late keeper of the Traveller's library, Boston, has just issued a neat and pretty octodecimo, containing a lively and entertaining account of the different expeditions which have, at different times, been undertaken to explore the vast, interesting, and little known regions of our western country. From a slight glance over its diversified contents we are convinced that it will prove a useful manual for youth. Numerous cuts adorn it, which, of course, render it more attractive.

THE BETROTHED OF WYOMING.—A second edition of this historical tale has just appeared. Its universal popularity has undoubtedly produced this result, which must be peculiarly grateful to the author.

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—The great demand for this useful and practical periodical has induced the publishers to issue a second edition of the first volume, in a very handsome form.

THE SANDFORDS, OR HOME SCENES.—The second volume of this novel has been published. It fully equals in interest the first, and will not suffer by comparison with any of the author's previous efforts.

NEW-YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL.—The first number of this periodical journal has just appeared. It is edited by doctors Peixotto, Gravea, and Rhinelander, and will be continued quarterly. Each number contains two hundred and fifty pages.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PAINTED WINDOW.—The following is a descriptive sketch of the painted window just fixed in the oriel of the hall at King's College, Cambridge:—The window, consisting of twenty-seven openings, besides the tracery lights, contains in the centre division, a full-length portrait of the founder, Henry sixth, crowned, and holding a sceptre in his right hand, with the sacred volume, emblematic of his pious character, in the left. In the compartment above are the arms of Henry, supported by two heraldic antelopes, and surmounted by a large crown. In the openings, right and left of the founder, are the arms of King's and Eton. In the centre opening on the left side of the oriel, are the ancient arms of Basset; and in the centre of the right, are the present arms of the Dunstable family. It having been found necessary, generally, to retain the original metal work of the window corresponding with that in the other windows throughout the hall, the numerous divisions of the same have been filled with appropriate ornaments and heraldic devices appertaining to the founder, and harmonising, in design and effect, with the other parts of the window. The upper squares of the respective openings contain crowns, and the royal initials, in ancient Gothic characters; beneath are the Lancastrian rose, the fleur-de-lis, and the ostrich feathers in saltire; the badges of Henry and his consort. The tracery lights contain Gothic foliage, alternately painted on ruby and blue, bordered with gold-beaded ornament, and terminating with rich yellow flowers in the points. The entire window contains nearly three hundred feet of glass, and consists of above five thousand pieces, of various colours, all painted upon, and finished in the best manner, although from the height of the window, a great part of the finishing can only be properly seen by the assistance of a glass. The window is the gift of Lord de Dunstable.

For the Mirror.

SONNET—SPENSER.

BY W. G. CLARK.

HEARD of pure thought! about whose daily ways
The light of gorgeous fancies lingering played,
Prompting the pictures of thy golden lays
Where fairy scenes each flowing verse pervade;
Whose birth, within thy soul enjoyment made,
When from thy harp was poured the gifted song
Of knight and minstrel, nymph and fountain-maid—
Offsprings of air and light, a glorious throng,
Like clouds that in the sunset float along:
These are the trophies that survive thy breath!
Amid thy numbers lives thy spirit-fire—
Fresh o'er thine ashes blooms the laurel-wreath—
Still soars the music of thy sounding lyre,
Triumphant over change, and time, and death!

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA,

To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER SIX.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

EVEN to an American, who is accustomed to see beautiful villages and opulent towns annually rising from a dense forest, and in a space of time scarce less than from youth to manhood, become the great emporiums of trade, the seat of the arts, and abounding in the elegancies as well as luxuries of the present high degree of civilized life, it may be a matter of surprise that so magnificent a city as this could rise up from a frigid marsh, and among an almost barbarous people, in the incredible short space of little more than a century. It is true that as early as 1703, Peter, having possessed himself of the fortress of Nienchatz, and being struck with the advantages of the place for the establishment of the Baltic commerce, and as a point to make head against the Swedish incursions, fortified the present site of the fortress, and erected a few wooden tenements on the banks of the Neva. But it was not till he had gained the battle of Pultawa that he earnestly set about the formation of the imperial capital. It was then, and before leaving the bloody field, he wrote his admiral, Apraxin, the following characteristic note—"This is the day that, by the grace of God, I have really laid the corner-stone for the foundation of St. Petersburg." Still there was much left to be done before he could uninterruptedly proceed in the great work—Livonia must be conquered, and the Swedish flotilla driven back. These matters at length accomplished, thousands of peasants were drafted from the interior for the public works, followed up by an ukase, enjoining the principal families of the empire to come forward and build, in proportion to their revenues; and, what was of more importance to the growth of the city, reside in their houses when finished. What Peter willed must be done at all hazards; and it has been the glory of those who have come after him to fill up the designs of the great original founder, till St. Petersburg has become the pride and ornament of this vast empire.

My last gave you a general view of the city; I now enclose you a map of it with the environs, and as I find leisure, will sally out and visit those points more particularly deserving the attention of the stranger; so commencing from the place at which I first landed, you will find the establishment of Mr. Baird, an enterprising Scotchman, who, obtaining the exclusive privilege of navigating the Russian waters for a term of years, was the first to introduce steam-boats into this northern region. His works are complete for the construction and repair of his boats, and in addition he has erected a forging steam saw-mill, on an extensive scale. His right, however, is now expired; and strange to say, notwithstanding the slow speed of their boats, starting only once a day from either place, and receiving and landing their passengers at this inconvenient distance from the city, no opposition is even thought of. This no doubt arises in a measure from the vexatious police arrangements, the numerous forms to go through, and the many little douceurs that would be expected by government officers to secure their good will, and prevent their clogging the establishment of a new line with a thousand obstacles. As an example of the way in which they order things in this country, in passing to and from Cronstadt, no matter whether you go down for one day and are to return the next, and whether on business or pleasure, every man, woman, and child is obliged to produce a passport or billet of residence, and have the same examined and inscribed in the office established for that purpose. You then pay for your passage, receive a tin medal, which you hand to the guard stationed at the gangway, and are thus permitted to pass on board. It not unfrequently happens that the crowd is so great,

and the hour arriving for the departure of the boat, that it sets off, leaving individuals behind, because, forsooth, there was not sufficient time for the scribe to record the passports. I could never fathom the utility of such stupid and vexatious regulations in a time of profound peace, and will venture to say, if they were annulled, there would be four passengers where there is now one, the distance be performed in half the time, and at half the present price of passage, and the Russian government rather benefited than endangered thereby.

Passing along the road to the city you will see on the right numerous patches, enclosed for the production of such vegetables as can be raised in this high latitude; and in the pure creeks of the Neva troops of boys bathing their limbs, each one with a cross of wood or bone suspended from the neck, and which they constantly wear as a symbol of their religion, and as a talisman against the ills of life. But the most attractive object to me was the primitive appearance of the Russian fishermen, sweeping with their wide nets the deep waters of the river. They wore neither caps nor shoes, and their breasts were shaded with their long beards. As I watched them, all intent on their occupation, my imagination was transported back to the days of our blessed Saviour, when, walking by the sea of Galilee, he called to fishermen of similar appearance, whose minds were equally untutored, and said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Yet these ideas soon vanish on entering the city, and passing up the English key, a street that fronts the Neva, and takes its name from the many English merchants who reside upon it, and form, with their elegant mansions, nearly the whole line to the Isaac square. It is in this square that a large proportion of the longer streets *debouche*; indeed that part of the city on this side of the Neva may be considered a wide semicircle, of which the Admiralty is the point, and the streets the radii; running in most instances perfectly straight into the open country, and is connected with the quarter of Vasil-Ostrof by a bridge over an arm of the river, of full one-third of a mile in length. It being the most public quarter, and the greatest thoroughfare of the city, uncommon pains have been taken to beautify and adorn it. Fronting the bridge, and opposite the senate-house, the equestrian statue of Peter the Great is raised in bold relief, challenging the admiration of the world. The material of which it is composed is bronze, and the proportions colossal. Its pedestal is a solid granite rock, transported from a marsh nine miles in the vicinity, and weighs upwards of three millions of pounds. On this a huge serpent is writhing beneath the tread of the noble steed who has reared in the air, seemingly for the purpose of leaping a wide distance to the ground. The imperial rider is habited in a Roman toga, that flows gracefully from the shoulders, and his right hand is held out, as if protectingly over the city. It is altogether the noblest monument of the kind in existence, and was made at a single cast by the celebrated French sculptor, Falconet. The design and placing is taken from a feat that is currently reported to have been done by the bold monarch it represents.

In one of his excursions he wished for a more extensive view of the adjacent country, and seeing no more eligible place for the purpose than a narrow ledge of rocks, he spurred his horse to the top, and having taken his observations, he found it impossible to wheel and retreat. Not in the least disconcerted, he unhesitatingly reared, and leaped from the principal height to the ground, at the imminent risk of breaking the necks of both horse and rider.

The monument is surrounded by a narrow grass-plot, enclosed by an iron railing, and bears in golden letters, engraved upon the granite, this simple inscription, in Russian and Latin:

PETRO PRIMO
CATHERINE SEGUNDO
MDCCCLXXXII.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ADVENTURES OF A RANGER.

WE do not know that we can fill a few pages more profitably than by relating an adventure of our neighbour and friend, Mr. Higgins, as we have heard it from his own mouth. He resides within a few miles of Vandalia, and receives a pension from the United States for his services. The following statement may be relied upon, as Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, and his wounds afford ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky, and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen,

he enlisted in the *Rangers*, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the thirtieth of August, 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journey, who were posted at Hill's station, a small stockade, about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence, and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, "Indian signs" were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning early, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn-field, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazle thicket, and in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, who rose suddenly around them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was an uncommonly sultry morning; the day was just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night; the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins's surviving companions had escaped, supposing that all that were left were dead, or that at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees and rose again several times. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for, as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked round for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at this moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, re-loaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with, "Tom, you won't leave me?"

On looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly,

"No, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprang from his saddle, and picking up his comrade, whose ankle-bone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his own way on foot, but the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend, on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, "Now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off;" instructing him, at the same time, to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism than this of Higgins, who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke, which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and the hazle-thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might easily have effected his escape; but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw that if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of diverging from the true course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending when he

emerged, to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket he beheld a large Indian near him, and two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for, although in the confidence of his own activity and courage, he felt undismayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the general. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them, and fight them singly. Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away; but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire which, until now, he had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins several times turned round to fire, but the Indian would halt, and dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again and ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he rose they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but upon his presenting his gun at one or the other they fell back. At last the largest one, thinking, probably, from Tom's reserving his fire so long that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him; and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion. The Indian whom he had slain was the most dangerous of the three, and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently to discover that he was their superior in courage; he therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him.

"They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded," said he, "but now, when they knew it was empty, they were better soldiers."

A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians, rushing upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for this occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins's tough muscles. From this cause, and the continual exertion of his hand and rifle in warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain, in honourable proof of his valour. At last one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sunk deep in Higgins's cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, laid bare the skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on; but Tom instantly recovered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and hands, until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, aided him to rise; and clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out; in doing which, he broke the stock to pieces, retaining only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt his character as a warrior at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded and almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on, attempting to stab the exhausted ranger, while the latter, warding off the spear with one hand, brandished his rifle-barrel in the other. The Indian, unwounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but the moral courage of our hero prevailed, and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered possession of his gun his own case was hopeless; and throwing away his rifle-barrel, he drew his hunting-knife, and rushed in upon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted; but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown down his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time the smoke which lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians had passed away, and a number of the latter having passed the hazle-thicket were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger; but relief was at hand. The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat. There was among them an heroic woman, a Mrs. Pursley, who, when she saw Higgins nobly contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the attempt hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered them, ten to one. But Mrs. Pursley, declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men, who would not be outdone by a woman, followed, full gallop, towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down towards him with savage yells—his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first. Higgins, exhausted with the loss of blood, had fallen and fainted—while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe anything else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers reached the battle-ground first. Mrs. Pursley, who knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

We repeat this adventure just as it was related to us, and have not the smallest doubt that it is literally correct; or as nearly so as Mr. Higgins's opportunities for observation would admit; for as he very properly observes, he was "in a desperate bad fix just about that time, and it was a powerful bad chance for a man to take notice of what was going on around him."

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in his thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When he reached his house, he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of his riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his help-mate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet, and inserting his two thumbs into the gash, "fired it out," as he assured us, "without costing a cent." The other ball remains in his limb yet, but gives no trouble, except when he uses violent exercise. He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still takes the best kind of a man to handle him. *Illinois Monthly Magazine.*

A CONSEQUENTIAL TRAVELLER.

One day, no matter when, a stranger was seen riding slowly through the streets of a flourishing town in Tennessee. He was a well dressed good looking young man, mounted upon what in this country would be called "the best kind of a nag." His appearance, altogether, was respectable enough; it was even, as respects exteriors, a touch above what is common, and he would have passed along unnoticed, had it not been for one thing, which excited universal attention. Although the streets were crowded with people, and the fronts of the stores adorned with fine goods, and such fancy articles as usually attract the eye, the stranger's gaze was fixed on vacancy; he turned his head neither to the right nor the left—he moved not lip nor eye-lid, but rode forward, as if apparently unconscious, as well of his own existence, as of the presence of his fellow-creatures.

It was court-week, and an unusual concourse of people was collected. Here was the judge with a long train of lawyers. The candidates for office were here, distributing smiles and kindnesses, and practising all those popular arts which are so well understood in every republican country. Here was the farmer, clad in his neatest homespun, and mounted on his best horse. Here was the hunter with his rifle. Here, in short, were the people, collected, some for pleasure, and some for business, exhibiting that excitement of feeling which crowds always produce, with a good humour which is only found in countries where all are free and equal. The public square exhibited a scene which would have been amusing to

one unaccustomed to such displays of character. At one spot were two neighbours driving a bargain. Unlike the people of other countries, who transact such business in private, they were surrounded by a host of people, who, all occasionally threw in their comments. A stranger, judging from the sly jokes, the loud bantering, and the vociferous laughter which passed round the circle, would not have supposed that any serious business was in hand; a resident only would infer that before this little circle parted a horse would be swapped, a crop of tobacco sold, or a tract of land conveyed. Not far off was a set of politicians, settling the affairs of the nation. But the most amusing individuals, were some two or three, who were cavorting. Now, if any lady or gentleman is so ignorant of the American language as not to know what cavorting is, and if Webster's celebrated quarto does not furnish the definition, it is necessary that we explain, that it expresses the conduct of an individual who fancies himself the smartest and best man in the world.

On the present occasion, a fellow might be seen dressed in a hunting frock, with a rifle on his shoulder, mounted, half tipsy, upon a spirited horse, and dashing through the crowd. Now he would force his spurs into his horse's sides, and put him at full speed, or rein him up until he reared on his hinder feet; and now he would command him to stop, and the obedient animal would stand and tremble. All the time he was ranting and roaring in praise of himself, his horse, and the United States of America. He boasted that he was born in the woods, rocked in a sugar trough, and nursed by a buffalo; that he could tote a steam-boat, and outrun a streak of lightning; that his wife was as handsome as a pet fawn, and his children *real roasters*. He bestowed similar encomiums on his horse, and finally avowed himself to be a friend to the United States of America—and then he commenced again, and went over the same round, flourishing his rifle all the time, and exerting his lungs to their utmost. Although he often declared that he could whip any man in the round world, except Colonel C., that he *fit* under at New-Orleans, nobody accepted the challenge, or took offence, the whole being considered as a matter of course, and as the natural effect of stimulant potations upon an illiterate man of ardent temperament, who, when duly sober, was an honest, quiet, and inoffensive citizen.

While the people were amused at the vagaries of this wild hunter, engaged in conversation, the sun had gone down, and it was nearly dark when the moving automaton, described in the commencement of this story, rode solemnly into the town. It is customary in this country for persons who meet, although unacquainted, to salute each other, and this courtesy is especially practised towards strangers; and although the new comer, on this occasion, would not have been expected to address each individual in a crowded street, yet, when those who were nearest nodded or spoke, as they civilly opened the way, they were surprised to see the horse-man's gaze fixed on vacancy, and his body remaining as erect as if tied to a stake.

"That man's asleep," said one.

"He's as blind as a bat," said another.

"I reckon he's sort o' dead," exclaimed a third.

"He rides an elegant nag," remarked a fourth; and all were surprised that a man, who was apparently so good a judge of a horse, had not wit enough to see where he was going, or to know who were around him.

In the meanwhile our traveller moved proudly on, until he reached the best inn; a fine brick building, presenting every indication of neatness, comfort, and even luxury. As he rode up, two well fed, athletic negroes, with visages like polished ebony, and teeth as white as snow, rushed forth, and while one seized his bridle, the other held his stirrup as he dismounted. Still the automaton relaxed not a muscle; but, drawing up his body, moved majestically towards the house. At the door he was met by the landlord, a portly, well-dressed man, with a fine open countenance, who had been honoured by his fellow citizens with several civil appointments, and had even commanded some of them in the field in times of peril. He touched his hat as he welcomed the stranger, and invited him into his house with an air of dignity and hospitality. A servant took his surcoat, and several gentlemen, who were seated round the fire, rushed back their chairs, to make way for the stranger. But all these things moved not the automaton; the glazed eye and compressed lip were still fixed, and the chin remained in the cushion of an immense cravat. After a momentary pause, the gentlemen in the room resumed their conversation, the landlord applied himself to the business of his house, and the silent traveller was consigned to the oblivion which he seemed to covet; and excited no more attention except from an honest backwoodsman, who strolled in

to take a peep, and after gazing at him for a quarter of an hour, suddenly clapped his hands, and exclaimed to his companions,

"It moves, Bill! if it ain't alive I'll agree to go a-foot as long as I live."

By this time candles were lighted, and the silent gentleman seemed to grow weary of silence. He now rose, and strutted across the apartment with a very important stride. He was a young man of about two and twenty; of ordinary height, and less than ordinary thickness. His person seemed to be compressed with corsets, and his head was supported by the ears upon a semicircle of stiffened linen, which occupied the place of shirt collar; and all his habiliments announced him to the eyes of the curious as a genuine specimen of that singular genus, the dandy. After taking several turns through the apartment, he drew forth his gold repeater, and opening his mouth for the first time, exclaimed in a peremptory tone,

"Landlord! I want supper!"

"You shall have it, sir," said the landlord, with a bow, and winking at the same time at the other guests; "we had supped when you arrived, but will not detain you many minutes."

In a short time supper was announced, and the stranger was shown into a back room, handsomely furnished, where a neat, elderly matron presided at the head of a table, spread with tea, coffee, bread, cakes, beef, pork, bacon, venison, fowls, and all that profusion of eatables with which western ladies delight to entertain their guests. Near her sat a young lady, modestly attired, in the bloom of youth and beauty, whose easy manners and engaging appearance, might have warmed any heart not callous to the charms of native elegance. Now, indeed, our dandy opened both mouth and eyes to some purpose. Scarcely deigning to return the salutation of his hostess, he commenced the work of havoc—fish, flesh, and fowl vanished from before him; his eye roved from dish to dish, and then wandered off to the young lady; now he gazed at a broiled chicken, and now at the fair niece of the landlord—but which he liked best, I am unable to say—the chicken seemed to go off very well, but on the subject of the damsel, he never opened his mouth.

Returning again to the sitting apartment he found the same set of gentlemen whom he had left there, still engaged in conversation. They were the judge, the lawyers, and other intelligent men of the country, who were not a little amazed at the airs of our dandy. Again they opened their circle to receive him; but his eyes, his mouth, and his heart if he had one, were closed against every thing but the contemplation of his own important self. After drawing his boots, picking his teeth, and puffing a cigar, he again opened his mouth, with,

"Landlord! I want to go to bed!"

"Whenever you please, sir."

"I want a room to myself, sir!"

"I do not know how that will be," replied the landlord; "my house is full, and I shall be compelled to put you in the room with some of these gentlemen."

"I can't go it!" replied the dandy, strutting up and down; "never slept in a room with any body in my life, sir! and never will! must have a room, sir!"

The landlord now laughed outright at the airs of the coxcomb, and then said, very good humouredly,

"Well, well, I'll go and talk with my wife, and see what we can do."

"My dear," said the landlord, as he entered the supper-room, "here's a man who says he must have a room to himself."

"What, that greedy little man in corsets?"

"The same."

"Set him up with a room!" exclaimed the landlady.

"He is a trifling fellow," said the landlord; "but if we can accommodate the poor little man, we had better do so."

The lady professed her readiness to discharge the rites of hospitality, but declared that there was not a vacant apartment in the house.

"Give him my room, aunt," said the pretty niece, "I will sleep with the children, or any where you please."

The young lady was a visitor, and a great favourite; and the elder lady was altogether opposed to putting her to any discomfort, particularly on account of such a rude man. But the niece carried her point, and arrangements were made accordingly.

In a few minutes the silent man was conducted by the landlord to a very handsomely furnished apartment in the back part of the house. Every thing here was of the best and neatest kind. A suit of curtains hung round the bed, the counterpane was white as snow, and the bed-linen was fresh and fragrant. The dandy walked round the room, examining

every thing with the air of a man who fancied his life in danger from some contagious disease or venomous reptile. He then threw open the bed-clothes, and after inspecting them, exclaimed,

"I can't sleep in that bed!"

"Why not, sir?" inquired the astonished landlord.

"It's not clean! I can't sleep in it!" repeated the dandy, strutting up and down, with the most amusing air of self-importance, "I wouldn't sleep there for a thousand dollars!"

"Take care what you say," said the landlord, "you are not aware that I keep the best house in all this country, and that my wife is famed for the cleanliness of her house and beds!"

"Can't help it," replied the dandy, very deliberately surveying himself in a mirror; "very sorry, sir—awkward business, to be sure—but to be plain with you, I won't sleep in a dirty bed to please any man."

"You won't, won't you?"

"No, sir, I will not."

"Then I shall make you!" said the landlord, and seizing the astonished dandy by the back of the neck, he led him to the bed, and forced his face down upon it; "look at it," continued the enraged Tennessean, "examine it—do you call that bed dirty, you puppy!" Then going to the door, he called to a servant to bring him a horsewhip, and informed the terrified gentleman, that unless he went to bed instantly, he should order his negro to horsewhip him. In vain the mortified youngster promised to do all that was required of him; the landlord would trust nothing to his word, but remained until his guest was snugly nestled under the snow-white counterpane.

It was nearly breakfast-time when the crest-fallen stranger made his appearance in the morning. To his surprise his steed, who had evidently fared as well as himself, stood ready saddled at the door.

"Pray sir," said he to his host, in a very humble tone, and in a manner which showed him at a loss how to begin the conversation, "pray sir, at what hour do you breakfast?"

"We breakfast at eight," was the reply, "but the question is one in which you can have little interest, for you must seek a meal elsewhere."

"Surely, my dear sir, you would not treat a gentleman with such indignity!"

"March!" said the landlord.

"My bill!"

"You owe me nothing; I should think myself degraded by receiving your money."

In another moment the self-important mortal, who the evening before had ridden through the town with such a consciousness of his own dignity was galloping away, degraded, vexed, and humbled. As he passed along, the same backwoodsman who had gone to ascertain the fact of his vitality on his first arrival, met him, and pulling off his hat, said very civilly,

"Stranger, your girth is under your horse!"

The dandy reined up his steed, jumped off, and found that his girth was indeed under his horse—where it ought to be.

"Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed he, turning fiercely upon the backwoodsman; but the latter, instead of replying, coolly remarked to his companions,

"If it ain't alive, I'll agree to be shot!" and walked on.

"Who is that young man?" inquired the judge of the circuit court, as the stranger rode off.

"He is a Philadelphia dun," replied the landlord.

"I am no wiser than before," said his honour.

"Have you lived in our country so long, and not know this race of men? Sir, they are the collectors sent out by eastern merchants to collect their debts. Although they come from different cities, they all go under one general denomination; some of them are fine young men, but too many are like yonder chap."

"But how do you know this to be one of them?"

"Oh, bless you, I know them well. I read the history of that youth in his motions before he was in my house five minutes. One year ago he could bow and smile, like a French dancing master, skip over a counter, and play as many tricks as a pet monkey. He is just out of his apprenticeship, promoted to the dignity of a dun, and mounted on a fine horse, and you know the old proverb, 'Set a beggar on horseback—'"

"I understand the whole matter," replied the judge, and very gravely walked into the house, while the younger members of the bar were roaring with laughter at this odd adventure of the Philadelphia dun.

All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is every where the same, because it comes from God.

THE ORPHAN.

It was a December night. The ground was covered with snow; the north wind blew violently, and whistled as it passed among the willows that shaded the tombs of the cemetery of Passy. George, the watchman of the churchyard, was finishing his nightly rounds, attended by his faithful dog Dragon. At that moment the moon cast her pale beams on that portion of the burial ground appropriated to the poor; the watchman thought he perceived a shadow creeping along the ground; he gave Dragon the accustomed signal, and in an instant the animal with a bark sprang towards the object; his master followed him, and soon found him caressing a young child, who, extended on the ground, was endeavouring to dig the earth up with his hands. It was Paul—left an orphan but two days before, and the favourite of Dragon among all the children of the village; for every morning Paul divided his breakfast with him. "What are you doing there, my boy?" said George. Paul raised his head, and wiping two big tears from his cheeks, replied, "I am looking for mother." The watchman, affected by the answer, took the child in his arms, and carried him from the mournful place. For several days he was carefully watched; but he soon stopped crying, and every one thought he had got over his sorrow. However, about a month after, during a night still colder than that in which George found the orphan at the graveyard, the watchman heard Dragon howling most piteously; he seemed to be near the grave. George immediately directed his steps towards it, and, by the light of his lantern, perceived Dragon extended by the lifeless body of Paul. The orphan had found his mother! The next day he was laid by her side. American.

CELEBRATION ODE.

The following ode, written by S. Woodworth, at the request of his typographical brethren of this city, was printed on a moveable stage during the late procession in honour of the French revolution, and afterwards sung at the Washington parade ground by the choristers attached to the Park theatre.

Tune—*Marseillais Hymn.*

O'er regal domes, renown'd in story,
The trinal banner proudly waves,
And France resumes the march of glory,
Her gallant sons no longer slaves.
With tyrants vainly had they pleaded—
But when the press in thunder spoke,
It burst their chains with lightning-stroke,
And peace and liberty succeeded.
Then swell the choral strain,
To hail the blest decree;
Rejoice! rejoice! the press shall reign,
And all the world be free.

All hail, renown'd chivalric nation!
Land of the olive and the vine;
Inspired with kindred emulation,
Our bosoms glow with joy like thine.
Columbia's grateful sons can never
Forget that in her darkest hour
She owed to Gallia's arm the power
To disenthral her press for ever.
The day which saw the sceptre shiver'd,
And hail'd Columbia truly free,
From every hireling foe delivered,
We consecrate to joy and thee:
For tyrants tremble now before thee,
And a free press, the beacon light
That burst upon oppressor's night,
Has spread eternal glory o'er thee.

Thy chartered rights, with lawless daring,
Beneath oppressors' feet were trod,
Till startled despots heard, despairing,
The people's voice, the voice of God!
Their sovereign will was loudly spoken,
The press proclaimed it to the world,
Till Freedom's ensign waved unfurled,
And Gallia's galling chains were broken.
Thy gallant band of youthful heroes,
Roused by their bleeding country's prayers,
Undaunted hurled on ruthless Neroes
The vengeance due to crimes like theirs.
Too late they see their fatal error,
Their hireling guards by thousands fall,
The press resigns its types for ball,
And despot fly the scene in terror!

Their deeds shall live in deathless story,
And song preserve their chaplets green,
Yet still the brightest rays of glory
Circle one godlike brow serene.
'Tis his, whose youthful valor aided
Columbia's cause, when hostile bands
Were laying waste her fairest lands,
And all her blooming hopes had faded.
Immortal Lafayette, we hail thee,
The friend of equal rights on earth;
Though servile tools of kings assail thee,
Columbia knows and owns thy worth.
Thou first of heroes, best of ages,
The glorious chaplet thou hast won,
Disciple of our Washington,
Shall bloom like his for endless ages.

COMFORT.

This is a very comfortable word, and it is a sad pity the French do not know what it means. But it still is a greater pity that we, who have the word, and do know its meaning, should so often sacrifice it for the most unsubstantial reasons. The fact is, we are ashamed to be comfortable, lest we should

appear ungenteel. The best chamber in the house must be shut up for company; the lightest and the handsomest parlour must be kept closed for the same reason. We must have a large house, and a few domestics, for the sake of appearances; and we sometimes cut ourselves off from intelligent society because we cannot afford to receive them with quite so much show and ceremony as our neighbours. All this is foolish. If we cannot afford to be elegant, we can, at least, be comfortable; and if we can procure the elegancies of life, why not enjoy them every day? Why must spring cushions, and warm carpets, and airy rooms, and handsome walls, be shut up three hundred and fifty days of the year, for the sake of making a grand show off now and then? Why do we not consult our comfort by living in smaller houses, and keeping more domestics? Surely, leisure for intellectual and tasteful pursuits is better than the reputation for lofty rooms and Venetian windows. Why should we refrain from seeing cultivated people in a social, cordial way, because another can give them better wine and rarer fruit?

I believe no people in the world have such fear of public opinion as the Americans. To a certain extent the check is a salutary one; but our domestic life is a matter of much more concern to us than it is to the public, and we ought to have sufficient courage to study our own comfort, and gratify our own tastes.

Our manner of visiting and of receiving visitors is laborious in the extreme. If friends are staying with us, we feel as if every moment must be devoted to them. We cannot sleep, or ride, or read, or visit, for fear our friends should be left alone. This is making visiting a burden to them, as well as to ourselves. We soon become uneasy at such constraint, and they are restless under a conviction that they impose it upon us. The fact is, it is a luxury to a visitor sometimes to be left alone—to read, or ramble, or sleep, according to fancy. Many a time, when I have really admired and loved my hostess, I would have thanked her from my heart for a little relaxation of attention—the privilege of being sometimes left to my own thoughts—the luxury of a little more freedom, for her and for myself.

At the south, they manage these things better than we do. Their hospitality is unbounded. Visitors may be at home in a mansion, without depriving the inhabitants of the pleasure of home. Every thing is at the service of friends; but if the hostess wishes to visit, where her guest has no particular inclination to go, she does not hesitate to leave her to herself, to dispose of time as best suits her. What a relief not to be obliged to visit, or obliged to stay at home! This perfect freedom is the only thing that can make visiting a real pleasure to all parties. A friend lately told me of a very elegant woman he had seen at the south, who formed the most prominent attraction at all the fashionable parties.

"I saw her once early in the morning," said he, "buying some fine fruit, at her door. She had on a calico morning-dress, and a very neat plain cap. I thought her an uncommonly genteel domestic—but never dreamed of its being the brilliant belle I had seen the evening before, until she bowed and spoke to me. We entered into some conversation concerning the fruit she was buying; and simple and common-place as the remarks must have been, during such an interview, I was absolutely enchanted with the graceful ease of her manner. A New-England woman would have escaped into the house on my approach, or not recognised me; or, if I had spoken first, would have blushed, and fidgeted, and apologized for her morning dress."

Which course is the wisest? not to ask, which is the most comfortable. An ordinary woman will never get a character for real elegance by starving herself for state occasions; and a truly tasteful one will lose nothing by being sometimes seen without coronation robes.

Journal and Tribune.

BRIGHT CHANTICLEER IN DURANCE VILE.

I remember passing a winter's night in a very strange manner. When I was about eighteen years old, being quartered near a country village, I bought a fine game-cock, not to fight but to keep. He was as fine a feathered bird as ever strutted on a pair of legs. I had him carried home, where he and I arrived about five o'clock on a winter's evening. It so happened that another youth and myself were obliged for a time to occupy one small sleeping apartment. I had a full sized bed in it; my companion occupied a small travelling bed, which fitted him like a coffin, folded up into a portmanteau in the day, and was laid out at night by his servant. No sooner had I arrived than I was summoned to dinner; but what must I do with chanticleer? I was puzzled; so I put him, *pro tempore*, into a dark wooden cupboard, close to the floor, among a parcel of old shoes and coats and pans, and

shut the door. Chanticleer, no doubt, made the best of his quarters and went to roost. I went off to dinner, and, in the hurry and bustle of a party, forgot the cock as completely as if he had never existed.

Now it so happened that my friend's little bed was planted with the pillow end close to this same cupboard, the sleeper's ear almost touching the key-hole, the cupboard not being bigger than a good sized box. About twelve o'clock I came home, got into my bed, and fell fast asleep, still unconscious of chanticleer and all that was soon to ensue. My friend had been fast snoring in the arms of Morpheus for an hour gone.

How long I slept I cannot tell, but I was startled with a lengthened roar, which made me think some horrid convulsion of nature was taking place in the whole country. All aghast and half asleep, I listened, and presently was made fully aware of what had taken place, and would be persisted in; for these birds, be it known, crow full twenty minutes at a stretch, quarter minute time. I thought it quite unnecessary to awaken my friend, since to sleep was impossible.

"The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse him from his lowly bed."

These lines do not apply to my friend. On went the cock, yelling, at short stated intervals, more like a horse than any other noise I know. The cock was not aware that my friend's ear was only half an inch distant from his own beak. Nor was he aware that the cupboard-door acted as a perfect sounding-board. So, on he went roaring his orison in a style which set the furniture in the room into a state of tumult.

I beg the reader will not fancy an abrupt, short, deep crow; there was nothing guttural in it; it was quite the reverse of the Tyrolean minstrel's; every crotchet of it came from the throat, clear, angry, loud, and above all, long, very long. Presently I heard manifest proofs of uneasiness in the tenant of the truckle bed. On went the bugle, again and again repeated. At last I heard a voice cry, "Oh Lord, what is that?" The cock was silent for a moment, till again he blew his angry pipe. "Good heavens! what is that horrid noise?" Again it was repeated, loud enough to tear down the house. I could bear it no longer; the desire to laugh was insupportable, so I crammed the bolster into my mouth. The cock continued his matins; my friend struggled with the horrid annoyance, and also with sleep, till at last chanticleer, by one violent effort, upset a pan, upon which, no doubt, he was perched. This compound clamour raised my friend from his bed. In a dreadful rage, mixed with amazement and curiosity, he flew to the tinder-box to strike a light. When I saw the expression of his face, puffing at the match and cursing the cock at the same instant, it was insufferably comic; but it would require ribs of steel not to explode with laughter, when his question to me of, "Oh dear, dear, what is this noise?" was drowned by a yell from chanticleer; and to see his look, when, after allowing the cock fully to finish, I replied, as if waking from a deep sleep, "What noise do you mean?" At last, wearied with laughter, I told him all—showed him where the hero was deposited. Instantly he removed his bed. Determined upon vengeance, he opened the cupboard door, which no sooner done than the terrified animal battered out the light with his wings, and escaped into some corner of the room. The candle was lost, so down lay my friend, grumbling. At break of day chanticleer again commenced, but he was quickly assailed with boots and shoes, and all kinds of missiles, from both beds, which silenced him till breakfast.

Such a night of restlessness and fun I never did pass before, and I fear never shall again—it is not often that one gets so hearty and so innocent a laugh, although, to be sure, my friend and chanticleer were sufferers.

Liverpool Albion.

A BOOK PUFFED BY A GHOST.

A bookseller of Defoe's acquaintance had, in the tradesphrase, rather overprinted an edition of "Dreincourt's Death," and complained to Defoe of the loss which was likely to ensue. The experienced bookmaker, with the purpose of recommending the edition, advised his friend to prefix the celebrated narrative of Mrs. Vesl's ghost, which he wrote for the occasion, with such an air of truth, that, although, in fact, it does not afford a single title of evidence properly so called, it nevertheless was swallowed so eagerly by the people, that Dreincourt's work on Death, which the supposed spirit recommended to the perusal of her friend, Mrs. Bargrave, instead of sleeping on the bookseller's shelf, moved off by thousands at once; the story, incredible in itself, and unsupported as it was by evidence or inquiry, was received as true, merely from the cunning of the narrator and the addition of a number of adventitious circumstances, which no man alive could have conceived as having occurred to the mind of a person composing a fiction.

Walter Scott.

The following is a beautiful tribute to one of our first poets—by a kindred spirit. It is a pleasant thing to know and feel that the rivalry of mind, among our literary writers, is not one of bitterness, but that the holiest feelings of friendship and affection are cherished by those who have placed themselves in the arena of intellect. Editor Essex Gazette.

TO J. G. B.

It is not that because thy name,
Friend of my sadly checkered days,
Is wedded to immortal fame,
Nor that the world with one acclaim
Joins in the psalm of thy praise,
No! though the distant worldly throng
May prize thee for thy matchless song,
Thy spirit-stirring lays;
Beyond the power of words revealing,
I prize thee with a holier feeling.

I prize thee, for thy heart with mine
Hath ever beat in sweet communion!
Through years of cloud, and hours of shine,
A spell hath brought almost divine,
The link of our unbroken union.
The wondrous tales in fable told
Of friendship in the days of old,
Unequalled are by thine;
May no contentious storm invade
The temple we've to friendship made.

Though distant now—though forests roar
Their leafy heads between us twain,
Still to my heart thou art as dear,
Still to my thought thou art as near,
As when we battled wrongs in vain.
On fleetly, time, to me restore
The golden days of life once more,
When we shall meet again—
For when we meet, I still shall find
My friend in heart as loyal and kind.

L.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

French Revolution.—The copious details which have appeared in the newspapers respecting the celebration which took place in this city on the twenty-sixth instant, in honour of the overthrow of despotism in France, renders it unnecessary for us to enter into any minute description. The martial array, the civic pomp and splendour, and the unanimous bursts of enthusiastic gratulation which issued from thousands of freemen assembled to join in, or to witness the festivities, bore testimony to the deep feelings of joy which freemen in this enlightened country must ever cherish in the success of the cause of the people. Seldom, perhaps never, was a more sublime spectacle exhibited than was presented by the multitudes gathered in and around Washington-square. The aged fathers and patriots of the revolution, and the exulting sons of the vine-clad country, whose emancipation was the theme of praise, formed a conspicuous groupe in the crowd, and elicited the most unbounded admiration. The chorus which chanted the *Marseillois con amore*, and with astonishing effect, deserved the very highest approbation. The whole went off with an *eclat* which disappointed the doubtful and querulous few, but realised the warmest wishes of the great body of our citizens.

Prize comedy.—The premium offered by Mr. Hackett last spring for the best comedy which should represent some of our prominent national characteristics, has elicited talents of the very first order. Messrs. Halleck, Bryant, Brooks, Lawson, Wetmore, and Leggett were the committee appointed to examine the several pieces written on the occasion, and to adjudicate the prize. No one will call in question their general competency for the task, nor be dissatisfied when he learns that James K. Paulding was the successful candidate, a gentleman whose honourable and patriotic motives in entering the lists of competition cannot be too highly appreciated. His established reputation and great popularity placed him above the reach of the ordinary incentives which would impel authors of minor note. It was a noble ambition to second the efforts of our indigenous comedian in laying the foundation for a national drama, which alone actuated him, and the result will, we venture to prophesy, be gratifying to his own vanity as well as that of his admiring countrymen. The hero of the comedy is a congress-man from the west. We anxiously await its production.

Lectures on elocution.—We have examined the programme of a course of lectures on dramatic poetry and elocution, to be delivered by Mr. J. J. Adams, at Masonic-hall, commencing on Monday evening next. The opportunities which Mr. Adams has enjoyed, and doubtless improved, of studying the best models in elocution, both at home and abroad, united with his own mental and physical qualifications, render him amply competent to the task he has undertaken. His terms are moderate, being two dollars for the course, comprising five lectures. One ticket admits a lady and gentleman.

Young Kean was well received by a full and fashionable house, on his first appearance, at Boston, last week.

COME AWAY TO THE GLEN.

SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM—COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

Allegretto e Scherzetto.

Come a-way to my arms with a smile and a sigh, That seems half to yield, and yet half to de-ny; Be the dew man-tled rose on thy lip that I seek, Re-

deem'd, sweet-est love, by the rose on each cheek: Come, come, come, come a-way. Come, come, come, come a-way, come a-way, loved and love-ly one, Come, come a-way, loved an! love-ly one, come a-way.

SECOND VERSE.

Come away with a flutt'ring tear on thy breast,
 I'll hush on my own its wild tremors to rest.
 Does thy heart wildly throb? let me press it to mine,
 And give back a joy for each tremor of thine:
 Come, come, come, come away, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

Come away to the glen, and the grot, and the grove,
 Dear haunts that were fashioned by nature for love,
 There blessing and blest, hide from day's prying sight,
 And steal from the noon a sweet hour of delight:
 Come, come, come, come away, &c.

For the Mirror.

MARY ASLEEP.

"None such true joy are reaping
 As they who watch o'er all they love while sleeping."

How sweetly the innocent slumber,
 When, like the mild dove on her nest,
 Sleep spreads the soft down of her pinions
 To brood o'er the fluttering breast!

Forgot are the evils of life
 In the spirit's immediate calm,
 While oblivion medicines woe,
 And finds for each sorrow a balm.

But memory sometimes awakes,
 For a moment, to visit the past,
 And recalls, or a pleasure or pain
 Too exquisite ever to last.

And the throb of that innocent breast,
 Says 'tis memory's happy employ
 To wake, on the heart's softest chord,
 An echo of earlier joy!

Oh! if such are thy visions this morn,
 Sleep on, my sweet dreamer, sleep on!
 For thou never canst wake to such bliss
 As one dream of the bliss that is gone.

BULWER AND HIS LADY.—The following description of Mr. and Mrs. Bulwer is an extract of a letter from Miss Landon: "Mrs. Bulwer is in figure what is called a fine woman, tall, exquisitely shaped, with a perfect foot and ankle. The phrase 'the midnight darkness of her hair,' is the poetry of truth as applied to her's; it is of that purple black which gives such an idea of richness; her complexion is just a rose crushed on ivory; and eyes, large, soft, clear, of the most variable hazel; but beautiful as her face is in both colour and feature, its chief

charm is expression. Perhaps her fascination is even greater than her beauty; animated, lively, it is difficult to say whether you are most dazzled by her wit or won by her sweetness; such a fairy princess of romance could only be matched by some *preux chevalier*; and truly, in appearance Mr. Bulwer would do honour even to the court of Charlemagne. He is very handsome; a superb intellectual style; in a state of repose his features have a strong expression of melancholy; and his mouth—a beautiful one, by the by, it is, almost as if chiselled in coral—has a compression strongly indicative of pride and decision; but his smile—I never saw any thing so fascinating, when he pleases; if one could apply harmony to the eyes, instead of ears, I should say it was filled with music. He is fair, a profusion of bright curls, slightly but exquisitely formed, with hands and feet of most aristocratic diminutiveness. To say he is gentlemanly, will give you but a slight idea of his manner, which is the very perfection of the most refined excellence, elegant even more from nature than cultivation, I should rather think him silent and reserved in general, but I have heard him converse until, I must say, the conversation became quite an epoch in my memory; language so fine, thoughts so original and yet so just, such information, and in lighter parts, so graceful in its wit, so delightful in its expression—in short one of the very few—I myself should say, the only one who ever came up to one's preconceived notion of genius; and, for a finishing stroke of interest, theirs was a love match, and they seem to be the most attached as well as the handsomest couple I ever saw."

A LETTER FROM ONE LADY TO ANOTHER.—Some have said they should be willing to marry men of small capacity, because their influence might be greater over them. But such men are invariably jealous and irritable. And even if the

wife succeeds in ruling her husband, she sinks in the opinion of the amiable and judicious—and that degrades herself. I would sooner gain the *confidence* and *affection* of a man of sense, and make it my study through life to fasten no chains upon him but those of love.

A WELL REGULATED MIND.—A well regulated mind does not regard the abusive language of a low fellow in the light of an insult, and deems it beneath revenge. All the abominations to which the latter may give utterance will not raise him one jot above his proper level, or depress the former, in the slightest degree, below his sphere.

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
 Will not insult me—and no other can."

THE NATIONS OF EUROPE.—The regent duke of Orleans once asked a stranger, what were the different characters and distinctions of the various nations in Europe. "The only manner in which I can answer your royal highness is, to repeat to you the first questions which are asked among the several nations in regard to a stranger who comes among them. In Spain they ask, is he nobleman of the first rank? In Germany, can he be admitted into the chapters? In France, is he in favour at court? In Holland, how much money has he? And in England, who is that man?"

CONSTANCY.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
 Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

SKETCH OF A MAN WHO LOST HIS WIFE FROM LOVE OF EASE.

"I CAN'T go such a distance. Let her go alone. Since the invention of steamboats and packets, women travel about the world without danger."

Such were the thoughts of the gentleman, and they were soon, with the quick instinct of affection, found out by the lady. She was proud—to be thought a burthen!—you may suppose her indignation. She made a sacred vow she would not ask him to attend her; and she did not. She walked—she rode—she travelled—she went to public places and to private—she moved in the world as she had vowed, alone. At first her independence irritated the husband—the world would censure him—"to let his wife thus roam about without any one to take care of her!" they would say—"but then for her sake I will not," he soliloquized, "suffer her to annoy me; for annoyance lessens love, and I would not love her less"—what an argument!

His wife was an American, but her mother lived in Paris. They had not met for years—she was anxious to see her, and so she told her husband. He looked very gravely, and was evidently annoyed. He objected to her going—her health would be ruined—the fatigue would be excessive—such strange whims women were seized with!—they were always gadding about the world. Poor woman! They had been married six years, and she had never been off the island—he had nothing under heaven to do, but he had twenty objections to going—the true one was, he hated the trouble—and yet he hated she should go alone; but she resolved she would—she spoke not to him—she did not ask him to attend her; and in his wrath he swore he would not.

"She thinks I am her slave to run from mere volition—from the mere annunciation of her mighty will! I respect the sex, but they really get false opinions of authority—they are as bad as the Bourbons themselves. If I should go, having going as I do, I should confer a favour; and if I do, should I not have credit—should I not have justice? I will not go with her."

She went without him—to a city where the men were all gallantry, and smiles, and kind speeches. She had been accustomed to neglect—she received worship and devotion. The new gallants laughed at the husband's lazy negligence, and they said,

"We will succeed if we can—he deserves to be duped—her natural protector thus to neglect her." These thoughts of the gallants, their attentions, their devotion, and their crafty gifts, had their effect upon the lady. She was vain—and she said,

"What a contrast to the cold cruelty of my husband!—although I do believe he loves me far more than these fawning sycophants. But what is love, if selfishness be greater!—what is love when so subdued it can be neither seen or felt?—but still he loves me, and I will not desert him. Yet, why should I not be kind to those who seem at least so kind to me?"

She was gay then in her new society—they had a merry time in Paris—he trusted in her constancy, yet he thought himself a fool—and so he was; for he had lost by his neglect much love he wished to keep—soon there would be little left.

The time for her projected visit was out—she determined she would sail from Havre, but avoid the packet; she would be more private in a merchantman—and she accordingly took passage in one, the captain of which was acquainted with her husband—there were many dangers it was true, and she had heard of them—but they always exaggerate these things—and risk gave a zest to travelling. But, although she liked the excitement of danger, she was timid as you are pleased to see a woman; and she said, when first she went on board,

"Be cautious, captain."

"There is no fear of me," he answered. "I know your husband, madam, and do you think I would not be careful of his lady?"

Methinks I see them now prepared—the restless ship impatient to be off, and the noisy winds impatient too to carry her. Methinks I hear—the lady heard them too—the threatened horrors to the frail bark.

"I do not like this stormy sky—and these loud winds—and every movement of the ship alarms me—I would rather wait for better auspices."

"What better could you need, good lady," said the captain; "no danger do they betoken, only speed."

"It may be so—but I wish I was on shore."

And yet she rightly thought to meet and part again would be no pleasure to herself or to her friends; so though the captain said that all things could be soon on shore, she decided she would stay—"this voyage may be as safe as any other"—and the captain smiled: but she saw not the smile—and yet there was something she distrusted in his voice—and there was a profession of zeal more ominous of ill than were the fretful winds and the threatening sky—besides, on board was thirty thousand dollars in specie, in small barrels—and many a rare French jewel was she taking home with her. They were off—but she now indeed did wish herself on shore; for she thought how strongly tempted was this wretch to piracy, and how easy to elude detection—his tradings might be turned to some far distant port—his own name changed, and his ship—his owners could never find him. The lady was sick with fear—nor less so was her husband when he heard she was to sail with no protection but the captain's, for when she went she had a friend's. He knew no rest, unhappy man! He wrote entreating that she would not come—but the letter never was received, and if it had been, I would not say that the lady would have heeded it—she might have thought "I will not be controlled and neglected in addition"—but it was not received. There was, alas! too much of true prophecy in the fears that it expressed. The impetuous winds bore the fleet ship swiftly over the silken waves—the lady begged the sail might be taken in—the captain was all obedience to her wishes—and yet she did distrust him sadly—she was haunted by his spectre revelling over her jewel caskets. But how should he know she had jewels?—she had cautiously avoided a display—distrust was but from consciousness of cause—but then the specie too on board!—and it was strange the usual time for landing was arrived, and yet they had not arrived.

"Are we not near?" said she to him.

"Not yet," he answered; "but we soon shall be. To such bad latitudes I have been forced out of my course."

And the lady said no more. But they sailed, and they sailed—day after day they moved rapidly over the dark blue waves, and yet no haven did she see.

"What means this?" said the lady again; "in disposition I am not suspicious; yet you must own this course of yours does seem a strange one."

"I own it, lady—but ere long you will do me justice."

She did him justice indeed afterwards, but she did not then—hers was a confiding temperament—suspicion was agony. In herself she saw no guile, and none in others could she see, nor did she see any in this captain. She blamed herself for thinking that she did, and gave him all her confidence. In him she trusted—but, alas! she was wretchedly confounded. How strange a wretch a man can be to afflict the kind beauty that depends on and confides in his fidelity!—and yet do we often find such wretches—and such a one was this our captain.

After being out twice the ordinary time for the worst ship in the worst times, one dark, drizzling night the vessel stopt, and the lady started from her berth—but to despondency and tears of anguish she came, when she came upon the deck—they had lost their longitude, and this was not the port they had sailed for. The lady was inclined to cry, and to upbraid the captain, but she spoke not—old horrid doubts she was seized with first, and certainty soon after—the fatal truth was revealed to her—she was the victim of a band of pirates—her treasures she would lose—her liberty, perhaps. Famine, disease—some horrid wasting of her life awaited her.

"Kind heaven! save me," on her knees she cried.

What was that woman's agony?—it is agony to think of it—all the knowledge of the crimes of piracy in her life that was accumulated from truth or from fiction, now came upon her with its train of hellish imps. With all the blessings of a knowledge of the past, it has its curses too—it spreads the eating cancer of our fears—it haunts us with the spectres of suffering to come; and this is the suffering which so preys upon the soul; that of the past, the thought of is a pleasure; that of the present can always be alleviated; but the cold hopelessness the fancy brings of future wretchedness is enough to stop the current of existence—for it stops the very life of life—it takes away the appetite—and worse with her, she could not read—she could not speak—she could not sleep—

—she was restless—yet she found no rest. The loathsome beast came in her presence.

"I regret the office I am now to execute—but—"

"Talk not to me, sir," said the lady, interrupting him, "make not your crime more hideous by hypocrisy—my keys I here deliver—I ask not my life—but on that Being who protects the destitute I throw myself for mercy."

"Your safety shall be my care," added he, calmly. "We are now on the island of —; here with some trusty friends must you be left until a conveyance be procured—let me introduce my friend, a gentleman, into whose care I commit you."

In the man's courtesy there was something so insulting, it increased her detestation, and for a moment she resolved, to rid herself of present torment, to throw herself overboard. The hopes of escape restrained her—and she suffered herself to be led on shore with composure and apparent resignation. But alas! there was none—and the hypocrisy policy forced her to assume, embittered still more the hatred of her captors.

Six months was she imprisoned on this hated island. In the course of the seventh she was put on board a merchantman, which had stopped for a supply of water. She was placed on board—but with the threat of assassination should she ever disclose the names and conduct of these sea-thieves, which she never did until she heard of their destruction for atrocities they afterwards committed. She was on board the merchantman, I wrote—but while there and while on the island, what was the state of that unfortunate gentleman, her husband? He raved—he strided—like a madman, he cursed himself—and all his pleasure ceased—he wasted away slowly with anxiety and perplexity—perhaps the certainty of evil would have soothed his pain—the certainty of good did certainly—when he heard of her return, his joy knew no limit, and he rushed wildly to her arms—but she turned away in anger—and she was right, for he deserved it—she thought, "had you done your duty to me as a husband, this would not have happened"—nor would it, probably—they would have come on a packet. The poor gentleman thought of his sins—his heart, with all its blemish, was a good one—his lips were slowly pressed against each other, and the tears came in his eyes—who can bear the reproaches of one we love and have injured? His lady pardoned him—but it was, they felt, too late to call back their old and amiable affections—"we must be friendly and be selfish"—and they were so—she could not love him as she had done—her love was mingled with a bitter sense of the selfishness he had betrayed—she would not ask his aid—he would not offer it—and from the cessation of the acts of affection, there was a cessation of the affection itself—and she had learned to act for herself—she prided herself upon self-action—and the poor husband had a time of it—she opposed as regularly as he proposed—he was very irritable, and nearly went crazy. At length he avoided her and formed new attachments, and entered into new society, which seemed to him more delightful from contrast—and more free—duty was not involved in it—and the laws were opposed to it—what a zest opposition gave possession.

His attentions elsewhere gave her many a pang at first—she sought for some alleviation—she resolved to retaliate—she would have justice—she would insult him in return. Thus was a mutual corruption of morals engendered. But neither was happy, although each was changed—and they found that immorality of conduct, whatever its attractions, when distant, have few when near.

There is no love after all like that we have at home—elsewhere it may be more free from the disfiguring tint of discourtesy, but is never so sweet or so salutary. Their new alliances were evanescent in their brightness—they resembled falling stars: while the old (had they preserved them) would have resembled the bright fixtures of the firmament, which, with less brilliancy, what they have, have lastingly. This difference was soon found out by our ill-fated associates; they plunged by degrees into the heartless, hollow enjoyments of the world, carrying with them the bitter fruits of repentance and disgust. As their personal attractions decayed they became a burthen to themselves. Neglected—abandoned—unloved—and by their own misconduct too, they lingered wretchedly to an old age, and then they died. And all this suffering he might have thanked himself for—it was brought on by his love of ease.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MY UNCLE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Copse-cottage, November, 1830.

MR. EDITOR—Some two or three months since, while speaking of my uncle Ben, I promised your readers a glimpse of his scrap-book, containing original pieces in prose and verse, and am now happy to have it in my power to redeem that pledge. To remove from myself, however, all suspicion of wronging the author, in thus gratifying public curiosity by exposing his youthful productions, I deem it necessary to state how they came into my possession. Yesterday morning, after breakfast, while my uncle was reading aloud to aunt Dorothy "The Legend of the Tiled Cottage," in a late number of your pleasing miscellany, I withdrew to the library, having anticipated him in the perusal of said article. A maple fire was burning briskly in the grate, and as the room was rather unpleasantly warm, I retired to an adjoining apartment to continue my biography of Hans Duboobens, which, by the way, I intend sending you all in good time. I had not been there long before my uncle entered the library. He did not notice me, however, though the intervening door was half open, and I observed a smile pass over his benevolent features, as his eye fell on three new albums, which had just been sent in for his contributions. Accordingly he seated himself for the task, and accomplished it with surprising facility; for, besides being a ready penman, he has had so much experience in thus gratifying the fair, that he has become a tolerable improvisateur, and obeys all their rhythmical behests with the celerity of instinct. After duly punctuating, he read them, in a full mellow voice, for his own auricular satisfaction, and then leaning back, and in his arm-chair, he seemed meditating what next step to undertake. At length he arose, and turning to a low antique escritoire, took from a concealed drawer a manuscript volume, bound round with a blue ribbon. This was the identical scrap-book—the prosaic-poetic paradise which his imagination had laid out in the days of his boyish fancies. He gazed at it long and silently, and though the expression of his countenance manifested much of fondness for the object before him, it was difficult to determine whether pleasure or pain predominated in his feelings. At last he turned suddenly towards the fire, with the air of one about to perform some unpleasant sacrifice, and for a moment the literary martyr hung suspended over the blaze. It was, however, slowly withdrawn, and the second "longing, lingering look," my uncle fastened on his unoffending victim, was accompanied by the following soliloquy, to which you may listen:

THE POET'S LUGUBRIOUS LAMENT,

On destroying at forty the productions of his teens.

Must I, my firstling, cast thee thus away!
My earliest pledge of wedded Clio's love,
Long wooed with fondest vows, and won at last,
To reign the queen of this enamoured heart!
O who shall tell with what parental care,
From hour to hour I watched thy infant growth,
And marked each tiny charin unfold to view,
Beneath the nurture of my fostering hand!
How oft whilom at midnight's solemn hush,
While all around their wonted rest enjoyed,
And sleep and silence whispered of repose,
Above thy cherished form I fondly hung,
Nor recked the wasted taper's dying light,
Nor languid pulse beat, nor the throbbing brow,
And when my wearied head in slumber's lap,
Upon her poppies pillowed, low reclined,
Thou still wert present to my sleepless thoughts,
The reigning vision of each tuncful dream.
How oft in ripening boyhood's pensive mood
I left my jocund mates to drive the hoop,
Or fly the kite, or chase the bounding ball,
And sought alone some unfrequented haunt,
To muse upon thy intellectual worth,
And poise the prospects of thy future fame.
Even then I deemed, with all a poet's pride
And kindling hopes, and yearnings for renown,
That thou shouldst wake the echo of my name
In hearts as yet unborn, when on my lips
Death's awful seal, oblivion-fraught, was set.
Therefore for thee unfalteringly I craved,
With nightly orisons, the muses' gifts—
Pierian flowers beside the hallowed wave
Of famed Castalia reared—and from the fields,
The gorgeous fields, of youthful fancy culled
Whate'er was fair to deck thy artless verse.
But vain the toil, for many a boding fault
Escaped the eye of wild untutored taste;
And now I dare not give thee to the light,
Lest on thy imperfections, in his pride,
The critic's eye should joyously seize,
And, like a scorpion, with unhallowed zeal,
Scatter its mangled members to the winds.
O then, if thou must fall, (and that thou must
Despite thy charms to warmer judgment owes,)—
"Twere better sure," said I, by the hand
Of one that loves thee, than await the rack
And studied tortures of a ruthless foe.
Forgive me, therefore, O virgin-like,
I sever all affectionate ties,
And send thee hence to an early grave,
The author's and the offspring's shame to save!

As my uncle pronounced the last sentence, he averted his face, veiled his eyes with his left hand, and with a kind of

spasmodic movement of the right, despatched the subject of his soliloquy in a line towards the grate; but a bow of the blue ribbon which entwined it, caught in the button of his coat sleeve, and it fell short of its fiery destination. I sprang from my seat to the rescue, and when he uncovered his eyes, he beheld his nephew and his devoted favourite directly before him. Though somewhat surprised, he did not seem displeased at my friendly officiousness, and I ventured to speak. "Pray pardon me, sir," said I, "for having thus intruded, but really I could not be apprised of your intended sacrifice without endeavouring to avert it. Ever since my aunt Dorothy sung me your 'Song of the sylvan Sylph,' I have indulged the hope of being gratified with other specimens of your youthful lyre. Will you not, therefore, allow me to retain this memorial of your early efforts in poetry?"

"Poetry!" repeated my uncle, with a deep prolonged emphasis, "do you ever write poetry, boy?" He always called me boy.

"I have rhymed," I replied, "but never dignified my productions with the title of poetry. I call them prose run mad, and it is no misnomer."

"Well," said he, "modesty becomes a young author. Keep the manuscript, since you desire it. I do not much regret your interposition in its behalf, for I could not have destroyed the bantering of my teens without a visitation of sorrow. Moreover, you may find therein some metaphysical hints that may not, perhaps, prove altogether unserviceable. But should you make any quotations from it, I prithee be liberal of inverted commas, for I abominate all literary kidnapping—'tis a villainous appropriation."

"Assuredly it is disingenuous, nay contemptible," and I turned to leave the library.

"Now don't expose me," he continued, laying his hand on my arm, "don't expose me, boy. Be careful of the work, for I feel somewhat of fatherly solicitude for its fate. Don't tear it up to light your lamp with the pieces—'tis written in a fair hand, and on gold-edged paper too. Should you think it worth while, by and by, to publish some of the contents, you may do so; but look to the proof-sheet yourself, and be sure you secure the copy-right first; for it is wise to guard against contingencies—there is no telling what may 'take' now-a-days, public taste is soameleon-like. The world is redolent of rhymes, but good poetry is a glorious article, and to throw such into the press is not like sending flowers to Flushing."

"It is very true, uncle; I will obey your injunctions," and I bowed good morning. Before I reached the foot of the stairs, however, he called out,

"Look to it, boy; don't use it for lighting lamps or cigars."

"No, sir, assuredly not," and in a moment after I was seated in my own room. The blue ribbon was carefully untied, and, as I promised, the miscellaneous stores of the little volume shall be served up from time to time for the gratification of your readers. For the present I hope they will rest satisfied with the following extract.

PROMUS.

SLAVERY.

Ask of the radiant spheres that fly
In the deep blue skies away,
Far as creation's boundary,
What sceptre ye obey?
And they shall sing in their loudest strain—
"On, on! we wear no tyrant's chain!"

Ask of the winds, before whose might
The clouds in their splendour flee,
And the eagle stoops from his daring height—
Whose ruffian slaves are ye?
And the winds shall shout as they rush amain,
In their pride of strength, "We know no chain."

Ask of the waves, whose peaks are rung
Forth to earth's farthest clime—
Where are the fetters Canute flung
Upon your march sublime?
And as they sweep on gloriously,
Thou shalt be answered, "We are free."

Question the tempest, in its hour
Of lightning and of gloom;
Question the thunder's awful power;
The monarch of the tomb—
Whose are the chains around you wrought?
And they shall answer, "Thine are not."

Ask of the jocund birds, that wing
Their flight in every zone,
Mid tropic bowers where smiles the spring
Through one unceasing blossoming;
Or arctic wastes, where winter's form
Careers amid the darkling storm,
And spring is never known—
Yea, ask the birds—whose vassals ye?
And the woods shall echo, "We are free."

But ask not man if he be free
From slavery's with'ring blight,
Unnumbered groans shall answer thee,
E'en in this age of light—
"Be silent thou, nor question Man,
"Creation's saddest wreck,
"His chain is on his brother's limb,
"His foot upon his neck!"

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FETE OF THE ROSE.

IN the little village adjacent to the town of Bergeus, in French Flanders, there prevails an immemorial custom of celebrating an annual festival, called the "Fête of the Rose." Somewhat resembling, in the ceremonies, the feasts of the old English village greens, and most, perhaps, that of electing a queen of the May, it is, nevertheless, very distinct in its object and tendency. The rose-maiden, as she is prettily designated, who is selected to wear the triumphal wreath, and to preside as queen of the day, aspires to the distinction, not by virtue of superior beauty, station, or influence in the place, but of the reputation she has acquired for filial and domestic virtues; her gentle and obliging manners; in short, for all that makes a girl favourably reported of in her native village. According to an oral tradition, one of these annual festivals was made memorable by the occurrence of some singular incidents, and as singular a discovery, hardly to be anticipated by the chief personages who figured in the humble drama.

In the year 1765, General Muffeldorf, an old campaigner in the wars of the great Frederick, arrived at his family mansion in the vicinity of Bergeus. He was evidently suffering under depression of spirits, as well as a shattered frame; and he brought with him his friend Count Lindenkrone, an old courtier of the Viennese school, whose merry mood marked him a rare exception to the usual line of Austrian thick lips and wits obtuse. As a preparation for cultivating the arts of peace, the general was recommended by his friend to mingle in the approaching festivities: it was the eve of the rose-festival, and it was reported that the prize of merit would be awarded to one of the worthy pastor's daughters. The young Evelina bore the most enviable character; she had punctually fulfilled every duty with unwearying gentleness and assiduity; she was beloved by all for her benevolence; she visited the poor, instructed their children, raised subscriptions, for every object of good, among the neighbouring gentry; and, always eager and enthusiastic in a right cause, she was at once the pride and the life of the hamlet.

Delighted with the account he heard, the good old general commissioned his friend to pay a visit to Evelina and the pastor, and to offer, on his behalf, the free use of the noble lawn, and the hall itself, as the scene of the next day's election. The proposal was accordingly tendered to the ladies' committee, and accepted; the ancient minister was enraptured with the beauty and manners of the fair candidate; and he still lingered, after performing his mission, to converse with her. He regretted that he had not yet seen the village church; and the pastor being from home, Evelina, at her mother's request, instantly took down the keys, and offered to show him through the edifice. Expressing his gratitude in the most profuse terms, the count attended her to the church; and, having seen every thing worthy of notice, turned to depart, when, just on reaching the door, he had the temerity to offer her a salute; and the next instant found himself locked inside the church, with a parting slap of the fair hand tingling on his cheek. Here the count had full leisure to indulge his taste for church architecture, instead of drinking tea with his friend the general, who was now impatiently looking for his return; but he looked in vain. It grew dark, but no count made his appearance. Meantime, in fast durance, the courtier of the old school began to feel uneasy as the shades of night advanced; he could see nothing distinctly; but what he did see, seemed very like the ghosts of deceased elders, coming out of the vaults to read him a grave lecture on the wicked gallantry of the old courts. The shadowy forms of ancient apostles appeared to be leaving their marble stations; strange noises were heard; and fancy was about to run away with him on her witch's broom. In this delectable state he had crawled to the doors, and begun to batter them, crying, at the top of his voice, "Ghosts and murder!" and with so much emphasis, that the words reached the ears of the worthy pastor, as he was jogging by, on his way home. He made a full stop. "Ghosts and murder!" he ejaculated, as he heard the words repeated—"and in my church! this is very shocking! very odd!" Instead of going nearer, however, he only spurred on the faster, thinking it was of no use to examine into the cause before he had got the church keys, if he did at all.

On entering his own door, Evelina came forward and handed him the said keys; but the pastor involuntarily refused them, exclaiming, in an uneasy tone,

"What makes you think I am going to church to-night?"

"You must go, father; I have a particular reason for it."

"And I may have a particular reason for not going."

joined the pastor; and assuredly either you, or your mother, or our old sexton, or all of you, shall go with me; I heard strange noises as I came by."

"Yes, yes! I dare say," replied his daughter: and taking her father's arm, she related to him what had occurred in his absence, as they went along. Greatly comforted in one sense, the worthy pastor thanked heaven that matters were no worse, and hastened his steps to release the unfortunate count.

The moment the church-door was unfastened, out bolted the captive like an arrow shot from a bow, as if pursued by a legion of demons, nor looked once behind him until he had reached the general's, who had almost given him up for lost. Swift as he had come, however, the count had time to invent a story by the way; for he assured the general he had been locked in the church by the sexton, and quite by mistake. It passed with the good old general, who even commiserated the poor count's mishap; while the latter secretly vowed vengeance on the fair cause of his disaster and alarm.

The morning at length appeared, and the general was first roused by the blast of a trumpet under his windows, answered by the peals of a great drum. He looked out and beheld, with astonishment, the most singular company he had ever seen upon parade—literally a skeleton regiment. It consisted of about twenty old, shrivelled, broken-down soldiers—a true inviolated corps, most fit for the body-guard of death. They were almost buried in their wide regimentals, old cocked hats, and huge perukes. They were armed in an equally ludicrous style, while their colours flourished in the grasp of an ugly, hunch-backed little ensign. Their commander, advancing in front, mounted on a richly caparisoned donkey, answered the queries of the general, by informing him that they were a detachment of an inviolated regiment at Bergues, despatched thither by the general's friend, Colonel Solnitz, to do honour to the festival, and preserve peace during the election.

"Just as well qualified for the one as the other," returned the general to the dwarfish officer; "and though I had no idea of calling out the military on this occasion, I will furnish you with some rations, for which, I suspect, you are much better prepared than for fighting; so march, quick time, to my house-steward, he will be your commissary." The general had no need to repeat his request; they suddenly disappeared.

The festival was ushered in by a fine cloudless day. The good and lovely Evelina was conducted from her residence with great pomp. Her fine auburn tresses were wreathed with flowers; flowers were strewn along her path. Upon the green lawn, bedecked as the place of coronation, the pastor addressed the spectators in a short impressive discourse, pointing out the superior advantages of a course of prudent and virtuous conduct, as contrasted with an opposite career. The general next placed the rose-crown on the fair maiden's brow, little dreaming, at the moment, he was bestowing the prize of excellence on his own long-lost child, whose fate, and that of her mother, he had vainly mourned for years. As little could he have conjectured that his ancient friend, Count Lindenkrone, the courtier, would be the cause—hardly, we fear, the innocent cause of making so interesting a discovery; for a certain feeling of revenge was still lurking in his heart, on account of the fright Evelina had thrown him into the day before. He had matured his design; and such was the happy sequel of it.

After the festivities of the day, the parties had withdrawn late in the evening into the castle. While there, engaged in different amusing games and dances, Evelina was informed that a fine lady wished to speak with her in another apartment. She followed her informant's steps, and was conducted into the presence of the strange lady, who requested her to be seated near her. She was alone; she threw her arms round Evelina, and saluted her most warmly. The fair girl shrunk back intimidated, but was terrified at being clasped closer in the lady's arms than before. She shrieked out repeatedly; and, the next moment, Erick, the young forester, (and her reputed lover,) rushed into the room, and, observing the sleeves of a man's coat under the strange lady's gown, instantly knocked her down, and released the trembling Evelina.

No sooner had Erick performed this feat, than in hobbled a party of the skeleton regiment, and boldly took up a position, with a demonstration to seize upon the young forester. But the athletic champion warned them off, begging they "would not compel him to lay a heavy hand upon so respectable a body of veterans; for if they did not respect his person, he would shuffle them all together like a pack of cards, and throw them out of the window." But the count, now rising, joined their standard, and encouraged them to the attack, and, the old general rushing in at the same moment, a scene took

place that beggars all description: Evelina fainting—Erick swearing—the count without his wig, moping and mowing like a monkey, in a lady's dress—and the veteran invalids shouldering their crutches, "showing how fields were not won." In the midst of all this hubbub, in burst another personage, a lady in deep mourning, exclaiming,

"My daughter! where is my long-lost daughter?"

She withdrew her veil, and the general started and uttered an exclamation of terror, as he gazed on her countenance.

"Adelaide! my own! my lost one! is it true? Alas! I believed you had been long dead."

The lady seemed little less surprised.

"False, treacherous Mowbray!" she cried; "false to your trust as a husband and a father; how could you desert us? I, too, believed you fallen in battle; and, had it not been for the excellent pastor, who adopted my little Evelina as his child, we had never lived to reproach you."

"Alas!" returned the general, "you cannot reproach me so severely as my own conscience has done. Yet, believe me, I have again and again sought to discover you. I was even assured both you and my child were dead; but thus to meet is an over-payment for all our sufferings."

The general clasped to his bosom his weeping wife and daughter; the veterans were ordered to counter-march; the old count slunk away to adjust his gown; and young Erick, taking Evelina's hand, sank upon his knees before the general, and entreated his blessing.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CAREY'S MISCELLANIES.—If ever there existed an individual to whom the motto prefixed to the present volume,

"Homo sum. Humani me nil alienum puto,"

more emphatically applied than to all others, that man is Matthew Carey. His heart is open, as the mid-day sun in a cloudless sky, to all the generous sympathies of our nature, and these sympathies are confined to no sect in religion, to no rank in society, to no district of country, and to no generation of time. All objects which have a claim upon benevolence arrest his attention, and excite his ardent and untiring exertions. Nor is his benevolence indiscriminating or pompous in its obtrusion upon public notice. He seeks no display for his charities, excepting such as is necessary to extend the sphere of its operations, and to place it within the power of his fellow-men to go and do likewise. On every public occasion he is found the ready friend of liberal opinions, and the steady promoter of all public-spirited enterprises. This is no exaggerated praise—it is naked fact; and fortunately for his panegyrist Mr. Carey has not confined his efforts to do good to private acts. He has stepped forth as an author to incite the minds of his fellow-citizens whenever he thought an address to their common sense or better feelings was required. We wish that we could say he has always been successful; this, however, has not been the case, as is proved by his late appeal in behalf of the labouring classes of the female sex. No talent was wanting; no absence of convincing and clear argument; no want of heart-stirring fact; but the cause was not *fashionable*. It did not enlist classic feeling or ardour, and it was not listened to. This failure proves no lack of power on the part of the philanthropist; it betrays shameful indifference on the part of those who well know, at suitable periods, or for interested purposes, how to utter noises, declamations, and procure liberal donations. Mr. Carey's disinterested zeal will not however be forgotten, nor can it fail of attaining ultimate success; its operation will be slow but sure. We have been led to this merited notice of the author by his interesting *Miscellanies* now lying before us, condensed into a very neat and well-printed octavo. They consist of his "History of the Yellow Fever, which prevailed in Philadelphia in 1793;" "Review of the evidence of the pretended conspiracy of the Roman Catholics of Ireland to massacre the Protestants in 1641;" "Reflections on the subject of Emigration from Europe;" "Essays on the public Charities of Philadelphia;" "A brief view of the policy of the Founders of the Colonies of Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, West-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina, as regards Liberty of Conscience;" "Critical Remarks on Hamlet;" "Vindication of Sterne from the charge of Plagiarism." These essays are all well known—they need no comment.

Elliot and Palmer have published a neat duodecimo volume, entitled, "A complete and accurate description of the procession which took place in this city in commemoration of the triumph of liberty in France, with all the Odes written on the occasion. To which is prefixed, a brief account of the causes which led to the memorable events of July, 1830."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SURGICAL RECOVERY OF AN EYE.—M. Maunoir, professor of surgery at Geneva, having performed the operation for cataract, by extraction, upon a man eighty-two years of age, weakened by an operation for hernia, which he had endured six weeks before, perceived to his regret that, although the pupil remained beautifully black, and perfectly in tact, the anterior and posterior chambers of the eye were not replenished, the cornea became sunk and wrinkled, a few bubbles of air penetrated the anterior chamber, and the patient had no vision. Without yielding to the first melancholy impression, the operator, by a happy presence of mind, conceived the hopes of filling the cavity; he sent immediately for some distilled water, warmed it, placed the patient on his back, and filled the external orbit of the eye with the water, opened the eye-lid, and raised the flap of the cornea. The water then penetrated into all the accessible cavities, the folds of the cornea disappeared, and its convexity was restored. Having kept the eye shut for some minutes, he then directed the patient to open it, and found it in the most satisfactory condition; the patient distinguished all the objects presented to him as well as after the most successful operation. A slight pain was felt after the introduction of the water, which went off after a short time. From that period the eye healed without difficulty, and when opened, a week after the operation, it was free from swelling and inflammation; the cornea was perfectly united, but the pupil was a little obscure, the sight feeble, and the patient complained that he did not see so well as immediately after the operation. But six days after the bandage was removed the shade of the pupil was much diminished, the sight grew stronger from day to day, and no doubt was entertained that the patient would soon be able to read common print.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF FEBRUARY.—The American Almanac, just published, contains a variety of calculations relative to the great solar eclipse, which will be visible throughout the United States, on the twelfth of February next. The central eclipse will enter the United States from Mexico, and will pass through the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, the north part of Georgia and South Carolina, North Carolina and south-eastern parts of Virginia and Maryland; thence proceeding along the Atlantic, at a distance of fifty or sixty miles from Long Island, it will pass through the south-eastern part of the island of Nantucket, and thence to Halifax, in Nova Scotia. The unobscured part of the sun will present an annular appearance at all places within about thirty-four miles on each side of this track, and the ring will become more or less uniform in proportion as the place is nearer to the central track. The duration of the annular eclipse, in places where it is central, will be a little over two minutes. The path of the annular eclipse will extend to the town of Chatham, in the county of Barnstable, but to no other part of the continent in the New-England States, and to no part of the middle states except the southern extremity of New-Jersey and Delaware.

ROTARY ENGINE.—Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, has recently procured a patent for a steam-engine, which promises to be of great use, especially in propelling carriages on rail-roads, upon which it may be made to ascend at almost any desired angle. The *United States Gazette* says, it is remarkably compact, of very trifling weight, and will draw a carriage at an unusual velocity; it may be made at one quarter of the expense of Mr. Stephenson's. Among the peculiarities of its structure is a circular piston. Dr. Jones is said to have full confidence in the invention of Mr. Childs.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MASTER BURKE.—This wonderful boy has attracted crowded houses every night of his first engagement, and they have averaged no less than twelve hundred dollars each. He is equally at home in comedy, tragedy, and farce. His musical abilities and skill are astonishing for one of his age. We wish to be distinctly understood, as our remarks have been, as we learn, misapprehended, and made to convey the idea that we called his musical powers in question. This is not the fact. We simply objected to the phraseology of the play-bills. If the worthy editor of the *Truth Teller* will refer to our previous numbers, he will be satisfied that we have done as much as any writer in the city, if not more, to advance the interests of the precocious prodigy.

Miss Clara Fisher succeeds, with her charming and nameless attractions, to occupy the boards.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA,

To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER SEVEN.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

LEAVING the statue of Peter the Great, we pass the senate-house, arching the Gallernoi-street, and forming the front of two solid squares, and crossing a branch of the Ecatherine canal, we come to an imperial stable. The building stands distinct from any other; the front is of chaste architecture, and on each side of the entrance, on marble pedestals, an Arabian barb is reared, with gigantic naked figures at their sides, stoutly holding their bridles, and endeavouring to curb their native fire. This is one among many that adorn the city, and is alone capable of accommodating fifteen hundred horses. I have myself seen a cavalry regiment of twelve hundred quartered here. A little above, and in the same spacious square, the church of St. Isaac is rebuilding. It occupies the ground with a much greater extension than the old one did, and when finished, will be one of the noblest specimens of architecture in the world. A description of it at this early stage would be premature; but to give you an idea of its strength and proportions I shall only say, that the outside columns are forty-eight in number, each one composed of a solid block of granite fifty-six feet in length and six in diameter, and highly and beautifully polished. The Admiralty is a parallelogram of great length, directly on the bank of the Neva, and encloses a capacious ship-yard. A wide arch opens in the centre, over which Neptune, Minerva, and many inferior gods, are sculptured in bas relief. A tower, supported by Ionic pillars, crowns the roof, and over that rises a tall spire, covered with the finest ducat gold,* and sporting for a vane a full-rigged frigate, of the same material. We found a chapel in one wing, and in the main body a large hall filled with naval models of different nations, a great variety of nautical instruments, weapons of attack and defence, medals, birds, and a few ordinary paintings. The residue of the building is occupied by the chancellerie for naval affairs, and as offices and store-rooms. Strangers are not permitted to visit the yard; but by hastily passing the inner arch, and giving the guard the military salute, I was taken for an *attaché*, and got an entrance. I had barely time, however, to notice a good supply of building material, piled up in different quarters, and that a large frigate and some smaller craft were on the stocks, when an officer, more knowing than the sentry, politely signified to me that I must instantly retire. As I returned I heard the poor guard catechized in an angry tone, but did not stop to learn whether he paid a further forfeit for this dereliction of duty. Wide gravel walks, kept with the utmost neatness, and shaded by double rows of the linden tree, surround the Admiralty, and run along the square, interspersed with seats for those who are weary of the promenade. On the opposite side stand the four-story barracks of a battalion of the Preobrajensky regiment of guards, and at the end of these the Nevesky Perspective opens—the Broadway of St. Petersburg. This street runs through to the suburbs, and is perfectly straight for one and a half miles, and after passing the Moika canal, is more than twice the width of Broadway. Shade trees skirt the side-walks, a treble line of deal is laid down for carriage wheels, so that they roll along with great rapidity, and as noiselessly as if on a plank floor. The houses in this as well as other quarters of the city, are generally three and four stories in height, occupying from three to six times the ground of those in American cities, with sculpture in front, a wide arch and carriage-way in the centre, and court-yards within. I am told that some of the largest accommodate three or four hundred persons, of different families. The shops are not generally as splendid as with us; and to many of the richest and best furnished, one has to enter through a circuitous back passage, and ascend to a second story. I found both foreign and Russian churches in this street in profusion, of the former the Roman catholic is most worthy of notice. It was erected by the Jesuits, but upon their suppression, passed into the hands of the Dominicans, who are a rich and beneficent order here, and own the whole great square of buildings in which their church is situated. Their preaching is alternately in French, German, and Polish; of the latter languages I know nothing, but in the former I have occasionally heard one of the fraternity deliver an elegant discourse. The organ is of superior tone and very powerful, the singing delightful,

and at a grand mass I have counted eight and twenty additional instruments in the choir. In the wall of the right hand aisle as you enter, a plain marble slab is placed to the memory of General Morcau. I should hardly have noticed it had not my knee struck against the little iron railing that surrounds it. I stopped, and simply read,

MOREAU,

Né à Morlaix, 11 Août 1768, Mort à Laune, 2 Sept. 1813.

And is this all, thought I, to one whose achievements had filled my early mind with wonder and admiration, and yet it may be enough; for notwithstanding the sympathy with which we viewed his unmerited exile and untimely fate, still I could never justify his aiding with a foreign enemy to invade his own country.

Near the altar the amiable Stanislaus, the last king of the Poles, lies buried. A lengthened slab is niched over his remains, on a level with the church floor, but so worn by the feet of devotees that I could not make out the inscription. Some statuary and paintings adorned the walls, the best of which was the Last Supper.

Of the Russian churches the cathedral of Our Lady of Cazan is the noblest that the street, or indeed that the capital, can at present boast. Its architecture is in imitation of St. Peters at Rome, and it recedes a considerable distance from the street, throwing from each corner of the façade a circular colonnade of one hundred and thirty Corinthian pillars, forming with the front of the church an extended semicircle, and supporting a low attic all round, seemingly full of deep-toned bells, and over-arching the streets that pass on either side, making a magnificent effect. Colossal statues in bronze of the angels Gabriel and Michael stand at the grand entrance; the doors are composed of the same material, and ornamented by battle and procession scenes, taken from holy writ. The interior, like all Greek churches, is in the shape of a cross, and has two hundred and thirty-one feet in length by one hundred and eighty in breadth. The arch is supported by fifty-six Corinthian pillars, in four ranges, thirty-five feet in length and three and a half in diameter, of dark Finnish granite of entire blocks, and very highly polished. The floor is of checkered Siberian jasper and marble, and a dome rises one hundred and fifty-four feet above. A balustrade of massive silver surrounds the altar, and its sacred door is of the same material, the sides of which are adorned with beautiful full-length paintings of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and the apostles. I was assured that diamonds worth twenty thousand dollars encircled the head of the virgin, and that the halo around the Saviour was of pure gold. Along the side and walls paintings of a most heathenish aspect were enclosed in cases; and bloody standards and shattered flags, that had been taken in wars with the different nations of Europe and Asia, hung in festoons, or encircled the columns, spangled with keys of fallen fortresses, and the glittering arms of their commandants. But a single seat, and that on raised steps, encumbers the church, and nothing can exceed the outward respect and apparent devotion of the people. For the first time that a church is passed in the day, the Russian, if in a carriage, or about urgent business, rapidly crosses himself; if not, he pauses before the sacred edifice, takes off his hat, bows, crosses, and utters a brief prayer.

It was on a Sunday that I first visited the cathedral, and I found the congregation mostly made up of common people, the emperor and the nobility having their own private chapels, and only attending here on fête days and grand occasions. From the most delicate female in silk, to the boor in sheepskin, caftan, and basket-shoes, on entering they kneel and repeatedly bow their heads to the dust; rising, the females more generally surround the saints, before which lamps are kept burning, and then repeat their adorations, occasionally approaching and kissing the sacred shrine. The males sent their *svistchas*, or small candles, to be placed in the row blazing in the great chandelier, then joined the throng that surrounds and worships before the altar. The priests, in their rich flowing robes, long beard, and longer hair, make an imposing appearance, and conduct the preliminary ceremonies of the service in a style similar to the Roman catholics, after which a monk, with a dark velvet cap and black gown, mounts a low pulpit at the extreme of an arm of the cross, and delivers a short and animated sermon. In retiring through the people, he gives his hands to be kissed, and then dismisses them with his blessing. But of such music as was here I had formed no conception, and I am assured it is only to be found at St. Petersburg and Rome. The finest voices of the empire are selected for this choir, and receive the best instruction from their youth up. It is entirely vocal, and consists of a unison of men's and boys' voices. How often have I attended the preparation service of the night before the sabbath, for the exquisite sensations that

its melody would alone produce: leaning in a recess of the lengthened cross, the altar faintly lighted up, and showing a beautiful female kneeling before the virgin, with here and there a more homely worshipper at other shrines; the tall columns casting deep shadows from their dark sides; a single priest officiating, and half hid in the smoking incense, muttering his vespers, with alternate bursts from the choir. This through and retired, the music begins in a soft, sweet strain, just reaching the listening ear. Gradually it rises and rises, till the high dome above seems bursting with sound, and then it echoes in loud peals along the vaulted aisles; suddenly it dies away, and again rises in abrupt and broken chants, and then in sweeter and more steady swells, till the deep tones of a ponderous bell announce the vespers closed. Yet this is tame description after all, and I hope you may yet find it worth your while to cross the Atlantic if for nothing more than to see the noble statue of Peter the Great and listen to the court choir. Even Catalani, when here, was so affected on hearing its seraphic strains, as to burst into tears; and I am sure that I am now spoiled for any concert that is likely to be soon got up on your side of the water. ***

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE FALSE ONE.

I KNEW him not—I sought him not—
He was my father's guest;
I gave him not one smile more kind
Than those I gave the rest:
He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own,
But oh! I never heard a voice
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met,
Again I was his choice,
Again I heard the tender tone
Of that beguiling voice;
I sought him not—he led me forth
From all the fairest there,
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
His praises made me vain;
And, when he left me, how I long'd
To hear that voice again!
I wonder'd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charm,
And why the path was dull, unless
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guess'd the cause;
For what could make me shun
My parents' cheerful dwelling-place
To wander all alone?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve
The form that he had deign'd to praise?
What *could* it be—but love?

Oh! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career;
I thought each smile was kindly meant,
Each word of praise sincere.
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—
I listen'd and believed,
And little dreamt how oft before
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now,
And in the same sweet tone
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own.
Oh! why is she so beautiful?
I cannot blame his choice,
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HARPSICHOORD.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

"Most musical—most melancholy."

I had drained the last drop of my bottle of claret, and sat musing in solitude before the fire. "Yes," thought I, "yes, my daughters are come to years of education, so I must get a musical instructor and a grand piano."

Girls must be accomplished, and four or five hours a day must be devoted to music. It is absolutely necessary that they should be taught the use of the keys—not the keys that their grandmother (excellent woman!) handled: no—they were suspended in a bunch at her side.

For three generations our family has been decidedly unmusical; I speak it with shame and deep humiliation, but it is the truth, and I will be brave enough to own it—for three generations we have possessed (critically speaking) neither voices, ears, nor souls!

* Whatever the reader may think of a golden spire, he may be assured there is no mistake about the matter; for, during the French invasion, the imperial treasure being low, it was proposed to the emperor, as a means to replenish it, to strip the Admiralty steeple, but Alexander nobly replied, that what his ancestors had so magnificently done, he would never undo.

My grandmother, the lady with the bunch before mentioned, was the pink of notability. She knew how to preserve all the fruits of the earth, how to pickle all the vegetables of the garden; in a culinary point of view, she was decidedly a genius; but of music she knew nothing. To her one tune was just like any other, and she denominated every tune a *noise*! She knew nothing of the *gamut*, every thing of the *gammon*; her bars were the bars of the kitchen grate, her accompaniments were garnishes, her catches were snacks, and her rounds were rounds of beef.

Had she lived in these days, she would have been a melancholy and degraded outcast of society; but, in the times of female drudgery and degradation she was esteemed an excellent housewife, and a proper motherly woman.

Her daughter, (my mother,) the second person singularly tuneless in the three generations I have alluded to, was of an equestrian turn. She delighted to ride upon the backs of high trotting horses; the bare her talents surmounted were the bars of gates that possessed fire; in a fox chase she would be the *running accompaniment* of the most daring squire in the county. She knew of no flourishes save those of her whip; and cared not for "dying, dying falls," except when some luckless companion was precipitated over a hedge on the crown of his head. She had neither time nor inclination for home pursuits; she almost lived on horseback; and her music was the huntsman's horn.

I inherited the unhappy failing of my mother and my grandmother: music, that "softens rocks, and bends the knotted oak," softened not and bent not me.

For three generations, therefore, have we been an inharmonious race. But there is one point in our favour—a great point—a redeeming one; in the shape of my great-grandmother. She was a woman of taste, and played upon the harpsichord.

"By the by," thought I, "why should I purchase a grand piano-forte, an article of no small cost, when my great-grandmother's harpsichord, with a double row of keys, stands up stairs in the lumber-room, and will no doubt answer every purpose?"

How well I remember my great-grandmother. She was an old lady, and I a small boy, at the period of my reminiscence; yet in my mind's eye I behold her now. She was tall, she was straight, as the poplar tree; her waist was a prodigy for length and diminutiveness; and the brocaded silk of her gown stood out around her, as if afraid to encroach by pressing too closely upon her graceful limbs. On her head rose an unparalleled structure of pure white gauze or lace, and on her forehead her powdered hair was most profusely frizzed. Her gowns were the most independent garments imaginable; for, if the mistress chanced to step out of them, they still stood erect in the innate stability of their structure.

She had no idea of undress and full dress, as modern ladies have; changing from a seven-shilling muslin of a morning, to a cheap beggarly silk or crape at night. The mistress could then never be mistaken for the maid, nor the maid for the mistress. She was always responsibly attired; her small feet, in her high-heeled shoes, regally reposed under her glossy petticoat; and her snowy elbows modestly peeped from the sheltering canopy of her pure lace ruffles.

When she wished to appear in full dress, she wore immense diamond ear-rings, and upon her fingers she placed several brilliant hoop-rings. These splendid auxiliaries were put on in a moment; and let her be surprised by visitors at any hour, she came forth with glittering ears and fingers, curtsied down to the very ground, and looked as if equipped to grace a court.

She was a relict of the oldest school; she emulated the grandeur of baronial state; and in her lodgings in a watering place, instead of vulgarly rising to ring the bell when she wanted a domestic, she sat patiently and proudly on her sofa, and in her feeble, still, small voice, cried, "Who waits?" till by some fortunate chance her maid heard, and attended to the call.

Her harpsichord was her delight; it was a *two-decker*. I know nothing of music, but I know it had two rows of keys; and on these she played alternately, waving to and fro her stately head, and often looking round to me for applause.

She played the popular songs of the day: the popular songs—alas! what were they? They are gone, they are forgotten, like the smiles and the roses of the girls who sang them; like the hopes and the affections of the youths who listened to them. The triumphs of the singers of those days, and the popularity of the songs, where are they? 'Tis a lesson to a modern *chansonnier*!

I used to dine now and then with my great-grandmother, and, by way of amusing me, she would sit down and play

me a minuet, or some endless sonata; her high-heeled shoes pressed the pedals, and she rambled over the double decks of keys with infinite self-possession. She thought me, I believe, a very dull boy, for I never could contrive to seem pleased with her playing. But when she sent me home, she generally slipped a little golden coin into my hand, and I left her gaily and contentedly, for my play-time was at hand. But to return to my reverie.

"Why," thought I, "should I buy a piano, when I already possess an instrument which I have frequently heard my great-grandmother say was unrivalled?"

I went up stairs to a dark, dusty lumber-room, and there lay the two-decker, with a broken leg and an unsound sounding-board. I had it carefully conveyed below, and it creaked and groaned, and threatened to fall to pieces at every step. A carpenter mended the wounded limb; and I then sent for the learned professor, who was in future to be my daughters' music-master, and with pride exhibited to him the instrument which had been declared by my great-grandmother (a musical paragon in her day) to be the sweetest and the best she ever heard. The professor smiled.

"It is as an antiquary you value it, I presume?" said he.

"How so, sir?" said I.

"I mean, you are not seriously pronouncing a favourable judgment upon it as a musical instrument," he replied.

"Thought I, he knows I am not musical, and he is sneering at me."

"Sir," said I, "have the goodness to put that invaluable instrument into perfect tune, and commence instructing my daughters."

The professor actually spun round upon my music-stool, and, after staring at me incredulously for a moment, he burst into a fit of laughter. I only wished my great-grandmother had been present.

"I beg your pardon, sir," at length said the professor, "but the instrument is not—I must be candid—it is only fit for—"

"Fit for what, sir?" said I.

"For firewood," replied the professor.

He was right; and to prove that he was so, he vigorously thumped the two rows of keys. The appeal was unanswerable. I stopped my ears, and then stopped his proceedings. The professor was immediately commissioned to choose for me a grand piano-forte, with all the new patents, the extra-octaves, the additional keys, the supernumerary pedals, and every other "invention of the enemy" to silence, tranquillity, and repose.

The professor left me, and I then gazed upon the once dearly prized and carefully preserved instrument. What would my great-grandmother say, thought I, could she know that thou art to be chopped up into fuel to warm the frigid fingers of her great-grand-daughters. Her husband bought the instrument for her in the first year of their marriage: it was meant as a surprise, and was placed in her sitting-room very early on the morning of her birth-day, that she might unexpectedly find it there when she came down to breakfast. This happened long before I was born; but the old lady in her widowhood told me of it with tears in her eyes: and, without being told, I can imagine the delight of the young bride on receiving the gift.

How often has her husband leant over her when she touched those now discoloured keys! How often has she looked laughingly up in his face, playing some lively air, which she knew he loved, because they had danced together to its melody!

I am no musician, and I have no love for old harpsichords, nor for new grand pianos; but I cannot bear to see the tokens, hallowed by the best and purest affections of one generation, tossed about with contempt and turned into ridicule by another. It is thus with my grandmother's portrait. There it hangs; a shepherdess's hat at the back of her head, a dove on her right forefinger, and a half-blown cabbage-rose in her left hand. Every body who looks at it now laughs at the *outré* dress, or the stiff attitude, or the antiquated expression. Those for whom we have our portraits painted, should they happen to outlive us, ought to make a point of burning us in effigy before they die, or of carrying our canvass representatives with them to the grave.

When my grandmother sat for that portrait, nobody knows what pains she took about her looks and the arrangement of her dress; and now it is undeniable that the picture is a quiz. When the first faggot of her dilapidated harpsichord crackles on the hearth, it would be charitable to throw the portrait into the blaze.

Mutual affections and countless associations endear such memorials to our contemporaries, and to those who immediately survive us; but when those friends have followed us on the dark path from which there is no return, our portraits

become the mere records of by-gone fashions, and the features that are clothed in them are a marvel and a mockery.

The best of all possible grand piano-fortes has been selected, and the professor has commenced his instructions. Morning, noon, and night, my daughters are practising; and when practice has at length rendered them perfect mistresses of the instrument, it is to be hoped they will marry men who have *souls*, and leave me (unmusical as I am) a quiet house.

A time will no doubt arrive when the novelties of the present day will, in their turn, become obsolete; and my daughters' great grandchildren will perhaps make faggots of the grand piano, as we have most undutifully made light of my great-grandmother's harpsichord.

TIME AND LOVE.

"Oh! make the most," said Time, "of hours,"

To a fair maiden's heart;

"For see! thou those bright, beaming bowers?—

There Love and thou wilt part!

Mortals accuse my sober wing

Of robbing them of joys;

But mine's not half so sharp a sting

As yonder fickle boy's."

The maiden heeded not the strain,

But still framed visions wild,

Believing Time's dull warning vain;

For at her side Love smiled.

The bark which bore them as its freight,

Now soon her anchor cast;

Ah, maiden! would that silent fate

Had noor'd thy hopes as fast!

Love kiss'd her cheek, and leap'd on shore,

Saying, "We soon shall meet;

But I have known this isle before,

And have some friends to greet."

He went, but ne'er return'd to bring

His offering, like the dove's:

Ah! then she learnt, Time had no sting

So sharp as fickle Love's."

AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

"Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you."

It was towards the close of a beautiful autumnal day that two travellers were pursuing their journey through a tract of that luxuriant and romantic scenery with which Italy abounds. The younger, having the appearance of being about eight and twenty, was of a tall though compact figure; the expression of whose very handsome features, glowing with health and exercise, was rather heightened than diminished by the tint they had derived from exposure to the sun. His dress and bearing indicated what he really was, an Englishman of rank. The other, his elder by some years, was of about the same stature, though of a squarer and more robust make, with a cast of countenance decidedly Hibernian, in which an air of openness and good-humour compensated for whatever it might want of comeliness. They stood towards each other in the relation of master and servant.

The master, whom I shall call Vernon, had sent his carriage on before him, having determined on performing the latter part of his journey on foot; a resolution adopted rather on the impulse of a somewhat romantic temperament, than in obedience to the dictates of prudence, since the police of the district, at no period very effective, was, at the time of which I am writing, in so relaxed a state as to encourage rather than repress the outrages of those predatory bands by which Italy has always, in a greater or less degree, been infested.

Having arrived at the ruin of one of those architectural monuments of its ancient splendour, with which the country is interspersed, Vernon paused to survey the magnificent prospect it commanded. The setting sun was shedding his parting glories upon a noble stream that expanded to the breadth of a lake in the extreme distance, and pursued its devious course through a thickly wooded country, in which, for some miles, it was buried from the traveller's eye, and then flowed within a few hundred yards of his feet. Here and there, among the woodlands, were scattered the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility, and the temples of classic times, lifting their tall summits into the sunshine above the trees, and imparting an air of grandeur to the scene, of which none but those who have gazed upon an Italian landscape can form an adequate conception.

"A fine country this!" exclaimed Vernon, after a long pause, to his attendant, who, as an old servant of the family, was a sort of privileged person.

"Your honour may say that," was the reply; "but to my humble thinking, the sight of an inn, or even an alehouse, would improve it greatly."

"Why, I must confess, Terence," cried his master, "our own prospects would be none the worse for such an addition. I begin to fear we have taken the wrong road."

"A road your honour calls it?" rejoined Terence. "Faith, and it's doubtful I am if any foot but a brute beast's has been upon the path we're treading for this many a-day. It's benighted we'll be, any how."

"Not quite so bad as that, Terence," said his master, "I hope: you appear to be quite out of spirits on the occasion."

"That's true for your honour," replied Terence, mournfully, "for sorrow a drop of Innishowen's in the bottle."

"Nay, I did not allude to your whiskey-flask; I meant that you looked on the dark side of the matter."

"Will your honour see any other side of it by this light?" inquired the man, for the sun had then dropped behind the mountain, and the mists were beginning to come up from the valley.

"But surely," continued Vernon, "some of the buildings we see around us must be inhabited."

"O yes!" was the reply; "I'll be bail for them they are, but it's by them that don't cook their victuals before they eat them. Troth, and it's a wild place we're in, your honour; the more by token that a big fox came out of a bush just now, and may be he did not look up in my face as *bould* as if he never seen a christian before in his born days."

"Your eyes were sharper than mine, then, Terence."

"How would your honour see it, and you busy reading the inscription down there? And it's glad I'd been if ye'd lighted on 'good entertainment for man and horse,' instead of that same."

"If my eyes deceive me not, Terence," exclaimed his master, "there is certainly a light glimmering from a window down in the valley there. Let us make towards it."

"O, then it's meself would go after your honour any where," was the reply; "but I hope you won't find yourself up to the chin in a bog, as I did, one night, when I'd a fancy for following a light as like that to the for as two peas."

Regardless, however, of his servant's apprehensions, Vernon pressed forward in the direction of the light, followed by Terence. They were just entering a defile of the valley, when they were startled by a voice commanding them to stop; and, on looking upwards, they perceived the figure of a man standing upon a projection of the rock, in high relief against the twilight sky. The travellers, neither admiring the tone in which the mandate was uttered, nor the appearance of the speaker, continued to advance, when the challenger unslung his carbine and presented it. Before, however, he could adjust his aim he received a pistol shot in his arm, which dropped useless by his side.

"Put that in your pipe, and smoke it," exclaimed Terence, who, happening to be a little in the rear of Vernon, was not at first observed by the robber, and had fired immediately on perceiving the danger to which his master was exposed.

Scarcely had the smoke dispersed when they were surrounded by a dozen banditti, by whom they were, after a short but severe struggle, secured; not, however, until Terence had wounded another by the discharge of his remaining pistol, and brought a third to the earth with the butt end of it; while his master received a slight wound in the shoulder, a favour which he acknowledged by placing a brace of his assailants on the pension list for life. The travellers were then disarmed and marched off, in the midst of the band, to headquarters, to be examined and plundered at leisure.

The reader is mistaken if, judging from what he has seen on the stage, or read in a novel, he imagines the captain of the band to have been a fellow six feet high, with a corsair cast of features, and differing from a hero of the first water in no other respect than his having preferred to make war and levy contributions on his own account, instead of for the benefit of his country. The chieftain to whom our travellers were introduced was a short, bloated man, between forty and fifty, with a red knobbed nose, small but fiery eyes, and a countenance whose general expression bespoke him vulgar, sensual, and cruel by nature, and brutalized by intemperance.

The robbers were exasperated at the resistance they had encountered, and disappointed on finding that the property on Vernon's person consisted chiefly of letters of credit, which to them were useless: while their apprehensions were excited by the discovery of the rank of the party on whom they had committed the outrage.

It was under the combined influence of these considerations, any one of which would have decided their fate, that the captain informed the prisoners they must prepare for death, for that they should be shot the next morning at sunrise. It was in vain that Vernon backed his remonstrances by the

offer of procuring a ransom to any amount they might name. Their reply was, that any communication they might suffer him to have with the capital for that purpose, would be more likely to bring a troop of horse down upon them than the money. The prisoners were then conducted to an apartment, secured by a grated door, before which was placed a sentinel with a loaded carbine.

The approach of dissolution, under whatever circumstances of preparation, must always be viewed with awe: on the bed of sickness, although the mind becomes in some degree familiarized with the idea, and bodily anguish may have made life a burden, it is painful to look our last upon a world, which with all its anxieties, holds much that is dear to us; but to receive the dread summons when health and hope and happiness are around us, is indeed to taste of death in all its bitterness and sorrow.

Vernon was constitutionally brave, but it is one thing to encounter death amid the excitement of battle, and another to meet it in the form under which it was then approaching him. The possessor of most earthly sources of happiness, the object of a mother's hope, a sister's pride, and the idol of one to whom a few months were to have given a name "dearer than all," it was some time before he could sufficiently abstract his mind from the world he was about to quit, in order to a preparation for that to which he was hastening.

Terence, however, though not deficient in courage, and with fewer ties to bind him to existence, appeared much more incapable of applying himself to so serious and necessary a task, for he took his station at the grating of the prison, and watched the sentinel with great attention, until, catching his eye at last, he said—

"Is that yourself, Tim?"

The man started at hearing himself thus called on by name, but turned away his face, and remained silent, when Terence continued:

"Tim—Tim Dolan, I say! it's the bad thing ye're doing! and then, after a pause, during which he received no reply— "Maybe you think I don't know your mother's son behind the black crop you've sown on your lip there. I'll tell you one thing, Tim, it's make your soul of the same colour you will." At length, getting out of patience, Terence exclaimed—"Is it deaf you are? or is them the manners you've come all the way from Mullinahone to learn? I might as well be talking Latin to a goose."

"Asy now, Terry," said the sentinel at last; "what a bother you make; don't you see I'm on duty."

"Is it duty?" said Terence. "Oh! then it's a queer notion you have of that same, to be lending a hand to cut the throat of two honest men, and one your countryman and cousin-german to boot. 'Twould be more like a decent christian, I'm thinking, to be dropping the bar outside there, and letting us out."

"I tell you I can't, Terence; it's more than my place is worth."

"And that's little enough, Tim, any how. It is not for myself I care so much, for, go when I will, I'll be no loss to any one; but it's for the sake of the master, here to the fore, that I'm asking the kind thing of you. Oh Tim, Tim! think upon his young blood, and that it will be red upon your soul, if it's shed by them ruffians, and you able to prevent it. Think, Tim, upon the old gray-headed man in Mullinahone, who'd curse the hour you were born, if he knew his son was bringing disgrace upon his name and his country in this fashion."

This last appeal appeared to touch the sentinel, for he answered in a softer tone than that which he had hitherto adopted:

"Oh! then it isn't myself would refuse to help a friend at a pinch, and that you know yourself right well; but where's the use of my opening the door when the only way out of the place is through the room they're drinking in?"

"That's our concern," said Terence: "you might give us a squeak for our lives at any rate."

"And get my own throat cut for my pains."

"And what's the reason you can't take your chance with us? Wouldn't it be better to die in a good cause than to be strung up by the neck some day between earth and heaven, as if you had no business in either. The master wouldn't be the man to forget the kind deed, I'm thinking."

At this juncture Vernon, who had been an attentive listener to the latter part of the conference, came forward, and enforced Terence's arguments by promising to open the way for Tim's return to an honest path in life, and to reward him liberally besides, in the event of his co-operation in their escape proving successful.

Dolan, who had joined the band in a fit of disappointment, and had more than once repented of the act, was not without

his feelings, and after some further hesitation, consented to aid their escape. Accordingly, after releasing them from prison, he restored to them their arms, to which he had access, with the means of re-loading them, and furnished them each with a sword in addition.

As they approached the scene of the robbers' carousal, the boisterous sounds of conviviality which saluted their ears inspired them with a hope that the revellers were too far gone in their cups to notice their attempt, or to frustrate it if they did. A single glance, which they were enabled, unperceived, to get at the party, was sufficient to destroy so vain an expectation. The robbers had drunk wine enough to inflame their ferocity, without disarming their vigilance, and had so disposed themselves that it was next to impossible for the fugitives to gain the opposite door without coming in personal contact with one or more of the band.

A large torch was fixed on the table round which they were sitting, and while it flung its red glare upon the forbidding countenances of the banqueters, illuminated the remotest corner of the chamber. Dolan, as the best acquainted with the path, led the way upon his hands and knees, and, crawling close under the wall, succeeded in gaining the door unperceived by the robbers. Terence, elated by the successful example of his countryman, followed in his steps, but, either from want of sufficient care, or from the circumstance of his being a stouter man, he, on squeezing himself between the wall and a barrel on which one of the banditti was seated, overturned the latter, and thus betrayed himself and his master to the view of the robbers.

"Treason, treason!" exclaimed the band in concert, as they started to their feet, and, with their swords flashing in the torchlight, rushed upon their prey. Vernon, with a presence of mind peculiar to gallant spirits, instead of making for the door, sprang to the table, struck down the torch, and involved the whole party in darkness. He was, however, seized at the same instant by the captain, who clung to his throat like a bloodhound, and by his weight dragged his captive to the ground. A fearful struggle ensued, during which Vernon and the robber-chief were alternately uppermost, the former being deterred from discharging his pistol by the fear of discovering their relative positions by the flash, while the rest of the band refrained from using their weapons in the dark, where they were more likely to smite friends than foes.

Vernon at last succeeded in placing his knee upon the neck of his antagonist, and compelling him to relinquish his hold. After some difficulty he was so fortunate as to gain the door, and passed through it into the court-yard, which, with the exception of an angle of it, was illuminated by the beams of the full-moon. As, however, he was making his way toward the outer gate, he had the mortification of perceiving two of the robbers running for the same point, with the view of cutting off the retreat of the fugitives, while he heard the footsteps of the rest in close pursuit at his heels. Before he could decide upon the alternative of pressing forward or surrendering, two shots, fired simultaneously from the shaded angle of the court-yard, which was by the gate, stretched the robbers in advance upon the grass, and, at almost the same instant, he perceived the figures of Terence and Dolan dart through the portal. Vernon followed with the speed of light, and had no sooner overtaken them, than Tim seized him and Terence by the arm, without speaking, and dragged them down an almost precipitous descent, covered with briars and underwood, by which their clothes were nearly torn from their backs, and their persons much lacerated before they reached, or rather rolled, to the bottom.

As soon as they gained their feet, Dolan whispered,

"Now run, boys, for the bare life, and keep out of the moonshine, or it's kilt and murdered ye are, intirely."

This caution was not needless; for, as they followed in his steps, they heard the robbers, who had hit upon their track, breaking through the bushes about two hundred yards in their rear, while their random shots were whistling among the leaves about the fugitives in all directions. After running for about a quarter of a mile, they arrived at a shed, in which were tied the horses of the banditti. To select one each, and to slip the bridles over the heads of the others and turn them loose upon the road, was the work of a moment, and the next they were galloping off at the top of their speed towards the river. Arrived at the brink, they pushed their horses into the stream, and were soon on the opposite bank. Thus safe from pursuit, they continued their journey at their leisure, and, after an hour's riding, arrived at the town to which Vernon had sent forward his carriage.

Dolan was rewarded for his services beyond his expectations, and is now respectably settled in his own country, an honest and useful member of society.

HOPE AND LOVE.

One day, through fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of pleasure:
All mirth and smiles I saw them go;
Each was the other's banker;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love, his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower;
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate, or for weather?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On beauty's quiet slumbers;
"Fly on," said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
"I teach my friends to doubt you;"
"Come back," said Age, with bitter tears,
"My heart is cold without you."

When poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the bekame's wrath,
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters, honey,
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated:
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A grey-beard joined them, Time by name;
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy:
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outsailed the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last,
Beneath a weeping willow:
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging;
And from the thickets all around
Sad nightingales were singing.

"I leave you here," quoth father Time,
As hoarse as any raven;
And Love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven:
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave;
And whispered, "Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave,—
We'll meet upon the other."

EXPRESSION, &c.

The importance of a *concise, forcible, and correct* form of expression is realized by few.

Without it the best ideas appear common-place and insignificant; while with it, common-place ideas appear dignified and original.

A man who expresses himself well is always listened to attentively, though his conversation possesses but little intrinsic merit; while that of the man of fine ideas is unheeded, because clothed in a redundant, frivolous, or awkward language.

Expression is to ideas what clothing is to the person.

Though a man's presence be ever so good, he will not appear to advantage if dressed in a slovenly or superfluous manner.

Simplicity of expression is more interesting and elegant than turgidness.

A universal error in conversation is to dwell, and enlarge too much upon an idea.

Sententiousness is more impressive than loquacity.

It is more easy to write well than to converse well—or rather, the former talent is cultivated, while the latter is generally neglected. Consequently, few professional or great men would strike us as such if their conversation were the criterion by which they must be judged.

To converse well is of more importance in every-day life than to write well. But they are both talents or acquirements of inestimable value, the possession of one of which need in no instance exclude that of the other. On the contrary, if properly cultivated, they are mutual promoters.

The conversational talent, particularly, is acquired *only* by practice. It is intuitive in none. Men who have astonished the world by the eloquence and elegance of their writings, have frequently been unable to give intelligible expression to their ideas in conversation.

Addison, whose style of writing is a specimen of all that is chaste and eloquent in composition, lacked the most common conversational abilities. His abortive and ludicrous attempt to speak in parliament is universally known; as well as several anecdotes to the same effect related by his biographer, Dr. Johnson.

A man who can converse well, is irresistible at home. A man who can write well, is irresistible abroad. But one who can both converse and write well is, in every sense, and in every situation irresistible, whatever his personal disadvantages may be. To acquire the ability particularly referred to in these remarks, i. e. that of conversing well, is an end which can only be attained by observation and practice; but it is an end to which any man of sense may attain.

An individual whose retiring disposition and peculiar tone of mind excludes him from society, will never converse fluently while he submits to this inclination.

Such a one must mingle with the gay, the sad, the merry, the wise, and the foolish, before he can give unexceptionable utterance to his thoughts.

However badly a man of taste expresses himself, he notices the slightest defect in style or grammar in others.

Here, then, is a rule to go by—"Think before you speak," said a wise man—and *think after you speak*; let one of his admirers add, that thereby you may detect that which was wrong or foolish in what you said, and profit in future.

If you find your conversation unheeded, while that of your neighbour is equally swallowed, try to discover the cause. Compare your remarks and manner with his, and profit accordingly.

It is not quantity that regulates the value of conversation, it is quality. The man of few words is more apt to be listened to than the one of many sentences. "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life; but perverseness therein is a breach of the spirit."

National Gazette.

ON TAILORS.

"Coat!" said Russellton, with an appearance of the most *naïve* surprise, and taking hold of the collar suspiciously, by the finger and thumb, "coat, Sir Willoughby! do you call *this* thing a coat?"

A much abused person is your tailor. He is ordinarily supposed to need less endowment than his fellows—(the ninth part of a man, I think they call him)—I shall prove to you that he needs more. Poetry is a lesser art in my esteem.

Any man or woman may stich—make a "cover-me-decently." The world goes clothed—town and country—though, (bear us witness, Pelham) there are but three tailors (proper tailors, I say) from Bath to Savannah. For the rest, their daily work is a profanity of broadcloth—a sacrilege of kersey-mere. Your eyes are shocked perpetually by the sight of unfortunate strangers who have fallen into the hands of those Vandals.

No true tailor makes a man a coat till he has seen him walk. The way you move is every thing. If you have a crab's gait, sideways, the hitch must be counteracted. If you are a meek man, and carry your head low, the collar must be set back to remedy the defect. If your passions are violent, a tight sleeve or a close fit at the shoulder is impolitic. If your neck is too long or too short, if your body is crooked or your bust flat, or if you are a vain man and swell at the lower button, it must be allowed for in your coat. It is the tailor's business to make you perfect—or seem so—which is quite the same thing.

A friend of mine is so unfortunate as to have two or three coats on hand. It excruciates me to see him come into the room—flat breasted, flap-dividing, pinched collared, scrimped, pasteboard looking abominations! He cannot move a limb without having the whole coat follow in a piece. Touch his collar and his skirt flies up. The moment it is unbuttoned, down hugs the cape to his neck, and out flies the back at the waist, the whole gets at sharp angles to his figure, and presents him to your eye like a caricature of a man frightened. Save us from such spectacles, benevolent Jove!

Your vile tailor does every thing by padding. He slips you into a casement of buckram as unaccommodating as a coffin, and, with the second button fastened, shoves you up to his glass, and while you stand perfectly still, because you are unable to move, praises the smoothness of the fit! We would not trust such a fellow to make a cover for an umbrella.

Next to the human form divine, the most beautiful thing in nature is a perfect coat. It is like a perfect style—it looks as if it was the easiest thing in the world. The collar lies loose and yet neatly to the shoulders. The back, buttoned or un-

buttoned, fits neatly and under all motions to the figure. The skirts hang gracefully and independently of the back, parallel and slender. The sleeves work fitly with the arm, and the breasts lie flat and yet ample on the chest, and the wearer has that look in it, that a spectator would suppose it grew to him, that it was a part and evidence of his fair proportions and the skill of the artist. There are a few artists who have acquired immortality in the cut of pantaloons; but a man must grow gray in practice before he acquires even the theoretical principles of that article.

You shall go through the cities and look at the popular tailors, and if there is one who can cut but a fragment of a coat well, who has not a fine head phenologically, we are forewarned. The heads of your quack tailors are as flat behind as the white sides of a melon. They are all face—all animal. You would see they were simpletons at once. Your talented artist, on the contrary, has the head of a scholar—a fine lift behind, a good eye, broad forehead, and strong mouth. He looks like a mathematician—large over the eye, high cheek bones, and prominent organs. You may search the world over and we will warrant the result.

Comic Annual.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

It is told that Abernethy, while attending a lady for several weeks, observed those admirable qualities in her daughter which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport:—"You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But, in the meantime, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time, by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to — and I can settle — on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband covets, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship." In this humor the lady was wooed and won; and, we believe we may add, the union has been felicitous in every respect.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Census of New-York City, 1830.—The following table contains nearly all the returns from the fourteen wards, and presents a grand aggregate of upwards of two hundred and thirteen thousand inhabitants. At the close of the war of independence, our city scarcely numbered thirty thousand. Who shall set bounds to its increase?

First Ward	11,327
Second do.	8,212
Third do.	9,649
Fourth do.	12,705
Fifth do.	17,722
Sixth do. supposed returns	15,000
Seventh do.	15,838
Eighth do. supposed returns	27,000
Ninth do.	22,495
Tenth do.	16,438
Eleventh do.	14,301
Twelfth do.	11,901
Thirteenth do.	12,665
Fourteenth do.	14,342

Total number of inhabitants, 213,135

Scattering Votes.—More than three columns of the public journals have recently been occupied in publishing the names for which the scattering votes were given at the late election in this state. We agree with the editor of the American, that this custom is "both useless and offensive; useless, as publishing no information of value beyond what the simple statement that there were so many scattering votes would afford; and offensive, as making public the paltry malice which delights in secretly and safely vilifying its object." We also hope, "to see the provisions of the law, requiring this publication in detail, abrogated."

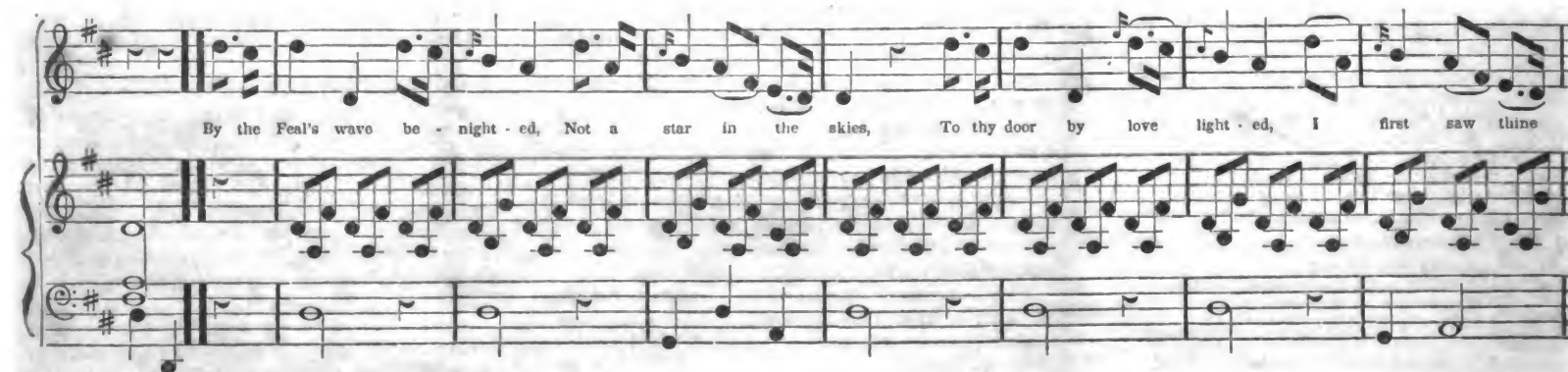
Public Dinners.—We do not—no one can—object to the propriety of the friends of any individual offering him, on suitable occasions, the compliment of a dinner, or any other entertainment. But we must condemn, as out of all taste, and contrary to the rules of private courtesy, the practice of filling up newspaper columns with the toasts and speeches given at table. If we had no other reason to urge against them, it is sufficient that they are generally not worth reading.

DESMOND'S SONG.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.—ARRANGED BY H. R. BISHOP.

"Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catharine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue: he married, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—LELAND, vol. 2.

Innocente.



2d—Love came and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet that to-morrow
'Twould be welcome again:
Were misery's full measure
Pour'd out to me now,

I would drain it with pleasure
So the Hebe were thou.
2d—You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.

Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?
4th—No; man, for his glory,
To ancestry flies.

While woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes:
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty born of the graces,
Ranks next to divine.

SONG.

How long, since we two parted,
The path of time appears!
Return, thou faithless-hearted!
I call thee back with tears.
The roar of war, which rended
The skies, hath died away;
Our loud rejoicings ended:—
And where dost thou delay?
We have roses by our dwelling,
Making fragrant all the air;
And the nightingale is telling
Her tale of sorrow there;
These flowers could once delight thee,
That music charm of yore;
Oh! let its strain invite thee
To return to us once more!
We have hearts—more kind and tender
Thou ne'er, perchance, shalt see;
They wait but to surrender
Their willing love to thee.
Return, and smiles shall meet thee,
If words are all too vain;
And the voice of song shall greet thee,
Singing, "Welcome back again!"

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

"Tom, you should take a wife."—"Now, love forbid!"—"I found you one last night."—"The deuce you did!"—"Softly, perhaps she'll please you."—"Oh, of course!"—"Fifteen."—"Alarming!"—"Witty."—"Nay, that's worse!"—"Discreet."—"All show!"—"Handsome."—"To lure the fellows!"—"High-born."—"Ay, haughty."—"Tender-hearted."—"Jealous!"—"Talents o'erflowing."—"Ay, enough to sluice me!"—"And then, Tom, such a fortune!"—"Introduce me!"

THE ENRAGED AUTHOR.—At one of the Parisian theatres, a writer of little or no real pretensions to talent had, by means

of flattery and intrigue, obtained the acceptance of a piece, where others of sterling worth had been rejected. On the night of performance the piece was assailed with hisses from all parts of the house, whereat the enraged author dashed on to the stage, and throwing his hat into the pit, dared the most valiant to bring it to him. A young gentleman took it up, and was about to present it, when he was interrupted by a wag, who coolly observed, "Stop, sir, what would be the use of returning the man his hat, when he has evidently lost his head?"

VEAL AND VINEGAR.—Baretti, in his amusing letters from Spain and Portugal, tells us that he fell in with a Spanish soldier, who in the course of conversation, told him that he had been some time a prisoner in England, and that he hated the English; and on being asked why, he hesitated awhile, and at last answered, because they used vinegar with their veal.

A CONVENIENT FORMULA.—Sheridan had a very convenient formula, as a reply to all new publications that were constantly sent to him, viz.—"Dear sir, I have received your exquisite work, and have no doubt I shall be highly delighted after I have read it."

A TENDER WIFE.—A French lady of quality, seeing the funeral procession of her husband, exclaimed, "Ah, how happy would my poor husband be if he could see this sight, as he was remarkably fond of such ceremonies."

POINTS OF HONOUR.—Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Captain Ramsay in one about a servant; Mr. Fetherston in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about "an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Barry was

challenged by a Captain Smith, for declining a glass of wine with him at dinner in a steam-boat, although the general had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Crowther lost his life in a duel, because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters.

MARTYRDOM AT THE STAKE.—William Martyr, a clergyman settled in Buckfield, Virginia, was travelling with two friends a short time since, and passed through the pleasant town of Bennington, Vermont. At dinner a beef-steak was placed before Mr. Martyr, who was so much engrossed in attending to the calls of his appetite, that he uttered not a word during the meal. One of his companions remarked, that he was very sorry to be a witness to so melancholy a spectacle as *Martyr-dumb at the stake*.

ARABIAN MAXIMS.—Curtail thy sleep, and increase thy knowledge; he who knows the value of his object, despises the pains it cost him.

Say not the possessors of science have passed away, and are forgotten; every one who has walked in the path of science has reached the goal.

Increase of knowledge is a victory over idleness; and the beauty of knowledge is rectitude of conduct.

Pay visits only on alternate days, thou wilt be beloved the more; for he who multiplies his comings and goings fatigues his friends.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POPULAR MORAL TALES.

SCENES AT PALERMO.

In the year 1750, the ears of the whole Palermitan nobility, on the Corso, were struck by the sounds of cannon from the sea. It was one of those evenings in March which are the true heralds of May, and whose serenity, softness, and beauty, are altogether unrivalled in Europe: even the Neapolitan spring is unequal to the Silesian. The fertility of the island seems to be inexhaustible, and the temperature of the air covers it, in the depth of winter, with flowers which, in the northern summer, will not live under the open sky.

But the approach of spring pours out the whole higher population of Palermo to the grand promenade by the northern gate, the *Porta Felice*, which fully deserves the name, from the matchless splendour, extent, and variety of its view. The neighbourhood of Palermo is crowded with mountains, of singularly picturesque forms, and covered with vegetation of all the colours of the south, high up their sides; the summits are marble pinnacles, which catch the sun-light at all hours; and, as morning, noon, or evening shines upon them, are successively silver, golden, or bathed in a depth of purple sky. The *Corso* (the promenade) exhibits all the rank and pomp of the city enjoying the evening breeze, which, in the earlier months of the year, has a sweetness and lightness, an impression of vitality, that almost gives the idea of a delightful intoxication. On this immense mole the population wanders for hours, conversing, listening to the perpetual music, which, whether of the voice, violin, or guitar, makes so prominent a part of Italian enjoyment; and watching the changes of colour on the sea, as the evening comes on, until the lights from St. Rosalia's shrine on the Monte Pellegrino are seen, and the bell for the *arce* is heard, which are a general signal of departure.

But on this evening the lights twinkled from the mountains top in vain; and the whole showy *cortège* lingered on the mole, waiting, in intense anxiety, for the result of the cannonade. It was heavy, and evidently approached; but night falls with rapidity in the climates of the south, and there was soon no possibility of seeing beyond the mole. The rumour now was, that the explosions were not the work of artillery, but of the much more powerful agent to which every Sicilian is accustomed: a new volcano was supposed to have burst out under the waters; and Palermo was to be honoured with the presence of a new Lipari island in front of its port. But this high distinction, of which, such is the national taste, the whole Sicilian populace would have been proud, was not to be vouchsafed, even to the murmur of *aves* and supplications to the virgin and all the saints, that Palermo might not be forever behind-hand with Naples, but might have something to show to the world, and boast of a *Vesuvius* of its own.

The cannonade was a mortal one after all. Just as the moon was touching the outlines of the Monte Mezzagno with beams that made its wild sides and pointed summits look like the tracery of an immense cathedral; while Monte Cuccio on the west, and Falso-melle on the south-east, wrapped in darkness, and with only their bare tops visible, looked like colossal priests, with their naked foreheads bowing down before its gates, a succession of flashes, that seemed to come up from the bosom of the water, startled the eyes of the gazers. A large galley was at length seen, dismantled and disabled in every way, but still making a desperate resistance against a squadron that now gathered round her, pouring in an incessant fire. Curiosity, however, had become a hazardous indulgence; for the balls that missed the galley, began to roll towards the beach; and one enormous shot, that took off the top of the Duca di Poltrone's new English calèche, so perfectly satisfied his serene highness of the absurdity of standing by to see the decision of other men's quarrels, that he dismounted instantly, and left his superb English horses to make the best of their way home by themselves, over the crowd of sudden fugitives. Night, propitious to the Sicilian name, covered the retreat of many a gallant charioteer besides; and, before another shot could lay waste the Palermitan noblesse, the mole was as clear as if it had been a sand-bank in the centre of the Mediterranean.

Morning dawned; the sun rose bright and broad as ever.

Monte Pellegrino was in a blaze of day, and all Palermo flocked down to the shore. Could they believe their eyes? If magic had ever operated upon a people, it had been at work there; for neither galley nor squadron was to be seen. The sea was as destitute of ships as the top of Monte Pellegrino; or as the mole was destitute of nobility after the shot which took off the top of the duke's calèche. The public rumours were boundless; for there is nothing so vivid as the imagination, where a people have nothing to do. "*Bella Italia*" is one great castle of indolence; and, of course, there is no spot of the earth where imagination is more prolific. But all was in vain. The monks could make nothing of it. The viceroy, a descendant of the grandes of Castile; a noble who looked down upon all the kings of the universe as parvenus, and wore mustachios worthy of Pelayo, or a royal tiger; held council upon council, and could make nothing of it. Even the nuns could make nothing of it. But the populace made infinite laughter of the flight of their betters; Palermo teemed with voluntary minstrels, who delivered over the chief fugitives to immortality; and the escutcheons of the leaders on the occasion were covered with burlesque; until a new incident relieved them from the tongues of the priests, the nuns, and the poets together.

In the height of a summer's day, three months after, at noon, when the sun burns so fiercely in the streets of Palermo as to give rise to the Sicilian story that Lucifer, having asked leave to take a walk through the world, and coming by accident into *Il Cassero*, (the principal street of the city,) plunged instantly down to his old place to cool himself—or, as the gentler phrase says, "when none but dogs and Englishmen are abroad;" the whole population were roused from their *siesta*, by the sound of trumpets and drums, a chorus of martial music. If those had announced an army at their gates, and if the walls, towers, and all, were to have been stormed within the next half hour, not a Palermitan would have stirred from his pillow; each man, woman, and child, on lying down on simple flock-bed, or under silken canopy, having committed Sicily to St. Rosalia, the saint was responsible for all that might happen till dinner-time. But there was something so exhilarating in this music, that to sleep was impossible; the people started up, and rushed to their doors and windows by one impulse; and the spectacle was worth their trouble.

Since the day when the famous Count Rogero, the Norman, drove out the Mussulmans from the Cassar, and sent the carrier-pigeons with the letters dipped in blood, which extinguished the courage and blunted the cimeters of the Saracen lords of Sicily, there never had been so strange, so novel, and so magnificent a sight in the high street of Palermo. It was the procession of the prince of Tripoli, Hoseyn Abdallah, heir to the three castles, the ten temples of the desert, the Pentapolis, and first cousin to the seven planets. He was the handsomest Moor ever seen in the city; and the splendour of his horse, his turban, and his cimeter, dazzled the eyes of all the belles, the jewellers, and the dragoon officers, of that luxurious capital. He was attended by a train of guards, dagger-bearers, pipe-bearers, handkerchief-bearers, and grooms, scarcely less magnificent than himself. He was now proceeding to the viceroy's palace, to present his letters, as ambassador from his father, Mustapha Bey, of the Tripolitan regency, to make a treaty of perpetual alliance and friendship, which was to last, as usual, just till either of the high contracting parties found it convenient to break it.

The viceroy received the Tripolitan prince with Spanish dignity, but with Spanish courtesy: heard his mission through an interpreter, received a gold vessel of the genuine otto of Shiraz roses, a diamond cup of opium, from the sultan's garden at Bachtiserai; and an ataghan of the perfumed Damascus fabric; all which he returned by a speech, a bow, and a fervent wish that his serene highness might live a thousand years.

The prince won the hearts of the nation by his evident delight at every thing he saw; and his *bon-mots* and compliments were repeated in all the leading circles, as doing extraordinary honour to the sagacity of a Moslem. He spent his time, too, in a way that attracted all hearts; for he was constantly galloping round the environs, which are proverbially beautiful; and surveying the Arabic remains with an eye of admiration.

Of all European cities, scarcely excepting Granada itself, the most oriental is Palermo. The viceroy's palace contains a hall of divan, in which the sultan himself might sit without discovering that he was in the land of unbelievers; it has the fretted roof, the vermilion painting, the mosaic of mother-of-pearl, ivory, and ebony, and the sentences from the Koran, that figure in the seraglio. But Abdallah's peculiar delight was in the cathedral, that noble work of the twelfth century, and first monument of the skill and splendour of the Arabian architects. Day after day he was seen admiring its crowd of cupolas, that look like golden oranges on a bed of verdure, and its four towers modelled on the great mosque at Medina.

There was one deficiency in the establishment of this stately stranger—he had left his harem behind; but this omission was looked upon as so distinguished a compliment to either the priests or the ladies of Palermo, (and each took it to themselves,) that it raised the Tripolitan prince to the summit of popularity.

Yet all things have an end in this best of possible worlds; and, after a fortnight's wonder, the Palermitans grew weary of being enraptured; the magnificent Moslem, beard, horse, diamonds, and all, lost their charms; and the noblesse and the populace were equally dying for want of a new wonder.

After a month of mortal ennui the topic came. The approaching nuptials of Count Girolamo Farnese with Julia Calascibetta, the loveliest woman in Sicily, were announced, and threw the whole multitude into transports of joy. Girolamo was a ruffian, but he was of high rank and birth, chamberlain to the king of the Two Sicilies, a general in the service, and heir of half the province of Puglia. His choice of a Sicilian belle, in preference to the myriad of Neapolitan, Roman, Venetian, German, and French, who assailed his heart, or perhaps his fortune, with charms of every colour, eyes of every hue, and accents of every language, was taken as a positive honour to the island; and every woman, from the muscle-gatherer at the foot of the mole to the duchess in her Milan carriage, painted with a thousand cupids, felt herself exalted by the selection.

But Julia was worth all the counts of Italy, if the merits of the husband were to be weighed against the black eyes of the wife. She was young, and had left her convent but a month, yet in that time she had done more involuntary mischief, and been the innocent cause of a greater number of intolerable sonnets, than any reigning beauty since the days of Queen Joanna. The Sicilian women, *en masse*, disappoint the eye that has expected to see a classic land peopled by classic forms; but some of them are exquisitely handsome. They have none of the heavy features and yellow hair of the German Venus, nor the abrupt nose and feline physiognomy of the French. The black eye and the black tresses are universal; and, in some instances, the black eye has the living brightness of a star, and the black tresses are deeper than the raven's wing; the shape is slender, the profile Grecian, the movement gay, graceful, and yet dignified. Such the Sicilian beauty, a model of European loveliness.

By the habits of Sicily, the bride prepares herself for the duties of the married state, by a more assiduous attendance at church, for a week before the ceremony. Julia performed her service with the punctuality of a woman who had made up her mind to be a countess; and even grew more fervent as the hour approached. But, on the last day of the week, her calèche had waited at the door of the cathedral until sunset, and her attendants were wondering at the zeal of her devotions, when the porter came to bar the gates for the night. No Julia was there. She had gone to the confessional of Padre Jeronimo, the most sanctified confessor within a circuit of fifty miles. But the father was now at his supper in the refectory, and, after the next bottle of *Lacryma*, would be in bed. The confusion was indescribable—the convent was searched. The only conclusion was, that so fair a creature had suddenly turned angel and gone to heaven; for not on earth, or under the earth, was she to be found: she had vanished! Palermo had lost a beauty, the count a bride, and the populace, what they felt worst of all, a marriage, with its fireworks, wine, and supper.

As if to make the confusion of her noble family more perplexing, Count Girolamo was to arrive the next day; but they were saved from this catastrophe, for the count never arrived.

A frightened secretary, and half a hundred valets, stripped to the skin, arrived in his place; to tell that, twenty miles from Messina, the count's whole *cortège* had been stopped in a defile, where they found their way onward stopped by a barricade of rocks, and their way backward by a range of muskets, while the hill above them was actually alive with pikes and swords. Like true Neapolitans, they could boast of having been routed without having the inhumanity to shed the blood of a fellow-creature; and, like first-rate *trucidians*, they had finished their campaign without the loss of a man. The robbers had relieved them of every thing in the shape of clothes or baggage, and thus enabled them to move more rapidly, when they were once again upon the road. But Count Girolamo had been detained as a hostage for the general ransom; of which every day's delay was, according to the most legitimate code of highway law, to cost him a slice of his car, duly forwarded to the viceroy of Palermo.

At twelve o'clock next day the remittance was punctually made; but by invisible hands. A packet was laid on the viceroy's table, close beside his last despatches from the court; and to his surprise at the presumption of his new correspondents, there was the slice, with a note appended to it, demanding twenty thousand ducats for the writer's trouble.

A council was summoned on the subject, in which it was strongly held, that so far from the count's ears being worth so vast a sum, it would have been an exorbitant purchase for his whole body, and the bodies of all his ancestors besides. But the viceroy was too sagacious to suffer this motion to pass; he knew the value of a great chamberlain's influence, if not of his person, and finally settled all the scruples of the council by saying, that the money was not to be drawn from their own coffers, but to be raised by a tax upon the citizens. The decision then passed unanimously; and a letter was despatched to the banditti, imploring a respite for Count Girolamo's ears until it could be levied. The next difficulty was, how to raise the money, without raising an insurrection along with it; for, on the first announcement of the measure, the Palermians had flung the tax-gatherers from the top of the mole, and, as they saw them swimming for their lives, bade them go and tell their masters that their sea-bathing was but a prelude to the general ablation of the viceroy and council.

Yet this was but a new occasion for the magnificent Moslem's generosity. On hearing of the state emergency, he ordered his chief secretary to appear before him. "Yakoub Effendi," said he, in a tone of evident displeasure, "have you ate of my bread, been perfumed with my rose-water, and worn my slippers?" The secretary, three times bowing to the prince, and once towards the tomb of the prophet, acknowledged that he held his life only by the breath of his highness, and humbly asked his pleasure. "Yakoub," was the answer, "am I to be the last to hear of the sorrows of my friends? I have slept under the roofs of this people, and must I turn my ear to the ground and say, that all is bright as the pearls that cover the grass in paradise, and smooth as the well of Zennem? Go, take these purses to the viceroy, and say to him that they, and more than twice their amount, are at his disposal." The announcement of the message was received with wonder by the council, and with shouts by the populace. They crowded round the gates of his palace to pour forth their thanks, and assure him of their respect for Mahomet, "though their opportunities of showing it were few." But the lordly Tripolitan had already sunk into the luxurious indulgence of his sofa. He had taken his pipe, smoked a pipe or two, and was, at the time of this effervescence of Sicilian gratitude, in a profound slumber, or, probably, with his prophet, flying, in spirit, on the winged horse through the thirty-three regions of the fixed stars.

The money was deposited by Yakoub on the council-table. Ten thousand sequins were, on that evening, sent off to Catania, where the bandit's letter had ordered it to be paid. The other ten thousand the viceroy put into his privy purse, as the most moderate compensation for his anxieties in the business. Yet, by some unaccountable misfortune, Count Girolamo was not forthcoming. The messenger had reached the spot in the suburbs of Catania, where he was to have found the noble captive. He found the ruins of a villa still burning, but no count; and, while he was lingering in the neighbourhood, he was suddenly seized by a band of peasantry, who charged him with being the incendiary, searched him for papers, seized the money, which they declared to be highly suspicious, and, after detaining him for some nights in a kind of prison, sent him back to make the best of his way and his story.

But while the public tongue was busy with the melancholy fate of the bridegroom, a new event occurred, which produced a still more extraordinary sensation. Count Girolamo had

left but few weepers for his misfortune in Sicily; for he had once been governor of the island, and his harshness of character, and general insolence, had so far alienated the people, that there were some plain-spoken enough to wish that the banditti had not contented themselves with nipping his noble ears, but had applied the same discipline to his tongue. But the present event was of a nature to touch the tender bosom of every female. Catherina Villa Rosata, a beautiful girl of the *Val di Noto*, was asked in marriage by two lovers at the same time, the young Signor Fabian Diodati, and the old Marquis Manfredoni; the one a simple lieutenant of dragoons, and the other the proprietor of the salt marshes of Catania, and worth half a million of gold ducats. The lady's family was noble, but it was poor; and the old marquis's ducats altogether eclipsed the sparkling black eyes and handsome countenance of the young dragoon. Catherina had formed a different estimate, and, as a proof of her opinion, had descended, the night before her proposed marriage, a ladder, reaching from the garden-wall forty feet to her chamber window, with the purpose of abandoning Sicily, and taking the chances of the world with the man of her heart.

But love, that puts such valour into the heart of woman, often forgets to put the vigilance of her watchers to sleep. At the foot of the ladder she found the signor; but it was in the hands of a party of soldiers, who had been posted by her family to take care that love should not carry her beyond the garden-wall. The signor stormed, and threatened to invade the mansion with his whole regiment, sword in hand. The lovely Catherina wept, wrung the whitest hands in the world, and was borne off fainting, and longing to get rid of all her agonies in whatever way death might come most speedily. A guard was posted round the mansion during the night, and the marquis was ready to receive his bride by daybreak. The impatience of old bridegrooms is proverbial; they seem to be aware that they have no time to lose. This ardent lover of sixty-five came attended by relatives, and a crowd of valets, in sumptuous equipages, before the bells of the cathedral had begun to toll, or the archbishop had read the gazette. The case of the Count Villa Rosata was scarcely awake. The marquis, however, was welcomed with the cordiality that men feel for a son-in-law who brings half a million of ducats into a family, and gives a hope of providing for all the sons and daughters of the line.

The count proceeded to the lovely bride's chamber. He lingered—the marquis grew impatient—the count was sent for. He returned at last, with a face as pale as if he had announced an earthquake, or a failure of the miracle of St. Januarius's blood: the bride was not to be found. The guard were summoned; they were all astonishment. From the moment of the signor's arrest, they had not seen a human being enter or leave the house, except the marquis's own aid-de-camp, who brought his excellency's presents for the countess, and who, on giving the countersign, had been admitted at daybreak, and gone away in a few moments after, and gone alone. This left the mystery as dark as ever. The marquis had sent his aid-de-camp with the presents; they had been delivered to the attendant; and the aid-de-camp was now at his side. If all the wit of man had been there, nothing more could be done now than break up the meeting. The carriages were ordered back; the marquis left the house, to encounter, on his way through the streets, that kind of congratulation which is given to one at whose misfortune all the world instinctively laughs; and the family of Villa Rosata saw their commissions and places scattered into empty air.

But the marquis was not yet done with fate. In his chagrin he had reclaimed the jewels presented to Catherina, and which had been found on her toilet-table; for the proprietor of the salt marshes loved money, like all men who have infinitely more than they ever mean to make use of; and if his heart could have been seen, when his first wrath was over, it would have been discovered to be by no means displeased, that if he had not obtained the charms of a wife, he had, at least, escaped the cost of one. But Palermo was now no place for him; he drove post-haste to Catania, and when, from an ascent in the road he cast his eye over the immense expanse of his salt marshes, blue and dreary as they were, he exulted in the other half million that he was now to extract from them, undisturbed by the cares of a marchioness. The road, within about a league of the city, sinks into a small woody dell, crossed by a shallow stream; the day was sultry, and the drivers stopped for a while to water their horses. The marquis fell fast asleep, until a shot shattered the glass above his head, and startled him from a glorious dream, in which he had seen himself viceroy of Mexico, and making his grand entry over a road covered with dollars and ducatoons.

He awoke in a new world; there was not a soul within sight; three of the horses of his travelling chariot were grazing on the bank, and one was lying down in the stream to cool himself; but not a postilion, not a valet, not a human being of the dozen that had attended him up to this spot was visible. However, there were signs of worldly visitants; for, as the marquis opened his eyes more widely, he found that his trunks were cut away from the chariot, that his jewel-case was gone, and that he was without purse, watch, or pocket-book. Never was noble personage less indebted to the gifts of fortune; but the sun was going down; in half an hour more the defile would be black as midnight, and the farce of robbery might be finished by the tragedy of putting his nobility out of the world. The marquis was shrewd enough to draw the conclusion, and to take instant means to avoid its being realized. To harness the horses to his chariot was out of the question—for to catch them he soon found hopeless; but he could still walk, and he pushed onward for Catania. Night fell as he entered his beloved marshes; and, for the first time, he found them intolerably long and frightfully dreary; their pestilential vapour rose up round him, and he began to think that money might be made in more merciful ways than in covering the most fertile soil in the world with a waste of sterile and deadly fen. He reached Catania at midnight, after a march which he thought would be his last, and after being bewildered for six hours in this labyrinth of sand, salt, and water.

That night's march gave him a moral lesson. Nothing makes a man feel the vanity of human things so much as losing his money; and nothing softens the heart so much as the fear of being shot. The marquis, too, like most marquises, had something to repent of. In early life he had privately married a Calabrese Venus, a creature of brilliant eyes, buoyant spirits, and fond heart. He lived with her for a year, had a son, and succeeded to the Manfredoni estate and title; but, becoming a great man, and a great knave at the same time, he stole away from the fair Calabrese, and emerged into Sicilian society as the richest of bachelors. Of course, all matrons with many daughters proclaimed him the wisest, best, and handsomest of mankind; and all the daughters of those mothers fell in love with him at first sight. But in Sicily, as in the rest of the world, not even marquises have their privileges for nothing; and some of the lovers of those quick-sighted damsels, indignant at the public scorn which naturally falls upon the jilted, marked the rich and desirable countess their rejection for instant vengeance. Manfredoni twice had a carbine-load of bullets discharged through his chamber window; was once stilettoed coming from the opera; and lived in perpetual terror of being poisoned by his own cook.

The life of triumph was too dearly purchased on such terms; and to make universal peace, he at length proclaimed an aversion to Hymen, fled from a pair of rosy cheeks and coral lips as he would from a rattlesnake, and gave up his soul to merry-making, and his body to the salt marshes. He had now received another specimen of the hazard of his attractions; and he resolved, long before the toll of midnight from the cathedral tower of Catania, never to fall in love or to be beloved again.

The Palermians were highly amused at the adventure; which, by some spell, had reached them, in all its details, with the rapidity of an Aleppo carrier-pigeon; but when the tale more slowly made its way through the silken curtains and drowsy luxury of the Tripolitan palace, it threw its whole tribe of pale-faced and tiger-moustachioed opium-eaters into roars of laughter. The gravity of the sons of Mahomet was never so shaken before. Even his highness, Hoseyn Abdallah, was seen to smile; and, sending for his pipe, coffee, and secretary, addressed the yellow-visaged and trembling slave: "Yakoub Effendi," said his highness. "I am here," was the answer, "at the feet of your throne, longing to kiss the dust of grandeur off the slippers of majesty." The slave bowed his forehead four times to the ground, thrice to the prince, and once to Mecca. "What dogs those infidels are, Yakoub," said his highness, with a smile; "they have not the honesty to lay down the fair price for a woman, nor the sense to manage her when they have made the purchase. But we must have pity for the fools who know nothing of the Koran, and who are born, like their brother dogs, with their eyes shut, though, unlike the dogs, they never open them." He took a purse from his sash, and, throwing it on the floor, said, "Take these sequins to the unfortunate infidel, and let him buy a wife, and be comforted."

"Light of the world," said Yakoub, "he is the son of sorrow already; and a wife would be to his soul what the pepper of the isles of the yellow sea would be to the foot of the bas-

tinadoed. Besides, the purse contains but a thousand sequins. May your slave speak the truth before he dies?"

"Speak, then, Effendi," said his highness, "but be brief." "Then," said Yakoub, "the truth is this: that the price of the fairest of the fair in the dominions of my lord would not buy petticoats and pincushions for the daughters of the unbelievers. They would spend more in a week in colours for their cheeks, curls for their foreheads, and combs for their curls, than would buy a harem."

His highness was astonished, and thanked Mahomet that he was not born in a climate where combs and curls were so essential, and the colours of women's cheeks so dear. "But, take this purse," said he; "the gifts of the mighty must not return to them, unless in thanks," as it is written in the book of books, and distribute it among the people." The purse was forthwith carried from his highness's presence. The secretary subtracted from it only three-fourths for his trouble, gave the remainder to the poor, and received, in return, ten thousand blessings for his highness, from all the mendicants of the city. Never was man so popular in Palermo.

But the public joy was soon to be dashed with grief. An unusual bustle was perceived in his highness's palace; horses were caparisoned, sumpter mules were hired, and it was at length formally announced to the viceroy, that the embassy was about to take leave. Nothing could exceed the noble Spaniard's regret, for his own revenue had been prodigiously benefited by the outlay of the infidel; he having mulcted every dealer with his highness's household, from the hirer of the palace down to the seller of charcoal, in one-half his gains. The loss of the embassy was a national calamity; and to detain it, even but for a week longer, the viceroy invited his highness to be present at the most imposing ceremony of the church, the taking of the veil by a noble nun. All Palermo was in a tumult of delight at the news; and the handsome Moslem grew into higher favour than ever, from his thus being the promoter of the general festival. The streets echoed no longer the melancholy cries of "O Divina Provvidenza! poveretto morto di fame. O boni servi di Dio, fateci la carità!" which the English travellers universally take for national melodies, and copy down in their journals; declaring the Italians the most musical people alive. But now the air rang with shouts of "Viva il Grande!—Viva Abdallah!—Vivean gli Moslemani!" All was joy; with no slight tendency to the Koran, that inculcated the giving of sequins. A Mahometan missionary might have wondered at Palermo during that week.

At length the day of public happiness dawned. All the city rushed to the cathedral at daybreak; and no building on earth could be fitter for the most sumptuous displays of the Romish worship. It was built by the Saracens, and had for many a year echoed from its gilded walls, fretted roof, and Pærian and porphyry columns, the sounds of "Allah il Allah!" But the sword of Count Rogero had driven out the infidels; and, for five hundred years, the glorious cathedral had exchanged "Allah il Allah!" for the sounds of "Maria sanctissima!—Virgo purissima!—Mater Dulcissima!—Dea celatissima!—Ora pro nobis!" On this occasion the ceremony was to be enhanced by making three nuns instead of one. The three lovely youngest daughters of the noble houses of Leonforte, Monteleone, and Pandatari, three living rosebuds, were on this day to plant their beauties in the cloister; they each had a lover, perhaps many; but the honour of their families was concerned in each bequeathing a daughter to the church; and what is love in the child compared to honour in the parent?

The assembly was all magnificence, nobility, and rapture. Every moment increased the public eagerness. At length the bell tolled noon; the gates of the chancel were thrown open; every human being was on tiptoe—every heart panted. Suddenly a scream was heard—it was followed by a confused sound of feet, and the sound was followed by the appearance of the lady abbess of the noble convent of St. Agnes de Spalatro rushing in with her veil dishevelled, and fainting in the astonished archbishop's arms. The news transpired too soon; the three nuns were not to be nuns; they were gone; but whether by magic none could tell. Human search was of no avail; they were not to be found within convent or cathedral. The ceremony now broke up in infinite disorder. All Palermo was scandalized, peculiarly by its failure in the presence of the great Mahometan. "What will he think of our religion?" was the cry from noon till midnight, under every roof in the city.

They were still to suffer the further calamity of his highness's departure. Next morning, at daybreak, his train was

seen issuing from the Porta Felice, and passing along at the foot of Monte Pellegrino, till it reached the angle of the road leading across the island to Messina. The multitude followed him for miles, partly through gratitude, partly through idleness, for they had nothing else to do, and partly for the pauls and other coins which his highness and his attendants occasionally threw into the road.

The noble Moslem's departure had eclipsed even the loss of the three nuns; and nothing was talked of for a week but his jewels, his horses, his pearls, and his beard. But this topic went the way of all the rest; and Palermo was yawning away by ten thousand at a time, when it was revived by the rumour that some terrible tragedy had been done, or was doing, in the palace lately occupied by the famous Tripolitan. The rumour became more interesting by the fact, that Count Girolamo had actually made his appearance, was in the palace with a tale of the most romantic horrors, and, in a state of the highest indignation, had superseded the viceroy, and ordered all the troops in Palermo to be under arms, at midnight, for an expedition across the mountains.

The count's tale was curious enough, though not uncommon in the loveliest of all climates; and was true enough, though told in a land where every body confesses to a friar once a month. On his journey from Messina every thing had gone well for the first day; but, at night, he had been seized in his quarters at the foot of Ætna, his escort taken, and his own noble person consigned to a troop of mountain robbers, who kept guard over him in one of their dens, and practised the indignity on his noble ears which had so much excited the pleasantries of his ill-wishers at Palermo. The whole council expressed their surprise. "Further," said the count, "I discovered by the conversation of my guards, that a grand scheme for turning you all into the burlesque that you so richly deserve, was going on by favour of my absence; that the fellow whom they call Mano-di-ferro, but who is unquestionably the rejected son of the Marquis Manfredoni, after having played the pirate in every corner of the Mediterranean, had, by joining with the Maltese galleys in pursuit of a Turkish corsair off your coast, contrived to carry off the prize, and then, equipping himself in the Turk's finery, made his appearance in this most worshipful city of fools, as his highness Hoseyn Abdallah, ambassador of Tripoli." The council were dumb with wonder.

"Furthermore," said the count, with increased indignation, "the pirate having had the unspeakable insolence to fall in love, two or three years ago, with the lady whom I intended for my bride, had the insufferable insolence to persuade her to run away with him on the very night when I was to have arrived in Palermo; and, to this hour, the Dama Calascibetta is living with the knave. Furthermore, the young Countess Villa Rosata, having been the particular friend of the Dama, this Signor Mano-di-ferro contrived to carry her off too, and save her from a marriage with a man to whom she had no other objections than that he was old, ugly, and not to her liking. Even the old marquis was not better off than others; for the bandit managed to give him postillions and an escort out of his own troop. Of course he was robbed without further trouble. Finally, most noble and wise council, the Signor, understanding that it pleased not his new wife that three nuns should be made in one day, though with no other reason against it but that they hated the sight of the veil, and were in love with three coxcombs of their own choice, managed to carry off the whole three from their cells, between veespers and matins, and give them for companions to his Calascibetta."

The whole assembly started from their seats in astonishment, and each councillor professing that he had long suspected something extraordinary in the pretended Moslem's seclusion, demanded that a price should be set upon his head. "Dotards," exclaimed the count, rising, "I have not left the vengeance of Count Girolamo to sleepers like you: behold this dagger!" He drew a blade from under his cloak, red from hilt to point. "That colour is his heart's blood. Last night one of his gang led me to the cottage where he lay unguarded—I drove that weapon through his heart—I forced his perfidious wife to rise; and she is now in my palace. So may the wrongs of Girolamo be revenged!" He descended from his seat with the words, and rushed from the chamber.

The news spread instantly through Palermo; and, to believe themselves, there was not a more sagacious city under the sun. Every man had recognised the pirate in the showy Moslem from the beginning, and "had kept the secret from mere generosity." The ladies were not less aware of the retreat of the fair Calascibetta; but "they had felt that it was not becoming to separate man and wife." However, their feelings were soon drawn to more important matters; a sum-

mons to a grand ball at the count's palace, in celebration of his intended marriage with the fair Calascibetta. All Palermo was enchanted; the men, with the magnanimous justice which had deposed a viceroy who suffered banditti to cut off the ears of royal chamberlains; and the ladies, with his magnanimous determination to marry at all hazards, and turn a weeping widow into a blooming wife.

The night came, the ball was given, the archbishop was in his pontificals; and the bride, tearful, pale, and in agonies of sorrow and reluctance, was forced to the altar by her family. Count Girolamo was in his cabinet, waiting for the priestly summons. But a strange howl suddenly struck the general ear. All paused. In another moment the door of the cabinet was thrown open, and the count rushed out with a look of terror: a bloodhound, of the largest breed of the Abruzzos, was at his heels. All shrank from the bared tusks and fiery eyes of the animal, which was scarcely inferior to an ordinary-sized lion. Swords were drawn; but he burst his way through all obstacles, and, with his broad nostrils, tracked the flying count. At length Girolamo, in his despair, drawing his dagger, took refuge at the altar. The bloodhound stopped at its foot for an instant, as if measuring his victim, and then, with a roar and a tremendous bound, fastened on his throat, and tore him to the ground. The outcry was now universal; women fainted, men rushed to force away or kill the infuriated animal; but it was too late. The bloodhound, laying one huge paw on the count's breast, and with the other pressing down his forehead, darted his fangs into his naked throat. Girolamo made one or two desperate struggles, tried to stab the animal, failed, and sank backward. A groan and a convulsion told that there had fled the spirit of the tyrant, the man of fiery passions, and the author of many a secret murder.

Calascibetta, screaming with horror, fled from the sight—the nobles dispersed—a *procès verbal* of the transaction was forwarded to court—every house in Palermo was full of various versions of the story for a week, and then it abandoned them once more to ennui.

Two years after it was announced that the old Marquis Manfredoni had died, acknowledging the son whom he had abandoned in infancy, and leaving him a million of sequins. A man, with a fourth of the sum, could not be suspected of any thing less than angelic virtues, and certainly the young marquis was never charged with having been a pirate; but he was observed to be in delicate health, in consequence, it was said, of a stab which had left him for dead, and from which his recovery was long doubtful. The lady Calascibetta was with him, looking lovelier than ten hours; and what was an object of unceasing remark, she was always attended by an enormous Abruzzo bloodhound, which she decorated with ribbons and ornaments, and which, next to the young marquis, seemed to be the greatest favourite she had in the world.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

Miss Clara Fisher and Mr. C. Kean are the alternate attractions every evening at this house. The former, who was not long since the *Burke* of her sex, retains all the power to charm an audience which has gained her so much "golden applause" since her first arrival in this country. The latter has just returned from Boston, in which city he commenced an engagement under very unpromising auspices, but terminated it with equal lustre and profit. His personation of the character of Hamlet—so chaste and true to nature withal—completed his victory over the polished inhabitants of the "literary emporium." These two stars present no ordinary attraction on the boards; but how far they will succeed to draw gazers after the overwhelming excitement occasioned by the "*boy prodigy*," remains still to be seen. Such an excitement has never before been witnessed here; and we can well conceive the feelings with which the towering genius of Cooke was wont, under similar circumstances, to regard the success of his rival, *Master Betty*. Where this powerful tragedian was compelled to submit, it can be no hardship for any other to yield for a while. As the public fever subsides, they will no doubt be reinstated in all their merited honours.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.—Forrest, Booth, Thorne, Hackett, Master Burke, and Medames Austin, Sharpe, and Knight are at Philadelphia. The papers of that city speak in raptures of Mrs. Austin's singing, and of the operas as produced at the Arch-street theatre. Madame Feron has been singing at the Tremont theatre, Boston. Miss Rock is at Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Davis opened the French opera house at New Orleans on the fourteenth ultimo with *La Dame Blanche*. The Bowery theatre of this city has closed for the season.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER EIGHT.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

FROM the Cazan church, still keeping the Nevesky Perspective, you will again cross the Ecatherine canal; and after passing the Hotel de Ville with a high tower and clock, the first object that attracts attention is the Gastena Dvorr. This is a range of buildings occupying an entire large square, presenting a uniform front of two high stories, with unbroken arched galleries above and below, running around it, divided into three hundred and forty shops, occupied exclusively by Russians, and is the great centre of the retail trade of the city. One side of the lower range is mostly devoted to woollens, another to jewelry, crockery, and glass; a third to the choicer articles of grocery; and the fourth to silk and fancy goods. A few of the upper shops were similarly occupied, but the greater proportion I found devoted to furs, of which they have a varied and beautiful selection. It is really a magnificent bazar, and of great convenience to the city; for whatever may be the state of the weather here, the ladies drive up in their close carriages, dismount beneath the arch, and make the tour for their purchases alike screened from the hot rays of the sun, or the peltings of a driving storm. The idea, with a few emendations, would be well worthy the consideration of the possessors of some of the lower Broadway squares, and could they agree to adopt the plan, might erect an arcade to some purpose—not like the little diminutive cut now running from Maiden-lane to John-street; but an extensive bazar, adding alike to the splendour and convenience of the town.

I have generally found among the foreign retailers here, but one price to their goods, yet not so the Russian, at least with strangers. He usually begins with asking double or treble what he would gladly take; and unless one understands the system of trade, he will pay very dear for his purchases. One of the principals is seen parading in front of the shop, continually lifting his hat to every passer, and courteously saluting him with his "ezvolit'li," "pazait' gospodin?"—what will you please to have, sir?—and if you pause a moment, runs over a long list of articles that he has to offer to your notice, in a tone more rapid than a twenty-line current; winding up with a most superlative commendation of their superexcellence. These are the richer and consequently more independent class of Russian retailers, and their officious courtesy always possessed more of the amusing than disagreeable with me. But the cap and shoe shops of a rear square are occupied by a more needy race, and one is literally deafened with their "karoshy sapaghe"—magnificent boots—"pokrasné toufki"—the reddest shoes—and to procure a pass along the side-walk, I have been occasionally obliged to forcibly shove them aside, or call out in unmeasured terms to clear the way.

Next to the Gastena Dvorr, the Imperial library presents itself, containing three hundred and fifty thousand printed volumes, and being besides rich in manuscripts, some of which are highly curious. Duplicate copies of every work printed in the empire, must be deposited here; but the greatest accession received, was a transfer from Warsaw, of the celebrated Zaloutsky library at the fall of that city, before the assault of the bloody Suwarof. Pursuing the line to the Fontanka, you pass the French theatre, a low building at the extremity of a long court, and then front the palace of Anitchkof. This is a plain neat building, sufficiently capacious with projecting wings, a narrow court before surrounded by a high wall, and a small garden in the rear, inclosed with an iron fence. It was the residence of the present emperor previous to his ascending the throne, and is now held in reserve for the heir apparent, the little grand duke Alexander.

Crossing the Fontanka canal, the brick buildings cease at the third square, and an open field spreads out to the left, devoted to the winter market. It is here that when the cold weather has fairly set in, the frozen provisions are brought from the interior, inspected and disposed of, for a description of which I must refer you to Dr. Clark's travels in Russia. What is called the Cossack Village succeeds—it is in neat rows of wooden houses painted brown, and inhabited by the families of the Cossack part of the imperial guards. They seem to possess great taste for flowers, as the front windows of both stories were universally crowded with a considerable variety in full blossom and beauty. It is here that the street curves, and soon heads at the convent of St. Alexander Nevesky. A thick wall fronts the extended

grounds around the convent, and we entered through an arched gate to a long passage leading to the buildings that form it, and to the left of which extends the cemetery of the princes and nobility. We found it already nearly filled with monuments to the departed, many of which must have been reared at great expense, and were no less appropriate than beautiful; pillars and obelisks rose around, and groups of sculptured angels of the purest marble were weeping over the ashes of the deceased. Outside the hallowed paling, I was attracted by the sight of some neglected tombs; and upon inquiring why they were thus unprotectedly left, I was told they were the graves of noble suicides; the tenets of the Greek religion not permitting the self-destructor a common burial with those who have departed at the irresistible summons of their Maker. What a melancholy contrast was here, and indeed a sad emblem of a more lasting separation that awaits us. Within, the monuments were guarded from dilapidation and untouched, save by the venerable hand of time—without, the graves lay scattered as it were, by the way-side, exposed to the rude insults of the vulgar passer, and the ruder tread of ignoble beasts; the older tombs were scattered in broken fragments around, and those more recently erected were already half in ruins!

A second archway leads to a nearly triangular space of considerable area, formed by the fronts of the convent buildings. Here are five churches, the residence of the metropolitan, a theological seminary, and numerous cells for the monks; those I saw wore long hair and beards, and were habited in long black gowns, making rather a sombre figure. The principal church is of fine architecture, with a dome of considerable height. The ceiling is in fresco; and the most attractive paintings that adorn the walls, are full-length portraits of Catherine second, Peter, and a Russian archbishop. The empress must have been a very fine looking woman, with an animated expression; and nothing can be more venerable and imposing than the archbishop in his sparkling mitre, rich flowing robes, his silver beard reaching to his girdle, and a huge golden cross suspended from his neck; and within the altar is an admirable painting of the annunciation; but the most remarkable object of curiosity here, is the tomb of the beatified hero from whom the convent takes its name,—St. Alexander Nevesky. It is in the form of a sarcophagus, with a raised canopy and a painting of our Saviour over it. A complete suit of armour of a knight, when chivalry was in its glory, with trophies of warlike instruments, hang from the wall around; these, together with the tomb, are of massive silver, and weigh more than seven thousand pounds, and were the gifts of the empresses Elizabeth and Catherine second. They are exceedingly resplendent, and beautifully wrought in scenes descriptive of the actions of the saint, whose memory seems to be held in the greatest veneration by the Russians. Numerous devotees surrounded the tomb during service, kneeling and bowing their heads before it, and offering up their ejaculations; and on the dismissal of the congregation, I noticed that many more, especially of the female part, passed by, falling on their knees, or stooping and kissing it with the greatest veneration. Indeed, the sarcophagus was quite worn in many places by these pious devotions. The largest bell in the city is here, and weighs upwards of thirty thousand pounds; its tone is remarkably deep and musical; the singing also was exquisite, though not so full as at the cathedral. In one of the contiguous chapels is a marble column to the infant children of Alexander, whose remains lie buried here, and we were shown various relics, the virtues of which I have quite forgotten. A large garden with a few flowers and better stock of vegetables is neatly kept; but the grounds about are very little adorned, having no other shade than scattered white birch, and present rather a gloomy aspect. A grand religious ceremony annually takes place here in August, in honour of St. Alexander Nevesky, at which the imperial family, nobility, and clergy assist; and at the close of which a procession is formed, the monks marching before, chanting their hymns with raised banners and lighted flambeaus all the way to the cathedral of Our Lady of Cazan.

CANALS AND RAILROADS.—The proposition to construct a railroad on the tow-path of the Delaware and Raritan canal, has called forth the following lines from a correspondent of the New-Brunswick Freedonian; they are neat and appropriate:

Canals and railroads, running side by side,
Recall a plan by Newton once applied,
Who had, (no doubt the tale you've heard before,)
With love of order and proportion smitten,
Two holes cut through the bottom of his door,
A large one for the cow and a small one for the kitten.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE PAINTER OF PISA.

BY D. CONWAY.

"HERE have I sat ten long days, looking from my window at the river flowing by, and at the people passing along, not one of whom has yet stopped at my door. Is not my studio on the Lung Arno, the place of greatest resort in the city of Pisa? and yet I am left without one inquirer after my talents. I had better remained to eat my *ribotole* in my native Massa, than have come to starve at Pisa."

So spake to himself the painter Giotto, as he sat in his studio one autumn evening, some time in the beginning of the seventeenth century; and immediately afterwards, rising from his chair, and walking two or three times hurriedly up and down in his apartment, he suddenly stopped, and rubbing his hands with the air of a man who has made an agreeable discovery, exclaimed aloud, "*Bravissimo!*" Now, what had given occasion for the sudden expression of joy manifested by the action and exclamation of the painter of Pisa will be presently seen. Although it was already almost sunset, Giotto seized his pallet and brushes and began to work; and, before light entirely failed him, he had sketched the outline of a female countenance.

Next morning the sun, as it looked over the Apennines, found Giotto at his task, and its beams, as it sunk in the Mediterranean, still lighted his wet canvass, but assiduity like this had its natural reward; a finished picture speedily rose beneath his pencil; and, having silently contemplated the result of his labour for a few moments, he again exclaimed, "*Bravissimo!*"

Now this exclamation was not owing to the beauty of the conception evinced in the picture; its excellence, as a work of art, was indeed great, but, if meant for the *beau ideal* of female beauty, the work would have been at once pronounced a failure. Such, however, was far from Giotto's intention. The picture represented a lady about thirty years of age, with a countenance no one could designate as plain, and which yet few would pronounce handsome; the features were sufficiently regular, but devoid of intelligence—that charm which is, above all others, prized in Italy; and, in short, no one having any pretensions to beauty could have felt it a compliment to be likened to the subject of Giotto's painting, although the artist had given to it all the advantages of the richest drapery, and of that charming colouring and exquisite finish for which the productions of his pencil are so remarkable.

Next morning, long before the bosom of the Arno reflected the tints of the morning, Giotto was at work in the window of his studio, and almost before a footstep was heard upon the Lung Arno he had placed his picture in the most conspicuous situation; on each side of it was suspended a broad mirror, and underneath the picture appeared this inscription in large gold letters: "This is the portrait of the most beautiful woman in Pisa." Giotto, having so disposed his work, took a few turns in the street in front of his studio, every time pausing as he passed to look at his picture; and being satisfied with the effect, he returned to his studio, saying to himself, "*Bravissimo!* if this does not produce employment, I'll hang myself." On the strength of this expectation, Giotto ate his breakfast with a better appetite than he had felt since arriving in the city of Pisa; and, filling a cup with red Tuscan, he placed himself in such a situation as might enable him to watch the result of his invention.

Soon the Lung Arno was filled with the usual sounds of business and pleasure; and although even before mid-day many a "bravo" escaped Giotto's lips as a pair of dark eyes would glance contempt at his portrait of "the most beautiful woman in Pisa," or as those of his own sex turned with a sneer from this rival to the charms of their favourites, it was not until evening that he had to congratulate himself upon the perfect triumph of his invention. The Lung Arno, the Corso of Pisa, was thronged with the beautiful and the gay; every moment a new group was arrested by Giotto's picture and its inscription; deep flushes of anger passed over the cheeks of many of the *cavalieri serrenti*; while a throb of offended pride agitated many a fair bosom; and the sensation was greatly increased by the excellence of Giotto's picture as a work of art, as well as by the name of the artist being a novelty to the inhabitants of Pisa. So greatly aggrieved, indeed, did one individual of a group feel himself to be, that he abruptly entered the studio, demanding satisfaction for the insult offered to the lady he had the happiness to serve; to which Giotto replied, that he was ready to afford to the injured lady the most satisfactory kind of reparation, by painting her su-

perior charms, and giving to her the place occupied by her rival.

Next day all was confusion throughout the city of Pisa; the affront publicly offered to the charming eyes and seductive lips of the fair inhabitants was the general theme of conversation. Many a haughty beauty vowed revenge in the way most agreeable to Giotto's wishes. The *cavalieri serventi* vowed revenge in another way; but the ladies of their devotion dissuaded them from this, preferring a species of revenge more triumphant for their own charms. Husbands even were found asserting the beauty of their wives and talking of reparation. Nay, even the *cittadini* felt the insult; and if they did not resolve upon the same kind of revenge as that anticipated by their patrician rivals in beauty, they at least had the satisfaction of contrasting their own charms with Giotto's portrait in the mirrors which so ingeniously aided his design.

Promptly did the offended beauties of Pisa execute their threats of revenge; if Giotto had possessed twenty hands he might have employed them all; and not only was his employment profitable, but delightful also; for, from morning until night, the most bewitching countenances in Tuscany were subjected to his scrutiny, and in the utmost variety too; for Giotto, fearful that his fortunes might decline as suddenly as they had risen, resolved to gather the vintage while the sun shone, and courteously accepted every invitation to transfer to his canvass the living lips and eyes that so eloquently besought this favour. Nor was the good fortune of the painter of Pisa so transient as he had feared it might be. Founded upon the vanity of others, it was secured by their rivalry; for if the portrait of an unknown had so wounded the self-love and roused the jealousy of those who thought highly of their own charms, how much more would these passions be inflamed by the exhibition of the real portrait which Giotto substituted for it? and besides, from the moment that the coaches of the *Lanfranchi* and the *Lanfranducci* families—the most princely among the nobility—were seen at the door of Giotto's studio, he became the fashion; and three months had scarcely elapsed since his arrival in Pisa, before he stood on the highest pinnacle of public favour. He had no longer any occasion to display at his window a portrait to create jealousy, or mirrors to minister to vanity; his studio was a gallery of beauty; and she, whose charms had not risen into new life beneath the magic hand of Giotto, was supposed to have resigned her pretensions to rank among the lovely of Pisa.

THE BETROTHED.

"And now 'twas done; on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted!"

The mist was sleeping on the hill,
The dew was on the brake,
And the wild-bird's scream went lone and shrill
Along a quiet lake:
In the deep silence of the night,
A youth and maiden stand,
Where the waters ripple low and light,
Like music to the strand.

There was a spell of holiness
Around them, as they stood—
The starry night in her gala dress,
And the bright and peaceful flood;
But the pale girl shook with a silent fear,
As he knelt before her there,
And his voice, like a spirit's, low and clear,
Went forth on the quiet air.

"Long years ago, on this same spot,
I knelt before you first;
And told (oh, is the tale forgot?)
The love that childhood nursed;
Such love as only childhood can:
You wept and listen'd then,
And bade me, when I grew a man,
To tell the tale again.

"We parted on this spot of ground,
With fast but pleasant tears;
And the busy world went on its round,
With its hopes and with its fears;
And now I am a man—mid men
Of sterner mood and brow:
Moonlight was on those waters then,
Moonlight is on them now!

"If thou wilt plight me thy heart and hand,
And live where my fathers lie,
I will build thee a bower in another land,
And under as blue a sky:
If thou wilt buffet the waves of time,
And the storms of the world, with me,
I will find thee a home in a sunny clime,
Far over the western sea!

"I do not promise thee gold to wear,
Nor gems of price and pride;

But thou shalt weave in thine own bright hair
The flower of the mountain-side:
Thy place with the dames of that land shall be,
Mid the high and the noble of blood,
And thy step on the hill be as proud and free
As the bride of a chieftain's should.

"I do not promise thee lighted hall,
The torch, nor the diamond's glare;
You must say farewell to the midnight ball,
When you tread on the wild heaths there:
But you shall see from your bower, afar,
The lake as it sleeps in light;
And the tranquil rays of the evening star,
As it rests on the waves by night.

"I do not promise thee page to wait,
Nor maiden to bend the knee;
I do not promise thee robe of state,
Nor gilded canopy:
I may not lead thee to lordly dome,
Where pride and the proud ones be;
But I'll share with thee, in my father's home,
What my fathers have shared with me.

"I give thee the promise that childhood gave,
In its first and fervent love;
To share one dwelling, on land or wave,
And one guiding-star above:
One bliss—one pain—one hope—one fear—
One altar, and one God;
One trust hereafter—and one here;
One grave, and one green sod!"

The tale is told—his lips are mute,
And bent to earth his brow;
One tear of hers has stain'd his lute—
How beat his pulses now?
Tell me, sweet cousin, if you know,
When maiden's cheek grows pale,
And when her tears begin to flow,
How answers she such tale?

THE INDIAN CITY OF BENARES.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

The city of Benares, which, in wealth and importance, ranks next to Delhi, the capital of Hindostan, is delightfully situated on the left bank of the Ganges. The variety and magnificence of the buildings, the broad terraces of the Ghauts, so peculiar and so superb a feature of Indian architecture, and the intermixture of fine trees, waving amid pagodas, domes, towers, and palaces, present a combination of the most beautiful and picturesque objects which imagination can portray. The minarets are supposed to be the finest in the world: their light slender columns crowned with the open lantern, and springing in graceful spires from a confused mass of buildings below, have a very beautiful and singular effect, adding considerably to the oriental grandeur of the scene. The best and perhaps the only good view of Benares is obtained from the river; for, like all other Indian cities, the streets are so narrow, and the houses so crowded together, that many of the buildings are completely hid, and the beauty of all much obscured; the summits of the minarets are, however, favourite points, and present a splendid view of the city stretching below, and of the adjacent country. Benares still remains the stronghold of Hindoo superstition, although no longer the theatre of its most revolting ordinances. It has obtained the appellation of "the Holy City," from a tradition that it was the birth-place of one of the principal deities of that strange and fantastic mythology, which forms the religious belief of a large portion of the inhabitants of Hindostan. It is also the centre of learning, the Bramins having there a college, which is justly celebrated for the number and scientific attainments of its scholars.

The sacrifices of human victims upon the altars of their gods, so dark a stain upon the religion of the Hindoos, have been discontinued at Benares since the subjugation of the country by the moosaulmauns and the Christians; the former, under the emperor Aurungzebe, partially destroyed the temples in which these shocking rites were performed; but the custom still exists of conveying the bodies of persons supposed to be beyond the reach of medical aid to the banks of the Ganges, where death is not unfrequently precipitated by the application of mud to the mouth and nostrils of the sufferer; while others are committed to the flood before life is actually extinct, the recovery of the patient being by no means a desirable object, as it involves the loss of cast. There is a village in the neighbourhood of Calcutta appropriated solely for the residence of those persons who, after having been brought to expire beside the sacred waters of the Ganges, have been snatched from an untimely death; or, according to the Hindoo notion, have been rejected by the holy river. These unfortunates, severed from all their former enjoyments, deprived of all the privileges of rank and birth, linger out the remain-

der of their existence amid strangers and outcasts like themselves; drowning or suffocation may, therefore, in some cases be considered as an act of charity.

The immolation of widows upon the funeral piles of their deceased husbands is also an event of not unfrequent occurrence in the neighbourhood of Benares, the European magistrates unfortunately being restricted to the exercise of persuasion alone in their efforts to abolish these barbarous exhibitions. It appears that, with few exceptions, these sacrifices are voluntary, as far as relates to actual and forcible compulsion. But the suttee has only a choice of evils; she must instantly descend from the rank which she held in society, and sink into the lowest and most degraded class. A Hindoo widow cannot inherit any portion of her deceased husband's property: she is forbidden to wear ornaments, a disgrace which an Asiatic can alone appreciate; the widow is also required to perform menial and servile offices, than which nothing can be more revolting to a woman of high cast; she is restricted both in the quality and quantity of her food; compelled to sleep upon the bare earth, and subjected to every indignity which the contempt of her relations can inflict. The extent of suffering produced by these privations and mortifications can only be estimated by persons who have some acquaintance with eastern manners and customs. A life of luxury and ease, splendid attire, command in the Zenana, and seclusion from the public eye, constitute feminine happiness in India; and she who, from her infancy, has been accustomed to sloth and magnificence, considers death less appalling than the abject state of servitude to which in widowhood she must submit. The motives, unconnected with worldly considerations, which influence the suttee, seem to vary. Some have declared their perfect conviction, that, by the act of cremation, they not only redeem the souls of all their relations, but ascend themselves directly to heaven; while others prophesy the number of transmigrations which they must undergo previously to the attainment of final beatitude.

Benares is celebrated for its looms. Every sort of gold and silver stuff, tissues, and brocades, and a superb kind of damask, flowered with gold and silver, called kincob, and in much esteem for the dresses of natives of rank, are manufactured there. The turbans made at Benares are also particularly beautiful; they are fabricated of the richest materials, and seem to be actually formed of gems. The city abounds with ingenious artificers, jewellers, goldsmiths, dyers, ivory-cutters, and workers in wood. Precious stones, shawls, gums, spices, dried fruits, and other productions of the east are to be obtained from the merchants; long strings of camels heavily laden arrive yearly from Persia and Thibet; the serais are filled with strangers, resorting to so good a mart for the sale of foreign commodities; and, at the festival seasons, it is crowded with pilgrims flocking from all parts of Hindostan. Many of the native inhabitants are extremely wealthy, and live in great pomp, while the rajah maintains a style of magnificence little short of regal splendour. The narrow streets of the city, thronged with an immense population, are infested by sacred animals. Of these the Bramin bulls form a nuisance of no small magnitude, more particularly to the moosaulmaun portion of the inhabitants, who do not hold them, like the Hindoos, in deferential reverence. Allowed to thrust their devouring jaws into the baskets where grain and vegetables are exposed for sale in the bazaars, they grow to an immense size, and overfed and growing vicious with age, become extremely dangerous. The passenger who, blocked in some narrow entry, is obliged to await the pleasure of one of these petted animals before he can proceed on his way, may esteem himself lucky if he escape without personal injury. Monkeys of all sorts, parrots, pigeons, peacocks, squirrels, and pariah dogs innumerable, are to be seen in all directions; while jackalls lurk in the secret places, and kites and vultures, perched upon the roofs, pillars, posts, and gateways of the houses, perform the part of scavengers, and clear away the offal, which is abandoned entirely to their jurisdiction. The servants of the East India company reside in an extensive district, called Jecrole, about two miles from the city, which, though not so beautiful as many other European stations, is well planted with mango, tamarind, peepul, and a great variety of equally luxuriant trees, and watered by a mullah.

ADVENTURES IN HYDRABAD.

BY JAMES E. ALEXANDER, OF THE SIXTEENTH LANCERS.

Silent leges inter arma.

To those unacquainted with the east be it known that Hyderabad is the capital city of the Nizam of the Deccan of India, and that it is situated on the Moosa river, which in the rains flows swiftly past the lofty walls in a full torrent, and at other

seasons of the year is a clear and limpid stream. The city is four miles in length, and nearly as many broad; and, being the seat of one of the few remaining Mongul governments, it is crowded with idle Musselmauns of all kinds, and more of the old forms and ceremonies of the great Indian dynasty are preserved in the nizami's court than in any other.

We had marched towards Hydrabad from the north, and as we approached it, the features of the country gradually changed from flat and monotonous tracts to a landscape diversified with tanks and teckrees, small lakes, and eminences crowned with huge masses of rock. Beautiful tamarind-trees and dates were not wanting, and the umbrageous mango shaded the road as we advanced. We passed near the celebrated fortress of Golconda, used as a state prison, and as the repository of the gold and jewels of the lords of the deccan, and then found ourselves in an extensive plain, on whose surface were seen, here and there, groups of rocks fantastically arranged and heaped, cromlech-like, on one another, and rice-fields with their accompanying reservoirs of water. The city rose before us, and the towers, minarets, and domes gleamed in the eastern sun.

We pitched our tents on the banks of the Hoosen Sanger tank; and shortly after donning my Musselmaun costume, I rode towards the city, accompanied with a native friend, Moideen Khan. We crossed the river at the Chadur Ghât, or sheet ford, and entered the city by the gate of the same name. A highly interesting sight was now afforded us. Instead of deserted streets and empty houses, these were crowded with men of every cast, colour, and country of Hindoostan. The costumes, too, were widely dissimilar and highly picturesque: of course the turban prevailed, but it was of every colour and shape; and the other vestments were of divers bright dyes, causing an assemblage of the people to resemble a bed of tulips. Every man who was able to wield a sword had one begirt about him, and the shawl sash sustained daggers and pistols. In consequence of arms being so generally worn, and the police being ineffective, brawls and murders are of daily occurrence; and the people are so accustomed to these that they walk past a pool of human gore, or a dead body, in the streets, with seeming indifference. It is highly dangerous for Europeans to enter within the walls; they will certainly get insulted, and perhaps shot from a window.

We traversed numberless streets, where the celebrated oriental magnificence and splendour, painted in such glowing colours in the Arabian Nights, were realized. Elephants in gorgeous trappings were constantly seen parading about in every direction. The shops in the bazaars glistened with cloth of gold and embroidery; shawls of cashmere, exposed for sale, formed flowing draperies in others; and the hum of so many thousand voices, and the sight of so many turbaned heads, occasioned in us a most pleasing excitement.

Suddenly a shouting and noise was heard at some distance; we turned our horses towards the quarter whence it proceeded, and saw, rushing towards us, a dark and savage-looking native, his eyes starting from their sockets, and in his hand a bloody dagger. We prepared for defence, when we observed that he was pursued by a tall Musselmaun wielding a curved sabre: he advanced with hasty strides after the fugitive, and, coming up with him, dealt him a smart cut across the neck, which brought him to the dust. Over he rolled, writhing in the agonies of death, and, turning towards the Musselmaun, he muttered a prayer for mercy. "Accursed dog! did you show any to the Hakim Bashee?" said the other; and, with a blow on the throat, he sent him to render his account to Allah. The spectators then commenced congratulating and praising the young Musselmaun; and, on inquiring the particulars of the affray, we were able to collect what follows.

The Nizam's physician was passing along in his palankeen between the Mucca Masjid, (or Mecca Mosque) where the famous Nizam Allee lies buried, and the Char Minar, or gateway of the four minarets. He was accosted by three Puthan men, one of whom held out his left hand for his pulse to be felt. Whilst performing the friendly office, the physician was stabbed in the stomach by the villain, and at the same moment received his death-wound in his side from a murderer at the other door of the palankeen, which the bearers immediately let fall and fled, and the blood was poured out like water on the streets. The Puthans immediately attempted to make off, but were pursued by a servant, who, calling out that these were the men who had just murdered his master, the young Musselmaun nobleman before mentioned, sitting in his upper story, heard him, and, sallying out into the street, came up with the fugitives and cut them down in succession. It seems that the Puthans belonged to a troublesome tribe, who a short time before had been expelled the city; and thinking that the physician was instrumental in procuring their banishment,

they revenged themselves on him as before described. The three bodies were afterwards suspended from the gates, and presented a ghastly spectacle.

Turning from this scene, we passed onwards by the palaces of the nobles, at the gates of which were seated soldiers in chain armour, armed with matchlocks; and men of rank passed us on prancing Arab steeds, with armed attendants behind them. After completing our survey of the city, we returned to our tents.

"It was that hour when on some tree
The boobool poured his melody,
As fled the parting gleam of day,
And breath of gentlest zephyrs came
In whispering sighs to fan the frame."

LOVE AND AMBITION.

BY MISS S. STRICKLAND.

Love, laughing, to Ambition said,
"Resign thine iron crown to me!"
The mighty conqueror shook his head:
"My bride is Immortality!"

With that the urchin drew his bow,
And, smiling, fix'd his keenest dart;
So true the aim, so sure the blow,
It struck the tyrant to the heart.

The laurel wreath lies all unbound,
The banner in the dust is furled,
The trumpet spreads no terrors round;
What now to him is all the world?

LITERARY NOTICES.

SOUTHERN REVIEW.—The twelfth number of this ably conducted work has lately made its appearance, and fully sustains by the variety, spirit, and importance of its matter, the high reputation which had been previously awarded to it, both in this country and abroad. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and the Southern Review, though supported by talents of the first order, is, we regret to learn, to be discontinued for want of patronage. This failure reflects no credit on the magnanimity of our countrymen. The work was undoubtedly established with the twofold object of contributing to the general literature of the nation, and of defending the political interests and vindicating the aspersed character of the south. And it is the successful accomplishment of this latter purpose which has, we apprehend, been the great source of jealousy and fear to interested individuals in other sections of the country. The influence of the talent of our southern brethren has long been powerfully felt in our national councils and on every national emergency. To repress this power and curtail the extent of its operations, has ever been a darling pursuit with selfish partisans elsewhere; and this motive alone can, as it appears to us, explain the limited encouragement bestowed upon a periodical publication which was eminently calculated to promote a taste for sound learning and elegant letters, and to diffuse correct opinions on most subjects connected with political economy and morals. Its party politics were necessarily exclusive; but so long as they were advanced decorously and with manly dignity, little exception should have been taken to them, and less doubt entertained of their injurious tendency. Discussion is the only alembic for the development of truth; and he who would refuse to submit his opinions to this test, is unworthy to act the part of an enlightened citizen of a free country. Let us hope that local jealousies may subside, and sectional divisions be no longer carried to the extent of checking the ardour of literary enterprise or silencing the voice of unshackled argument. The literature of the south is an honour to our common stock. There is a vivacity and charm of wit, a raciness and freshness of imagination, a zeal for classical associations, and a generous enthusiasm of sentiment characteristic of the compositions of our best southern writers, which go far to relieve the more severe and precise style, the more critically accurate logic, and the more abstract, and perhaps profound, but less popular and winning philosophy of the eastern and northern schools. We of the middle states should patronize both; and while we avoid their respective faults, learn to improve by their peculiar excellencies. We are more especially called upon to assist an unsuccessful competition for literary promotion, as it unfortunately happens, that "the great and powerful state" is without even a respectable monthly.

THE WATER-WITCH.—Mr. Cooper is certainly incorrigible. Most of the critics in the country opened in full cry against the errors of his former productions; yet here is another novel, in which they are all repeated; here is the same mannerism in style—the same awkwardness and heaviness

in the conversations—the same ill-judged and badly drawn characters. We were strongly tempted to fling the book aside, after wading through the first fifty pages, but the hope of something better encouraged us; nor were our hopes disappointed, for after several dull and tedious chapters, we came at last to others of deep power and intense interest—to a succession of sea scenes, in short, worthy of the author of the Pilot and the Red Rover. For this we were fully prepared. The moment we left the land and embarked in the Coquette, we knew a rich treat was in store for us; and as we were carried on from one spirit-stirring adventure to another, from the hazard of the pursuit to the deeper interest of the escape—from the intricacies and perils of the chase through Hellgate to the encounter with the enemy—from the "heady fight" to the bloody victory—from victory to misfortune, and from misfortune to danger, and the brink of despair, we were almost ready to excuse all the dullness which provoked us at first. We say almost, for we cannot quite forgive Mr. Cooper for thus doing things by halves—for leaving such great blemishes by the side of such great beauties. It is most injurious to his general reputation. Already many give him credit for nothing but power of description; and we ourselves, while we cannot think that such an eye for the grand and beautiful in nature as he possesses can exist without some force of imagination, some depth of feeling, some fancy and invention, must request him, as he values our good opinion, to throw a little more life and spirit into his dialogue, and not to "caricature humanity so abominably" as he does in some of his delineations.

The plot of the present work may be disposed of in a few words. Mr. Van Beverout is an alderman of the city of New-York, and if stupidity be, as some say, characteristic of a city dignitary, this sketch is certainly true to nature. We hope, however, for the credit of our common council, they have improved in honesty since his day, for the worthy magistrate is a free trader. The alderman retires with his niece, Alida de Barbérie, to his villa on the shores of New-Jersey. The famous Water-witch is lying at anchor near them; and one of her crew, who goes by the name of Seadrift, misled by what he takes for a signal from his customer, the alderman, enters Alida's apartment. The young lady's fancy is taken partly by his beauty and graceful address, but more especially by the splendid articles of finery he brings with him—an attraction which the author, with as little truth as politeness, represents as not to be resisted by the fair sex. Captain Ludlow, (the commander of the Coquette, a king's vessel lying in the harbour of New-York,) who had been paying a lover's visit to Alida in the evening, is seized by a party of the smugglers and brought to the young lady's apartment. He sees her charmed with the looks and tones almost as much as with the silks and satins of the young sailor, and when his liberty is given him, takes his leave in a high fever of rage and jealousy. Next morning Alida has disappeared. Suspecting that she has been carried on board the "Water-witch," he goes thither in search of her, in company with the alderman and a heavy personage of the name of Oloffe Van Staats, a fellow-suitor. They do not succeed in finding the lady. In her stead they are introduced to the witch who gives name to the vessel; who performs, for their amusement, some incantations, conceived in the worst possible taste. On his return, Ludlow finds Alida quietly installed at home, who very reasonably refuses to give any account of her late disappearance, and enters Ludlow's vessel with her uncle. The Coquette now, for the third time, discovers and pursues the Water-witch, but in vain. The chase is prolonged through Hellgate to the east end of Long-Island, where a French armed vessel is descried, to which the British officer, though without boats and with only half his crew on board, offers battle. He is just gaining a bloody victory when another French ship heaves in sight, and compels him to abandon his prize. His own vessel is then attacked by the Frenchmen's boats, which, after a desperate struggle, are driven off by the timely aid of "the Skimmer of the Seas," and his men. Another and more imminent peril succeeds. The Coquette is discovered to be on fire, and Ludlow, with the alderman, Alida, Seadrift, and the "Skimmer of the Seas," escape on a raft, and are rescued by the Water-witch. Now comes the dénouement. The supposed sailor, Seadrift, is metamorphosed into Eudora, the daughter of the alderman, by the wife of his youthful love, Ludlow and Alida are duly married, and Eudora leaves her new found father to follow the fortunes of "the Skimmer of the Seas." We omit one or two scenes and characters, which have nothing to do with the main story. Lord Cornbury, the governor of the province, is introduced, though to what earthly purpose our critical ingenuity has not been able to discover.

We will freely confess ourselves a little disappointed in this book; with all its faults it has great merit, but yet not quite as much as we had anticipated. We expected from its title, a tale, not merely of the escape of a smuggler, but of the adventures of a more daring rover. We were in hopes that Mr. Cooper had occupied that ground which Scott in his *Pirate* has rather glanced at than entered upon—the history of our American buccaners. This is the true fairy land of romance. There is no one domain either of history or fable, where a rich and glowing imagination might expand so freely as in this. The roving, adventurous career of these men—their black crimes, desperate courage, and careless generosity—their lawless lives and fearless deaths—all make a picture of brilliant and striking colours; a scene checkered with that mixture of good and evil which is most natural, and therefore most pleasing to the mind. Why are we condemned to read of the exploits of these bold adventurers in the “*Buccaners of America*,” or such catch-penny trash? Mr. Cooper, is above all others, fitted to be their chronicler. Let him lay the scene of his next novel in the West Indies or South America, at the time when men of much courage and little principle found in them the true *El Dorado*—let him describe with the truth of a seaman and the eloquence of a poet, their battles and their cruises, and the splendid phenomena of the sky and sea of the tropics—let him give some moderate probability to his plot and characters, and we will promise him the unequalled praise of critics, and the highest admiration of the public.

THE BARBADOES GIRL.—THE SISTERS.—The zeal to convey instruction, in an alluring form, to the youthful mind, continues unabated. Mrs. Hofland, the authoress of the two little volumes now before us, is worthy of all praise for her untiring exertions to promote this most important and useful object, and her success is commensurate with her industry and ardour. Few writers have gained more popularity, or identified themselves so effectually with the subject of juvenile education in its enlarged sense as this amiable and benevolent lady. Her name is a passport for any volume into a family. Mr. Burgess, the spirited publisher of these last efforts of her pen, merits patronage for the very creditable form in which he has ushered them forth to public notice.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

President's Message.—Start not, gentle reader, at the unusual title of the article we are now about to indite for thy special benefit and pleasure. We are fully aware that thy nerves are sensitive, and have been rendered so by the luxurious usage thou hast ever received at our hands. Thou hast been accustomed to roam with us in the flowery paths where light and balsamic breezes alone blow to winnow fragrance and delight around thee; and the soft murmurs of purling streams, blended with the melodious warbles of feathered choristers, lull thee to sweet sleep, or more delicious reverie; and the beams of even the garish mid-day sun came to thy delicate vision shorn of their too dazzling lustre by the interposing umbrage of elm and sycamore, under which thou didst compose thyself to quiet contemplation, if the dying light of day, or the silvery splendour of that best and most faithful reflector, the moon, were not preferred for our joint converse upon poetry and letters. And when the storm raged, and the blast of winter swept the earth, and desolated all its external forms of beauty, we have held thee in durance by the blazing hearth where the bright and cheering flames roared and flickered, and have called to thy aid all the spirits of fancy to soothe thee in thy solitude, and all the virtues of domestic happiness to warm thee into bliss in thy social mood. All hath been peace, and quiet, and romance whenever we have met. And shall we now, after having indulged thee thus in ease and all a student's loved seclusion from the strifes which agitate the busy world, shall we now lead thee forth unprepared into the blank and dreary wastes over which sweeps in endless succession the fell breath of the hot simoom, or impenetrable volumes of piercing dust, which lay the traveller low, and soon expose his whitened bones to the crunching jaws of famished beasts of prey? Or shall we expose thee to the contentions and fierce waves and winds which agitate the tempestuous ocean, or to the deadly strokes of murderous hosts eager to drink each other's blood in battle array? All this and more mightest thou apprehend if we were once to entice thee into the lists of political disputants, and all this and more rise up to thy frightened view at the bare mention of the president's message. What canst thou anticipate but a discussion of the merits of its style, or of the cogency of its arguments, or of the soundness of its general views of national policy; and that we shall either pronounce it the most able,

incontrovertible, and patriotic document which has ever been issued from the chair of the chief magistrate of the Union; or that it is most silly and puerile, and hostile to the best interests of the people? Well thou knowest that a middle path exists, not in politics, or if it does, it has long been choked up by the weeds and briars of corruption, and that party strife is ready to deal its blows on all who come near its blighting presence. We shall not mix in such scenes:

“The best of men have ever loved repose;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours and gradual rancour grows
Embittered more from peevish day to day.”

Our object at the present time is to regard this state document not with critical or political bias, but as an “ensemble” of the national character in comparison with similar testimonials in other civilized countries. We speak not in reference to any one message, but to the character of such a production generally, as it annually emanates from Washington, and flies with the wings of the wind to be received with eager curiosity by the millions who inhabit this extensive and prosperous country; we would contrast the vigour and frankness of its style, the simplicity and lofty tone of its sentiments, the pure ardor of its aspirations for the good of the nation, and its unaffected deference to the will of the people, with the turgid and studied declamation, the pompous ambiguities and lordly tone of self-supremacy exhibited in royal speeches. And we would gather thence fresh causes for gratulation on the happy lot in which it has pleased a benign Providence to cast us. And we would offer up our ardent prayers, that prosperous as is the condition of our people, multiplying and increasing in numbers, wealth, intelligence, and all the sources of civil and domestic happiness, so may it be perpetual!

Revolutionary Fathers.—In the recent celebration, commemorative of the late French revolution, we were forcibly struck on witnessing a few of the venerable patriots of our revolutionary war. Time, which has furrowed their cheeks and wasted their frames, has consecrated them in the bosoms of their countrymen. Their names and services will live in imperishable glory. The present generation, to whom they are only known as the remnant of a band of heroes, whose exploits are recorded in glowing language on the faithful page of history, regard them with feelings of the utmost respect and veneration. These sentiments increase in proportion to the diminution of their numbers and the lapse of years. The mighty object for which they so zealously contended, was nobly won. That liberty so highly prized by us all, was the reward of their bravery, perseverance, and suffering. They have lived to see a new generation in the full fruition of their wishes; and that country, so dear to every one, rising in strength and majesty, and taking an ascendant, which promises to reach the highest pinnacle of splendour and beauty. These men are the pride of the nation, and, though tottering to the grave, ought every where to be held sacred, and cherished with all those evidences of warmth and devotion which the recital of their deeds and the magnitude of their achievements naturally inspire. The period is rapidly advancing when these hoary relics, whose lives were devoted to the independence of their country, and whose bodies formed its rampart, will repose in peace beneath the soil which many of them moistened with their blood, and their voices will be heard no more.

In beholding the immense fabric which has sprung up from the combined efforts of those unshaken spirits, who staked every thing in the issue of the great contest, we scarcely know which most to admire, the heroism which accomplished so much by exposure and sacrifices in the field, or that wisdom which has linked the states together in one powerful family compact, and which is conducting us on the highway of freedom, with all the flattering presages which point to the goal of wealth, distinction, and renown. The man who is incapable of rightly appreciating these things, is negatively criminal, and deserves to be pitied. He who would wantonly disregard them, either by an ungrateful requital on the one hand, or by a sacrilegious attempt at subversion on the other, would merit a severity of punishment which no language is adequate to express.

In contemplating a scene so well calculated to awaken our admiration and wonder, one painful reflection unwelcomely obtrudes itself. Of the few surviving and scattered fragments of the army of liberty, a small portion only have the means of a comfortable support. Many have died in poverty and wretchedness; and not a few, it is to be feared, have uttered the complaints of their wrongs before a tribunal whose leading attribute is justice, and from whose omnipotent decree there can be no appeal. Let the people then seize the only opportunity that remains, and wipe from their escutcheon

the stain that has adhered too long and too closely to them—that of *cruel neglect and deep ingratitude*.

Public dinners.—It is with pleasure we learn that the incidental remark made by us last week, touching these public entertainments, has excited much attention. All judicious men must deplore the egotism and vanity which would induce a company of self-congregated individuals, after drinking each other's health in the most fulsome strains of puff-eulogy, to consent to a publication of these wretched outpourings of their weakness and self-conceit. It betrays an intentional purpose of rising into public notoriety, on wings which will scarcely stand the test with better success than those which, for a few fleeting moments, upheld the son of Icarus. To such exposure there is attached no crime—the folly involves and ensures its own condemnation. Our pity is excited rather than our indignation; but the public taste—not altogether so depraved as such attempts to pander to its corruption would indicate—revuls at the spectacle of respectable individuals voluntarily putting on their heads the cap of folly with all its jangling bells, and then calling out to the multitude, “Come, see and hear what pretty figures we make; what delightful music we play!” Public dinners are very appropriate at times—on great and solemn national festivals—after triumphs and victories—or in honour of eminent public benefactors; but to repeat them on every occasion which can minister to the silly vanity of transient popularity and ephemeral renown, is contrary to the maxims of good sense, no less than of public decorum.

The Lions of the West; or, a Trip to Washington.—It having been erroneously stated in some of the public papers, that the hero of this piece was intended to represent a late member of congress from the state of Tennessee, we are authorized, and requested, by the author, to say that it is not so. The design was to embody certain peculiar characteristics of the west in one single person, who should thus represent, not an individual, but the species. There was no intention to bring any particular individual before the public, and it is hoped those papers which have given currency to the error, will take the earliest opportunity to correct it.

The Holidays.—The season of festivity is fast approaching, and with it come fond retrospections of the past, unalloyed enjoyments for the present, and delightful anticipations of the future. The elastic buoyancy of childhood, and the rainbow hopes of youth, the vigorous confidence of manhood, the tender sensibilities of female loveliness, all will receive a new and fresh impulse which will cause the blood to leap and course through the natural alleys with a livelier thrill, check the inroads of sorrow and decay, and open new and enlarged prospects of coming felicity. The social hearth will blaze with a more cheerful ray, the hospitable board groan under renewed pressure of luxurious delicacies, and the red wine cup shall once again hallow the pledge of mutual recognition and heartfelt aspirations of reciprocal good will. *Shall the poor be forgotten?* To them no ready host extends a friendly grasp—no genial voice bids welcome to plenteous joys—cheerless and desolate is *their* home, if home they have. Hard is the morsel they bite, cold the air they breathe, and ragged the raiment that scarce covers their poverty and suffering. Shall no sympathy be kindled up in their cause? Shall they not be remembered on the day of general rejoicing—or shall they be left to the awful and heart-corroding consciousness of cruel and biting neglect? Humanity answers, no.

Mr. James Lawson.—This gentleman, well known as the author of a volume of “*Tales and Sketches*,” recently published in this city, and numerous other miscellaneous productions in prose and verse, and as one of the original editors of the *Courier and Enquirer*, has withdrawn from that establishment, and associated himself with the *Mercurial Advertiser*. Mr. Lawson is universally esteemed for his talents and good qualities, and may be emphatically pronounced “a man of many friends.”

Navarino hats.—The manufacture of Navarino hats, or paper Leghorns, has become quite a business in Boston. It is said that about sixty thousand have been made there during the past year. The impressions are produced on the paper by copper-plates, similar to embossing.

New music.—Mrs. Embury's exquisite *Warrior*, entitled “How have I thought of thee,” have been set to music by Mr. Wilhelm Icho, and published by Firth and Hall.

The steam-engine.—The “*Gardener's Magazine*” anticipates that at some future day the steam-engine, “will plough and sow a thousand acres in a week, and reap the crop in a day.”

FANCY DIPP'D HER PEN IN DEW.

SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY MISS STEPHENS—COMPOSED BY JOHN WHITAKER.

Andantino espressivo.



Fan - cy dipp'd her pen in dew, Dis - till'd from leaves, from leaves of gay - est flow - ers; Her pa - per from soft a - bres grew, Pur - loin'd from buds, pur-loin'd from buds in ro - sy bow - ers; Then she wrote a lay to prove, Hearts might safe - ly toy with Love, Arch - ly smil - ing Love was there, And cried, "of Fan - cy, maids be - ware, be - ware, be - ware; of Fan - cy, of Fan - cy, maids be - ware."

24—Roguish Love took may-dew then,
And from his wing a feather taking,

He dipp'd it in and changed her pen,
And all her lay assum'd Love's own making:

She wrote of Love with such sweet art,
She read, and sigh'd, and lost her heart.

Archly jeering, Love was there,
And cried, "Of Fancy, maids beware."

EXCERPTS FROM LABRUYERE.

THE philosopher leaves the fashion of his clothes to his tailor; it is as great a weakness to be out of fashion, as to affect to be in it.

The man of mode is not long so, for fashions are very transitory; if perchance he is a man of merit, he cannot suffer annihilation, but by something or other will still subsist, equally worthy of estimation, though less esteemed.

Virtue has this happiness, that she can subsist of herself, and knows how to exist without admirers, partisans, and protectors; want of assistance and approbation does not only not affect her, but preserves, purifies, and renders her more perfect.

There must, I confess, be judgments, seizures, prisons, and executions; but justice, law, and necessity apart, 'tis always strange to me when I consider with what violence and fury men act towards one another.

Some things are insupportable if they are but indifferent; as poetry, music, and painting, and public speeches.

'Tis the business of the journalist to inform us when a book is published, for whom it is printed, in what character, on what paper, how bound, and at what bookseller's it is to be found. This is his business; 'tis folly for him to pretend to criticize.

The highest reach of a new writer is an empty reasoning on policy, and vain conjectures on the public management.

Some people have a facility of speaking off-hand, and a long time joined with extravagant gestures, a loud voice, and strong lungs. This the vulgar call eloquence.

A genius and great abilities are sometimes wanting, sometimes only opportunities. Some deserve praise for what they have done, and others for what they could have done.

'Tis the glory or the merit of some men to write well; and of others not to write at all.

It is virtue which should determine us in the choice of our friends, so it is that alone we should always regard in them, without inquiring into their good or ill fortune; and when we find we have resolution

enough to follow them in adversity, we ought boldly, and with assurance, to cultivate their friendship in their greatest prosperity.

There is a time when the richest women ought to marry; they seldom let slip an opportunity at first, but it costs them a long repentance; the reputation of their fortune seems to decay with that of their beauty. On the contrary, every thing favours the young of that sex, even the men's opinion, who are fond of giving them all the advantages possible to render them still more desirable.

The man who is in pain to know what alteration time and age have made in him, needs only to consult the eyes of the fair one he addresses, and by the tone of her voice as she talks with him, he will learn what he fears to know. But, O! how hard a lesson!

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair fixes and determines us.

Friendship stands in need of all help, care, confidence, and complaisance; if not supplied with these, it expires.

He who has had the experience of a great and violent love, neglects friendship; and he who has consumed all his passion upon friendship, is nothing advanced towards love.

There is some pleasure in meeting the eyes of a person whom we have lately obliged.

He who loves to such a degree as to wish he were able to love a thousand times more than he does, yields in love to none but to him who loves more than he wishes for.

Men are sometimes inclinable to be in love, but cannot succeed in their desire; they seek all occasions of being conquered, but escape still! If I may be allowed the expression, they are bound to continue free.

The coldness and disorders which happen in friendship have their causes; in love there is hardly any other reason for ceasing to love than that we are too well beloved.

Love receives its death's wound from disgust, and is buried by oblivion.

Some little failings we voluntarily give up to censure, and we are

not angry at being rallied for them; we should make choice of the same kind of failings when we rally others.

We are sensible of the beginning and declension of love, by the perplexity we are in to find ourselves alone.

'Tis a weakness to love: 'tis sometimes another weakness to attempt to cure it.

'Tis endeavour to forget one is the certain course to think of nothing else. Love has this in common with scruples, that it is exacerbated by the reflections used to free us from it. If it were practicable, there's nothing necessary to weaken our passion, but never to mind it.

If we cannot be accounted to live but at such times as we enjoy ourselves, life will be found to be very short; since were we only to reckon the hours we pass agreeably, a great number of years would not make up a life of a few months.

The blockhead is always ridiculous, it is his character; a man of some sense may sometimes be ridiculous, but will not be so long.

The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others than in showing a great deal yourself; he who goes from your conversation pleased with himself and his own wit, is perfectly well pleased with you. Most men had rather please than admire you, and seek less to be instructed, nay, diverted, than approved and applauded; the most delicate of pleasures is to please another.

There are certain people who so ardently and passionately desire a thing, that out of fear of losing it, they leave nothing undone to make them lose it.

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For the Mirror.

THE RUINED SHRINE.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

AWAY, away! let no sound of mirth
Pass o'er the ruined shrine!
Let the vow ascend and the prayer be said,
Though its lights no longer shine!
Alas! for the loved ones passed away,
In the pride of their beauty fled;
By the sacred altar's smothered blaze
We will mourn the early dead!

The early dead! there's a thrilling chord
That wakes at memory's call—
From the flowers that bloom o'er the broken shrine,
We will weave their coronal!
And where the vesper bell awoke
With its chimes the evening prayer,
We will bring affection's holiest gems,
And place the offering there!

Shrine of the dead! the past recall!
Let the floating incense rise!
Bring forth from thy shroud the once-loved forms,
To prepare for the sacrifice!
I know by the tear that dims thine eye,
Maid of the peerless brow!
'That the flowers of joy that decked thy path
Are fading with sorrow now.

And for thee, bold knight of the eagle plume,
Whose eye unblanch'd meets mine;
The vulture whets his ravenous beak
For thy corse in Palestine.
And the strong in arm and firm in heart
There marshalled in proud array;
The banner that floats o'er their towering crests
Shall enshroud their lifeless clay!

But away, away! ye by-gone hosts,
Ye mailed and martial train,
Your helmet and buckler, lance and spear,
Shall never gleam again!
And your lady loves, and the swelling choir,
Whose anthems pealed on high;
And the fretted aisle and the ponderous arch—
All, all, are things passed by!

But thou, cherished form, in my heart enshrined,
Beloved in woe or bliss!
Why come you not with the buoyant step,
And the smile of happiness?
The fireside hearth has a vacant seat—
On the couch no form reposes;
While the added stone, 'neath the yew-tree's shade,
The mournful tale discloses!

Thou ruined shrine! I deem thee still
Far holier in decay,
Than when before thee bent the knee
Of the lovely, proud, and gay;
And to light thy censor's vanished blaze,
My heart will fondly bring
The incense of its buried joys,
The hopes of its early spring!

POPULAR MORAL TALES.

FATHER EUSTACIO.

A Portuguese Legend.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD MORCAR OF HERWARD."
"Je n'avois plus d'amante, il me fallut un Dieu."

In one of the most beautiful provinces of Portugal stands a convent, in itself an object of beauty from its exquisite architecture, and rendered doubly attractive from the almost unequalled loveliness of its situation. Let the imagination revel amid groves of orange-trees, laden at once with fruit, flower, and perfume—amid tracks of the dark olive and pine, relieved by the fragrant and lively foliage of the myrtle and geranium—alleys of lemons and citrons, bowers of roses, and springs and rills of the coolest and freshest water, yielding nature's own mirror to the clinging tufts of violets and wild lilies which blossom spontaneously on their margin—let it do all this, and yet it will scarcely trace on its own tablet the luxuriant landscape. On the southern side of the convent, beneath a hill, gay with its belt of timber and its laughing vineyard, stood the Quinta d'as Lagrimas; but I am premature in thus designating it—the name of the "Villa of Tears" was given to it after that of which I am about to tell had taken place.

In this convent dwelt the mysterious Father Eustacio. The monastic robe of white serge fell round his tall and graceful form in folds better suited to the regal purple: the crown of his head was shaven; but the raven curls clustered richly round a brow high and smooth as marble, and the dark fiery eye, and the scornful smile which discovered teeth like eastern pearls, yet told of a world he had vowed to renounce for ever. He was a Spaniard—the brotherhood themselves knew no more; he had made rich offerings at the shrine of the patron saint of their order; he had broken the weapon which he wore at his arrival on the steps of the altar, and trampled his dark plume beneath his feet on the threshold; he had withdrawn a rich jewel from his neck, and laid it at the feet of the Madonna (Nossa Senhora da Piedade;) and he had finally taken the vows of the order, and become, to appearance, like the rest of the community, a mere creature of mechanism and habit.

But no one followed Eustacio to his narrow cell—no ear drank in the low sounds which escaped from his overcharged spirit in his solitude—no eye beheld the contempt with which he hurled from him the effeminate habit of the brotherhood—none looked on him in his paroxysms of emotion, when, with clenched hands, fixed teeth, and starting eyeballs, he stood in the midst of his confined apartment like a thing of stone, and then sprang, as it were, into life so suddenly, that every nerve quivered, and every vein swelled almost to bursting; when his heart heaved as though he had not space even for existence in his narrow prison, and his hand instinctively sought to grasp a weapon which he wore no longer, and then fell listlessly at his side—none heard the soul-fraught groan that followed as he sank down, with his face buried in his spread palms, and spent the night gazing unconsciously at the dim lamp that lit up the misshapen altar, the rude crucifix, and the grinning skull, which were the furniture of his cell.

It was the festival of their patron saint, and one of the brotherhood watched by his shrine all night: Eustacio won permission from the prior to be that one; and the vesper was chanted, and the twilight mass said, and the monks uttered their orisons at the shrine, and departed, and Eustacio was alone. He looked around him and smiled. There was a taper dimly lighting up the figure of the saint; and the holy lamp, which is never extinguished at the altar of the sacramento, shed its faint light over a limited space, and left the rest of the vast edifice in darkness. No sound was there, save the fall of his own footsteps, as he strode through the murky aisle. Twice had he traversed it, and returned to the shrine he watched; a third time he paced its solemn length, and approached the altar; but now he started, and the blood sprang to his brow, while he passed his hand over his eyes, questioning the evidence they gave him. Kneeling there, with her veil thrown back, and disclosing her pure and pallid beauty, was a female, whose mantle of sable velvet fell around her in large and heavy folds; jewels were in her hair and on her arms, and the very missal in her small hand was clasped with a rich gem. Her lips moved noiselessly, and she seemed so absorbed in her devotions that she had not heard his approach. Eustacio stood like one entranced—a thousand recollections pressed upon his spirits—his dark eyes flashed fire—his breast heaved—yet he stirred not. The prayer was ended, the lady rose to depart, and started on discovering the monk. Eustacio gazed upon her as her features were fully revealed by the taper which burnt before the shrine of the saint. She was beautiful; but it was a proud, pale beauty, which sorrow seemed to be wasting, though it had failed to destroy. Her form was slight and graceful as the sweep of the river willow. Something that lady read in the countenance whereon she gazed which forbade fear, for in an instant she stood calmly and almost proudly before him. The monk remained like a statue rivetted to the spot.

"Holy father!" she commenced, in a tone so rich and deep that it died away down the long aisle of the chapel, like the last note of the vesper organ.

"Scarce saint enough for the first, or reverend enough for the second, lady," murmured the monk, as though he brooked not the address from such lips; and the dark eye flashed, and the rich blood mantled in the proud brow; "and yet other epithets become me not, even from beauty."

There was questioning in the look which was turned on

him as he spoke, but he replied not to it, save by casting still farther back the cowl which had partially shaded his face, and erecting his fine person yet more loftily. But there needed not words to tell the heart of the lady that it was possible even yet to forget the cowl and rosary, and to look on him as a man, not as a monk; passion was there in the eye and on the lip—passion of the world's birth, which the chill of the cloister had failed to displace; and there was pride in the heaving of the serge-clad chest, and the dilation of the enveloped figure—even in the grasp of the finely-formed white hand, which drew more gracefully together the folds of the coarse habit. For all this one glance sufficed. Never had the lady looked on such a face and form within those walls—never on any with the feeling which now pressed upon her heart. Slowly and silently she drew from her bosom a small golden key, and, adjusting it to a concealed lock in an ornamented panel of the shrine, a narrow door fell back, and, raising a lamp from the ground, she turned one long, fixed look on the monk, and retreated, closing the door as she withdrew. Long stood Eustacio gazing after her, as though he deemed that she would re-appear; but she came no more that night.

Thenceforward the piety of Father Eustacio became a proverb among the brotherhood. His nights were no longer spent in sleep; he kept holy vigils when the world was buried in slumber. There was something in the departing look of the mysterious visitant of the chapel, which had assured him that she went not for ever, and the assurance was verified. Night after night she trod the secret passage from her own sunny home to the convent shrine; and Eustacio heard her tale of sorrow; and she breathed it as she sat on the marble step of the altar where they had first met; and the hand of the monk wiped away the few large drops which fell, as she murmured it in his ear. It was a simple and a sad tale. Her father had vowed her to a hated union, and she pined in soul, while she won, by supplication, frequent but short delays. Then came the name of her hated suitor, and the cowed listener started from her side, and clenched his hands, and ground his teeth, as he murmured out,

"'Tis he! 'tis he!—the murderer of my sister—the hunted one of my hate, whom I pursued until my soul sickened that it found him not, and in despair vowed itself away to a cloister, that it might moulder into inanity, and forget. But think not that I have forgotten. Harken to me, Inez!"—and he drew towards his agitated listener, who had already risen and stood before him—"harken to me: I could not forget! The cell, the cowl, and the cloister—they are not the anodynes I madly thought them—they bring no Lethe—I am still Adrian, duke of —, while I strive only to be a monk: I am still the brother of the dead Carlotta, while I thought only to throw off the world and the world's ties. Dare not to marry him! Listen but to one vow from his polluting lips, and the curse of thy crime be on thee! Blood is there upon his hand, though he may stretch it to thee in gentleness—poison in his breath, though it may syllable passion. He was the husband of my sister: she passed away, and none knew where or how; but many whispered—murder! Think you not that I pursued him? Ay, as a hunted deer, he fled from place to place, and I was ever at his heels—alas, too late! Then mark me, Inez! for I can but breathe it in a whisper—he sought to rid himself of so tenacious a pursuer, so bitter an enemy, and he poured his subtle poison in the ears of one in power, and I was proclaimed—a traitor! The blow was struck—my sister, my revenge, all were forgotten—my proud name became a reproach—my honours were bowed to the dust. Look at yonder sparkling cross, pendent from the neck of the Madonna; little deemed I, when I knelt to receive that boon, that the giver, in his blind belief of an enemy, would so soon cast me forth to shame and obloquy! I uttered no justification—to be suspected was enough; but I came hither—came to forget myself to stone—to be a man no longer—to be a monk—and I am one! The convent rings with my piety; the blind crowd, who look on me, hold me as a thing too holy for this world. I am pointed at as a pattern, made the depository of the sins of others, and held to be too pure to sin myself: but it is not so, Inez!"—and the deep voice grew yet deeper—"the very thought of crime has roused me from my lethargy—the very thought of him whom I have sworn to

sacrifice. I had vowed the dagger; I have hunted him to his lair, and now I can strike it even to his heart's centre!"

"Adrian! Eustacio!" murmured the lady.

"Either name is dear from thy lips," said the cowed noble, "though the one is sullied by calumny, and the other but a mockery. But hark, Inez, they have rung in the dawn; the drones are about to shake off their drowsiness, and live on another day in their apathy; till to-morrow, then, farewell!"

"Farewell!" echoed Inez, as he strained her to his heart, and ere many moments she had disappeared. The officiating monk had sleepily entered the chapel to feed the lamp, at the altar of the sacramento, and Father Eustacio was prostrate before the shrine of the saint.

Weeks passed, and still at intervals the noble monk and the gentle Inez met when the world slept; but the spirit of the duke panted for vengeance on his enemy, and it came at last.

It was on a lovely midnight, when the landscape was flooded with light, and the sparkling stars flashed out of the clear heavens like diamond studs scattered over a robe of purple, that the monk wandered from the convent garden to the grounds of the adjoining quinta. For a while he passed on, gazing as he went on the white clusters of the clematis and the richer blossoms of the pomegranate, as they disclosed their beauty to the moon, and thought of Inez; but ere long came wilder visions, and he remembered his sister, who was murdered in her loveliness, and on whose grave no eye had rested. Then came the memory of her husband, of the murderer! and he looked up to the moon as she rode in light, and then down on the dark shadow cast along the earth by the wooded height which bounded the landscape. He felt that he stood there a dishonoured man and an alien—he felt that he was loved even in his evil fortune, and that his enemy had again crossed his path. He struck his hand forcibly on his breast, and it came in contact with the hilt of his dagger: the monk smiled—the world has seldom looked on a smile like that with which he drew it forth. He cast back his clinging robe, he fetched one long deep breath; there was fire at his heart and in his brain: and he hurried on. There had been feasting in that place of beauty, and the guests were yet awake. He approached the house; an avenue of citron trees threw up their rich perfume to the sky, and darkened the space beneath them. He hastened to that spot of gloom; but it had other occupants. He heard the voice of Inez; tremblingly and tearfully she spoke, and entreaty quivered on her tongue. Other accents heard he also—the accents of his enemy! For a moment he paused silently and sternly, and then he sprang convulsively forward and stood before them. There was a faint scream, the agonizing scream of a woman; but the revellers heard it not. Then came louder and longer sounds; names were shouted, and imprecations followed them: there was a struggle, a wrestling for life; but Inez in her agony stirred not a limb. The loud laughter of her father's guests came fitfully on the night breeze like the rejoicings of observant fends. Light was around them—the pure light of the silver moon; but they stood on a spot of darkness! The struggle was brief, yet to Inez it seemed to have lasted years: one of the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the white blossoms showered on him as he sank down bleeding and senseless; then came the deep tones of the monk upon her ear, as he laughed out his triumph, and struggled for a moment ere he fell prostrate beside his enemy.

The moon bowed her silver brow to the coming dawn, and the blossoms scattered fresh sweetness to the morning breeze: the revellers shook off the heaviness of sleep, and came forth to gladden their oppressed energies by the freshness of nature. One among them entered the avenue of citrons—two lay dead before him, the affianced noble and the holy monk; and a third was there—she looked up and pointed with stern eye and steady finger to the corse of the cowed combatant—it was the lady Inez. Her hair was dank with the night dew, and her lips livid and compressed. One glance sufficed—horror had been busy with her—she was a maniac!

Few heard the tale: the holy brotherhood bore away their dead; the count consigned his fellow noble to a silent grave, and of his daughter no one knew more. The peasant, as he passes the forsaken pile, doffs his cap while he hastily mutters a Pater and an Ave, and hastens on his mules from the Quinta d'as Lagrimas.

Was ever a great discovery prosecuted, or an important benefit conferred upon the human race by him who was incapable of standing, and thinking, and feeling alone?

Nobility may exist in name, the sovereign may confer titles, the herald blazon out the descent, but solid glory and real greatness are inseparably connected with virtue.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

Founded on Scottish History.

It was in the yet Doric days of Scotland (comparing the present with the past) that Kenneth Bell, one of the lairds of the green holms of Kinvaid, having lost his lady by a sudden dispensation of Providence, remained for a long time wrapt up in the reveries of grief, and utterly inconsolable. The tide of affliction was at length stemmed by the nourice bringing before him his helpless infant daughter—the very miniature of her departed mother, after whom she had been named.

The looks of the innocent babe recalled the father's heart to a sense of the duties which life yet required of him; and little Beasy grew up in health and beauty, the apple of her father's eye. Nor was his fondness for her diminished, as year after year more fully developed those lineaments which at length ripened into a more matured likeness of her who was gone. She became, as it were, a part of the old man's being; she attended him in his garden walks; rode out with him on her palfrey on sunny mornings; and was as his shadow by the evening hearth. She doted on him with more than a daughter's fondness; and he, at length, seemed bound to earth by no tie save her existence.

It was thus that Beasy Bell grew up to woman's stature; and, in the quiet of her father's hall, she was now, in her eighteenth year, a picture of feminine loveliness. All around had heard of the beauty of the heiress of Kinvaid. The cottager who experienced her bounty drank to her health in his homely jug of nut-brown ale; and the squire, at wassail, toasted her in the golden wine-cup.

The dreadful plague of 1666 now fell out, and rapidly spread its devastations over Scotland. Men stood aghast; the fountains of society were broken up; and day after day brought into rural seclusion some additional proofs of its fearful ravages. Nought was heard around but the wailings of deprivation; and omens in the heavens and on the earth heralded miseries yet to come.

Having been carried from Edinburgh (in whose ill-ventilated closes and wyndes it had made terrible havoc) across the Frith of Forth, the northern counties were now thrown into alarm, and families broke up, forsaking the towns and villages to disperse themselves under the freer atmosphere of the country. Among others, the laird of Kinvaid trembled for the safety of his beloved child, and the arrival of young Bruce, of Powfoulis Priory, afforded him an excellent opportunity of having his daughter escorted to Lynedoch, the residence of a warmly attached friend and relation.

Under the protection of this gallant young squire, Beasy rode off on the following morning, and, the day being delightful, the young pair, happy in themselves, forgot, in the beauty of nature, the miseries that encompassed them.

Besides being a youth of handsome appearance and engaging manners, young Bruce had seen a good deal of the world, having for several years served as a member of the body guard of the French king. He had returned from Paris only a few months before, and yet wore the cap and plume peculiar to the distinguished corps to which he still belonged. The heart of poor Beasy Bell was as sensitive as it was innocent and unsophisticated; and, as her protector made his proud steed fret and curvet by her side, she thought to herself, as they rode along, that he was like one of the knights concerning whom she had read in romance, and, unknown to herself, there arose in her bosom a feeling to which it had hitherto been a stranger.

Her reception at Lynedoch was most cordial; nor the less so, perhaps, on the part of the young lady of that mansion, because her attendant was Bruce, the secret but accepted suitor for the hand of Mary Gray. Ah! had this mystery been at once revealed to Beasy Bell, what a world of misery it would have saved her!

From the plague had our travellers been flying; but the demon of desolation was here before them, and the smoke was ceasing to ascend from many a cottage-hearth. It became necessary that the household of Lynedoch should be immediately dispersed. Bruce and Lynedoch remained in the vicinity of the dwelling-house, and a bower of turf and moss was reared for the young ladies on the pastoral banks of the Brauchie-burn, a tributary of the Almond.

It was there that Beasy Bell and Mary Gray lived for a while in rural seclusion, far from the bustle and parade of gay life, verifying in some measure what ancient poetry hath feigned of the golden age. Bruce was a daily visitant at the bower by the Brauchie-burn: he wandered with them through the green solitudes; and, under a summer sun and a blue sky,

they threaded oftentimes together the mazes of "many a bosky bourne and bushy dell." They chased the fantastic squirrel from bough to bough, and scared the thieving little weasel from the linnet's nest. Under a great tree they would seat themselves, as Bruce read aloud some story of chivalry, romance, or superstition, or soothed the listless hours of the afternoon with the delightful tones of the shepherd's pipe. More happy were they than the story-telling group, each in turn a queen, who, in like manner, flying from the pestilence which afflicted Florence, shut themselves up in its delightful gardens, relating those tales of love which have continued to delight posterity in the glowing pages of Boccaccio.

Under whatever circumstances it is placed, human nature will be human nature still. When the young and the beautiful meet together freely and unreservedly, the cold restraints of custom and formality must be thrown aside; friendship kindles into a warmer feeling, and love is generated. Could it be otherwise with our ramblers in their green solitude?

Between Mary Gray and young Bruce a mutual and understood attachment had long subsisted; indeed they only waited his coming of age to be united in the bonds of wedlock; but the circumstance, for particular reasons, was cautiously concealed within their own bosoms. Even to Beasy Bell, her dearest and most intimate companion, Mary had not revealed it. To disguise his real feelings, Bruce was outwardly less marked in his attention to his betrothed than to her friend; and, in her susceptibility and innocent confidence, Beasy Bell too readily mistook his kind assiduities for marks of affection and proofs of love. A new spirit began to pervade her whole being, almost unknown to herself; she looked on the scenes around her with other eyes; and life changed in the hues it had previously borne to the gaze of her imagination. In the absence of Bruce she became melancholy and abstracted. He seemed to her the being who had been born to render her blessed; and futurity appeared, without his presence, like the melancholy gloom of a November morning.

The physiological doctrine of temperaments we leave to its difficulties; although we confess, that in Beasy Bell and Mary Gray something spoke in the way of illustration.

The countenance of Beasy was one of light and sunshine. Her eyes were blue, her hair flaxen, her complexion florid. She might have sate for a picture of Aurora. Every thing about her spoke of "the innocent brightness of the newborn day." Mary Gray was in many things the reverse of this, although perhaps equally beautiful. Her features were more regular; she was taller, even more elegant in figure; and had in her almost colourless cheeks, lofty pale brow; and raven ringlets, a majesty which nature had denied to her unconscious rival. The one was all buoyancy and smiles; the other subdued passion, deep feeling, and quiet reflection.

Bruce was a person of the finest sense of honour; and, finding that he had unconsciously and unintentionally made an impression on the bosom-friend of his betrothed, became instantly aware that it behoved him to take some step to dispel the unfortunate illusion. Fortunately the time was speedily approaching, which called him to return, for a season, to his military post in France; but the idea of parting from Mary Gray had become doubly painful to his feelings, from the consideration of the circumstances under which he was obliged to leave her. The ravages of death were extending instead of abating; and the general elements themselves seemed to have become tainted with the unwholesomeness. There was an unrefreshing languor in the air; the sky wore a coppery appearance, and over the face of the sun was drawn, as it were, a veil of blood. Imagination might no doubt magnify these things; but victims were falling around on every side; and no Aaron, as in the days of hoary antiquity, now stood between the living and the dead, to bid the plague be stayed.

With a noble resolution Bruce took his departure, and sorrow, like a cloud, brooded over the bower by the Brauchie-burn. Mary sate in a quiet, melancholy abstraction; but ever and anon the tears dropped down the cheeks of Beasy Bell, as her "softer soul in woe dissolved aloud." Love is lynx-eyed, and Mary saw too well what was passing in the mind of her friend; but with a kind consideration, she allowed the lapse of a few days to moderate the turbulence of her feelings ere she ventured to impart the cruel truth. So unlooked for, so unexpected was the disclosure, that for a while she harboured a spirit of unbelief; but conviction at once flashed over her, extinguishing every hope, when she was shown a beautiful necklace of precious stones, which Bruce had presented to his betrothed on the morning of his bidding adieu to the bower of the Brauchie-burn. As it were by magic, a change came over the spirit of Beasy Bell. She dried

her tears, hung on the neck of her friend, endeavoured to console her in her separation from him who loved her, and bore up with a heroism seemingly almost incompatible with the gentle softness of her nature. She clasped the chain round the neck of Mary, and, kneeling, implored heaven speedily to restore the giver to her arms.

Fatal had been that gift! It had been purchased by Bruce from a certain Adonijah Baber, a well-known Jewish merchant of Perth, who had amassed considerable riches by traffic. Taking advantage of the distracted state of the times, this man had allowed his thirst after lucre to overcome his better principles, and lead him into lawless dealings with the wretches who went about abstracting valuables from infected or deserted mansions. As a punishment for his rapacity, death was thus in a short time brought to his own household, and he himself perished.

Fatal had been that gift!—In a very little while Mary sickened; and her symptoms were those of the fearful malady afflicting the nation. Bessy Bell was fully aware of the danger; but, with an heroic self-devotion, she became the nurse of her friend; and, when all others kept aloof, administered, though vainly, to her wants. Her noble and generous mind was impressed with the conviction that she owed some reparation for the unintentional wound which she might have inflicted on the feelings of Mary, in having appeared to become her rival in the affections of her betrothed.

As an almost necessary consequence, she was herself seized with the malady of death. The evening heard them singing hymns together—midnight listened to the ravings of delirium—the morning sun shone upon their death.

The tragedy was consummated ere yet Bruce had set sail for France; but the news did not reach him for a considerable time, the communication between the two countries being interrupted. His immediate impulse was to volunteer into the service of the German emperor, by whom he was attached to a squadron sent to assist Sobieski of Poland against the Turks. He never returned; and was supposed to have fallen in battle.

The old Laird of Kinvaid awoke from the paroxysm of his grief to a state of almost dotage, yet occasionally a glimpse of the past would shoot across his mind; for, in wandering vacantly about his dwelling, he would sometimes exclaim, in the spirit so beautifully expressed in the Arabian manuscript, "Where is my child?" and echo answered, "Where?"

The burial vaults of both the Kinvaid and Lynedoch families, who were related, were in the church of Methven; but, according to a wish said to have been expressed by the two young friends, "who were lovely in their lives, and in death were not divided," they were buried near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Several of the poets of Scotland have sung their hapless fate: Lednoch bank has become classic in story; and, during the last century and a half, many thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims have visited the spot, which the late proprietor of Lynedoch has enclosed with pious care.

Of the original ballad only a few lines remain: they are full of nature and simple pathos.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
They were two bonny lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And thae kilt it owre wi' rushes.
They wouldna lie in Methven kirk,
Beside their gentle kin;
But they would lie on Lednoch braes,
To beek them in the sun.

THE FINE ARTS.

BRIGNAL BANKS.

It must be apparent to every reader, that good poetry set to pleasing melody, forms the perfection of vocal music. The question, therefore, why the lyrical pieces of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott have not been set to music with more success, has often been asked; whereas the poetry of Moore and of Thomas Haynes Bayley stands embellished and enriched by the beauty of the melodies which have been adapted to it. We think the question capable of an easy solution. Neither Byron nor Scott understood the science of music, although passionately fond of it, consequently they did not feel the necessity of protecting the composer, who might undertake their works, from those difficulties peculiar to the English language, and which a musical poet would undoubtedly avoid, as Moore and Bayley have done, who are both good amateur musicians. The number of consonants, the prevalence of *s* final, the frequent recurrence of *th*—obstacles which of themselves interfere with the success of even the most skilful composer—must be obvious to every one who speaks our language; but to foreigners they form a source of great annoyance, and we are sorry to add, too often prove an occasion of vulgar and

rude merriment at their expense. Let it not be supposed, however, that to unite the finest English poetry or prose with music is an impossibility; on the contrary, we can boast of instances where the sublimest language and the most scientific music have been delightfully blended; and, strange to say, a German, who spoke English but little, has furnished us with one of the strongest cases in point—we allude to Handel. Examine his *Oratorio*, the *Messiah*, which is entirely set to passages in Scripture, either typical of, or directly presaging the Redeemer—a more correct or impassioned adaptation of sense to sound cannot be met with. For a combination of poetry and music, examine the same author's adaptation of Milton's *Il Penseroso*, or of Gay's *Acis and Galatea*, and they will be found faultless in accent and expression. But Handels do not arise every day, gifted with the power of grasping any subject, and able to rob the poet of half his glory. At the present time it is an affair of consequence to select poetry abounding with words capable of good musical pronunciation, in setting which the difficulty is considerably lessened—and in this particular Scott and Byron must yield to Bayley and Moore. In short, there is a particular art in writing for musicians which these latter gentlemen possess in perfection. Were we to cite another instance, we should be inclined to fix upon the author of the Sicilian Knight, published in this paper a few weeks since, whose pen appears to us to have a similar facility. Of Byron's productions Nathan has given the best adaptation; of Scott's we must decidedly award the prize to Dr. Clarke, now of Worcester Cathedral, late of Cambridge University, in England, whose setting of "Lady Heron's song," "Constance's song," "The last words of Marmion," &c. have been attended deservedly with success. The present air and chorus of Brignal Banks, from Rokeby, as sung in the opera taken from that poem, is likewise a pleasing and happy effusion by the same author.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MASTER BURKE has created such a sensation in this city, and so manifest an anxiety to witness a repetition of his charming performances, that the public are already taking seats for his next engagement. When, therefore, they who follow him upon the same boards do not immediately attract full houses, it is not to be ascribed to any want of talent in them, nor diminution of public esteem. Notwithstanding these circumstances, and the continually unfavourable state of the weather, the average receipts on the nights of C. Kean and Miss Clara Fisher have been very fair. Kean has appeared in Hamlet, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, Richard, Romeo, &c. and is making his way with a steady progress into the public favour. His playing is full of fine points and beautiful readings, and his attitudes frequently the best we have ever seen. If he has not always acted before an overflowing audience, he has at least delighted those who attended his representations, and elicited from them frequent and warm marks of approbation. No disinterested person of taste can refuse to acknowledge him not only as a performer of the very first promise, but as one who now sustains with admirable skill and effect the most difficult characters.

Miss Fisher has been aptly termed the "universal and enduring" favourite of our stage. Her appearance is always greeted with interest; and we have known sturdy obstinate critics, who, in vindicating the claims of some favourite actress to exclusive superiority, deem it important to depreciate the merit of all others (and such critics, by the by, are no rarities) we have known them go frowningly to witness her spirit-stirring exhibitions, which fairly betrayed them into applause before they knew what they were about. Her lighter efforts have lately been even better than usual.

It is stated that Mr. Forrest will shortly appear in a new tragedy, written expressly for him by R. P. Smith, entitled "*Catus Marius*." The genius of this admirable tragedian requires no comment at this time, and whoever has seen him needs no critic to point out beauties of the highest order. We are told he has reached a yet loftier grade in the profession which has already led him to such distinction.

We conclude the theatricals in this number with the following communication, from the pen of a gentleman well known to the literary public.

HAMLET—MR. C. KEAN.

Kean's Hamlet on Monday evening was sustained most skilfully. This gentleman is rapidly extending the circle of his admirers. It was one of Macready's remarks, that no man who played Hamlet well, could receive much applause.

There is some truth in the assertion, "behind; and as he rapidly to the multitude." The character of the youth, to his forehead, intellectual. His passions are subdued by habits.

The strong feeling to which, in other parts, the actor is called upon to give vent, are here curbed by reason, interrupted by apt and beautiful moral observations, and chastened throughout by a fine and pensive spirit. Even his madness is either forced, or suddenly corrected, by the recurrence of his accustomed melancholy; and the warmest affections dwell in his bosom, and soften down the desperate imaginations, which the horrors of his situation have conjured up in his mind. From the consummation of his revenge he shrinks with the instinctive hesitation and reluctance natural to a young and highly cultivated disposition, full of generosity and contemplation.

"The time is out of joint; oh, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

The excellencies, therefore, of C. Kean's Hamlet, in consistency with those conceptions, are of a quality which the attentive readers of Shakspeare will be more likely to admire than those unaccustomed to study that great poet. They are silent, quiet displays of thought; they consist of grace in attitude, appropriateness of gesture, and *impressiveness* of reading. The sternness and physical power requisite in Othello, Richard, &c. would be here out of place. Hamlet is a youth—bewildered—wretched—in love—yet called upon by a supernatural power to sacrifice affection for revenge: his hopes have been blasted—his affections disappointed—he is watched by enemies—the father, who had elicited all the love and reverence of his once ardent soul, has been murdered, and the mother who gave him being, is the guilty instrument of his ruin. The elasticity of youth—the springs of hope and of passion, are all broken—and he would fly to the grave as a refuge, if the

"Everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

All this seemed continually present to the mind of the actor. The finest passages were chastely and pensively delivered, as if they came from a dark and weary mind, to which the world no longer afforded any interest or pleasure. His soliloquies were conceived and executed admirably well. The whole part was animated with a fine meaning, which addressed itself to the reason and the heart, and discovered the art of the actor, who keeps out from the philosophical Hamlet the savage energy of Shylock, the more refined but bitter brutality of Sir Giles, and the eagerness and licentious ambition of Richard.

I am convinced that Mr. Kean needs only an impartial examination to ensure him the most brilliant success. His beauties are unobtrusive, but stand the test of strict criticism. He will not so often stir up the souls of the audience, by giving passages with all the force and energy of great physical power; but the philosopher finds a deep meaning in his reading; the painter and sculptor will notice that his attitudes are spirited and picturesque; and the intelligent spectator, who knows nothing of the science of painting or poetry, feels his attention gently drawn towards him, and his mind gradually wrought up to a high pitch of interest. By the by, did not our respected friend, Mr. Foote, die off in the last scene rather more comfortably than people generally perform that unpleasant operation? Sudden repentance would scarcely have carried him through with such delightful nonchalance. Not a single kick—not a shake of the head—he did not even roll up the whites of his eyes—but, very composedly crossing his legs, and reclining gently, and with much dignity, back in his chair, he cast one look towards the quiet *dramatis personæ* around him, as much as to say, "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," and off he went.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Geographical present, &c.—Asia.—Europe—Two duodecimos have just issued from the press of Mr. Burgess, containing a description of those great and ancient continents. They are well calculated to initiate the youthful student into a knowledge of that important branch, geography. When the volumes are completed, the work will form a useful manual for schools.

The London Carcanet.—A quaint title for a neat little volume, containing selections from distinguished writers, such as Bacon, Milton, Hooker, Addison, Pope, Johnson, Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Junius, Byron, Moore, Scott, Webster, Washington Irving, Halleck, &c. &c. It is in a convenient and portable form, and will be an acceptable and rational gift at the present season. It may be had of Mr. Peabody, 129 Broadway.

The Lily; a coloured annual for 1831.—Mr. Schoyer, of this city, has just published an annual with this title. It does not lay claim to competition with the beautiful works of this kind which have heretofore appeared, but is notwithstanding a very pretty volume.

Sir Walter Scott has two new novels in the press—the first, taken from the history of the Lover's Knap, entitled "Robert of Paris;" the other, a new series of "Tales of a Grandfather," taken from the history of France.

sacrifice. I had vowed to the Mirror.

lair, and now I can

ADRIAN. THE SINGING OF THE WRECKED.

The morning broke—the towering cliff
Loom'd dimly through the hazy air;
To heaven their hearts and hands they lift,
In silent, solemn, thankful prayer!
And joyfully the warm tear starts
From weary eyes, with watching pain'd,
For hope and rapture fill those hearts,
Where grief and anguish long have reign'd.

Long had they gazed upon a sea
That, shoreless, seem'd to touch the sky;
Till hope deferr'd and misery
Had drain'd the fount of sorrow dry;
For since their gallant ship was lost,
Many, ah! many a weary day,
And many a night, had they been toss'd
Like lonely sea-birds on the spray!

Many a bright and cloudless noon
Had mock'd their anguish and despair,
And oft the melancholy moon
Had, in her watchings, found them there—
There—on the ocean—void of rest,
Where hope no solace could diffuse,
While o'er each cold and aching breast
Distill'd the nightly chilling dews!

There was the child—the maiden fair—
The father, too, of manly form;
The mother shone more sweetly there,
Like a pale sun-beam in the storm!
Her heart was sad—but still she smiled—
Gazed wistful on the sea and sky—
Then fondly clasped her wond'ring child,
As if she'd found assistance nigh.

And now a little stricken band
Of rescued fugitives they come,
And pause upon that beachy strand,
Houseless and friendless, far from home!
All they possessed of worldly wealth,
The winds and waves have swept away;
With hunger faint, impaired in health,
Weary they watch the opening day.

And wherefore are they joyous now?
Why sparkles every eye with hope,
And why does pleasure light each brow,
As they ascend the grassy slope?
No joyful cry—no shout was heard,
Of welcome, on that lonely strand—
No greeting smile—no tender word,
No ardent pressure of the hand!

The sunny hills, the blooming vales,
The distant village-spire and dome,
The shady wood, the fragrant gales—
All—all awake fond thoughts of home!
For, far away, there are bright eyes—
(And kindred hearts, that daily burn)
Watching the winds, the storms, the skies,
All anxious for that ship's return!

That glorious ship—and where is she?
The mountain wave she rides no more;
A giant martyr to the sea—
Her lofty beauties strew the shore.
Yet they—the loved—in distant land,
Who darkly watch for her in vain—
The voices of that shipwrecked band
Shall glad their sinking hearts again!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

OLD LETTERS.

That they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.—*Winter's Tale.*

When the tired boy at his school-desk, and under the watchful eye of his master, is awkwardly toiling to acquire the mystery of pot-hooks and trammels, how little he dreams of the exhaustless source which he is opening for the interest and happiness of future years. Nature has imprisoned the soul of man in a narrow tenement, and denied him the power of omnipresence, and even those facilities of motion by which some of the inferior creation pass safely and swiftly between distant places; but how ingeniously he has broadened his field of operation and enjoyment? I am more than a thousand weary miles from my friend, yet I sit down in the lonely silence of my chamber, and chat to him in a kind of illusion, which, to my imagination, recalls his image, his peculiar ways, and the tones of his voice, with almost the vividness of reality; and here upon my table lies the sheet which has just reached me, freighted with his secret thoughts.

Have you ever, dear reader, been banished by fate from the home where were concentrated all your hopes, attachments, and associations—away off in some secluded, solitary, tedious, country village—where no one cares for you, nothing interests

you, and where the mails come only once a-week? Your body, indeed, may wander listlessly along, prying into the secrets of winding brooks, or rusting above the fallen leaves in the silent passages of the woods, but your thoughts fly back and hover around the distant scene, to the incidents of which you are tremblingly alive, yet over which distance has drawn a pall, dark and impenetrable, to your piercing wishes. Your imagination shapes out all sorts of fantastic accidents, (for remarkable events seem always to occur in your absence) till wearied with vain conjectures of the present, the tired mind reposes on the past, and lives over again all its vanished pleasures. Then comes the letter. The simple superscription in its familiar characters swarms with the most lively associations. You cannot yet call them delicious, for sometimes floats across you the fear of some vague evil, darkening your sunny anticipations, as the shadow of a cloud passes over the bosom of a grassy hill. With what eager anxiety you break the seal! and, as the thirsty traveller on a desert, when at last he reaches the spring, gushing and bubbling up in its beautiful and tempting coolness, kneels down and quenches the thirst he has suffered so long, so you drink in sentence after sentence, and allay the fever of your soul.

I never behold a friend receive a letter at a distance from his home, especially if he have a family, without experiencing a kind of reflected anxiety that it may contain nothing to alarm his affections or wound his feelings. No lovely wife sick—no favourite child gone for ever from his once happy household—no lightning-bolt fallen from any quarter upon the verdant spot where all his cherished hopes and feelings have their home. I read his countenance almost as anxiously as he peruses the page, and when his eyes gradually emit brighter sparkles, a glow as of remembered pleasure suffuses his cheeks, and that kind of smile lurks about his lips which marks inward satisfaction, unshared by those around him, I know the hovering hawk has not pounced upon his sheltered nest, and a mountain of heavy fears roll away from my mind.

There is something sacred about a letter. Every scrap which I receive is packed regularly away as a treasure to which each succeeding year will add a value; and I have consequently under lock and key, little mementos of many a friend by whom the trifling offspring of his pen has been forgotten. In early youth I was charmed with this plan, and have imperceptibly accumulated a mass of heterogeneous materials, some of which are closely interwoven with the pleasantest scenes of my life. If I should long enough avoid the unceremonious attack of the grim tyrant which hurls so many various weapons, and lays so many different snares for the poor shrinking mortal who is sure to be his victim at last, I can picture myself, in the loneliness of idle age, with a few silver hairs clothing a brow perhaps doubly seamed with the ravages of time and sorrow, amid the scenes, characters, and events of a new and strange generation, peering silently through my spectacles with many a sad reverie and pensive smile upon these little invaluable relics of by-gone years. Why even now I cannot turn over their worn and faded pages without raking up the embers of forgotten passions, and forcing from their lonely and neglected graves many a merry school-mate, once dearly loved, yet now growing more and more dim in the mists of memory; and who, but for these relics of our brief adventures, (for even so selfish and changeable a thing is that mystery of nature the human heart) might have scarcely ever recurred to my thought.

Sometimes during a rainy idle day, or when I am at a distance from home, I untie a bundle of these papers. Let us see of what this is composed. What have we here? A decent-looking superscription—hand unknown. "Sir—I shall proceed to examine the witnesses in the case of—" bah, business—but signed, E. B. He died ten minutes after in an apoplectic fit. The next. What's this? Small, neat, female hand. Why I do not recollect of any—ah! an invitation. By the graces, that ever I should forget Laura B., although when I danced with her that evening I now remember quoting the declaration of the poor ghost-haunted Hamlet:

"Yes, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pleasures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thou, *Miser Laura*, all alone shalt live
Within the book and volume of my brain
Unmixed with baser matter."

By the mass, what a lovely creature she was—with a face one deemed he could never forget—a voice like the sound of silver in the ears of a miser—a hand which Jupiter might have come down from heaven for the sake of holding, and the prettiest foot in the world. Beautiful Laura. I was gradually sinking into the most delicious passion for her, and like Benedict, was ready to pick tokens of requited love out of her every look and gesture. One morning, before breakfast

while indulging in a most formidable gaze over the paper, I caught her name under the head of "married," in company with some more fortunate youth, of whose existence until that moment I had been entirely ignorant. Never a word did I say to any human being, but despatched ten buckwheat cakes, with a corresponding accompaniment of fine sausages, and washing down the whole with one or two extra cups of coffee, I applied myself to the business of the day with a confirmed belief in that veracious and consolatory maxim, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The next is a modest epistle, expressing great confidence in my abilities and inclination, (two materials, by the way, very much at war in my destiny) and winding up with a modest request of five dollars as a loan. The writer married a lady a short time after worth a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and passes me in the street, the rascal, without a nod.

The next, although of recent date, is the only remnant of a friendship which once promised me much gratification. It is connected with a history which, alas, for life, although perfectly true, is so common as to be devoid of interest, except in the bosoms of those acquainted with the parties. It bore the signature of C. T., who had intended to enter the Columbian army under Bolivar. He received his education in this city, where I became intimately acquainted with him. His temperament, like that of most from Spanish America, was warm, sanguine, and impetuous. Keenly susceptible to the charms of female beauty, every pair of expressive eyes lighted in him the flame of a lively but transient attachment. He loved poetry and music, in which he displayed both taste and genius. Every accomplishment which could render him a dangerous companion for young and kindred spirits of the other sex, was added to a person of marked elegance and grace; nor was he deficient in those qualities which command the respect of men, and promise success in life. His fault was a too passionate admiration of every thing beautiful—a too open and decisive hatred and contempt for every thing mean or contracted, or which interrupted his designs. He was too generous, too confident, too untrammelled in his opinions. He was one of those kind of persons whom every one praises and loves, yet of whom, when in adversity, especially adversity arising from their own errors, people shrug up their shoulders and say—"I always knew he would turn out so."

He became attached to a young girl, very lovely in her person, and full of romance and affection. The preliminary affairs were soon arranged between themselves. Young C. T. of such disposition are not long in discovering each other's minds, and Charles embarked for South America, with the intention of settling his affairs there, seeing his parents, obtaining their sanction to his union, and establishing himself in business here. I saw him step into the little boat, to be conveyed on board the ship which lay off in the bay. The song of the sailors, as they hoisted the sails, came softened to us over the water. The vessel stirred like some stupendous creature, slowly unfurling its giant wings for a long and perilous flight. He spoke no word as he grasped me by the hand, but turned away his face—

"And even then, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face he put his hand behind him,
And, with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted."

Several months elapsed and no tidings. Then came vague reports of his having been seen at a ball, dancing with a Spanish girl, of great wealth and dazzling beauty—of his serenades—his poetry to her—the gratification of his parents at an alliance so splendid—his attachment—courtship—and, at length, from what every one termed an authentic source, though I could find no one to trace the report to its origin, we heard he was married. There was something so probable in the whole story, something so akin to the frailties of human nature, particularly as displayed in such a character, that gained it universal credit. Even I wrote him a letter, in which I wished him happiness, without upbraiding him with the cruel treachery which was lavished upon him from the lips of all around me. What confirmed my credit in the accounts received of him was his silence towards me and her. Not a line had reached us. He has yielded, I thought, to ambition, to wealth, to beauty, to parental wishes; he has been enervated by all the pleasures of which he was most fond; he has struggled feebly without a single adviser, against a current too powerful for him to resist; he will spend his life in South America or Europe, and is ashamed or afraid to think of the friends of his youth, or the consequences of an attachment cherished without the knowledge of his family, in the ardour and thoughtlessness of boyhood and inexperience. Many an older head has turned giddy without half the temptation. I mourned over the weakness of human nature, but my letter was full of kindness and friendship. The unfortunate object

of his former attachment was not so philosophical in her feelings. Ah! how much more coolly we can reason and moralize about the distresses of others than our own! She died. I may not say of a broken heart, for sickness was upon her; but, in the delirium which preceded her dissolution, her secret disappointment and shame crossed her dreams, and her lips murmured wildly the weary and dark thoughts which had long been cherished in her bosom. That beautiful head—the rich hair parted upon that lovely forehead, and falling in bright ringlets over her neck—those crimson lips, whose smile was like a stream of sunshine from her soul, are all laid low, dark and silent in the dust, and here is the first letter from Charles. He has been sick, and nearly to death; but he says his disease at length yields to the careful treatment of his physician, and he is on the eve of embarking for this country, to fulfil the engagement with her whom he has never ceased to love. He says he has written frequently to her and myself, and wonders at our silence, but adds—the country is so unsettled that there is no security for the safe transportation of letters, and does not suffer himself to doubt for a moment her fidelity. He grows gradually warm with anticipations of the meeting, and draws a picture of happiness which, when I reflect on his sensitiveness, his proneness to feel all these terrible bereavements, and even to exaggerate them, makes me tremble.

F.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA,

To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER NINE.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

HAVING returned to the Nevesky convent for our fourth departure, I shall set you down on the Court-quay. This you will perceive from your map, is (excepting the interruption of the intervening Admiralty, enclosing the river's brink,) but a continuation, with greater splendour, of the English Line I have described to you. It changes its name in honour of the residence of the court, and of the number of palaces that front the beautiful Neva, and form the magnificent street that stretches three half miles or more from our starting point up the left bank. At the head of this noble line, and separated from the Admiralty by a wide street, or rather open space, stands the Winter Palace—the town residence of his imperial majesty. This may be termed a poser, for its dimensions are no less than four hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet, and, as you will see, it is nearly quadrangular. The first stage is of Ionic and the second of Corinthian columns. Numerous statues stud the roof; and, when the emperor is in town, the imperial flag is seen waving from a tall standard, in long and graceful folds, above the crowning turrets. The palace may be said to have two façades, the broad Neva and Court-quay fronting one, and an open square, with the sweeping semi-circle of the Étât-major, the other: with so much open space around, it shows to great advantage; and, notwithstanding its heavy architecture, presents a grand and magnificent aspect. But you must not suppose that the Emperor Nicholas requires any such dimensions as I have stated his palace to possess to turn round in; no, no, he is not so large a man as all that; though he rules sixty millions of subjects, and his dominions stretch across one hemisphere and largely intrude on another, he is quite contented with a suite of rooms in the second story of the south-west corner of this huge pile, from the windows of which he has a delightful view of a clear expanse of water, and the splendid rows that form the town; leaving the rest of the building for his beautiful private chapel, with its glistening spire, the affairs of state, the quarters of officers, and soldiers, and servants, a large carriage depot, and stables for a numerous stud. It is a small city within itself, and I presume to say, that not less than twelve to fifteen hundred persons are constantly lodged here; and it is an every day sight to see whole companies of guards issue from the basement story at the tap of the drum, and pass muster in the large inner court. The hall in which the court masquerades are given is of great length, but that of St. George surpasses it in magnificence. It is in this hall that foreign ambassadors are received, and the imperial crown, the sceptre, and jewels are guarded. The Hermitage is a separate palace, of considerable length, connected to the winter residence by a gallery that arches the intervening street. The riches and treasures of art that are here contained are immense, and a thin quarto would be hardly sufficient to enumerate them. The paintings alone amount to more than four thousand, among which are many of the rare originals of the Italian, Flemish, and Spanish schools, with numerous full-length

copies of the *chefs d'œuvres* of the great masters, by Russian artists, and they certainly show much cleverness on the part of the copyists. The French acknowledge that the Hermitage may well compare with their own boasted Louvre; and an intelligent Italian artist assured me he had visited one room alone every good day for successive weeks with renewed satisfaction, and that the most numerous and best specimens of the Spanish school that he had found out of Spain, were here exhibited. The library contains one hundred and fifteen thousand volumes; and the number of engravings, cameos, gems, and casts of gems, with other curiosities, seemed innumerable. The Raphael Gallery is two hundred and ten feet long, and overspread with the frescos of the Vatican, on the same scale as the originals at Rome; and in another room are the portraits by Dawe, an eminent English artist, of the imperial family, and the general officers of the memorable campaigns of Moscow, Leipsic, and Paris. Wellington being by title a Russian field-marshal, occupies, with his Moscovite uniform and prominent Roman nose, a conspicuous place among these proud warriors. From one of the third stories you issue into a spacious hanging garden, with flowers and plants, gravelled walks, and singing-birds. This was the work of Catherine the second, and rises in imitation of those that flourished some thousand years ago in mighty Babylon. Here it was, in an adjoining hall, that she gave her splendid winter parties. The garden was then lighted up, and thrown open to the astonished visitant, who, notwithstanding a range of twenty to thirty degrees of frost without, could here make his promenade in a moderate summer heat, and among shrubbery and flowers, shaded by the orange and citron: the scene must have been really enchanting.

As we have at last fairly arrived at the residence of the imperial family, you may naturally expect an introduction to its present august inmates, and this I flatter myself I shall be able to give you from having often seen them, and in a variety of situations. The present emperor, Nicholas, is the third son of Paul, and ascended the throne upon the death of Alexander in place of Constantine, who, by his own voluntary act, renounced the crown. He is now about thirty-five years of age, nearly six feet in height, finely formed, and possesses a commanding and martial air. His hair is of a light brown, his eyes blue and penetrating, with manly regular features, that without flattery may be called handsome. His predominant expression is stern severity, which I cannot but think in a great measure assumed, especially when in view of the army, as no one can be more amiable among his friends, or when surrounded by his charming family. His mind is highly cultivated, leaning to the military and more exact sciences; and, in addition to his own, he speaks the English, French, and German languages with great fluency. He has personally visited most of the European kingdoms, and takes care to inform himself accurately of the affairs of the world by a subscription to the leading foreign journals and periodicals, which are carefully marked and perused for his benefit. Nor has he failed to acquire what is of more immediate consequence to him, a complete and thorough knowledge of the resources of his own empire; the full development of which, as fast as circumstances will admit, is the constant aim of his policy. The naval seems a favourite department with him; and you will recollect his having lately purchased a sloop of war and a superb American merchantman, which he pronounced the most beautiful ships he had ever seen, for models, and in addition, sent intelligent officers across the Atlantic, to inspect our ships, and familiarize themselves with our system. The easy amiability of Alexander in his latter years left much to the caprice and negligence of favourites; but, since his accession to the throne, Nicholas has applied himself, with increased exertions, to a more strict and better organization of the empire, and seems to wish that the laws, and not the arbitrary will of the sovereign, should alone rule. He is a munificent patron of literature, science, and the arts, more especially those of the useful kind, and is doing much for the spread of education among his subjects, by the establishment of schools on the Lancasterian plan; indeed, from the means that I have of judging, I should think his measures as liberal as his subjects can at present bear, and I have no doubt but his reign will prove highly beneficial to the empire. Meanwhile he has a difficult task to legislate for a licentious nobility on the one hand, and a slavish barbarous peasantry on the other. His dress is always military, and usually that of a plain general-officer, with the fewest decorations possible—a *chapeau-de-bras*, with a short black feather, small sword, and high military boots and spurs. He frequently rides out, sometimes on horseback, but more generally in an open barouche with four horses, his only at-

tendant a footman standing up behind; and as he rapidly passes the streets, the people take off their hats, the emperor returning the salutation by lifting his hand to his forehead, in the military style.

The empress is an elegant woman, rather above the middle height, of pleasing regular features, and great amiability of expression. She is the direct patroness of the benevolent institutions of the empire, and personally superintends several that are established within the city and its precincts. She is the daughter of Frederic of Prussia, and must be something younger than the emperor. Possessing the attributes of her angelic mother, much kindness and goodness of heart, she is deservedly beloved and esteemed by all who know her. The imperial couple were early married, as much from mutual affection as policy, and are said to enjoy the greatest conjugal felicity, setting the best example, as husband and wife, to their numerous subjects. They have three children; the eldest, and heir to the throne, the Grand Duke Alexander, must be about twelve years of age. He is a charming boy, of good parts, possesses a fine open countenance, a most generous disposition, and is consequently a great favourite, especially among the soldiers. He is rigidly governed, and corrected of his faults, having no more indulgence than other children, and is receiving a thorough and systematic education. He is already chief of a regiment, and it is really pleasing to see how gallantly he heads his corps, and performs his evolutions. You will also frequently find him abroad in the streets, and as he passes along he salutes, with the greatest kindness and suavity of manner, the people, who crowd around for a gaze at their future sovereign.

For the Mirror.

THE PAST.

BY THYRZA.

THOU land, once ours, which never more
By aught but memory shall be trod,
Whose pilgrim feet still linger o'er
Thy wild and haunted sod—
Oh! let my spirit now recall
Thy scenes which rise in freshness yet,
Live o'er thy vanished hours, and all
The present gloom forget!
Yes, once again in thought I'll tread
Thy world, of dreamy phantoms full;
Gaze on thy sky, with light o'erspread,
And fragrant flow'rets curl—
The flowers that on my desert path
Shall bloom no more—the sunny sky
O'er which the gathering tempest hath
So long frowned heavily.
Oh! let thy mellowed radiance fall,
Like light from painted windows shed,
Upon my darken'd soul, with all
The lustre long since fled!
They come—they rise in beauty yet,
The forms that made thee fairy land;
At every step hath memory met
Some spirit bright and bland—
The lips, whose gentle words were fraught
To me with music sweet and low,
And cheeks, that from my presence caught
A brighter, richer glow—
And eyes, whose glances soft and bright
No more on me their beams shall pour,
And smiles, once mine, whose sunny light
Shall fall on me no more—
And, fraught with friendship's fervency,
Sweet voices, rich and deep and clear,
Whose well-remembered melody
I never more shall hear—
All, all are there!—the gloom, the blight,
Coldness and change, which time hath wrought,
Have vanished now from memory's sight,
From memory's truant thought.
A spell hath riveted my sight
Upon the past—hope vainly turns
To where the future's meteor light
In distant brightness burns.
Oh! who can tell, when time shall raise
The veil which gives the future grace,
If smiles or frowns shall meet his gaze
On her discovered face?
There's nought in dim futurity
To recompense me for the past;
Can she bring joys as dear to me
As those that fled so fast?
Ah, no! though hope may dawn at last,
And though the future promise fair,
Still must I cling unto the past,
My heart—my heart is there!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

SONG.

If thou shouldst deem thy vow
A fable traced in air,
I will not stoop my brow,
Nor cease to braid my hair:
I will not mourn thy guile
A month, a week, a day;
But on thy folly smile,
And laugh my care away.

When eve is in the west,
And wandering bird and bee
Come weary home to rest,
And none are far but thee,—
There shall not breathe a tone
Of sadness through my lay:
As heedless thou art flown,
I'll sing my care away.

NATURAL DREAD OF DEATH.

BY CHANNING.

It seems to us strange, it seems as if all were wrong, in a world where, from the very constitution of things, death must close every scene of human life, where it hath reigned for ages over all generations, where the very air we breathe and the dust we tread upon was once animated life—it seems to us most strange and wrong, that this most common, necessary expedient, and certain of all events, should bring such horror and desolation with it; that it should bring such tremendous agitation, as if it were some awful and unprecedented phenomenon; that it should be more than death—a shock, a catastrophe, a convulsion: as if nature, instead of holding on its steady course, were falling into irretrievable ruins.

And that which is strange is our strangeness to this event. Call sickness, we repeat, call pain, an approach to death. Call the weariness and failure of the limbs and senses, call decay, dying. It is so; it is a gradual loosening of the cords of life, and a breaking up of its reservoirs and resources. So shall they all, one and another, give way. "I feel"—will the thoughtful man say—"I feel the pang of suffering, as it were, piercing and cutting asunder, one by one, the fine and invisible bonds that hold me to the earth. I feel the gushing current of life within me to be wearing away its own channels. I feel the sharpness of every keen emotion, and of every acute and far penetrating thought, as if it were shortening the moments of the soul's connexion and conflict with the body." So it is, and so it shall be, till at last, "the silver cord is loosened, and the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns unto God who gave it."

No; it is not a strange dispensation. Death is the fellow of all that is earthly; the friend of man alone. It is not an anomaly; it is not a monster in the creation. It is the law, and the lot of nature.

"Not to thy eternal resting-place,
Shalt thou retire alone,
Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and pour'd round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

But of what is it the tomb? Does the spirit die? Do the blest affections of the soul go down into the dark and silent grave? Oh! no. "The narrow house, and pall, and breathless darkness," and funeral train—these belong not to the soul. They proclaim only the body's dissolution. They but celebrate the vanishing away of the shadow of existence. Man does not die, though the forms of popular speech thus announce his exit. He does not die. We bury, not our friend, but only the form, the vehicle in which, for a time, our friend lived. That cold, impassive clay, is not the friend, the parent, the child, the companion, the cherished being. No, it is not; blessed be God that we can say—*It is not!* It is the material world only that earth claims. It is "dust" only that "descends to dust." The grave! let us break its awful spell, its dread dominion. It is the place where man lays down his weakness, his infirmity, his diseases, and sorrows, that he may rise up to a new and glorious life. It is the place where man ceases—in all that is frail and decaying—ceases to be man, that he may be, in glory and blessedness, an angel.

Why, then, should we fear death, save as the wicked fear,
From Thanatopsis; by William Cullen Bryant.

and must fear it? Why dread to lay down this frail body in its resting-place, and this weary aching head on the pillow of its repose? Why tremble at this—that in the long sleep of the tomb, the body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want nor the groans of distress—and far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass lightly over it, and the elements shall beat and the storms shall sigh unheard around its lowly bed? Say, ye aged and infirm, is it the greatest of evils to die? Say, ye children of care and toil! say, ye afflicted and tempted! is it the greatest of evils to die?

Oh! no. Come the last hour, in God's own time—and a good life and a glorious hope shall make it welcome. Come the hour of release—and affliction shall make it welcome. Come the hour of re-union with the loved and lost on earth—and the passionate yearnings of affections, and the strong aspirations of faith, shall bear us to their blessed land. Come death, to this body—this burdened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body—and to the soul, come freedom, light, and joy unceasing—come the immortal life! "He that liveth," saith the conqueror over the devil, "he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

THE FIRST OF MAY IN NEW-YORK.

A COMIC ANNUAL.

The chroniclers of England have handed down the doings of the good old times—the by-gone merriments of their May-day. But the antics of antiquity were grave matters, when compared to the joyances of the first day of May in New-York, when the comic annual custom of removing from one dwelling to another takes place.

On that day the maiden queen of an ancient May-day pageant never danced round the May-pole more feateously than a modern matron waltzes round a broom-handle. She then becomes a queen of the chess-board, and the rule of precedent hath conceded to her the privilege of moving into any square or place she pleases, assuming for her the usual prerogative of the sex, whether conceded or usurped, to dictate; and wo to the wedded knight who presumes to check mate!

On that day the *parvique Penates*, the presiding deities over the goods and chattels of the Manhattoes, bustle about like bees driven out of their hives by smoke, swarming, upon the eve of their migration, to the melody of the poker and frying-pan that sound "the gathering." Day-light scarcely looks upon the city, when mistresses and maids are seen listening laughingly to the stories of the carmen, who, like a bridge-builder, is preparing to drive his piles; and then they think of the Roman prophetess, and pay devotion to the *carmen-tales*, from the first to the fourth story.

That day is the jolly anniversary of general locomotion; the laughing birthday of domestic mutability; the yearly holiday of the household gods; the carnival of dusty-carpet, which are, like drugs,

"When taken, to be well shaken!"

It is the very festival of furniture, when the lowest deputy of the lowest follower of Day and Martin is liable to be promoted to the charge of some high post-bedstead, and under his management, in the middle of the domestic drama, down goes the curtain. Each chamber becomes a club-room, in which every member takes the chair. On the said first of May, as on the fourth of March, the tables are frequently turned, secretaries are removed from the home department, and cabinets lose their places.

Then window-panes and counter-panes are afflicted with a wet season. It is a day of ups and downs, of pulling, packing, and pinning up; of taking, tearing, and tying down. Chimney-flues and chamber-floors receive their sweeps. Then executions are expected in every house, for the paper in the upper rooms, the pictures in the parlour, the bells in the basement story, are all waiting to be hung, and the cart is at the door.

But before the maiden mansion with its bridal wall dressed in white, to which the white-wash brush has given a *carte-blanche*, receives company, the overloaded cart-noir is accidentally upset in the street! Momus goes into half-mourning, lots of little ragged rogues celebrate in merry sadness the scene of comic annual mischief, and the injured spirit of one of the *Lares* seems to shriek out, as a stream of molasses gurgles from a broken bottle, "Ubi lapsus!" which, freely translated, is rendered, "your boy laps us."

Then hogs have their *essoin*, the cart-horse is thrown upon the curb, and clothes-horses are broken upon the wheel. Old jugs, like old jokes, are cracked at their owners' expense, sofas lose their castors, and castors forsake their cruets, tumblers throw summersets, plates are dished; bellows, like bankrupts, can raise the wind no more, dog-irons go to pot,

and pots go to the dogs; spiders are on the fly, a safe is not safe, the deuce is played with the tray, straw-beds are down. It is the spring with cherry-trees, but the fall with cherry tables, for they lose their leaves, and candlesticks their branches. The whole family of the brushes—hearth, hair, hat, clothes, flesh, tooth, nail, crumb, and blacking, are brushing off. Books, like ships, are outward bound; Scott's novels become low works, Old Mortality is in the dust, and Kenilworth is worthless in the kennel. Presidential pamphlets are paving the way for new candidates, medical tracts become treatises on the stone, naval tacticians descend to witness the novelty of American flags having been put down, and the advocates of liberality in thought, word, and deed, is gaining ground. Then wooden ware is everywhere. Pails are without the pale of preservation, and the tale of a tub, at which the washerwoman wrings her hands, in broken accents tells

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
That wind up the travel's history"

of a New-York comic annual celebration.

Comic Annual.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

The following extract from an article in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* is worthy the perusal of all, but more especially of the young. It is from the pen of a lady.

"I have met with very few unmarried ladies who have not appeared to me to feel, after the age of thirty, that their existence was thoroughly comfortless and wretched. Many have I heard express it openly, and that such is the fact can very easily be discovered by an accurate observer of the human countenance. It is also certain, that three out of five of the young English ladies of the present day must remain unmarried; because no man can exist on less than two thousand a year, when married; and how few young men there are with two thousand a year, compared with the number of young ladies! Five, six, eight, sometimes, in one family, generally all tolerably pretty, and most of them pleasing and accomplished women—many possessing talents of no ordinary stamp—yet perhaps in our salons these lovely and accomplished beings are completely neglected by the other sex, 'because,' (I must repeat the sentiment I have heard from thousands of young men of fashion,) 'I never talk to girls—I dare not pay any attention to unmarried women, because I am not a marrying man. Mr. — flirted with so and so, and was accused of behaving so—I don't like to excite false hope—I shall never marry, unless I can find a wife with at least two or three thousand a year, because I am much richer, unmarried, with the fortune I have.'"

"It is of no use to quarrel with the state of society as it is at present constituted, for we cannot alter it; but I think it might be beneficial to give a few hints on the education of women, which might, perhaps, be useful in procuring them, in a state of single blessedness, as it is very falsely called, a greater share of happiness, or a less load of misery than they at present appear to possess after the awful age of thirty."

"A girl at thirty is called an *old maid*; she goes to a ball, and generally sits neglected all the evening, or dances with some gentleman who has been often asked to dine at her father's house, and who perhaps remarks, Miss — is rather *passé*, a good old girl, and I must do my duty here; and now I shall dance with the beautiful Miss —. My heart always bleeds for the mortifications I see endured by these poor girls continually. There are certainly some single women whose talents have made them as much considered as they ought to be, but then I have generally observed that they have had fortunes, or have had advantages above others to bring them into notice, and to give to the natural ambition of the human species some scope of action."

"I will suppose a case in which there are four girls—a moderate proportion in one family—and two sons; and I will suppose their father possessed of fifteen hundred a year. The estate, of course, goes to the eldest son; the second must be a clergyman if his relations have any preferment, or he must be of some profession: of course he never marries without a large fortune—unless, at the age of forty-five, he has made one for himself. The eldest son having been to Eton and Cambridge, has learnt that fifteen hundred a year is nothing, and, in all probability, determines not to be taken in—not to marry any lovely girl without, at least, forty or fifty thousand pounds. I now come to my four young ladies. I will suppose one very pretty, one tolerably pretty, and the other two rather plain. They have been educated in all probability as the greater proportion of English girls are: first of all, they have a strong orthodox belief in the christian religion—go every Sunday to church—and are, as I conceive all, or nearly all, the class of moderately rich English gentry to be, perfectly

honourable, upright, and well principled. It is only for their own happiness that I would propose any change in the education of a class for whom I entertain so high a respect.

"To return to the four young ladies. They have all been brought up with the idea that they will become wives and mothers, and are taught to cherish those natural affections which, if by some remote chance one out of the four ever does marry, make them so amiable and lovely as such. They are allowed to read modern novels, at least all such as are considered to have a moral tendency. Now I maintain that there is scarcely one of these works which does not impress any young woman with the idea that happiness can alone be found in love and marriage. The heroine is very amiable and perfect, surrounded with admirers, all contending for the honour of the slightest notice, but where is the novel which represents four pretty unnoticed girls, who are destined to pass their young years without, perhaps, so much as one admirer amongst them? Year after year passes—their bloom and beauty fade—and my four lovely and accomplished warm-hearted beings, having seen all their youthful castles fall one by one, become listless and unhappy. They have little in life to interest them; one dies; another lives for many years on arrow-root and calf's-foot-jelly, and is enveloped in flannel even in July; a third is under the care of Dr. S.; and perhaps the fourth, who is made of tougher materials, and born with less feeling than the others, or, perhaps, from having something to occupy her mind in preparing the arrow-root for one sister, and ordering the hard dumplings prescribed by Dr. S. for the other—outlives her sorrows and disappointments; and if she takes an interest in her brother's children, or a share in their education, or in something which gives vent to those affections which are implanted by nature in the breast of women, she becomes happy.

"This, then, appears to me to be the secret too much neglected in female education. Teach them by all means that one great source of happiness consists in the indulgence of virtuous affection; but do not teach them that there is no affection capable of producing this happiness, except such as may be felt for a lover or husband. If the heart be properly regulated, it may take a warm and sufficiently engrossing interest in many objects less intimately connected with it. Marriage is a sad lottery, and at the best, is a state full of cares and anxieties. Freedom and independence ought not to be lightly parted with, or set down as possessions of little value."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The view of the Bay and Harbour of New-York, taken from the Battery, which was intended to have accompanied this impression, is still in the hands of the artist; and, as we wish it to excel every other engraving published in this journal, we are unwilling to present it to the public until finished to his entire satisfaction. Our subscribers will be the gainers by this arrangement, and we therefore trust it will meet their approbation. The plate will appear in the *twenty-eighth* number.

Our country.—From every part of our extended and still extending confederacy, we have reiterated accounts of a surprising enlargement of numbers, wealth, and improvements. A rivalry of a most commendable and honourable character appears to have sprung up among the states, and each seems to be contending, with unabated zeal and earnestness, for the great prize of distinction and glory. It is doubtful, if at any period of time there has been a nation, its population and age considered, that combined such strong moral and physical powers, with so ample a theatre on which to display its unchecked energies. Untrammelled by the discouraging and debasing influence of tyranny or priestcraft; with political rights and privileges well defined and understood; enjoying a degree of liberty unknown to any other people in the world; the exclusive occupants of a territory unsurpassed in fertility and beauty, and of almost boundless extent—with such a rare union of advantages, it cannot be considered marvellous that we should move on in our appointed sphere with an impulse which enables us to outstrip every competitor, and leave all useless example and precedent behind us for the imitation of

we are with the details of projects of vast magnitude and utility, and the celerity with which many of them are accomplished, we had a very inadequate knowledge, or even conception, of their number and extent, until they were recently made known to us through the executive communications from the federal and state governments. Upon so comprehensive a scale are many of these plans formed, those

especially which relate to canals, rail-roads, highways, aqueducts, tunnels, bridges, &c. all requiring the vigorous exercise of the highest powers of the mind, and the command of funds to the amount of many millions, that we have been astounded at the numerous facts which are spread before the community for their information, either by the general or local authorities. To give a mere sketch of these numerous works would require matter sufficient to fill a volume.

With such rapidity can a traveller now proceed from one point of the republic to another, by the agency of steam and commodious land vehicles, that in his movement he may be almost said to imitate a bird of passage; and when the public exigency calls for it, intelligence is transmitted through every channel of the country with a velocity that would seem to vie with the winds.

But wonderful as all this may appear, it is not more so than the rapid growth and extension of our cities, towns, villages, and new and prosperous settlements. The most indisputable evidences of great and growing riches, are the multiplied improvements and embellishments every where visible. The discovery of large quantities of the precious metals, added to the interrupted contributions from other countries; the opening of valuable mines of various descriptions, which are made subservient to the most useful purposes; the countless benefits accruing to the nation from an unrestrained intercourse between the states, and from the flourishing condition of agriculture, commerce, and the arts, which advance in their successful and bright career, with mutual indications of harmony and joy—are indubitable proofs of strength, vigour, capacity, and skill; and what is of infinite importance both to our character and our happiness, and what may be contemplated too with much complacency, if not with pride, are the number and thriving condition of our colleges, schools, and other seminaries of learning; the consequent dissemination of the light of truth and the advantages of refinement, accompanied with a general diffusion of a knowledge of the sciences, with something like a corresponding reward to men of genius and liberal acquirements.

The progress which, as a nation, we have made in the fulfillment of our allotment, has every where awakened a spirit of eager investigation and inquiry. Having the chief command of one of the divisions of the earth, and having reached that point on the score of numbers which gives us a high rank in the general estimate of mankind, embracing as a natural consequence, all the adequate means to effect any purpose however stupendous or wild; being happily placed at an immense distance from the jarring and conflicting elements of Europe, and holding out the strongest allurements to people of distant countries to seek a residence amongst us; assiduously cultivating the arts of peace, with an almost entire exemption from taxation; reposing in undisturbed tranquillity, and cherishing with zeal and warmth our free institutions—under circumstances so propitious, we have as much cause for gratulation, as we have for thankfulness to a benignant Providence. Nor is it strange that the subjects of other governments, feeling all the privations and cruel exactions emanating from long established authority, confirmed oppression, and the insolence of pride, should cast a wishful eye towards our favoured land, and be disposed to make many sacrifices in order to reach our peaceful shores. These things present the highest imaginable evidence that freedom of thought and action, and protection from wrong and outrage, are considerations outweighing all others; and they furnish a practical illustration of Franklin's noble maxim—"where liberty dwells, there is my country."

Christmas.—Again does the sound of hilarity break in upon the monotonous tones of life—again does the interchange of social feeling animate each countenance, and draw bands of brethren to join in the gay circle before the hospitable hearth. How delightful is the indulgence in such festive reciprocations of delight! How heartless and destructive to the happier impulses of human action the frigid policy which would put an end to their enjoyment! No—let every man, woman, and child improve so hallowed an occasion for innocent recreation, and after rendering up fervent thanks to the Author of all good, for the return of another glad season, participate innocently, but freely and cheerfully, in the general merry-making.

Elegant extract.—In the article from the Christian Examiner, are blended the compositions of two of the first writers which our country has yet produced. The one, as a didactic author, may justly take his rank with the highest names which adorn English literature, and the author of "Thanatopsis" may ensure his fame as coeval with the language in which his chaste and lofty moral aspirations have been poured forth.

Daily Sentinel.—Every day's experience convinces us more and more that the bigotry of infidelity is equally intolerant with that of the most superstitious sectarianism. The newspaper, of which the title precedes this article, is devoted to the advancement of the claims of the so called working men, and is conducted with considerable talent, and great apparent moderation. Yet there are subjects on which its real exclusive spirit will ever and anon break forth in the most strange and unaccountable terms. A public document cannot refer in the remotest degree to the existence of the Deity, or to those religious associations which are more or less identified with the earliest impressions of every well-educated man in the community, but its editors are sure to rail against the dangers of the union of church and state. Lafayette, because he has approved of a popular monarchy, is actually accused of imbecility and dotard submission to prejudice and error. 'The editor of the Mirror took an active and a lively part in the late celebration of the redemption of France—but one of his correspondents has questioned the durability of the revolutionary reformation'—so says the Sentinel—and, forsooth, we must be brought to task for allowing the very idea to be published, and are regularly served up in a communication as a sample of inconsistency! Things have come to a strange pass indeed, when a journalist is to exclude all matter from his columns that does not coincide in every respect, not merely with his own individual opinions, but also with the wishes of all his neighbours! The very charge is puerile—but it is also untenable, and we should not have noticed it, had it not been couched in decorous language—such as is not always used in modern editorial controversy. The Sentinel is mistaken as to our opinions—and, we are inclined to think, it likewise is as to the course most likely to advance the interests of its professed cause. Talents may be wasted on irreligion and heartless atheism, even more than they have ever been on the most destructive fanaticism.

Public dinners once more.—Our late remarks on this subject have been misunderstood in some quarters. We disclaim all particular allusions, and feel both surprise and regret that any one should have deemed them directed against the entertainment given to our respectable and deservedly esteemed fellow-citizen, the collector of this port. This will surely be admitted when we state the simple fact, that one of the articles was written a month before that circumstance took place. The observations were solely of a general nature, and were intended to apply to the publication of the toasts and speeches usually given on these occasions. We should be sorry to use the influence of our press, whatever it may be, for any other purpose than the public good, which was our only object. From a number of communications touching this matter we select the following, and insert it without comment:

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

SIR—I agree with you in the remarks in the last Mirror on the subject of public dinners. The publication of toasts and speeches, on ordinary occasions, is a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and should be "reformed altogether." But your censure is not properly directed. It is seldom the fault of the guests, and the full tide of hilarity is often checked in persons who, like myself, are troubled with the unfashionable vice of modesty, by the apprehension that the outbreaks of the evening may stare them in the face the next morning at the breakfast table, amongst the horrid murders and last dying speeches, with which the vitiated taste of the reading public is gratified by those who cater for their amusement.

A good dinner is not a bad thing, and those even who rail against it are not often known to carry their opposition so far as to refuse an invitation to one. But it does not follow, by any means, that all the clever sayings, eloquent speeches, and patriotic discussions of the dinner table should be translated from the sanctum of convivial fellowship into the columns of a newspaper. Nay, if it be true, that "when the wine is in, the wit is out," the custom is fraught with danger to the wisest of us.

The evil you complain of arises from the desire of our editors that the minds of their readers,

"Students of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be instructed."

and as they are generally talented and agreeable gentlemen, you are pretty sure to find some of them at these solemn merry makings. An account of a dinner, with a tolerably long string of volunteer toasts, and the outstretching of an occasional word in Roman capitals, serves marvellously well to fill a column, and save the wear and tear of brains, incidental to the production of an original article of the same length.

MASTER SLENDER.

BRIGNAL BANKS.

AS SUNG IN THE OPERA OF ROKEYBY—WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT—MUSIC BY DR. CLARKE.

Andante quasi Allegretto.



O Brig-nal banks are wild and fair, And Gre-ta woods are green, And you may ga-ther gar-lands there Would grace a sum-mer queen. And

as I rode by Dal-ton hall, Be-neath the tur-ret high, A mai-den on the cas-tle wall, Was sing-ing, sing-ing

mer-ri-ly, "O Brig-nal banks are fresh and fair, And Gre-ta woods are green; I'd ra-ther range with Ed-mund there, Than reign our Eng-lish queen."

SECOND VERSE.

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tow'r and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down;
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed.
As blithe as queen of May."
Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather range with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."

THIRD VERSE.

"I read you by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good;
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May."

FOURTH VERSE.

"With burnish brand and musketoon.
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragon,
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O, though Brignal banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay;
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my queen of May."

FIFTH VERSE.

"Maiden, a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die,
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I;
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were, we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen."

Varieties.

THE ACACIA.—It is said that the Emperor Charles the fifth had four of these beautiful trees transported from America to Europe, in 1670, and planted one in Madrid, one in Vienna, one in Ghent, and one in Brussels. All died except the last, which, it is said, is now a fine tree, fifty feet high, and ten feet three inches in girth.

BEAUTY.—Cardinal Mazarin was an extremely handsome man, and had a very fine face; this he was so anxious to preserve, that, not many days before he died, he gave audience to the foreign ministers with his face painted.

COMPLIMENT TO THE LADIES.—Quin being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, he replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam; we always see more of heaven than earth!"

AN EXPEDIENT.—It is not legal to sentence a Spanish nobleman to punishment for life, therefore the supreme court of Malaga have ordered a young noble, convicted of murder, to work in the galleys for one hundred years and a day.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—A school-boy in North Adams, Massachusetts, who was studying geography, was asked by his teacher whether in going from the Baltic sea to Portugal, he would pass through any straits. "Why, yes, sir," said the rapid student, "I should go as straight as I could."

FRIENDSHIP.—When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends.

NEW MEDICINE.—It is stated, in a letter from Rome, that the French medical men in that city continue to administer, with great success against intermittent fevers, the bark of the willow. These gentlemen assert that it has more power than Peruvian bark.

TOKAY WINE.—Dr. Von Derchzer says, "I have drunk some Tokay wine that was forty years old, and which, on being poured into the glass, immediately filled the room with an aromatic ethereal odour." This is expressed *con amore*.

The gods are described by Homer as pledging each other in similar nectar, from golden vessels.

LIVING WITHOUT BRAINS.—As the late professor H. was walking near Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually called fools. "Pray," said the professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head; "pray, how long have you lived yourself, sir?"

The last, best fruit, which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unfortunate, warmth of heart towards the cold, and philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

At an evening party lately a gentleman handed his wife a glass of wine: some one asked her if it was Madeira, to which she replied, "I presume so, for it came from my deary."

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NUMBER 26.

DUTCH ARCHITECTURE.



Drawn by Davis.—Engraved by Anderson.

OLD DUTCH HOUSE IN WILLIAM-STREET.

Built 1648.—Modernized 1828.

ORIGINAL TALES.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

OR THE ORIGIN OF THE BAKER'S DOZEN.

[Translated from an ancient Dutch MS.]

LITTLE Brom Boomptie, or Boss Boomptie, as he was commonly called by his apprentices and neighbours, was the first man that ever baked new-year cakes in the good city of New-Amsterdam. It is generally supposed that he was the inventor of those excellent and respectable articles. However this may be, he lived and prospered in the little Dutch house in William-street, called, time out of mind, Knickerbocker Hall, just at the outskirts of the good town of New-Amsterdam.

Boomptie was a fat comfortable creature, with a capital pair of old-fashioned legs; a full, round, good-natured face; a corporation like unto one of his plump loaves; and as much honesty as a Turkish baker, who lives in the fear of having his ears nailed to his own door for retailing bad bread. He wore a low crowned, broad-brimmed beaver; a gray bearskin cloth coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and gray woollen stockings, summer and winter, all the year round. The only language he spoke, understood, or had the least respect for, was Dutch—and the only books he ever read or owned, were a Dutch Bible, with silver clasps and hinges, and a Dutch history of the duke of Alva's bloody wars in the low countries. Boss Boomptie was a pious man, of simple habits and simple character; a believer in "demonology and witchcraft," and as much afraid of *spooks* as the mother that bred him. It ran in the family to be bewitched, and for three generations the Boompties had been very much pestered with supernatural visitations. But for all this they continued to prosper in the world, inasmuch that Boss Boomptie daily added a piece of wampum or two to his strong box. He was blessed with a good wife, who saved the very pairings of her nails, and three plump boys, after whom he modelled his gingerbread babies, and who were every Sunday zealously instructed never to pass a pin without picking it up and bringing it home to their mother.

It was new-year's eve, in the year 1655, and the good city of New-Amsterdam, then under the special patronage of the blessed St. Nicholas, was as jovial and wanton as hot spiced rum, and long abstinence from fun and frolic could make it. It is worth while to live soberly and mind our business all the rest of the year, if it be only to enjoy the holidays at the

end with a true zest. St. Nicholas—thrice blessed soul! was riding up one chimney and down another like a locomotive engine in his little one horse waggon, distributing cakes to the good boys, and whips to the bad ones; and the laugh of the good city, which had been pent up all the year, now burst forth with an explosion that echoed even unto Breuckelen and Communipaw.

Boss Boomptie, who never forgot the main chance, and knew from experience that new-year's eve was a shrewd time for selling cakes, joined profit and pleasure on this occasion. He was one minute in his shop, dealing out cakes to his customers, and the next laughing, and tipping, and jiggling, and frisking it with his wife and children in the little back room, the door of which had a pane of glass that commanded a free view of the shop. Nobody, that is, no genuine disciple of jolly St. Nicholas, ever went to bed on new-year's eve. The Dutch are eminently a sober discreet folk; but some how or other, no people frolic so like the very dickens when they are once let loose, as your very sober and discreet bodies.

By twelve o'clock the spicy beverage, sacred to holidays at that time, began to mount up into Boss Boomptie's head, and he was vociferating a Dutch ditty in praise of St. Nicholas with marvellous discordance, when just as the old clock in one corner of the room struck the hour that ushers in the new-year, a loud knock was heard on the counter, which roused the dormant spirit of trade within his bosom. He went into the shop, where he found a little ugly old thing of a woman, with a sharp chin, resting on a crooked black stick, which had been burnt in the fire and then polished; two high sharp cheek-bones; two sharp black eyes; skinny lips, and a most diabolical pair of leather spectacles on a nose ten times sharper than her chin.

"I want a dozen new-year cookies," screamed she in a voice sharper than her nose.

"Vel den you need'nt speak so loud," replied Boss Boomptie, whose ear being just then attuned to the melody of his own song, was somewhat outraged by this shrill salutation.

"I want a dozen new-year cookies," screamed she again, ten times louder and shriller than ever.

"Duyvel—I ant teaf den," grumbled the worthy man, as he proceeded to count out the cakes, which the other very deliberately counted after him.

"I want a dozen," screamed the little woman; "here is only twelve."

"Vel den, and what de duyvel is twelf put a dozen," said Boomptie.

"I tell you I want one more," screamed she in a voice that roused Mrs. Boomptie in the back room, who came and peeped through the pane of glass, as she often did when she heard the boss talking to the ladies.

Boss Boomptie waxed wroth, for he had a reasonable quantity of hot spiced rum in his noddle, which predisposed a man to valour.

"Vel den," said he, "you may co to de duyvel and get anoder, for you won't get it here."

Boomptie was not a stingy man; on the contrary, he was very generous to the pretty young damsels who came to buy cakes, and often gave them two or three extra for a smack, which made Mrs. Boomptie peevish sometimes, and caused her to watch at the little pane of glass when she ought to have been minding her business like an honest woman.

But this old hag was as ugly as sin, and the little baker never in his whole life could find in his heart to be generous to an ugly woman, old or young.

"In my country they always give thirteen to the dozen," screamed the ugly old woman in the leather spectacles.

"And where de duyvel is your gountry?" asked Boomptie.

"It is nobody's business," screeched the old woman. "But will you give me another cake, once for all?"

"Not if it would save me and all my chineration from peeing pewitched and pedemonologized time out of mind," cried he in a great passion.

What put it into his head to talk in this way I don't know, but he might better have held his tongue. The old woman gave him three stivers for his cakes, and went away, grumbling something about "living to repent it," which Boss Boomptie did not understand or care a fig about. He was chock full of Dutch courage, and defied all the ugly old women in christ-

endom. He put his three stivers in the till and shut up his shop, determined to enjoy the rest of the night without further molestation.

While he was sitting smoking his pipe, and now and then sipping his beverage, all at once he heard a terrible jingling of money in his shop, whereupon he thought some local caitiff was busy with his little till. Accordingly, priming himself with another reinforcement of Dutch courage, he took a pine knot, for he was too economical to burn candles at that late hour, and proceeded to investigate. His money was all safe, and the till appeared not to have been disturbed.

"Duyvel," quoth the little baker man, "I believe mine *trouw* and I have bote cot a zinging in our heads."

He had hardly turned his back when the same jingling began again, so much to the surprise of Boss Boomptie, that had it not been for his invincible Dutch courage he would, as it were, have been a little frightened. But he was not in the least; and again went and unlocked the till, when what was his astonishment to see the three diabolical stivers, received from the old woman, dancing and kicking up a dust among the coppers and wampum, with wonderful agility.

"Haggens Von Swoschagin!" exclaimed he, sorely perplexed, "de old duyvel has cot into dat old sinner's stivers, I tink." He had a great mind to throw them away, but he thought it a pity to waste so much money; so he kept them locked up all night, enjoining them to good behaviour, with a design to spend them the next day in another jollification. But the next day they were gone, and so was the broomstick, with which it was the custom to sweep out the shop every morning. Some of the neighbours coming home late the night before, on being informed of the "abduction" of the broomstick, deposed and said, they had seen an old woman, riding through the air upon just such another, right over the top of the little bake-house; whereat Boss Boomptie, putting these odds and ends together, did tremble in his heart, and he wished to himself that he had given the ugly old woman thirteen to the dozen.

Nothing particular came to pass the next day, except that now and then the little Boompties complained of having pins stuck in their backs, and that their cookies were snatched away by some one unknown. On examination it was found that no marks of the pins were to be seen; and as to the cookies, the old black woman of the kitchen declared she saw an invisible hand, just as one of the children lost his commodity.

"Den I am pewitched, sure enough!" cried Boomptie, in despair, for he had had too much of "demonology and witchcraft" in the family not to know when he saw them, just as well as he did his own face in the Collect.

On the second day of the year, the 'prentice boys all returned to their business, and Boomptie once more solaced himself with the baking of the staff of life. The reader must know that it is the custom of bakers to knead a great batch at a time, in a mighty bread-tray, into which they throw two or three little apprentice boys to paddle about, like ducks in a mill pond, whereby it is speedily amalgamated, and set to rising in due time. When the little caitiffs began their gambols in this matter they one and all stuck fast in the dough, as though it had been so much pitch, and, to the utter dismay of honest Boomptie, behold the whole batch rose up in a mighty mass, with the boys sticking fast on the top of it!

"Der dapperheed updragon!" exclaimed little Boomptie, as he witnessed this catastrophe; "de duyvel ish got into de yeast dis time, I tink."

The bread continued to rise till it lifted the roof off the bake-house, with the little 'prentice boys on the top, and the bread-tray following after. Boss Boomptie and his wife watched this wonderful rising of the bread in dismay, and in proof of the poor woman being bewitched, it was afterwards recollected that she uttered not a single word on this extraordinary occasion. The bread rose and rose, until it finally disappeared, boys and all, behind the Jersey hills. If such things had been known of at that time it would have been taken for a balloon; as it was, the people of Bergen and Communipaw thought that it was a water-spout.

Little Boss Boomptie was disconsolate at the loss of his bread and his 'prentice boys, who he never expected to see again. However, he was a stirring body, and set himself to

work to prepare another batch, seeing his customers must be supplied in spite of "witchcraft or demonology." To guard against such another rebellious rising, he determined to go through the process down in the cellar, and turn his bread-tray upside down. The bread instead of rising began to sink into the earth so fast, that Boss Boomptie had just time to jump off before it entirely disappeared in the ground, which opened and shut just like a snuff-box.

"Myt de stamme van dam!" exclaimed he, out of breath, "my bread rises to-wards dis time, I tink. My customers must go without to-day."

By and by his customers came for hot rolls and muffins, but some of them had gone up and some down, as little Boss Boomptie related after the manner just described. What is very remarkable, nobody believed him; and doubtless if there had been any rival baker in New-Amsterdam, the boss would have lost all his customers. Among those that called on this occasion was the ugly old woman with the sharp eyes, nose, chin, voice, and leather spectacles.

"I want a dozen new-year cookies!" screamed she as before.

"De Geude Schiwyer Torgouldigit beest!" muttered he, as he counted out the twelve cakes.

"I want one more!" screamed she.

"Den you may co to de duyvel and kit it, I say, for not anoder shall you have here, I tell you."

So the old woman took her twelve cakes, and went out, grumbling as before. All the time she staid Boomptie's old dog, who followed him wherever he went, growled and whined, as it were, to himself, and seemed mightily relieved when she went away. That very night, as the little baker was going to see one of his old neighbours at the *Maiden's Valley*, then a little way out of town, walking, as he always did, with his hands behind him, every now and then he felt something as cold as death against them, which he could never account for, seeing there was not a soul with him but his old dog. Moreover, Mrs. Boomptie having bought half a pound of tea at a grocery-store, and put it into her pocket, did feel a twitching and jerking of the paper of tea in her pocket every step she went. The faster she ran the quicker and stronger was the twitching and jerking, so that when the good woman got home she was nigh fainting away. On her recovery she took courage, and pulled the tea out of her pocket, and laid it on the table, when behold it began to move by fits and starts, jumped off the table, hopped out of doors, all alone by itself, and jugged away to the place from whence it came. The grocer brought it back again, but Madame Boomptie looked upon the whole as a judgment for her extravagance, in laying out so much money for tea, and refused to receive it again. The grocer assured her that the strange capers of the bundle were owing to his having forgot to cut the twine with which he had tied it; but the good woman looked upon this as an ingenious subterfuge, and would take nothing but her money. When the husband and wife came to compare notes, they both agreed they were certainly bewitched. Had there been any doubt of the matter, subsequent events would soon have put it to rest.

That very night Mrs. Boomptie was taken after a strange way. Sometimes she would laugh about nothing, and then she would cry about nothing; then she would set to work and talk about nothing for a whole hour without stopping, in a language nobody could understand; and then all at once her tongue would cleave to the roof of her mouth so that it was impossible to force it away. When this fit was over she would get up and dance double-trouble, till she tired herself out, when she fell asleep, and waked up quite rational. It was particularly noticed that when she talked loudest and fastest her lips remained perfectly closed, and without motion, or her mouth wide open, so that the words seemed to come from down her throat. Her principal talk was railing against Dominie Laidlie, the good pastor of Garden-street church, whence every body concluded she was possessed by a devil. Sometimes she got hold of a pen, and though she had never learned to write, would scratch and scrawl certain mysterious and diabolical figures, that nobody could understand, and every body said must mean something.

As for little Boss Boomptie he was worse off than his wife. He was haunted by an invisible hand, which played him all sorts of scurvy tricks. Standing one morning at his counter, talking to one of the neighbours, he received a great box on the ear, wherest being exceedingly wroth, he returned it with such interest on the cheek of his neighbour, that he laid him flat on the floor. His friend hereupon took the law of him, and proved to the satisfaction of the court that he had both hands in his breeches pockets at the time Boss Boomptie said he gave him the box on the ear. The magistrate not being

able to come at the truth of the matter, fined them each twenty-five guilders for the use of the dominie.

A dried codfish was one day thrown at his head, and the next minute his walking-stick fell to beating him, though nobody seemed to have hold of it. A chair danced about the room, and at last lighted on the dinner-table, and began to eat with such a good appetite, that had not the children snatched some of the dinner away, there would have been none left. The old cow one night jumped over the moon, and a pewter dish ran fairly off with a horn spoon, which seized a cat by the tail, and away they all went together, as merry as crickets. Sometimes, when Boss Boomptie had money, or cakes, or perhaps a loaf of bread in his hand, instead of putting them in their proper places, he would throw them into the fire, in spite of his teeth, and then the invisible hand would beat him with a bag of flour, till he was as white as a miller. As for keeping his accounts, that was out of the question; whenever he sat himself down to write his ink-horn was snatched away by the invisible hand, and by-and-by it would come tumbling down the chimney. Sometimes an old dish-cloth would be pinned to the skirt of his coat, and then a great diabolical laugh heard under the floor. At night he had a pretty time of it. His night-cap was torn off his head, his hair pulled out by handfuls, his face scratched, and his ears pinched as if with a red hot pincers. If he went out in the yard at night, he was pelted with brickbats, sticks, stones, and all sorts of filthy missives; and if he staid at home, the ashes were blown upon his supper; and old shoes, instead of plates, seen on the table. One of the frying-pans rang every night of itself for a whole hour, and a three-pronged fork stuck itself voluntarily into Boss Boomptie's back, without hurting him in the least. But what astonished the neighbours more than all, the little man, all at once, took to speaking in a barbarous and unknown jargon, which was afterwards found out to be English.

These matters frightened some of the neighbours and scandalized others, until at length poor Boomptie's shop was almost deserted. People were jealous of eating his bread, for fear of being bewitched. Nay, more than one little urchin complained grievously of horrible, out-of-the-way pains in the stomach, after eating two or three dozen of his new-year cookies.

Things went on in this way until Christmas-eve came round again, when Boss Boomptie was sitting behind his counter, which was wont to be thronged with customers on this occasion, but was now quite deserted. While thinking on his present miserable state and future prospects, all of a sudden the little ugly old woman, with a sharp nose, sharp chin, sharp eyes, sharp voice, and leather spectacles, again stood before him, leaning on her crooked black cane.

"De Philistynster Onweotende!" exclaimed Boss Boomptie, "what too you want now?"

"I want a dozen new-year cookies!" screamed the old creature.

The little man counted out twelve as before.

"I want one more?" screamed she louder than ever.

"Opgeblaazen Tynelschildknaap!" cried the boss, in a rage; "den want will pe your master."

She offered him three stivers, which he indignantly rejected, saying,

"I want none of your duyvel's stuyvers—begone, Versch-vikt Huysvrouw!"

The old woman went her way, mumbling and grumbling as usual.

"By Saint Johannes de Dooper," quoth Boss Boomptie, "put she's a peauty!"

That night, and all the week after, the brickbats flew about Knickerbocker Hall like hail, insomuch that Boss Boomptie marvelled where they could all come from, until one morning, after a terrible shower of bricks, he found, to his great grief and dismay, that his oven had disappeared; next went the top of his chimney, and when that was gone, these diabolical sinners began at the extreme point of the gable end, and so went on picking at the two edges downwards, until they looked just like the teeth of a saw, as may be still seen by people curious enough to look at the engraving.

"Gesprengkelde! Gespikkelde! on Geplecktevee!" cried Boss Boomptie, "put it's too pad to have my prains peat out wid my own brickpats."

About the same time a sober respectable cat, that for years had done nothing but sit purring in the chimney-corner, all at once got the duyvel in her, and after scratching the poor man half to death, jumped out of the chimney and disappeared. A Whitehall boatman afterwards saw her in Buttermilk-channel, with nothing but the tail left, swimming against the

tide as easy as kiss your hand. Poor Mrs. Boomptie had no peace of her life, what with pinchings, stickings of needles, and talking without opening her mouth. But the climax of the malice of the demon which beset her was in at last tying up her tongue, so that she could not speak at all, but did nothing but sit crying and wringing her hands in the chimney-corner.

These carryings on brought round new-year's-eve again, when Boss Boomptie thought he would have a frolic, "in spite of the duyvel," as he said, which saying was, somehow or other, afterwards applied to the creek at Kingsbridge. So he commanded his wife to prepare him a swinging mug of hot spiced rum, to keep up his courage against the assaults of the brickbats. But what was the dismay of the little man when he found that every time he put the beverage to his lips he received a great box on the ear, the mug was snatched away by an invisible hand, and every single drop drunk out of it before it came to Boss Boomptie's turn. Then, as if it was an excellent joke, he heard a most diabolical laugh down in the cellar.

"Saint Nicholas and Saint Johannes de Dooper!" exclaimed the little man in despair. This was attacking him in the very intrenchments of his heart. It was worse than the brickbats.

"Saint Nicholas! Saint Nicholas! what will become of me—what sal Ich doon, mynheer?"

Scarcely had he uttered this pathetic appeal, when there was a sound of horses' hoofs in the chimney, and presently a little wagon, drawn by a little, fat, gray 'Sopus pony, came trundling into the room, loaded with all sorts of knick-knacks. It was driven by a jolly, fat, little rogue of a fellow, with a round sparkling eye, and a mouth which would certainly have been laughing had it not been for a glorious Meerschchaum pipe, which would have chanced to fall out in that case. The little rascal had on a three-corner cocked hat, decked with old gold lace; a blue Dutch sort of a short pea-jacket, red waistcoat, breeks of the same colour, yellow stockings, and honest thick-soled shoes, ornamented with a pair of skates. Altogether he was a queer figure—but there was something so irresistibly jolly and good-natured in his face, that Boss Boomptie knew him for the good Saint Nicholas as soon as he saw him.

"Orange Boven!" cried the good saint, pulling off his cocked hat, and making a low bow to Mrs. Boomptie, who sat tongue-tied in the chimney corner.

"Wonderdadjige Geboote!" said Boss Boomptie, speaking for his wife, which made the good woman very angry, that he should take the words out of her mouth.

"You called on St. Nicholas. Here am I," quoth the jolly little saint. "In one word—for I am a saint of few words, and have my hands full of business to-night—in one word, tell me what you want?"

"I am pewitched," quoth Boss Boomptie. "The duyvel is in me, my house, my wife, my new-year cookies, and my children. What shall I do?"

"When you count a dozen, you must count thirteen," answered the wagon-driver, at the same time cracking his whip, and clattering up the chimney, more like a little duyvel than a little saint.

"Der dapperheid updragon!" muttered Boss Boomptie. "When you count a dozen, you must count thirteen! Twern-dertigduysend destrooergender! I never heard of such counting. By Saint Johannes de Dooper, but Saint Nicholas is a great blockhead!"

Just as he uttered this blasphemy against the excellent Saint Nicholas, he saw through the pane of glass, in the door leading from the spare room to the shop, the little, ugly, old woman, with the sharp eyes, sharp nose, sharp chin, sharp voice, and leather spectacles, lighting from a broomstick, at the street-door.

"Dere is the duyvel's kint come again," quoth he, in one of his cross humours, which was aggravated by his getting just then a great box on the ear from the invisible hand. However, he went grumbling into the shop, for it was part of his religion never to neglect a customer, let the occasion be what it might.

"I want a dozen new-year cookies," screamed the old beauty, as usual, and as usual Boss Boomptie counted out twelve.

"I want another one," screamed she still louder.

"Ah hah!" thought Boss Boomptie, doubtless inspired by the jolly little caitiff, Saint Nicholas. "Ah hah! In opper-hoofd en Bevelheffer—when you count twelf, you must count thirteen.—Hah! hah! ho! ho! ho!" And he counted out the thirteenth cookie like a brave fellow.

The old woman made him a low curtsy, and laughed till she might have shown her teeth, if she had had any.

"Friend Boomptie," said she, in a voice exhibiting the perfection of a nicely modulated scream—"friend Boomptie, I love such generous little fellows as you, in my heart. I salute you," and she advanced to kiss him. Boss Boomptie did not at all like the proposition; but, doubtless, inspired by Saint Nicholas, he submitted with indescribable grace.

At that moment, an explosion was heard inside the little glass pane, and the voice of Mrs. Boomptie crying out,

"You false-hearted villain, have I found out your tricks at last!"

"De Philistynen Onweetende!" cried Boss Boomptie. "She's come to her speech at last!"

"The spell is broken!" screamed the old woman with the sharp eyes, nose, chin, and voice.—"The spell is broken, and henceforward a dozen is thirteen, and thirteen is a dozen! There shall be thirteen new-year cookies to the dozen, as a type of the thirteen mighty states that are to arise out of the ruins of the government of Faderland!"

Thereupon she took a new-year cake bearing the effigy of the blessed St. Nicholas, and caused Boss Boomptie to swear upon it, that for ever afterwards twelve should be thirteen, and thirteen should be twelve. After which, she mounted her broomstick and disappeared, just as the little old Dutch clock struck twelve. From that time forward, the spell that hung over Knickerbocker Hall, was broken; and ever since it has been illustrious for baking the most glorious new-year cookies in our country. Every thing became as before: the little 'prentice boys returned, mounted on the batch of bread, and their adventures may, peradventure, be told some other time. Finally, from that day forward no baker of New Amsterdam was ever bewitched, at least by an ugly old woman, and a baker's dozen has been always counted as thirteen. B.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SIGHT.

CHESLENDEN, the celebrated surgeon and oculist, gives some very curious particulars respecting a boy, who was couched by him in his thirteenth year: his narrative is the more interesting, as it seems to determine the question so long and so hotly contested by philosophers, whether a person blind from his birth, upon being made to see, could, *by sight alone*, distinguish a cube from a globe? Most persons would, probably, answer in the affirmative, notwithstanding the many theoretical arguments which might be brought against it; at least until they have such facts as the operation of couching discloses, which are of too stubborn a nature to be easily evaded.

It is previously remarked by Cheselden, that though we speak of persons afflicted with cataracts, as blind, yet they are never so blind from that cause, but that they can distinguish day from night; and for the most part, in a strong light, distinguish black, white, scarlet, and other glaring colours; but they cannot distinguish the *shape* of any thing. And he gives the following reason for his remark: the light coming from external objects being let in through the matter of cataract, which disposes and refracts the rays; these do not, as they ought, converge to a focus on the retina or black part of the eye, so as to form a picture of the objects there; the person afflicted is, consequently, in the same state as a man of sound sight, looking through a thin jelly. Hence, the shape of an object cannot be at all discerned, though the colour may. And this was the case with the boy couched by the operator. Before couching, he could distinguish colours in a strong light, but afterwards, the faint ideas he had previously acquired of them, were not sufficient for him to recollect them by, and he did not know them to be the same that he had seen dimly, when he was enabled to see them perfectly. *Scarlet*, he now thought to be the most beautiful, and of others, the gayest were the most pleasing: *black*, the first time he saw it perfectly, gave him great uneasiness, but after a little time, he became more reconciled to it; he, however, always associated some unpleasant idea with it, being struck with great horror at the sight of a negro woman, whom he met some months afterwards.

When he first saw, he was so far from making any right judgment about distance, that he thought all objects whatever touched his eyes, (so he expressed it) as what he felt did his skin. He thought no objects so agreeable as those which were smooth and regular, though he could form no judgment of their shape, nor guess what it was in any object that pleased him. He did not know any one thing from another, however different in shape or size; but upon being told what

things those were whose form he knew before from feeling, he would carefully observe, that he might know them again. Having often forgot which was the cat, or which was the dog, he was ashamed to ask, but catching the cat (which he knew by feeling) he looked at her steadfastly, and then putting her down, "So, puss," said he, "I shall know you another time." He was very much surprised that those things which he had liked best when blind, did not appear most agreeable to his eyes, expecting those persons whom he loved most, would appear most beautiful; and such things most agreeable to his sight, were so to his taste. His friends at first thought he even knew what pictures represented, but found afterwards they were mistaken; for about two months after he was couched, he discovered that they represented solid bodies, at first taking them for party-coloured planes or surfaces diversified with a variety of paint; but even then, he was surprised that the pictures did not *feel* like the things they represented, and was amazed when he found that those parts of pictures which, by their light and shade appeared prominent, and uneven to his sight, felt equally flat with the rest. On this latter occasion, he pertinently inquired, which was the lying sense, feeling or seeing?

Being shown his father's picture in a locket at his mother's watch, he acknowledged the likeness, but was very much astonished, asking how it could be that a large face could be compressed in so little room, and saying that it should have seemed as impossible to him as to put a bushel of any thing into a pint.

At first he could bear but very little light, and the things he saw he thought extremely large; but upon seeing things larger, those first seen he conceived to be less than they had appeared before, never being able to imagine any figures or lines beyond the bounds he saw; the room he was in he said he knew to be but part of the house, yet he could not conceive that the whole house could look bigger. Before he was couched he expected little advantage from seeing worth undergoing an operation for, except reading and writing; for he said he thought he could have no more pleasure in walking abroad than he had in the garden at present, which he could do safely and readily. And even blindness, he said, had this advantage, that he could go any where in the dark much better than those who could see. After he was enabled to see he did not soon lose this faculty, nor desire a light to go about the house in darkness. He said every new object was a new delight, and the pleasure was so great, that he wanted words to express it; but his gratitude to the operator was extreme, never seeing him for some time without shedding tears; and if he did not happen to come at the time he was expected, the boy could not forbear crying at the disappointment. A year after his first seeing, being carried to Epsoom Downs, he was exceedingly delighted with the largeness of the prospect, and called it a new kind of seeing. He was afterwards couched of the other eye, and found that objects appeared large to this eye, but not so large as they did at first to the other; looking upon the same object with both eyes, he thought it appeared about twice as large as to the first couched eye only; but it did not appear double.

Mr. Cheselden performed the operation of couching on several other persons, who all gave nearly the same account of their learning to see as the preceding. They all had this curious defect after couching, in common, that never having had occasion to move their eyes, they knew not how to do it, and at first could not direct them to any particular object, but had to move the whole head, till by slow degrees they acquired the faculty of shifting the eye-balls in their sockets.

Several philosophical inferences may be deduced from the above cited experiment. First, it is evident that the eye is not a judge of *direct*, though it may be of *transverse* distance, i. e. that it cannot estimate the distance between two trees, for example, nearly in a line with itself, though it may, if they are at equal lengths from it, but *not* in the same line with it. Hence, when we look at a chair standing against the wall of our chamber, we really do not see that the fore legs stand out upon the carpet; we see both them and all parts of the chair painted as it were, (*projected* is the philosophical word,) on the wall. It is only by having felt that they do stand out from the wall, that we judge them so to do, when we merely see them exhibiting the same appearances they had when we felt them before.

Secondly, as it appears that the boy could not tell a cat from a dog until he had felt them, it is plain that neither could he tell a cube from a globe. It is to be observed, however, that although at first, all distinctions of shape were unperceived, yet experience would shortly have taught him to distinguish, by sight alone, a cat from a dog, a cube from a globe.

Thirdly, the above-mentioned experiment appears to suggest

a doubt of the truth of that philosophical distinction which has usually been put between *reason* and *instinct*. If it is by an exertion of judgment, that a man coming into a room where there is a real chair, and one ill painted on the wall, will sit down upon the former and neglect the latter, it is certainly by an exertion of a similar faculty, that a cat coming into a room where there is a real mouse and an ill painted one, will spring upon the former and neglect the latter. And from the same principle it is, that the man will attempt sitting down on a well painted chair, and a cat will attempt catching a well painted mouse; neither discovering their error till they come near enough either to see the defects of the painting, or to feel the delusive objects, and thus correct the mistake of their judgment acting upon the information of sight alone. For it is to be remembered that, in this case, it is not their sight which deceives them, but their judgment; sight informs them that certain colours, lights, and shades, appear before them, and its information is *true*; whilst judgment tells them that these colours, lights, and shades, indicate a massive substance, (*viz.* a chair or mouse) which is *false*. From this it would appear, that instinct has no more to do with a cat mouse-catching, than with a man hare-hunting; and similar considerations may perhaps teach us, that brute animals approach much nearer to us in faculties, than philosophers are generally disposed to allow.

Lastly, it may be inferred, that the staring and vacant expression of the countenance, which is to be seen in children and idiots, proceeds rather from an inability to move their own eyes, than from a want of thought at the time. For the motion of his eyes is consequent upon an act of his will so to move them, and he can have no will to move them from the object at which he first looks, because he knows as yet of no other object existing, and could therefore have no motive to excite his will to action.

There are many other inferences which might be drawn from this curious experiment, but I will leave them to the reader's own sagacity and fancy. London Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ARMENIANS.

The author of this tale has taken the idea from "Anastasis." The descriptions are interesting; but the plot is simple. "The son of a Greek Hospodar became enamoured of the daughter of an Armenian banker at Constantinople. They met—loved—married—and were parted." Many could invent a more complicated story, but the fine eastern pictures are evidently from the pen of one who has regarded the actual scenery which he delineates, with a penetrating observation, and felt them with the ardour of a poet. The work is entertaining, both from the subjects which it embraces, and the animated style of the writer. These volumes, like all others from the press of Carey and Lea, are characterized by typographical neatness.

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS BANK NOTES.

Have any of our friends a pamphlet bearing the above title. written, we believe, by Mr. Paulding, and published some years ago in Philadelphia? We are anxious to purchase it. But if that is not possible, we should esteem the loan of it a favour.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

The late Dr. Drake, the friend of Mr. Halleck, and his associate in the authorship of the "Croakers," left behind him a MS. poem, entitled "The Culprit Fay." Several years ago, we ventured to inquire respecting the destiny of this charming production, and to insert a few extracts from a copy which was then and still is in our possession. There are numerous other unpublished effusions of Dr. Drake's pen, which ought to be given to the world. Why are they concealed? They would, assuredly, meet with a very extensive sale, and afford much gratification to every admirer of genuine poetry, and especially to the many friends of their lamented author.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The responsibility of recommending books for the use of children is an important one. Much trash is brought into the market intended for that purpose, and is sometimes praised from the courtesy of editors to publishers and authors, without a careful examination. But although these little volumes appear trifling to a reviewer, their influence upon the youthful mind may produce very serious consequences. Among a number of works of this kind placed in our hands for notice, we have found time to look over "A Geographical Present," "Parables and Parabolic Stories," and the "Bible Story Book," which we deem worthy the attention of parents.

For the Mirror.

THE DIRGE OF LUCY.*

"'Tis said the soul, upborn on music's wings,
Soars to a region, where eternal bliss
Brings all discordant things to harmony."

For her languid couch she sat, yet lovely in decay,
The gentle and the beautiful, whom death had doom'd his prey:
Her eye no more with pleasure beam'd, she sigh'd but for repose,
And on her young and sunken cheek appeared the insidious rose:
Ah! how unlike the sprightly nymph of other, happier hours,
When time, on tiptoe, danced along, and strew'd her path with flowers;
And, arm in arm with joy entwined, she knew nor care nor fear,
Nor deemed that in the May of life should end her glad career.

Alas! how oft the vernal sky's wrapped in instant gloom,
And nature, mid the withering blast, despoiled of her bloom!
How oft the human blossom, too, exposed to breath as rude,
Falls, (as its charms are just revealed,) with precious tears bedewed!
And so, in sooth, young maiden fair! ere thy sweet spirit fled,
Around thy dying couch, for thee, full many a tear was shed; [knee,
And prayers, though unavailing prayers, were breathed on bended
And all a mother's quenchless love was lavished upon thee.

O what were then thy thoughts, dear one! when thou, about to part,
Didst feel the oppressive hand of death lie heavy at thy heart?
Didst thou on thy young frolic hours reflect then with a sigh,
And, wishing they could be restored, regret that thou must die?
Or did some glorious messenger, departed from above,—
Unveil for thee far other scenes of happiness and love;
And, softly whispering peace to thee, thy trembling ear attune
To that immortal harmony which thou shouldst list so soon?

He did! and thou, with brightening eye, as in a mirror clear,
Didst view the place of bliss prepared for suffering virtue here,
Where myriad seraphs spread their wings, (so dazzling to behold,)
And, bowing 'neath the throne of God, off sweep their harps of gold:
And thou didst hear the concord sweet, and soothed by the strain,
With smile angelic upward look'st to hear it once again;
But ah, o'erpowered by the sounds, and weary of delay,
Thou gav'st thy spirit pure to heaven, and breath'st thy life away!

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA,

To a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER TEN.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

In the third square above the Hermitage, as you ascend the Court-quay, stands the palace of Constantine. It was erected by Prince Gregory Orloff, a favourite of Catherine's, purchased at his death by his sovereign, and made the prison-house of Stanislaus of Poland. Its dimensions are ample; and being in the antique style and of dark marble, it has a most gloomy and sombre aspect, in perfect keeping with the iniquitous use that has been made of it. I can never pass this way without having my feelings harrowed up by the recollection of the basest deed that modern history records; and sentiments excited in my bosom towards the Russian government, that at this day ought not to be allowed. Yet, how can it be otherwise with an American, whose breast glows with the grateful remembrance of the gallant deeds of a Pulaski and a Kosciuszko, in the dark days of his country's struggle for its freedom? They crossed the wide Atlantic to the land of the stranger, with the generous oblation of their blood, to the foot of that tree of liberty which a tyrant's arms sought to root up and scatter in utter desolation. One gallantly died before Savannah; and the other on our glorious triumph returned to his country, boldly and unceasingly renewing his efforts in the same holy cause, till himself was wounded and made prisoner. Warsaw sacked and pillaged by that bloody fiend Suwarof, and the land of his birth divided among the ruthless invaders, had annihilated his hopes and proved his heroic struggles unavailing. Dining a few days since at a *table d'hôte*, I noticed a Polish attaché nearly opposite me; I spoke to him of Poland—of Pulaski—and of Kosciuszko. Being doubtful who I might be, and perhaps fearful of some eaves-dropping police, he was short and guarded in his replies; but upon learning that I was an American, he instantly became very communicative, and was equally inquisitive in return. His kinsmen had fought with Kosciuszko throughout his noble struggle: and he spoke of his defeat, the partition of his country, and the cruel blasting of their later hopes by Napoleon, with an agony of feeling that it is impossible for me to describe. On learning that we had erected monuments in gratitude for the services of his countrymen, he was much affected, and shaking me by the hand, he said, "*On a noblement agi—comme je voudrais bien aller en Amérique.*" But I have sadly wandered from my subject.

Although the property, and bearing the name of Constantine, I am not sure that he ever occupied this palace. Certain it is, he has not for many years; for since his marriage with a Polish countess, under the nominal title of Vice Roy of Poland, he has lived quite retired, in the vicinity of Warsaw;

*This young lady died of a consumption. A moment before her death, as if just awakened from a pleasing dream, she looked up at her mother, and asked with some degree of earnestness, if she had heard the music! But the words had scarcely escaped from her lips, when she sank in her mother's arms and expired.
†You have nobly done. How much I should like to go to America.

popular and esteemed for his philosophic and domestic habits. When in active service, in the army, he was distinguished by his bravery, has repeatedly headed his regiment in desperate charges against the enemy, and won the affection of the troops, no less by his reckless daring than by his generous largesses among them. From this point spreads out the Field of Mars, an open space completely levelled, and Macadamized for the manœuvres of the emperor's troops. It is bounded on the north and west by splendid rows of high barracks, and on the south and east by the Moika canal and summer gardens. In figure, it is not unlike a right-angled trapezium, and I should think its extreme length not less than one-third of a mile. I have seen it present a highly animated and exciting aspect at the grand review of the Imperial Guard, a body of nearly fifty thousand of the finest infantry and cavalry that Europe can boast—but of this I shall speak hereafter. At the extremity nearest the Neva, stands the colossal statue of Suwarof. It is on a raised pedestal of three steps, in ancient armour, and holds a menacing attitude, well becoming his daring reputation. He shields three crowns with his buckler, and presents his sword as if in bold defiance of the world. The summer garden is a parallelogram, something longer than the Field of Mars, and is very tastefully laid out. I give our worthy corporation great credit for their late neat arrangement of our charming Battery, and yet I wish they were here for half an hour's promenade; they would return home to our good city—forbid the intrusion of basking vagrants—the vile smoke of the cigar, and make the walks and grass-plots as inviting as the unsurpassed and lovely beauty of the scenery that surrounds them. Here a carriage way makes a circuit within the iron palisades, wide avenues extend the whole length, the thick branches of the towering Linden interlocking at the top, and forming a shady esplanade. Circling and intersected walks, and the divided grass-plots fenced with neat painted lattices, up whose sides creeping vines and thick flowering shrubbery are trained, make each patch a sequestered nook by itself. It is here you will see groups of children dancing in a hey-day frolic to the simple air of a strolling musician, and talking infancy delighted at its escape from its nurse's arms. It is the grand promenade of the citizens, and is consequently much frequented, especially on Sunday afternoon.

A very elegant hanging iron bridge is thrown over the wide Fontanka, at the head of the garden, much ornamented with Siberian gold; and just above, on the opposite side of the Moika canal, stands the palace of St. Michael, the favourite residence of Paul, and where he closed his mad career. The room pointed out to me as the scene of this warning tragedy, is in the second story, and overlooks the canal and gardens. In his time the palace was surrounded by a deep ditch and high wall, and was capable of making a good defence. The wall is now removed, and the open space adorned with a grass-plot and shady trees, and the wide fosse is changed to a limpid canal. About the centre of the square in front stands a second equestrian statue of Peter the Great, which though a fine cast, is not to be compared with the one that so nobly adorns the Isaac-square. The building is quadrangular, a high steeple crowns the roof, and it is now occupied as a military seminary.

On the opposite side of the street commences the garden and grounds to the Grand Duke Michael's palace. They are considerably less in extent than those of the summer gardens, yet not less tastefully arranged, bordering the Moika, on the north end, with a limpid fish-pond near the centre. The palace fronts a street running at right angles to the one in which you are now placed, and before it a splendid opening has lately been made through a wide square to the Neva's Perspective. This palace was finished in 1826; its proportions are beautiful, and of similar architecture to the city-hall, having at least twice its dimensions. The iron palisades that form the front court are superb, fifteen feet in height, and sport from the top of the centre gate the double-headed Russian eagle, with outspread wings. The furnishing and decorations within are of the most sumptuous kind; the floors of several of the apartments are inlaid with rosewood and mahogany, and highly polished, while the richest carpets over-spread others. Costly hangings and mirrors of great magnitude adorn the walls, the ceilings are beautifully painted, and the long hall is decorated with scenes in fresco from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. There were tables of jasper, and the cut glass and services of plate and furniture throughout were tastefully plain and showy, and all the work of native artists, exhibiting much greater taste and perfection in the arts than I had previously believed the Russians to have attained. Michael is the fourth and youngest son of Paul, and holds a distinguished rank in the army. His figure is shorter than that of Nicholas,

inclining to the *en bon point*, with a little stoop of the shoulders, and rather a heavy expression of countenance. He is termed a very good fellow, and known as a brave and tolerably efficient man. He married a beautiful princess, from some one of the German electorates.

Still coasting the Neva for a mile or more above the summer-gardens, and arriving in the suburbs of the town, you will find the Tauride palace. This was built by Potemkin, and is of one story, of a height of fifty-five feet, with projecting wings. The body within forms an immense saloon, of great length, and sixty feet in width, and is adorned with glass lustres, mirrors of enormous magnitude, and numerous statues, among which that of Laocoon, in writhing agony, stands pre-eminent. A conservatory forms a part of the saloon, rustic chairs are placed around it, gravel walks run along, and a great variety of exotic plants and flowers were flourishing in fine perfection. The grounds in the rear of the palace are of considerable extent, with beautiful walks, artificial rivulets, fish ponds, and cascades; splendid fêtes are frequently given here, but it derives its greatest celebrity from the magnificent banquet that Potemkin, in the pride of his glory, gave to his imperial mistress. The records of eastern luxury may be searched in vain for as gorgeous a display as was then exhibited here. But I am absolutely satiated with palaces; and, though there may be at least a good half dozen more in the surrounding precincts to talk about, and some of them quite magnificent, it is very doubtful whether you get a description of them from me; and I shall merely observe, by way of closing a period, that a little above this stands the convent for the education of the daughters of the nobility. I found a stout porter, in gaudy livery, with fierce mustachios, and an enormous golden-headed cane to boot, holding a dragon's watch at the gate. As well as I could understand from him, visitors were only admitted to the convent at the annual exhibition and examination of the fair inmates. At any rate, he stoutly resisted a bribe and all my attempts to get in, so I gave a half wheel, determining at least to circumnavigate its high walls. I had not proceeded far, however, when I found a thick narrow gate ajar in the wall. I stepped through, and just across the intervening space was a wide open door in the convent. I cannot tell how or wherefore, but certain it is, it immediately became crowded with a variety of pretty faces from the fine blonde to a deep brunette; yet I shall have no romantic *déroulement* to record in consequence of this, for I had barely time to look about when I spied a *gruff sentry* making towards me, so I lifted my hat, with one of my best bows, to the fair gazers, which they universally returned, with a smiling short curtsy. I beat a hasty retreat, a charming miss crying out in perfect French, and most condoling accents, "*Neus sommes bien fâchées que monsieur n'est pas permis d'entrer.*" Here the Neva takes a broad curve; a raft of birch-wood was floating down on one side and a flat shallop beating up on the other, while on the opposite bank stood a neat village, the houses of which shone forth in a dark yellow.

For the Mirror.

"THE CURE IS BITTERER STILL."

BY ISOLANTE.

"Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still."—Byron.

Oh for one hour, one blissful hour
Like those my young heart knew,
When all my dreams of future joy
From love their colouring drew;
I deemed affection then might be
The very life of life to me,
Alas, 'twas source of every ill,
And yet—the cure is bitterer still!

I loved—oh, fearful is the strength
Of woman's love combined
With all the spirit's high-wrought powers,
The energies of mind:
Such deep devotedness as feels
The Indian when he humbly kneels
Before his idol's car, to meet
A death of rapture at his feet,
Such love was mine—though fraught with ill—
The cure, the cure is bitterer still.

Oh grief beyond all other griefs!
To feel the slow decay
Of love and hope within the heart,
Ere youth be past away—
To know that life must henceforth be
A voyage o'er a tideless sea,
No ebb nor flow of hopes and fears,
To vary the dull waste of years:
Oh love may be life's chiefest ill,
Yet ah! the cure is bitterer still.

We are very sorry the gentleman is not at home.

For the Mirror.

TYRREL, AT THE BIER OF CLARA MOWERAY.*

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

The love, where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.—Byron.

"And art thou dead?"—thus wept a lone
And stricken lover, by the bier—
"A soft and sunny vision flown—
"A star that faded from its sphere,
"Whose light illumed my wandering here—
"Whose trembling lustre now is o'er,
"For ah! in many a coming year
"Thy smile will cheer my heart no more.
"And while I linger by thy rest—
"Thy pure and sainted spirit fled,
"Looks down, from mansions of the blest,
"On me—a watcher by the dead!
"Whose heart-drops on thy brow are shed—
"On me—a pilgrim midst his race,
"Who hath a weary way to tread
"To death's unconscious dwelling-place!
"And gazing on the folded lid
"Which shrouds that changed and rayless eye,
"Where all life's sweetest lights are hid,
"What countless memories hurry by!
"Mild as the summer's azure sky
"Its placid beams have streamed on me,
"Like sunbursts from the zenith high,
"When mid-day glories wander free.
"Oh! on that pale unmoving lip
"How oft thy stainless soul would dwell!
"There truth and balm held fellowship,
"And songs in richest music fell—
"Awakening love I joyed to tell,
"Till guiltless kisses stopped the lay
"Which from thy rosy mouth would swell
"Like chant of birds in early May!
"Yet, thou art dead! and in thy breast
"No thrill of love or rapture springs,
"And, brooding o'er thy sacred rest,
"Pale silence spreads her funeral wings,
"And clouds my brightest imagings!
"Yet let my spirit not repine:
"Though hallowed grief my bosom wrings,
"Soon shall thy lowly bed be mine!"

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

REVIEWS.

HEAVEN bless Walter Scott. There is almost a universal feeling in the reflection that the warmest wish of an obscure scribbler like myself is utterly valueless to one who has so often been near me, like a guardian spirit, in sickness, weariness, and despondency, and shed such cheerful light across some of the loneliest and dreariest passages of my life. I am without any companion in a strange and crowded city. My hotel is swarming with new faces. I hear laughter and music, and the rustling of a silk gown, and a half open door discovers a finely furnished parlour, and a groupe of graceful girls, one of whom is running her hand lightly over the keys of a piano. But I am excluded from their merry company, and now the closed door hides them from my sight. I had roamed around the city: to the reading-room—to the book-stores—the museum, at which latter receptacle of wonders, I was edified by the same eternal monotony of stuffed pelicans and ostriches, great bears and lions glaring on me with their bright glass eyes, snakes, autographs, monkeys smoking cigars, overgrown oystershells, and turtles with two heads. I had snatched a glance at the theatre, and mused on the bridge—I had read the directory and the almanac, and subjected myself to the operations of my polite friend the barber, with the laudable design of surmounting so much time. He had powdered my chin, and fixed my hair according to the uninterrupted dictates of his own fancy. My shoes were polished—my clothes brushed. I had stolen a single glance at my insignificant self, in a full-length mirror, which adorns the drawing-room of the G. hotel, and was just stretching myself, with the indolent *ennui* of a fashionable lady, upon a sofa, by the fire, when an old torn volume, full of dog's ears, met my eye behind the clock, and was immediately seized with the hungry avidity of a shark. Some friendly spirit had, very opportunely, supplied me with what turned out to be "Woodstock," by that magnificent fellow—that exhaustless fountain of literary pleasure—that princely author and honest man, Walter Scott. That I had read it several times before, which, in reference to most books, would have arrested all further proceeding in that way, was precisely the reason why I should read it again; so, without further ado,

Walter Scott.

in I plunged, and the heavy hours, which had hitherto grated so harshly across my soul, floated by like light and silent clouds. Late in the afternoon I looked up to find the sky all reddening with the sunset. During the evening I forgot all the bustle and solitariness of a great hotel, and at length I closed the second volume; when the last pages were dimly seen through the gathering moisture of my eyes. This sprang not from sickly sentimentality, but from the glowing excitement with which I followed this potent enchanter through the living and thrilling scenes of human life.

What an admirable production it is! With what a strong and vivid reality Wildrake stands out from the canvases? How individual, yet how natural! Pierson and Cromwell, by a few masterly outlines, are perfectly distinct and impressive—and over even old Bevis the author has shed such a colouring, that the noble beast shares the interest of the reader. Is not such a book a glorious wonder? A few marks upon paper, borne about in the pocket, and which to many would be a mystery, a mere blank, yet what a magical influence it possesses. Suppose an intelligent savage, unacquainted with the beautiful art by which we convey *thought* from realm to realm, should behold a more enlightened being availing himself of this refined source of amusement; when the apparently useless object is opened, and the eyes rest on it, mark it arrest their light and wandering flashes. Hour after hour the gaze is fastened on the silent pages—they shut the ear to surrounding sounds—they change the flow of thought—make the heart beat—the eyes moisten—the system glow—the countenance lighten with sudden mirth, or reflect the dark emotions which pass visibly before the mind's eye, on the little space of a single page.

Think of the beast's monotonous life, and what a fine and subtle joy has man here in comparison. How it verges towards the borders of a higher existence. How utterly and immeasurably it is beyond their comprehension. If then we are gifted with a capacity so elevated, so extraordinary, so intellectual, and yet of which millions even of our own fellow-creatures have been totally ignorant, by a discovery at once so simple and easy, of the resources and treasures which lie sometimes hidden within the reach of man, what glorious secrets in a yet higher life the beneficent hand of nature may unlock to the human soul? At what other wonderful fountains may she not suffer us to quench our thirst for knowledge and bliss—fountains which, perchance, are even now flowing beautifully around us, yet all unseen and unsuspected. *Woodstock*, by Walter Scott, may hereafter lay open to our understanding.

It is curious to contemplate the symmetrical gradations by which the principle of life, as connected with inert matter, rises in beauty and approaches perfection. How it branches up from the dark coarse earth into new, more refined, and wonderful forms and qualities of being. The spirit ranges nearer and nearer the sublime mystery of all life, and at each successive stage increases its power, its knowledge, and its capacities. The system resembles a tree, which at first seems an obscure and apparently worthless seed, buried in the dust; then the rough-barked trunk strikes its gnarled roots into the soil; from this which, although containing the invisible essence and machinery of life, presents little by which the eye can distinguish it from dead matter, behold the smooth and tapering branches spread abroad, and the green leaves burst forth; then flowers of fine colouring, and enriching the air with their balmy breath, and to crown the perfection of this common piece of nature's handiwork, fruit, lovely to the eye, soft and pleasant to the touch, cool and delicious to the taste, hangs clustering among the verdant foliage, drinking life and rich sweetness and crimson beauty from the distant sun, and destined to supply a purpose to beings more immeasurably and inconceivably superior to itself in the scale of creation than it is above the meanest particle of dust which floats around it in the air. This study of nature's plan—this conviction of man's capacities to go on and fit himself for a higher existence, combined with the instinctive imperishable tenacity with which the mind clings to the consciousness of its immortality, make atheism and disbelief in a future state an impossibility: not but that there are thousands who think they are skeptical, and who in the moment suffer no doubt of their annihilation to intrude upon them; but it is my opinion, that when brought directly in the face of death they are conscious of a change. This is not the effects of fear or of early associations; it is the voice of nature whispering consolation to her creature, trembling in the agony of the most awful crisis. The mind cannot conceive the idea of its own destruction.

I found another volume, which struck very well in with my

train of thought—Arthur Austin's "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." The style of this writer is rich and sometimes thrilling. He combines, in a very extraordinary degree, simplicity and strength. Such pictures of pastoral life—such breathing, bright visible creatures his young females are, that reading his little volume is like wandering actually away among the green sunny hills, or into the quiet humble cottages, or among the drifting snow-banks, and there holding communion with the young and the aged, the blind, the sick, and the dying. In such hands as his, religion is full of poetry as well as of truth and nature; he divests it of every harsh and repulsive feature. All his pictures are embued with it, and have, consequently, the same superior beauty which glows over a lovely landscape, when bathed in the streams of a golden sunset. There are occasionally sprinkled throughout these pages touches of pathos as eloquent and as exquisite as the best efforts of the poets. The author has evidently read Ossian. The splendid sentimentousness of the blind bard frequently appears, although free from plagiarism or tame imitation, and yet this young man died in early youth, and these glowing and melting pictures "were found among his papers." While the world are dwelling upon their soothing charms, while manly hearts acknowledge the touch of the master, and beautiful eyes are bending over them, the hand that drew them, the lips that murmured them over in silence and solitude, the heart that felt all these mysterious and kindling beauties of life and nature, are mouldering away in the grave.

F.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A DAY AMONG THE HIGHLANDS.

Fishkill—December.—Rose at half-past eight—confoundedly dull, from having sat up till three the night previous, to continue my essay "On the evils of retiring late, and the benefits of rising early." Eyes felt as if they were a couple of heated grape-shot; looked like—but my fancy is too stupid to search for resemblances. Query—Have not late hours been the chief cause of spoiling my beauty? Mem. To read Burke on the Beautiful forthwith. Breakfast at nine—appetite a good deal less keen than the wit of our Boniface, or the air of his parlour. Left the table unsurfited, and mentally committed a pun as I withdrew—videlicet, thought my constitution would *break fast* if I did not mend my habits. To retire to bed for the future before one—except when engaged on a sonnet. Nine o'clock—set off on a ramble among the highlands with my country cousin, Hal Burton. By the way, Hal has become a dashing fellow,—the glass of fashion and laureate of his native village. Passed the neat but quaint dwellings of many a Van Cressus, each of whom my companion assured me, had a brace or two of pretty daughters. "Good! excellent!" said I, as I looked abroad over their fertile and extensive domains. "But," returned he, "they have all of them a brother or so, to stand between them and the fee-simple of their paternal acres." "Horrible! barbarous! a brother indeed, say you? Humph—what right has a rich Dutchman to have more than one child—and that an only daughter?"

I am astonished there is not a law to take cognizance of such injustice—such downright, perpendicular trespass on the feelings of all kindly and disinterested fortune-seekers like myself. Resolved, not to visit one of the Misses Van Cressus because they have brothers. Ten—reached the shore opposite Polypell Island. Wished I could cleave the air around it, as deftly as the white gull that swept in graceful evolutions before me. Grew a little metaphysical, and wondered if birds have a perception of the picturesque and the sublime. Concluded that, at all events, they understood the poetry of motion as thoroughly as Vestris herself, and accordingly took a half-hour's lesson in callisthenics of the graceful sea-bird. Mem.—To ask Mons. Berault if he observes any improvement in my next cotillon. Continued to gaze at the little island for another half hour. Fancied it the occidental twin of the Cycladian Delos. Wished the corporation might discover the analogy, and, in the utilitarian spirit of the age, make it the refuge of their persecuted Latonas—the jail and bridewell of disquieted memory. Eleven.—Turned away in the direction of a very unequivocal noise, which issued from a deep gorge in the mountains behind us. Took our way joyously along the rocky margin of a tumultuous stream, that came leaping and shouting through the thick hemlocks and pines which gloomily overarched it, till the white flash of a beautiful cascade broke suddenly upon us. We sprang forward, and in a moment stood fascinated before it. No vision of fairy-land could surpass in splendour the amphitheatre

around us. In front was the snowy sheet; below, the foaming and transparent basin bordered with frosted pebbles; and on every side, a mossy wall of perpendicular rocks, over which leaned many a tall and graceful cedar as if to gaze on the scene beneath. On each hand, and at comparatively regular distances, arose pilasters of solid ice to the very verge of the surrounding precipice, displaying the most exquisite chisellings, and reflecting the glance of the playful waters as brightly as mirrors of diamond. "Beautiful!" murmured my companion as it were instinctively. "Beautiful!" returned I, with the hurried precision of an echo.

"'Tis a glorious subject for Inman's pencil."

"'Tis a glorious spot," returned he, "for the revelations and outpourings of poesy! Have you a leaf of unwritten paper about you?"

"I shall forestall your revelations," laughed I, as I drew from an inner pocket my uncle Ben's scrap-book, and read aloud his own youthful lines, written on the spot some years before.

TO THE HIGHLAND BROOK AT WINTER.

Sweep on thy sounding course, wild stream,
To yonder still retreat,
Where Hudson waits, with sunny gleam,
His mountain child to meet.

Ah, hold not dalliance with the trout
That cleaves thy crystal wave,
Nor pause to list thy joyous shout
From echo's woodland cave.

No more, as erst in summer hours,
When forest walks were green,
The angler seeks the mossy bowers,
Enamoured of the scene.

Thy polished wave reflects not now
The redbird's flashing wings—
Forsaken on the leafless bough,
His lonely hammock swings.

A change has passed o'er mount and glade,
Since here the orchid died,
And mournfully the maple laid
Her crimson robes aside.

The hoary tyrant of the year
Resumes his icy reign,
His clarion march of winds I hear
Amid thy wilds again.

Though nursed in freedom's mountain keeps,
He hath a chain for thee!
As in the pride of storms he sweeps
O'er earth and sounding sea.

Then speed thee on, glad brook, nor rest
Along the sylvan wild—
Lo, Hudson waits with open breast
To clasp his highland child.

Haply—as whispering fancies teach—
When many a fall is passed,
And wintry hour, my lifeless reach
A peaceful rest at last.

"No more of that an thou lovest me," muttered the discomfited poet, as he put up his silver pencil-case, evidently a little piqued by my uncle's anticipation: "'tis quaint, fanciful; and yet, after all, I like those two lines descriptive of the hanging birds-nest." "They are so so," I returned, and replacing the manuscript, I sprang away round the extremity of the rocky enclosure, and soon reached the brink of the miniature Niagara. Took out my watch—half-past twelve. Thought I might calculate the height of the fall by tossing a pebble I had brought with me for that purpose, into the basin below. In my excitement, pitched, not the pebble, but the watch! Was over time so carelessly thrown away before? Query—What would Sam Patch have done in such a predicament? Felt very much like throwing myself down, not for the watch, but the novelty of the circumstance. Don't know why it is, but the noise of rushing waters plays the deuce with one's usual discretion. Assuredly there is something inspiring in wild tumultuous sounds. I have known those who shrunk from the brow of a low precipice in the stillness of forest scenery, bend fearlessly, nay, rashly over the brink of a lofty cataract. Often has my brain played a whirling while looking from the low tower of a country church; and yet I have sprung wildly along the very edge of Table Rock, and felt a reckless indescribable inclination to leap into the abyss below. In such situations, what is it but the rude and deep thunderings, that dispel the instinctive apprehension of danger, and render one wild and inconsiderate as a maniac? It is then that the hidden energies of a prouder nature are awakened within us, and we mock at terrors which at other times and places would shake us like a convulsion. I very much doubt if the hero of Patterson would have jumped from the mast-head of an ordinary vessel, into the stiller waters of the Wallabout. Query—Was ever a drummer known to be coward? Two—Winding up the stream, leaping from rock to rock, and passing carelessly from bank to bank, not

"On the unsteady footing of a spear,"

but the huge trunks of prostrate trees, which the tempest had cast athwart the rushing waters. One continued succession of cascades skirted with the most gorgeous decorations of ice. Nature does such things admirably. Her resources are

unlimited; her regalia magnificent beyond description, replete with radiant accumulations of beauty and of grandeur. In her exhibitions there is no stintedness—no lack of embellishment; but all is pomp and kingly profusion. Wish the good citizens of the metropolis would study her chaste munificence of ornament a little more practically: in that case, at least one fountain or statue, perhaps, might be found within their suburbs before the close of the present century. Brilliant crystallizations of ice on all sides. Sorry Sir Humphrey Davy did not strike upon some simple process to preserve them at all temperatures. Milkmaids might have worn diamonds then, that would outlustre the duchess of Devonshire's eyes. Climbed a precipice to examine a beautiful specimen of frost-work—foot slipped, and I tumbled sheer in the direction of the stream—caught a hemlock bough, and hung suspended over the roaring torrent. Thought of honest Sancho clinging desperately to a projection of the cave into which he had fallen, when he might have reached the bottom. Rather more dangerously situated than the worthy squire. Recovered *terra firma*, however, by an effort which would have immortalized Herr Cline, after losing my cap and one skirt of my coat. Half-past three—reached the pinnacle of the North Beacon—the highest peak of the Highlands. Glorious prospect from its lofty summit, whose rocky and bare scalp might shame "the bald of the first Cæsar." Felt somewhat exalted as I looked down on mountains and hills, groves and villages which encompassed me, and entered fully into the emotions of the man, who, once standing on a similar eminence, broke forth thus imperially, "Kingdoms and nations, to the right wheel, march!" Verily it is worth some exertion now and then to get literally, as well as figuratively, above the world; that one may send a glance abroad over the magnificence of nature. But then one feels a little humiliated as he surveys the dwindled and microscopic monuments of human industry, and reflects that the puny bipeds he sees crawling below, "showing scarce so gross as beetles," are his own brothers in insignificance. Mem. Never to be seen in a valley by a friend on the mountain: one looks so unimportant when thus viewed—no greater agrarian leveller than a valley, and no prouder aristocrat than a mountain.—Saw a steamboat on the river—puzzled to tell whether or not it was moving—thought of the wag, who, having asked his sluggish neighbour if he ever saw a snail, and being answered in the affirmative, returned, "Then you must have met it, sir!" Wind rather too familiar with my ears—prepared to descend. Wished I were an avalanche for ten minutes. Five—Reached an open meadow with a small pond near the centre, along whose polished surface swept in graceful curvatures, about thirty boys in uniform, glancing wildly in every direction, and waking the echoes of the neighbouring forests with the sound of ringing akates and shouts of holiday merriment. Wished I were a boy again, as I remembered the hilarious days when I too,

"Stained the swift skateler to my practised heel,
And whirled and gambolled on the giddy steel."

Drew near, stimulated by thrilling associations and attracted by the novelty of the scene. Happily met an old friend, the principal of the Highland Grove Gymnasium. Learned that these were his pupils on their Saturday-afternoon airing. My companion and myself warmly invited to take tea with him. Accordingly accompanied him to his elegant mansion near the Hudson. The building new, spacious, and commodious, standing amidst fruit and forest trees of every description, and surrounded by meadows, groves, and pasture-fields, and overlooking the northern entrance of the Highlands. Tea at seven—Charming sight to see thirty animated rosy-cheeked boys at the same table, mutually polite and attentive; and manifesting throughout all the ease and decorum of accomplished gentlemen. From eight till nine in the reading-room. Pleased to find my old city crony, the Mirror, amidst half-a-dozen of his metropolitan brethren. Read the president's message—thought he had better have seen the proof-sheet before it was issued from the Exchange. Ten—retired for the night—mused of Captain Basil Hall and Loo Choo. Eleven—fell asleep and dreamed I was—the Wandering Jew. PROTEUS.

We perceive by one of our late papers that the National Guards of Paris and the departments, are raising a subscription to present a monumental vase to General La Fayette. There seems to be no termination to the romantic interest of the life of this uniform patriot and veteran soldier. The incidents of his recent career have added much to his glory. Should the rumour of war between Russia and France prove to be correct, it is impossible to conjecture whither his strange destinies may lead him. The hero who fought in the western wilds by the side of Washington, may yet conduct an army through the snows of Russia.

THE DRAMA.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

To indite a theatrical criticism is a most ungracious task. The reputed dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, or Hell-gate without a pilot, with a rock on one side and a whirlpool on the other, are merely cases of parallel difficulty. Some suppose, that the chance of escape in either instance is improved by possessing a knowledge of the affair you attempt to handle, whether it be a pen or a rudder: in one case, an acquaintance with the branch of the art you criticise, is thought essential; in the other, a knowledge of local navigation. This, however, is the conclusion of an inexperienced calculator. It may be correct as regards that fickle element, the sea; but it seems to be contradicted in respect to any branch of the drama. There we are met by a vast array of appalling difficulties, not contemplated by the tyro who sits down in the simplicity of his heart to describe things as they are.

Unless we allow managers to be all perfect in their arrangements; tragedians, comedians, singers, "*et id genus omne*," so many unrivalled and dazzling meteors in the theatrical horizon, we are blind, or if not blind, we wilfully close our eyes and are partial. The fact is, that theatrical criticism has become so much the right (a right established by usage alone) of certain box-lobby loungers, that any person who attempts to use discrimination, and who does not either deal in wholesale praise or personal abuse, throws a censure upon the daily productions of the press, and as Gay says of the courtiers of his day,

"If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries, that was levelled at me."

This abuse at present has become a serious evil. What! may we not admire the delineations of Forrest, without admitting that he is possessed of all the graces and perfections attributed to the admirable Creighton? May we not think his representation of an Indian chief extremely forcible and faithful to nature, without being tied down to extol the blank verse of *Metamora*? May we not give every credit to the polished manner of young Kean, the classic correctness of his readings, and the studied beauty of his attitudes, without venturing to compare him with his father? May we not admire the softness and grace of Mrs. Hilson, without calling her "tragedy's favoured child"? May we not admire Madame Feron's execution, without praising her quality of voice, and "*sympathetic graces of form*"? May we not express our approbation of Mrs. Austin in *Mandane* and *Ariel*, and yet omit to praise her for *Pasta-like* pathos? May we not think Clara Fisher's personation of eccentric juvenility, beautifully graphic, and yet not be esteemed a Diogenes because we cannot cause our lachrymal fountains to overflow at her representation of Juliet, nor the waters of our soul to gush forth like the rock of Hebron at her vocal efforts? May we not also give every credit to the band of the Park theatre for the general performance of its duty, without being constrained to praise those old tunes to which they are so wonderfully addicted? May we not delight in the blazing Liverpool coal fires, the snug carpeting, the soft rose colour of the boxes, with their chaste ornaments, and the general elegance of the Park theatre, and then be allowed to express our unrestrained disgust at the barn-like, squalid appearance of the exterior? May we not think Master Burke a very wonderful instance of precocity, highly delightful in farce, without being compelled to acknowledge his pretensions to the representation of adult characters in the regular drama, otherwise than as a pleasing curiosity? and may we not compliment his performance on the violin, as charming for his years, without allowing that he has a right to be marvelled at for the *gross puff* of leading a band in the overtures of Rossini and Grétry, when we have proved that the music written by those composers has not been played? Certainly not.

Such is the interposing veto of sundry sage dramatic critics. Not that these gentlemen assail our positions, or prostrate us with a logical club. No. The *argumentum ad rem* is not their weapon; they have a prudent preference for the *argumentum ad hominem*. Attacking the motive of a writer, serves as a poor sort of apology for inability to assail his theory. But it saves a vast deal of trouble, and is much the safest course, for "*Qui ambulat in tenebris, nescit quo vadit*," i.e. "He that roams in the dark, may chance to fall down the back stairs."

Before quitting the ground, we must be allowed to level our critical weapon at a highly respected contemporary editor, but we hardly need add, with no very murderous purpose; for it is but truth to assert, that nothing personal, or that is not creditable to the gentlemanlike character of his journal,

ever finds room in its pages. Having thus premised, let us ask, whether the worthy editor really believes that his comparison is a happy one, between the running a foot-race and the playing a concerto on the violin? He gravely assures us, that Captain Barclay, a celebrated pedestrian, actually made smooth the course on which he was to walk a gigantic match, by levelling mountains and filling up valleys, and yet no one detracted from the merit of the performance; then, adds our logician, why should any reasonable being quarrel with Master Burke, if he cut out all the difficult, and play only the smooth passages? his merit is equal to that of Captain Barclay—"Questio exemplum dedit." We have nothing to reply; such logic is unanswerable. But by way of corollary, allow us to quote an anecdote stated in a late biography: The oratorio of the Creation having been got up under the superintendence of the parish clerk of a small village in England, the singer of psalms, on being asked how his choir could surmount the obstacles of such scientific music, exclaimed, "We performed the oratorio excellently well; our organist cut out all the flats and sharps, and we sung all the naturals swimmingly!"

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

We are pleased to be enabled to promise the readers of this paper frequent communications from the writer of the article on the first page. Those acquainted with the popular literature of this country, will easily discover in "Knickerbocker Hall" the style of one of our most distinguished authors. So valuable a contributor cannot fail to add much to the interest of the Mirror.

The New Year.—Old time has at length brought us another new-year-day. We pause awhile in the toils of life—survey the scene, and share the general merriment. It is in truth a pleasant holiday—people should be happy if it were only for the sake of fashion. It is not in our power to cheer the multitude with substantial eatables and strong potations, but in common with our brother editors, we are willing to deal out for their gratuitous use any quantity of useful instruction. But perhaps they will excuse us from the customary recapitulation of past events or conjectures as to the future, while the actual present affords so many themes for reflection. If this agreeable festival cannot carry hilarity into every family—if they who bend over the bed of sickness of death—or who miss from among them some dear voice, without which mirth only moves to tears; if there (as there must be) such sufferers under the various calamities of life, who keep mournfully aloof from the rejoicing crowd, even they ought to participate in the general congratulation that while the world around us is convulsed with political revolutions, we are blessed with peaceful prosperity. Let us hope, however, that there are many who improve the opportunity uninterrupted by any sorrow. Besides the moral delight received by these from the didactic treasures delivered to them by editors and grave friends, they derive additional pleasure from their familiarity with the gracious sirloin of beef and the princely plum pudding. It would go against our feelings to break in upon the happiness of the many convivial parties assembled on this occasion, for the purpose of indulging themselves in good cheer and good fellowship, with any sad recollections of the past or croaking predictions of the future. Happy they who can disperse painful memories, and persuade hope to cast the rays of her cheerful torch upon the untrodden paths which lie dimly before them. There are sentimentalists who hear the popping of a champagne cork and cry, "thus pass away the hopes of man;" while others view the sparkling foam with eyes as bright, inhale it and are happy.

England.—We do not feel ourselves called upon at this time to give any account of the revolutions and rumours of revolutions in Europe, nor any surmises respecting their consequences. For these the public will naturally refer to the numerous daily papers, whose columns are crowded with such matters. But, as our London correspondent has furnished us with a communication, by the recent arrivals, which takes a new view of the late disturbances in England, we publish it *verbatim*, with this only comment, that we do not acknowledge the justice of any rule by which we are compelled to adopt the opinions of all who write for this publication. An editor should be held responsible for personal abuse, slander, and remarks calculated to wound the feelings of private individuals, published under his direction; but to exclude from his columns an interesting essay, temperately written, merely because it contains sentiments not exactly in accordance with his own, would be a species of illiberality, inconsistent with

the spirit and freedom of the American press, and which we have always carefully avoided. We make this observation in reply to one in an evening journal, and not with any especial allusion to the following letter.

POLITICS—KING'S REFUSAL TO VISIT THE MAYOR—MOBS—RIOTS—NEW POLICE—REFORM—REVOLUTION—MOONSHINE—CARICATURES, ETC.

London, November 16, 1830.

It was my intention not to have troubled you with politics for some time to come, but I am at present labouring under a severe political attack, and the disorder must have its course. A man cannot reside any length of time in a lunatic asylum without being liable to become touched; neither can he breathe a tainted atmosphere without being subjected to the disorders which it engenders. A political fever, of a very virulent character, is at present raging in London—I have caught it, and already my best friends would scarcely know me. The time has been when I could discourse of literature, theatricals, and similar light and elegant topics of conversation, but that is all over, and now "from morn till noon—from noon to dewy eve," with a shameless indifference to person, time, or place, I canvass government measures and favour individuals in my immediate vicinity with perspective speculations on the prospects of society.

The packet-ship which brings this letter to your shores, will also bring files of English papers, the early portions of which will be filled with most portentous rumours and conjectures, very alarming and mysterious in appearance, and in substance signifying—nothing. The principal cause of these is the very unexpected refusal of the king to dine with the lord mayor on the ninth instant. Great preparations had been made—the lives of many turtles had been sacrificed—houses were to have been illuminated along the whole line of the procession—scaffoldings had been erected, and some apartments were already let for the day, for more than their rent for the year, when lo! the day preceding the day, his majesty sent word that by the advice of his ministers, he declined dining at the east-end on account of anticipated disturbances. This was enough—away went the stocks, and never stopped until they had tumbled down a distance of three per cent.—outlines of plots and dire conspiracies were whispered about, shops were shut before their time, and, as nothing elevates the spirit of a Londoner so much as the prospect of a disturbance, whether for good or for evil, people's faces brightened with pleasurable anticipations, though, at the same time, they were extremely anxious to avoid each other. "I am afraid we shall have bad work." After the mountain had been in labour for some time, the mouse at length crept forth in the shape of a letter from alderman Key to the duke of Wellington, informing him that he, as lord mayor elect, could not take upon himself to answer for the peace of the city the next day, unless a strong military detachment was in attendance. For this piece of zealous indiscretion, the worthy alderman has been most severely reprimanded by his brethren; and it must be truly gratifying to his feelings as he walks along the street to see himself already caricatured in every possible way. He is for the most part represented as an alderman with a mule's head, frightening Wellington and Peel into fits by his braying; underneath is written, "*Don—Key, (donkey) or an English alderman rewarded for his services by a Spanish title.*" In the house of lords the next evening, and in the papers, the duke of Wellington was very severely handled for what was termed his "causeless" alarm. Whether it was causeless or not, it is hard to say. Certainly, if he thought that any general political disturbance would have taken place, he was never further mistaken in his life; but if he merely apprehended a simple riot, then I think his apprehensions would have been verified.

About ten o'clock on the evening of the day on which the procession was to have taken place, I thought I would walk to that part of the city through which it would have passed, to see the "rows" which it was anticipated would by that hour be in a state of great forwardness. I first, however, took the precaution of arraying myself in apparel of an uninviting appearance, knowing full well that a decent coat would attract more attention than was exactly agreeable; a very ancient one was therefore resuscitated for the occasion, and a hat put on proof against further injury; my pockets I emptied with the exception of a handkerchief, knowing that they would be emptied for me, and then walked forth. On my way thither, the usually crowded streets were almost deserted, and for a mile and a half not a single police-man was to be seen. On arriving at the Strand, this was sufficiently explained. For a line of about two miles, the streets were crowded with a succession of mobs, through some of which, on account of their density, it was almost impossible to make

way. The police were drawn up at different places in bodies of two and three hundred, though unarmed, except with their short staves. They and the different mobs were standing eyeing each other. Several affrays had already taken place as windows had been wantonly broken, and all attempts to take the offenders into custody were strenuously resisted by people armed with bludgeons, &c. Not any one, to use a favourite expression of Sir Walter Scott, had been "done to death," though broken heads, and simple and compound fractures were no rarity.

There is something frightful and appalling in a "rush" of one of these heavy mobs, as the thousands of respectable lookers-on are immediately swept away by the current, and mingled indiscriminately with the mass of baser matter, of which it is principally composed. I was lucky enough to gain the shelter of a door-way, and see the tide rush by me; and in good faith, the yells and shouts of the ringleaders, and the shrieks and unavailing cries of the fallen and helpless, were not at all pleasing or composing. Those who sit quietly by their peaceable firesides, and chat complacently of the "great moral lessons taught by revolutions," ought to witness a few affrays of this kind. Not that bit this, and a thousand times as much, ought to be risked rather than submit to oppression; but really a revolution for fashion's sake, and to be like one's neighbours, is any thing but desirable. Such an event here too would be a very different affair from that in France. There the middle classes joined in it—here they would be unanimously opposed to it; there all classes of society were animated with a consuming hatred of their government, which swallowed up all minor considerations—here even the worst have not, I believe, any particular dislike to or interest in what is going on, with the exception of the organization of the new police, which touches them nearly, as it is injuring their business in a way that is not to be borne; they would, therefore, look at a revolution in a cool and professional point of view, and only rejoice in it so far as it afforded glorious opportunities for burglary on an extensive scale. I can scarcely give you an idea of the staple commodity of which a grand metropolitan mob is formed; but imagine all the inhabitants of your most filthy districts congregated together, and then suppose all those multiplied by ten or twelve, and you will have some notion (though New-York must yield to London in accomplished and desperate villains) of no small portion of those who bellow "reform," which, heaven knows, they stand very much in need of. In saying this, I do not by any means wish to insinuate that even the majority of those who call themselves "reformers" are of this description of character. Thousands of worthy and industrious men, misled by the declamations of Hunt, Cobbett, Carlile, and other orators of a similar description, and of great local fame, join in the cry. Now the country certainly wants reform, though not such as they mean, and must have it; for many parts of the British constitution are the creations of an age of comparative darkness, and having outlived the manners and habits of the times which rendered them necessary, are now unsuited to a more enlightened state of society. But to uproot the whole of a system which contains so much of what is really good and admirable, because some parts are defective, would be about as wise as to pull down a fine house because the chimney smoked. But there is no fear of this. I am more firmly convinced than ever that there will be no revolution; and if any transatlantic friend of mine differs from me in opinion, and is willing to bet a thousand dollars that there will be one in a twelvemonth, as Falstaff says, "let him lend me the money and have at him."

It may be interesting to you to know that my pocket was picked of the handkerchief before alluded to. As I fully expected this, I should have been much disappointed if it had not been the case. I put it into my pocket as a free-will offering, because I thought it would be wrong to go and see the sight without contributing my mite towards rewarding those who were so zealous in contributing towards it. C.

Public outrages.—The brutal assaults continually offered to females in the streets of this city, are of a nature calculated to inflame the public mind. It must be acknowledged that our community contains a class of ruffians, so corrupt and insolent as to perpetrate these repeated and atrocious outrages in an organized system of action, or to what cause are we to ascribe the frequent occurrence of abuses fitting the barbarity of a gothic age, or the anarchy of a people involved in the horrors of war and revolution? The watchmen should redouble their vigilance, and the mayor and police spare no exertions to bring these wretches to the severest punishment. Upon this subject there prevails a general feeling of curiosity, alarm, and indignation.

THE EAST INDIAN.

A POPULAR BALLAD—WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

ALLEGRETTO.

Come, May, with all thy flow - ers, Thy sweet - ly scent - ed

thorn, Thy cool - ing ev'n - ing show - ers, Thy fra - grant breath at morn; When May - flies - haunt - the will - low, When

May - buds tempt the bee, Then o'er the shin - ing bil - low My love will come to me.

SECOND VERSE.

From eastern isles she's winging
Through wa'ry wilds her way,
And on her cheek is bringing
The bright sun's orient ray;
Oh! come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm,
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

THIRD VERSE.

The fields where she was straying,
Are blest with endless light,
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright;
Then now, oh! May, be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before,
Let sighs from roses meet her,
When she comes near our shore.

For the Mirror.

HYPERCRITICISM.

Is Dr. Johnson's remarks upon Shakspeare's play of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," there is an instance of unjust censure, rather curious in that penetrating observer and habitual critic. He complains that the poet "makes Proteus, after an interview with Sylvia, say, he has only seen her picture," and regards the play as a "strange mixture of care and negligence." There may be other inconsistencies in the piece, but surely this is not one. So far from being the result of negligence, I esteem it a very apt and forcible figure, by which Proteus endeavours to express his consciousness of Sylvia's power over his feelings. He visits the duke's palace at Milan, where he sees his friend Valentine, and, for the first time, beholds his beautiful mistress. Although he had previously been enamoured of Julia at Verona, the charms of Sylvia immediately inspire him with a new and more enthusiastic passion. On being left alone after the first interview, the briefness of which scarcely enabled them to exchange a word, he thus soliloquizes, in language which would suit the lips of many more modern youths:

"Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair, and so is Julia that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed;
Which like a waxen image 'gainst the fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont;
Oh! but I love his lady too, too much;
How shall I dote on her with more advice
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;

But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind."

There is no inconsistency here. Proteus does not mean to say literally that he has not seen Sylvia, and that he has beheld a painting of her, but rather that his short interview amounted to little more. The gentleman was, I presume, one of those warm-hearted youths, who, from the frequent recurrence of similar emotions, might be supposed to have acquired some experience upon the subject. He knew that a very lovely girl may possess mental powers of fascination, not perceptible at a glance; may be able to deepen, by the displays of a warm affectionate disposition, the impression which her beauty had made, and he reasoned thus very justly: "If from one look her personal charms have so fastened my fancy upon her, what will become of me when I shall hereafter be delivered to the influence of those nameless and endearing graces, which give an engaging female every moment an increasing power over her lover? I have not yet encountered any of these. I have merely seen her face, and that is no more than to have seen her picture."

I am ignorant how that part of Dr. Samuel Johnson's metaphysical system was constructed, which lights up so mean a material as dust with such heavenly fires; but Shakspeare understood the matter better. Many fresh and living pictures, painted by "nature's own sweet and cunning hand," strike my eye, amid the crowds which swarm around us, and pass away; and even before I discovered the fountains of pleasure demurely folded up under the various stereotype editions of William Shakspeare, I used to think,

How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her—
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that, &c.

For the Mirror.

A PARODY.

'Tis the last log of fuel,*
Left blazing alone;
All its mates of the cellar
Have vanished and gone.
No branch of its kindred
Beside it I mark,
To reflect back its brilliance,
Or give spark for spark.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
Let who will condemn;
Though the household are sleeping,
I'll sleep not with them,
Till sadly I've scatter'd
Thy ashes about,
And seen the last glimmer
Go suddenly out.

hensoon will I follow,
For why should I stay,
When the rest of the fam'ly
Are sleeping away?
When the embers have faded,
And the last spark has flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This cold room alone?

* A veritable statement of a recent fact.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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For the Mirror.

THE CHANGELING.

BY MISS E. BOGERT.

Away then, to thy pleasures!—thou hast sacrificed thy heart
To the cold, selfish world, with all its treachery and art:
And thou hast worshipped at the shrine of flattery, far and wide,
Till all thy former self is lost in vanity and pride.

Away then!—I have loved thee far too truly and too well,
I would not call those feelings back within my heart to dwell.
No, lady, no—in bitterness I gather up again
The dead affections wasted long upon a thing so vain.

Go, listen while thy beauty lasts, to adulation's voice:
Go seek the idle multitude, the hydra of thy choice;
But think not when the dark days come, as come they must to all,
That thou canst thy neglected friend again to thee recall.

Love's dying embers may not be re-lighted with a breath,
The heart's allegiance broken once, is broken until death:
It may forgive, but ne'er can feel again as once it felt,
Although returning kindness strive its ice-bound streams to melt.

Away, away!—oh, tempt me not with that bland smile of thine,
To dream I have once more thy love, and grieve thou hast not mine.
Go cast thy spells round other hearts; for severed is the chain,
Which being but too closely bound, the sooner snapped in twain.

Go, with the lesson on thy mind, that thy own constancy
Must be the talisman to keep another true to thee.

Away, while fashion's vot'ries wait to follow in thy train,
And if among them, one be dear, that one at least retain.

The world thou lovest may bow awhile to thy unrivalled powers,
And o'er life's thorny path may hang a coronal of flowers;
But it will wither on thy brow, as time moves fleetly on,
And life can have no second spring when its first bloom is gone.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE OUTWITTED.

BY MRS. E. MUSSET.

ALL who knew Simon Shuffle wondered how he came to burthen himself with the charge of supporting an orphan child. It was true the boy had nobody else to take care of him, and people wondered the more on that account; for Simon was seldom known to befriend the unfortunate. It was given out that the boy was left penniless, and that story was generally credited; for none would believe that a child who inherited any property, would have been consigned to the sole guardianship of old Shuffle. People, however, differed in opinion, as they will do on every subject, and many were the cross-questionings and catechisms little Harry Franks had to undergo, from those whose curiosity or benevolence led them to wish to know something of his history. All that Harry could tell them was, that "he used to live a great way off, in a place called London, with a sweet pretty mamma," and that "one day his papa and mamma and he went into a large ship, and sailed many days, and that at last poor mamma got sick, and could not speak to him, and that she died, and they put her in a box, and threw her in the water, and he cried a great deal, and poor papa cried, and the sailors could hardly keep him from jumping into the water after mamma; and then the ship stopped, and papa carried him to the house of a good friend, as he said, and then papa got sick and died too." This artless recital was often repeated, and Simon's only child, little Rosamond, used to throw her white chubby arms round Harry's neck, as soon as he began it, for she knew that he would cry before he had finished. The grief of childhood is evanescent. Harry would go to play with Rosamond, and soon forget the tears his own simple eloquence had called forth. Sometimes he helped her to dress her doll, and sometimes she rode behind him on his cane horse.

Mr. Shuffle's wife had died before his daughter was a year old, and her place in the family was supplied by a distant relation, who demanded but a moderate compensation for her services, and she consequently suited him very well; added to this, she agreed so easily to his plans of frugality, (for Simon, though immensely rich, was excessively parsimonious,) that he believed in her he had acquired a real treasure. In truth, the good woman was so devotedly fond of Rosamond, that she would have made almost any personal sacrifice to retain her situation. She readily admitted Harry to the family circle, and extended to him the maternal cares she bestowed on her darling, for her heart was "full of the milk of human kindness," and she pitied, and consequently loved the little orphan, who had been deprived in so short a space of both parents, and left to the mercy of a stranger. This good

lady had her doubts as to the reality of Simon's statement respecting the child's destitute situation, but she took care to conceal them, as she had no proof to support her suspicions.

"Aunt Becky," for so the good housekeeper was called in the family, was not without her share of female ingenuity, and as she always exerted it with good motives, it was certainly excusable. She did every thing in her power to create in Harry's patron an interest in his favour; she carefully concealed from him all his infant misdemeanors, at the same time correcting them herself, with the gentleness of a mother. She knew that Mr. Shuffle prized a *saving* disposition above every thing else, so she frequently gave the boy a penny, charging him to keep it in his pocket, and at some propitious moment she would exhibit the hoarded treasure, boasting how long the little boy had kept it. Harry soon learned, that after his penny had been shown to his protector, he was at liberty to do as he chose with it; and after every exhibition he always flew to the cake-shop, and shared his purchase with his playmate.

As Henry grew older, however, these occurrences became less frequent, and were at length wholly discontinued; for Mrs. Becky could not but perceive by the arch looks of the boy, he was aware of their motive, and she was too conscientious to encourage him in artifice.

One day, in the midst of his play, Harry suddenly broke off, saying,

"I have not had a penny this long while! I wish I had some of those pretty yellow pennies my own papa gave my new papa to keep for me."

Mrs. Becky started, but asked, as quietly as she could,

"Were there a great many, Harry?"

"O, yes! aunt Becky," answered he, "two big bags full."

This was confirmation of the housekeeper's surmises, and while she sat looking with intense interest at the child, she pondered in her mind the circumstances which corroborated her suspicions. She knew that Harry's father had resided in England many years; she had heard him say that he had undertaken the voyage to his native country, in the hope of bettering his health, which was declining; and she knew that during the period which intervened between the time of his arrival and that of his death, which occurred four days after, he had seen only his son, Mr. Shuffle, and herself; that a short time before his death, which was sudden, she had heard him desire Mr. Shuffle to send for a notary, and twice he expressed some impatience at his not having arrived, though she had no knowledge of Mr. Shuffle's having attended to his request. Now what could the dying man want of a notary, unless to draw up a will? and why leave a will, if he had nothing to bequeath?

These thoughts had often puzzled the worthy woman, but she dared not give utterance to them, for she knew that if she offended Simon Shuffle, she must relinquish her situation in his family, and consequently be separated from Rosamond; a new tie now bound her to her present home, and that new tie was the orphan Harry Franks. Could she bear to leave the destitute child in the power of a stranger, who would, perhaps, use him ill? and what would her mere surmises weigh against the assertions of her employer? The boy's testimony might, however, go far.

Mrs. Becky was in a state of complete bewilderment; her cogitations had never so puzzled her in the whole course of her life. She had heard Mr. Franks say that he had no relations, and she concluded that his friendship with Mr. Shuffle had commenced in early life, and that in consequence of his long residence abroad, he was unacquainted with the disposition and character of the man to whose care he had, from necessity, consigned his son.

Mrs. Becky was a simple-minded woman, but truth and nature speak no less forcibly to the simple heart than to the more refined. The boy acquired new claims upon her in consequence of her suspicions of the injury intended him, and she resolved to watch over and befriend him to the extent of her power.

The orphan had also another warm friend in the family—this was James Upton, a youth employed by Mr. Shuffle as clerk. James was of a mild and obliging temper, and of steady habits, which constituted him a great favourite with the worthy housekeeper, who made it a point to show him

all the favour and indulgence in her power. The young clerk was fond of reading, and it was even whispered among his companions that he was sometimes guilty of composing verses; be that as it may, the fact is certain, that he not unfrequently applied to Mrs. Becky for a stray sheet of writing paper, which might haply escape the vigilant eye of Mr. Simon Shuffle, who would have considered such an appropriation as little less than sinful prodigality.

It so happened, a few days after the death of Harry's father, that the young scribbler, as usual, asked his friend to supply him with some paper. Mrs. Becky desired him to seek it in the drawer of a table which had been in the sick man's room, undisturbed, since his death; a few sheets had been procured for him, but it was supposed he had never been able to use them. James found the paper, and conveyed it to his own room, where, on removing a part of it, he saw a leaf on which something was written. In common with all romantic minds, James had a sort of superstitious reverence for any thing which had belonged to the dead; he therefore looked with a feeling of awe upon the characters traced by a person whom he had seen a few hours previous to his decease, and who from his severe calamity in the loss of his wife, and from his own death among almost total strangers, had awakened a great degree of interest in his heart. As his eye almost unconsciously rested on the manuscript, he perceived that it was a letter—ending abruptly, evidently unfinished, and without superscription. The name of Arthur Franks, however, appeared on the page which commenced with the words "Dear Freeman." Then followed a brief and hurried account of the death of the writer's wife, and his arrival in America. He mentioned that, feeling the rapid advances of severe illness, he had repaired, immediately on landing, to the house of Mr. Shuffle, the only person with whom he had kept up any correspondence in this part of the Union. He further expressed his fear of leaving his infant son to the mercy of strangers, whose kindness, perhaps, even the liberal provision he had been enabled to make for him, might not ensure. Here the writing broke off. The name was scrawled, evidently with a failing hand.

James Upton pondered upon this subject, and remembered that he had several times heard his employer remark that "the poor, penniless little boy would be an incumbrance upon him," but that "he would take care of him while he was so young, for his father's sake."

The astonished clerk resolved to preserve the paper with the utmost care, and for this purpose he placed it in a box, and confided it to the charge of his mother, who was a widow, and supported herself by keeping a school for small children. The daughter of Simon Shuffle went to this school, and there also Mrs. Becky managed to persuade him to send Harry, as Mr. Shuffle gravely remarked, "it was a pity the boy should not be taught to read, *poor as he was*."

Upon the little favourite of her son, the worthy school-mistress bestowed her utmost care and kindness; under her wise and gentle discipline, the good seed which nature had implanted in his heart grew and flourished, and thus, though a destitute orphan, the early years of our hero glided away in happy unconsciousness. Every body smiled on, and spoke kindly to him—every body except his protector, Mr. Simon Shuffle.

It is one of the worst traits of human nature to dislike those whom we have injured, and as Mr. Shuffle was not slow in discovering faults in his protégé which no other person could perceive, it is no wonder that Harry avoided the presence of his surly guardian as much as was in his power. But to his youthful playmate, Rosamond, his young heart clung with the most intense fondness; in all their little school debates he was her champion; he carried her satchel, untied her bonnet, smoothed her flaxen curls, and led her into the presence of "the mistress" with as much apparent pride as if already conscious that her beauty and sweetness reflected lustre upon himself.

Time wore away, and Harry Franks grew a handsome, high-spirited boy, whose abilities far outstripped the means of instruction which were allowed him, though James Upton studied with unwearied diligence in order that he might employ the information thus gained for the benefit of his favourite, and long after Harry was considered too old to attend

Mrs. Upton's school, all the leisure hours of her son were devoted to his instruction.

Mr. Shuffle now began to talk of the propriety of binding Harry apprentice to some business, but a secret cause seemed to withhold him from putting the design in execution. He at length spoke to James Upton upon the subject, whose importance in the family, time had much increased, for he was no longer considered as "the boy," but was advanced to the station of head clerk in Mr. Shuffle's establishment. James objected to the plan of apprenticeship, stating that the lad's acquirements fitted him for the situation of clerk in some mercantile house. Mr. Shuffle was surprised, and evidently not pleased with this information; he had of late become more sour and morose than usual, and the presence of the orphan really seemed to give him pain. He frequently chid Mrs. Becky for her foolish indulgence, as he called it, to the "proud fellow, who seemed to receive every mark of favour as a right," and forbade his daughter the society of her companion.

This prohibition, however, had little effect besides that of stimulating the young people to invent means to escape his vigilance; for Rosamond, though meek and tractable on every other, seemed endowed with most determined obstinacy on this occasion.

At length Mr. Shuffle's treatment of Harry became so unkind, that his high spirit found it difficult to submit to it; and after consulting with his friend, the clerk, he informed his patron that it was his wish to seek employment and a home elsewhere. Mr. Shuffle harshly told him, "he might go where he pleased."

At this answer the youth, summoning all his courage, at the same time repressing his rising choler, said,

"Sir, has the money my father left in your charge for my use been expended on my board and education, or may I expect that enough remains to enable me to begin the world for myself?"

Old Shuffle was confounded. He had no idea that Harry knew or remembered any thing of the deposit, which had tempted his cupidity. He knew the boy was playing in a corner of the room when he held the last conversation with his dying father; but the thought that a child of five years old might have noticed the circumstance and treasured it in his memory, had never entered his mind. There was, however, no proof, and Simon Shuffle, repressing his agitation, replied that "the very trifling sum that his poor father had to leave, had been expended long ago;" and that "as it amounted to barely a few guineas, he could know but little of the value of money to ask so foolish a question."

Harry was silenced, but not convinced. He acquainted his friend Upton with the result of their conversation, and as they sat in solemn conclave, with Mrs. Becky at their head, the subject of their debate, in the person of Mr. Shuffle, entered, and informed Harry that "a friend of his, a merchant, wanted a clerk, and that he might go as soon as he chose."

Harry waited for no second intimation, but forthwith packed up his clothes, which, thanks to Simon Shuffle's parsimony, were not very heavy, dashed off the moisture from his eye with the back of his hand, as he bade good-by to Mrs. Becky, kissed a tear from the red cheek of Rosamond, which liberty, although turned of fourteen, the young lady did not resent, passed his arm through that of his friend Upton, and set off for the counting-house of the merchant.

It so happened that Harry's employer could not accommodate him with board in his family, so he took up his abode in the house of Mrs. Upton, and there he lived as happily as a prince, for his friend James spent most of his evenings with his mother.

Rosamond often visited her former school-mistress, and Mrs. Becky sometimes took her knitting and spent the evening with them, so that Simon Shuffle achieved no great exploit when he turned Harry out of his house.

For four years matters went on tolerably well; but as our young hero grew older, it was observed that his pen was often stuck behind his ear, while he sat in a musing attitude, as if there were something in his ledger which puzzled him extremely. The fact was, that Mr. Shuffle had discovered his frequent meetings with his daughter; and, determining, if possible, to break off all intercourse between them, had sent her into the country; and though the youth, like his kingly namesake of old, possessed a *clue* to the "bower" of his "fair Rosamond," he was often at a loss how to escape from his tasks long enough to avail himself of it.

Just after Harry had completed his twenty-first year, Mrs. Becky came one evening to tell him that a stranger, who called himself Freeman, had been to inquire of Mr. Shuffle concerning him; she could not say what information the gentle-

man had received, but she heard him mention where he lodged, and had carefully noted the direction.

James and Harry instantly set out to find the stranger; and the latter, after making himself known, asked how it happened that now, for the first time, a friend of his deceased father inquired concerning his welfare?

Mr. Freeman briefly told him, that "he had sailed for England probably about the time of his father's arrival in America—that the news of his mother's death, and also that of his father, had reached their friends in England through the medium of the captain of the ship in which they sailed, who said he had been worth a large fortune, but what became of it he did not know; one thing, however, he had ascertained, and that was that the safety of the child was left to the guardianship of a Mr. Shuffle; to him, therefore, a friend of Mr. Franks had written, and received for answer, that Harry was consigned to his care by his father; further than this they knew nothing; and as neither of the deceased parents had any relatives, no more inquiries into the situation of their child were ever made." Mr. Freeman added, that "he had remained in England from that period until he sailed for this country, and that soon after his arrival here, he proceeded to ascertain the fate of the son of his old friend. From Mr. Shuffle he had learned that the trifling sum left by Harry's father being expended on his education, he had placed him with a worthy merchant, with a view to his future benefit. Mr. Freeman was somewhat surprised to learn that Mr. Franks had left his affairs in so impoverished a state, and resolved to see his son the next day, and aid him with his counsel, and his purse, if necessary."

Mr. Shuffle's fraud was soon made manifest to all three; but how to obtain restitution was a matter for serious consideration.

Harry, however, had his own thoughts upon the matter, and this was about the time when he had anticipated paying a visit to his banished fair one. He told Mr. Freeman that "he was obliged to be absent for a day or two, and they would proceed to take the necessary steps on his return." In the mean time Mr. Freeman intended to seek some of the letters of his deceased friend, that by comparing the writing with that discovered by James, and producing other proofs in his possession, the fact of Mr. Franks having left property might be the more manifest. Harry paid his proposed visit, and it is quite probable that he communicated its result to Mrs. Becky and James, for they both looked as if they were in possession of some secret which they should like to communicate if they dared.

Mr. Shuffle had now brought one of his own plans to maturity, and little suspecting our hero's visit to the country, he sent for his daughter home a few days after Harry's return, and after some circumlocution informed her that she must prepare to be married.

Seeing her father was serious, Rosamond began to weep, but every now and then she was forced to laugh. This conduct exasperated Mr. Shuffle, who was never remarkable for the placidity of his temper, and at length he said, stamping tremendously, at the same time,

"Leave off your airs, miss, or it shall be the worse for you! I am determined, and I will not be teased in this manner! Have you got the hysterics that you won't listen to me? I tell you that next week you are to be married to my friend Mr. John Smith! Do you hear now?"

"Yes, my dear father," sobbed the frightened girl, "I do hear, and I am very sorry you are determined—very sorry to disappoint you—but I cannot be married next week to Mr. John Smith, for I was married last week to Mr. Harry Franks!"

Simon Shuffle stood aghast, the personification of enraged surprise. Luckily for Rosamond, Mrs. Becky, who was in the next room, had overheard the whole conference; she now ran in to prevent mischief, and before Mr. Shuffle could find breath to speak, a loud knock at the door announced a visitor.

Simon Shuffle shuffled his daughter and his housekeeper out of the room, while he admitted the person who had arrived so *mal-apropos* for the prosecution of the design which he conceived before he could find words to speak it. Mrs. Becky hurried her charge through the back door, and conveyed her to the house of Mrs. Upton, "for," said she, "where can a wife be so safe as under the protection of her own husband?" The visitor who disarranged Mr. Shuffle's plan, was no other than Mr. Freeman, accompanied by James Upton.

I never heard exactly how they managed it; but after a pretty long conference, old Simon came to the conclusion that, bad as matters were, it was not worth while to do any thing to make them worse; and, after the adjustment of some few preliminaries, Harry Franks became possessed of a capital to begin business in a very respectable style; and Mr. Shuffle, thinking it best to hush up matters, and not wishing to ex-

asperate people who were so determined, consented to forgive his daughter and make his son-in-law his sole heir—a promise which he kept at his death, and Harry Franks is now one of the wealthiest and happiest fellows in the city. James Upton and he still live on terms of the most affectionate friendship. Mrs. Becky always finds a snug corner at their fire-side, and while she plies her knitting, sometimes smiles, when she happens to think how Simon Shuffle was *outwitted*.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

"KILLING, NO MURDER."

A TRUE STORY.

I AM a sober, middle-aged, married gentleman, of a moderate size; with moderate wishes; moderate means; a moderate family; and every thing moderate about me, except my house, which is too large for my means, or my family. It is however, or rather, alas! it was, an old family mansion, full of old things of no value but to the owner, as connected with early associations and ancient friends, and I did not like the idea of converting it into a tavern or boarding-house, as is the fashion with the young heirs of the present day. Such as it was, however, although I sometimes felt a little like the ambitious snail, who once crept into a lobster's shell and came near perishing in a hard winter, I managed for ten or twelve years to live in it very comfortably, and to make both ends meet. My furniture to be sure was a little out of fashion, and here and there a little out at the elbows; but I always persuaded myself that it was respectable to be out of fashion, and that new things smacked of new men, and were therefore rather vulgar. Under this impression, I lived in my old house, with my old fashioned furniture; moderate sized family and moderate means, envying nobody and indebted to no one in the world. I had neither gilded furniture, nor grand mantel glasses, nor superb chandeliers; but then I had a few fine pictures and busts, and flattered myself they were much more genteel than gilded furniture, grand mantel glasses, and superb chandeliers. In truth, I looked down with contempt not only on these, but on all those who did not agree with me in opinion. I never asked a person to dinner a second time who did not admire my busts and pictures, considering him a vulgar genius and an admirer of gilded trumpery.

But let no man presume, after reading my story, to flatter himself he is out of the reach of the infection of fashion and fashionable opinions. He may hold out for a certain time, perhaps, but human nature can't stand for ever on the defensive. The example of all around us is irresistible, sooner or later. The first shock given to my attachment to respectable old fashioned furniture and a respectable old four-square double house, was received from the elbow of a modern worthy, who had grown rich, nobody knew how, by presiding over the drawing of lotteries, and who came and built himself a narrow four-story house right at the side of my honest four-square double mansion. It had white marble steps; white marble door and window-sills; folding doors and marble mantel pieces, and was as fine as a fiddle, in doors and out. It put my rusty old mansion quite out of countenance, as every body told me, though I assure my readers, I thought it excessively tawdry and in bad taste.

But, alas! such is the stupidity of mankind—I could get nobody to agree with me.

"What has come over your house lately?" cried one good-natured visitor; "somehow or other it don't look as it used to do."

"What makes your house look so rusty and old fashioned?" said another good-natured visitor.

"Mr. Blankprize has taken the shine off of you," said Mrs. Sowerby; "HE HAS KILLED YOUR HOUSE!"

Hereupon the spirit moved me to go out and reconnoitre the venerable mansion. It certainly did look a little like a chubby, rusty old fashioned quaker by the side of a first-rate dandy. I picked a quarrel with it outright, which by the way was a very unlucky quarrel. I was not rich enough to pull it down and build a new one; and it is great folly to quarrel with an old house until you can get a better. But if I can't build, I can paint—thought I, and put at least as good a face on the matter as this opulent lottery man, my next-door neighbour. Accordingly I consulted my wife on the subject, who, whether from a spirit of contradiction, or, to do her justice, I believe from a correct and rational view of the subject, discouraged my project. I was only the more determined. So I caused my honest old house to be painted a bright cream colour, that it might hold up its head against the scurvy lottery man.

"Bless me!" quoth Mrs. Smith—"What is the matter with this room—It don't look as it used to do?"

"Why, what under the sun have you done to this room?" cried Mrs. Brown.

"Protect me!" exclaimed Mrs. White—"Why, I seem to have got into a strange room. What is the matter?"

"You've killed the inside of your house," said Mrs. Sowerby, "by painting the outside such a bright colour."

It was too true; this was my first crime. Would I had stopped here!—but destiny determined otherwise. It happened unfortunately that my front parlour carpet was of a yellow ground. It was to be sure somewhat faded by time and use; but it comported very well with the unpretending sobriety of the outside of my house, under the old régime. But the case was altered now, and the bright cream colour of the outside "killed" the dingy yellow carpet within. So I bought a new carpet, of a fine orange ground, determined that this should not be killed. It looked very fine, and I was satisfied. I had done the business effectually.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Smith—"What a sweet pretty carpet!"

"Save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown—"Why, you look as fine as twopence!"

"Protect us!" cried Mrs. Sowerby—"What a fashionable affair!" Then casting a knowing look around the room, she added, in a tone of hesitating candour—"But don't you think, somehow or other, it kills the curtains?"

Another murder! thought I—wretch that I am, what have I done? What is done cannot be undone; but I can remedy the affair. So I bought a new suit of yellow curtains. I'll twig Mrs. Sowerby now.

Mrs. Sowerby came the very next day. "Well, I declare now this is charming! I never saw more *tasty* curtains. But, my dear Mr. Sobersides, somehow or other, don't you think they kill the walls?"

Murder again! four stone walls killed at a blow! But I'll get the better of Mrs. Sowerby yet. So I got the walls coloured as bright as the curtains, and bade her defiance in my heart the next time she came.

Mrs. Sowerby came as usual. Her whole life was spent in visiting about every where, and putting people out of conceit with themselves.

She threw up her eyes and hands. "Well, I declare, Mr. Sobersides, you have done wonders. This is the real French white"—which by the way, my readers unlearned should know is yellow—"But," continued this pestilent woman—"don't you think that these bright coloured walls kill the chairs?"

Worse and worse! here was twelve innocent old arm-chairs, with yellow satin bottoms and backs, murdered in cold blood, by four unfeeling French-white stone walls! But there is a remedy for all things but death. I forthwith procured a new set of chairs as yellow as custard, and snapt my fingers in triumph at Mrs. Sowerby the next time she came.

But, alas! what are all the towering hopes of man! Dust, ashes, emptiness, nothing. Mrs. Sowerby was not yet satisfied. She thought the chairs beautiful. "But then, my dear friend," said she, after a solemn and appalling pause—"my dear friend, these bright yellow satin chairs have killed the picture frames."

And so they had, as dead as Julius Cæsar; the picture frames looked like old lumber in the midst of all my improvements. There was no help for it, and away went the pictures to Messrs. Parker & Clover. In good time they came back, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." I was so satisfied now that there was nothing left in my parlour to be killed, that I could hardly sleep that night, so impatient was I to see Mrs. Sowerby.

That pestilent woman, when she came next day, looked round in evident disappointment, but exclaimed with great appearance of cordiality,

"Well, now I declare, it's all perfect; there is not a handsomer room in town."

Thank heaven! thought I—I have committed no more murders. But I reckoned without my host. I was destined to go on murdering in spite of me. The spring was now coming on and the weather being mild, the folding doors had been thrown open between the front and back parlours. This latter was furnished with green, somewhat faded I confess. I had heretofore considered it the sanctum sanctorum of the establishment. It was only used on extraordinary occasions, such as Christmas and new-year days, when all the family dined with me, bringing their little children with them to gormandize themselves sick. The room looked very well by itself; but, alas! the moment Mrs. Sowerby caught sight of it, her eye brightened—fatal omen!

"Why, my dear Mr. Sobersides, what has got into your back parlour? It used to be so genteel and smart—Why, I believe I'm losing my eyesight—the green carpet and curtains look quite yellow I think—O, I see it now—THE FRONT PARLOUR HAS KILLED THE BACK ONE!"

The d—!—here was another pretty piece of business. I must either keep the door shut all summer and be roasted, or be charged with killing a whole parlour, carpet, curtains, chairs, sofas, walls and all!

It would be but a mere repetition to relate how this wicked woman again led me on from one murder to another. First the new carpet "killed" the curtains; then the new curtains "killed" the walls; the new painted walls "killed" the old satin chairs—and so by little and little all my honest old green furniture went the way of the honest old yellow.

"The spell is broke at last," cried I, rubbing my hands in ecstacy. Neither my front or back parlour can commit any more assassinations. Elated with the idea, I was waiting on Mrs. Sowerby to the front door, when suddenly she stopped short at the foot of the old fashioned winding staircase, the carpet of which, I confess, was here and there infested with that modern abomination—a darn. It was moreover rather dingy and faded.

"Your back parlour has killed your hall," said Mrs. Sowerby. And so it had. Coming out of the splendour of the former, the latter had the same effect on the beholder as a bad set of teeth in a fine face, or an old rusty iron grate in a fine room.

I began to be desperate. I had been accessory to so many cruel murders that my conscience became seared, and I went on, led by the wiles of this pestilent woman, to murder my way from the ground floor to the cockloft, without sparing a single soul. Nothing escaped but the garret, which having been for half a century the depository of all our broken or banished household gods, resembled Hogarth's picture of the "End of the world," and defied the arts of that mischievous woman, Mrs. Sowerby.

My house was now fairly revolutionized, or rather reformed, after the old French mode, by a process of indiscriminate destruction.

I did not, like Alexander, after having thus conquered one world sigh for another to conquer. I sat down to enjoy my victory under the shade of my laurels. But, alas! disappointment ever follows at the heels of fruition. It is pleasant to dance until we come to pay the piper. By the time custom had familiarized me to my new glories, and they had become somewhat indifferent, bills came pouring in by dozens, and it was impossible to kill my duns as I had done my old furniture, except by paying them, a mode of destroying these troublesome vermin not always convenient or agreeable. From the period of commencing housekeeping until now, I had never a single occasion to put off the payment of a bill. I prided myself on always paying ready money for every thing, and it was an honest pride. I can hardly express the mortification I felt at being now occasionally under the necessity of giving excuses instead of money. I had a miserable invention at this sort of works of imagination, and sometimes, when more than usually barren, I got into a passion, as people often do when they don't know what else to do. More than once I found myself suddenly turning a corner in a great hurry, or planting myself before the window of a picture shop, studying it very attentively in order not to see certain persons, the very sight of whom is always painful to people of nice sensibility.

Not being hardened to such like trifles by long use, I felt rather sore and irritable. Under the old régime it had always been a pleasure to me to hear a ring at the door, because it was the signal for an agreeable visitor; but now it excited disagreeable apprehensions, and sounded like the knell of a dun. In short I grew crusty and fidgety by degrees, inasmuch that Mrs. Sowerby often exclaimed,

"Why what has come over you, Mr. Sobersides? Why I declare somehow or other you don't seem the same man you used to be?"

I could have answered, "the new Mr. Sobersides has killed the old Mr. Sobersides." But I said nothing, and only wished her up in the garret, among the old furniture.

My system of reform produced another source of worrying. Hitherto my old furniture and myself had been so long acquainted, that I could take all sorts of liberties with it. I could recline on the sofas of an evening; or sit on one of the old chairs, and cross my legs on another, without the least ceremony. But now, forsooth! it is as much as I dare do to sit down upon one of my new acquaintance; and as for a lounge on the sofa, which was the Cleopatra for which I would have lost the world; I should as soon think of taking a nap in a fine lady's sleeve. As to my little rantipole boys, who

had hitherto feared neither carpet, chair, or sofa, they have at length been schooled into such awe of finery that they walk about the parlour on tiptoe; sit on the edge of a chair with trepidation, and contemplate the sofas at a distance with the most profound veneration, as unapproachable divinities. To cap the climax of my system of reform, my easy-old-shoe-friends, who came to see me without ceremony, because they felt comfortable and welcome, have gradually become shy of my new chairs and sofas; and the last of them was the other evening fairly looked out of the house by a certain person, for spitting accidentally upon a new brass fender, that shone like the sun at noon-day.

I might hope that in the course of time these evils would be mitigated by the furniture growing old and sociable by degrees, but there is little prospect of this, because it is too fine for common use. The carpet is always protected by an old crumb cloth, full of holes and stains; the sofa and chairs are in dingy cover-sluts, except on extraordinary occasions, and I fear they will last for ever—at least longer than I shall. I sometimes solace myself with the anticipation that my children may live long enough to sit on the sofa with impunity, and walk on the carpet without going on tiptoe.

There would be some consolation in the midst of these sore evils if I could only blame my wife for all this. Many philosophers are of opinion, that this single privilege of matrimony is more than equivalent to all the rubs and disappointments of life; and I have heard a very wise person affirm, that he would not mind being ruined at all, if he could only blame his wife for it. But I must do mine the justice to say, that she combated Mrs. Sowerby gallantly, and threw every obstacle in the way of my system of reform; advocating the cause of every piece of old furniture with a zeal worthy of better success. I alone am to blame in having yielded to the temptations of that wicked woman, Mrs. Sowerby; and as a man, who has ruined himself by his own imprudence, is the better qualified for giving good advice, I have written this sketch of my history to caution all honest, sober, discreet people against commencing a system of reform in their household. LET THEM BEWARE OF THE FIRST MURDER! b.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The last number of this admirable work exceeds in interest many of its predecessors. The articles are written with point, and come recommended by undoubted talent. There is one more especially on which we should be pleased to dwell, and perhaps we may do so at further leisure—it is that touching the question of absolute abstinence from all vinous and fermented liquors, which has so long been agitated between the conductors of the Journal of Health and the editor of the National Gazette. The contest has been a very unequal one, the intellectual forces of the two parties being widely different; and even if the native strength of the experienced and learned critic were not so immeasurably superior to the combined powers of his antagonists, the admirable skill and dexterity with which he uses his weapons of attack and defence, give him decided advantages. The ultra doctrines broached, and, perhaps, over-zealously supported in the Journal, are, however, fashionable and popular. The editor of the Gazette has been censured by some writers who really are so intolerant that they can bear no opposition, and listen to no argumentation; but certainly the candid and the temperate (in opinion we mean) will admire the fearlessness, honesty, and ingenuity with which he defends his peculiar notions. We recommend the article as a curious collection of interesting literary information, not fearing it can possibly have a tendency to weaken a firm adherence to all sensible rules of temperance.

LIFE OF BYRON.—The second and last volume of Moore's Life of Byron will be published next week by the Harpers. The interest of the literary world respecting this work has been greatly excited. "However universally the genius of the noble poet may have been acknowledged, so many various opinions of his moral character have gone abroad, that the general curiosity in regard to it is both intense and natural. Few can peruse the glowing and lofty productions of the "warrior bard," and follow him through the closing scenes of his life, without being conscious of a strong wish to place the most favourable construction upon his actions.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS.—Washington Irving has taken out a copyright for this new work, and it may be soon expected from the press.

NEW-YORK ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1831.—Mr. Williams will publish this useful volume about the first of February.

For the Mirror.

TO HER WHO IS FAR O'ER THE SEA.

BY ALPHA.

To her who is far o'er the sea,
How fondly my memory turns,
When no sounds in the solitude be,
And the night-star uncloudedly burns;
When the lonely reality yields
To the spell of the magical night,
And I wander once more through the fields
Which I trod when my bosom was light.

Then I see her in beauty the same,
And I feel all the truth of her sighs;
But ah! when I call on her name,
No answering fondness replies.
I start from that shadowy sleep,
And silence and solitude say,
"Well—well may the wanderer weep,
When the loved of his soul is away!"

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

RURAL TRANQUILLITY—THE ROCK MOUNTAIN.

IN the interior of the state of Georgia is a mountain composed entirely of naked granite, which on the map is set down as the Rock mountain. Finding myself once, in the course of my wanderings, within a day's ride of this curiosity, I exerted my influence to obtain a waggon, a horse, and a friend, and was soon jogging along a road which wound through almost endless forests, over dead leaves, into deep valleys, across rugged hills, and through the branches of streams which, although at this spot easily fordable with the aid of a horse, broaden gradually into wide rivers, and empty their waters into the Atlantic. At the foot of this extraordinary rock is a log hut, which the folks thereabout call a house of entertainment. Here we arrived some time after dusk. A long ride through these forests, where driving required considerable skill and constant attention, had overcome me with a feeling of drowsy fatigue. A cup of melancholy beverage, which passed under the appellation of coffee, was swallowed, without any material injury, and after basking a little time in the red light of a blazing fire, which they make here of light dry pine-knots, nearly as combustible as powder, and caressing two or three fine large dogs, which rested in the capacious fire-place, we retired to rest. My chamber was fashioned of logs, several inches from each other, and various openings appeared in the roof. I was soon deposited in a bed, rude but scrupulously clean, and began to lose myself in that delicious dreaminess, which makes sleep so welcome to the weary, when the sudden bark of a dog startled me. He was answered by about ten or fifteen others, in all the notes of the gamut. They growled, barked, howled, and yelped, and uttered all the sounds of which dog's language is capable; then came trampling of horses' feet, the crack of several whips, the report of a gun, and the footsteps of the hounds patting across the entry, which was entirely exposed to the air. I started up, and putting my head through an aperture in the wall, where neither glass nor shutter offered any opposition, I perceived that a party of hunters had arrived, fully equipped for the pursuit of deer, and intended to rest at the "house of entertainment" till day-break enabled them to resume their sports. It was now late; a starry sky stretched broad and clear over head, but the air was chilly, and I was feign to bid good night even to the yellow moon, just rising above the forest trees. Casting, therefore, a hasty glance at her spotted disk, her shadowy vales, her bright deserts and lofty mountains, and another at the quiet night scene, the dim dark woods, the old fences and rude log-huts, faintly silvered over with the pale moonlight, and the glorious track of vast blue distance which canopied that silent solitude, with its flashing gems, I left poetry and prose to take care of themselves, and murmuring a sleepy "beautiful!" once more laid down to rest. Again the world of reality faded into indistinctness, a thought of my distant home crossed my mind, and pleasant faces appeared floating around me in the darkness; then I remember catching the flash of a star through the roof, and gravely debating to myself by what mismanagement among the heavenly bodies it had descended into my chamber. Yet although eleven or twelve hundred miles distant from the thundering of carts and the shuffling of feet which had so often broken my meditations in the city of Manhattan, I discovered that rural felicity had its own characteristic tumults. My slumber was destined to be again broken. The dogs growled and snapped as if in sudden fight, then after a brief silence, during which I closed my leaden lids, a little scoundrel of a puppy set up a scream, and a deep-mouthed bay from some old veteran of a bull-dog struck in like a line

on the bass-viol. The whole pack were roused. Their feet patted briskly across the entry floor, then suddenly stopped with a snarl and a snap; I could almost see their lips curl, their tails and ears start up erect; then they patted off again. I might, however, have slumbered after a little time, even had the whole canine pack opened the cry at my ear, for one becomes accustomed to any particular and uniform confusion. A sailor's rest is not broken by the stormy violence which thunders upon deck, and it is said that many soldiers under Sir John Moore enjoyed the benefit of sleep while actually engaged in marching. I was about following their example when my enemies received a reinforcement from all the awakened population of the plantation. The horse neighed, the oxen bellowed, the geese scudded across the road, flapping their clumsy wings, and improving the concert with a general gabble, chickens cackled, a guinea-hen and a peacock exclaimed aloud, and a rooster joined the chorus with a crow, so triumphantly impertinent that I leaped out upon the floor, decidedly angry. Almost giddy with the want of sleep, I looked out of the window; the dogs were all collected beneath it, yelling most furiously. By the light of the moon, which shone into the room, I descried a large horsewhip in the corner. With a sudden exertion of my strength and skill, I proceeded to an immediate application, which struck the assembly of industrious quadrupeds with considerable astonishment, and bating a few expressive yelps, as an acknowledgment of some of my most judiciously-aimed strokes, a general silence ensued. The dogs sneaked off to nameless holes and corners; the cows, with their serious countenances, stood looking on, with grave and silent approbation; the horse poked his head through a hole in his dilapidated log-stable, and gazed quietly around to see what was going on; the geese formed a small platoon in the farthest corner of the yard, with faces expressive of conscious guilt; and the saucy rooster, strutting off with a vain effort to preserve his importance, fairly yielded fame to safety, and like a prudent politician after the defeat of his party, awaited beneath the shadow of an old waggon, till the vicissitudes of fortune should again call him into action. Having thus routed my numerous foes, I indulged myself with a sleepy glance through one eye upon their discomfited forces, and once more stretched myself on the downy couch. Again my lids closed, with the sweet feeling which nature has caused to spring as a necessary consequence out of toil and privation; and again the fairy wonders of imagination began to displace the homeliness of reality. But ah! as the moralists say, "the fallacy of human hopes;" the hunters came into my room, and occupied the bedstead which stood in the other corner, and their hoarse heavy snores soon announced their situation. My previous proceedings had also disturbed the slumbers of a child, who had been reposing in the next room with its mother. His cries reduced the affectionate author of its being to the necessity of putting in practice the various conciliatory arts usual on such occasions, and these proving unsuccessful, she proceeded forthwith to execute a brief process, often resorted to for the benefit of young travellers over the flowery path of youth, and which, such is the unhappy destiny of human nature, few, alas! have altogether escaped. This raised matters to a climax. The child screamed till the house rung. The hunters turned in their creaking bed, and grumbled hoarse fragments of angry oaths; again the shrill impudent voice of the puppy set the tune, and the broad-faced bull-dog bayed in answer; again the geese flapped across the road, the chickens cackled, and the guinea-hen screamed, and, "to crown the enchantment of the scene," in the midst of all the noises elicited upon the occasion, the persevering rooster, perched upon the wheel of the cart, beneath which before he had slunk in disgrace, beat his side with his wings, and gave a crow, which in my sleepiness I almost thought was intended as an insult. I ruminated a moment upon the proper course to be pursued, when nature, overcoming all opposition, asserted her rights, and I was awakened by the glorious beams of the rising sun shining through a wall, which might have enacted a part in "Pyramus and Thisbe." Eager to gain a morning view, we equipped ourselves with goodly oaken sticks, partly to defend us from improper familiarity with the rattle-snakes, which are said to abound there, and partly to assist us in climbing the steep. A sudden change of the weather, however, enveloped us in a fog, as we reached the foot of the rock, or stone mountain. It is a bare mass of granite, between two and three thousand feet high. The appearance of similar elevations, composed of ordinary earth, and clothed with verdure, fails to impress the mind with the idea of solidity and durability, which it conceives from the contemplation of this gigantic rock, heaved upward in the form of a stupendous billow. A gradual descent of the sur-

rounding country towards its base forms a circular basin of several miles in circumference, of which it is the centre; and the apparently interminable forests, which wave around it, strike the eye in a strong contrast with its bleak and desolate nakedness. From the gradual ascent of one side the curious passenger approaches the brink of an immense and almost perpendicular precipice. On reaching the "perilous edge" of this abrupt declivity, the giddy view broke suddenly upon me. Mere description conveys but feebly any idea of the effect of such a scene upon the imagination. I had so limited a knowledge of the localities of the place, that I advanced much nearer the precipice than was necessary or agreeable. As I tremblingly measured the depths of the distance, I felt that the least breath of air, almost the agitation of my own thoughts, would have precipitated me down the abyss. Yet a fearful fascination riveted my eyes upon the scene, till I became conscious of a sensation of giddiness; scarcely I dared make the motion necessary for turning; instinctively I stooped, although the broad slab afforded nothing for me to grasp, and my readers had nearly escaped much injudicious scribbling, when I recollected an anecdote, headed, "Look aloft, you lubber," and cast my eyes towards the summit. There stood my companion, rather surprised at my quadruped propensities, and I hastened to follow his example in admiring the sublime productions of nature at a greater distance.

A hermit, disgusted with the world, and anxious to try the experiment of solitude upon his disposition, should choose this very spot. Nothing can be farther separated from all the associations of human life. Neither gloomy cave, nor uninhabited island, nor secluded forest, could so perfectly assure him a dreary and dismal loneliness. On earth some object would remind him of home or friends; some warbling bird would awaken a softened feeling; some opening flower or clinging vine would call up thoughts of beauty and love. The common goings on of nature's sweet operations would send gleanings of human joys and wishes through the dark and broken passages of the most ruined heart. But this grand and silent mountain, striking its foundations, fancy cannot conjecture how deep, into the bosom of our planet, would conjure up in his mind only thoughts of other ages—of the primitive convulsions which gave it birth—of the ephemeral nature of all human events, when compared with this durable monument of nature's caprices—of the limitless time during which it may thus defy the storms of heaven, or of the awful shock by which its adamantean bosom may be rent asunder. F.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON,

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

NUMBER EIGHT.

London, September 12.

I MADE a promise in a former letter that I would, in the absence of other subjects, give you some idea of the various works of art and other curiosities in and around London: I shall, however, confine myself to the more modern wonders of the metropolis, amongst the most conspicuous of which stands

THE COLOSSEUM,

or, as the classical cockneys at first christened it, the Coliseum, simply, it is to be supposed, because it was as unlike as possible, in every respect, that celebrated work of antiquity. However, the extreme ridiculousness of erecting a building after the model of the Pantheon, and then calling it the Coliseum, soon caused this title to be changed, and it was re-baptized the Colosseum on account of its colossal dimensions. It certainly is, in many respects, one of the most astonishing works of the age. The exterior is severely plain and noble. On entering you pass into a grand saloon (the largest in London) filled with statues, many of them by the most eminent men in England. The plan by which this saloon is supplied with works of art is excellent, and mutually advantageous to the proprietors and artists generally, who are allowed to use it as a place of exhibition for their labours. As the different figures are purchased by visitors and removed, their places are speedily filled again, and thus a continual variety is presented. After you have tired yourself with Venuses, Dianas, Joves, Apollos, and the rest of the mythology, you either walk up a long spiral staircase or enter what is called the "Ascending Room," and the room walks up stairs for you; at least you take your seat very much at your ease on the ground floor, and without any further motion on your part, find yourself in the space of five minutes nearly in the attic! This is indeed a luxurious and labour-saving age, when men can no longer be at the trouble of walking from room to room, but require to have a

room move to different parts of the building instead of them. About a dozen people can ascend at once, and there are books and pamphlets provided to amuse them until the room stops! When you step out of the gallery, London seems to lie beneath. The effect is almost magical, and you begin to entertain doubts concerning the state of your optics. To use moderate language, the scene before you is perfectly wonderful. The mere idea of drawing with scrupulous exactness the city of London—a city in which you can travel a distance of twenty miles and three quarters nearly in a straight line through an almost unbroken range of houses—seems monstrous. Yet here it is—every square, crescent, street, court, alley, public building, and private dwelling, as they appear on a clear summer morning from the top of St. Paul's before the smoke rises, are depicted with map-like accuracy. The busy Thames, covered with boats and shipping, is seen winding through the midst; its banks rich in noble hospitals, capacious docks, and antique towers, and its stream crossed by the finest bridges in the world, until it stretches far beyond the smoky limits of the city to the old splendours of Hampton court and the rural beauties of Richmond. The whole surrounding and highly picturesque country, dotted with villages and suburban villas, for thirty or forty miles in every direction, is faithfully delineated, the distances being skillfully and carefully preserved. Such is the lilliputian minuteness of this brooding picture, that hundreds of natives can stand and point out their own houses, and amuse themselves by tracing the windings and turnings of well known streets for miles. The picture covers forty thousand square feet, or nearly an acre of canvass, about one-fourth the size of your Park; and the supposed circumference of the horizon from the point of view is one hundred and thirty miles.

This immense work was projected by Mr. Horner (an American, I believe) and the whole of the sketches made by him. This indefatigable man used to get out of his bed at two and three o'clock, and was to be seen every morning perched on the ball of St. Paul's, waiting for the sun rising in order to get forward with his labours before the fires were lighted and the local clouds, which daily take their station over London, mustered together. The sketches alone occupied two thousand sheets of paper, and then the work was, as it were, only commenced. The whole had to be combined and transferred to canvass; and as no one individual could accomplish such an undertaking in a sufficiently short period, several artists were necessarily employed. Now, as painters are proverbially perverse and self-opinated, each of those gentlemen had his own peculiar style and notions, which of course he would not depart from, and Mr. E. G. Paria, the principal painter, had to go over the whole himself, retouching different parts and reducing it to perfect harmony. One of the greatest difficulties was to preserve the true perspective from so elevated a point of view on curved canvass, as by the closing in of the dome of the building, that portion of the picture on which the greatest distance is represented is, in fact, the nearest to the spectator. All difficulties, however, gave way before money, perseverance, and ingenuity, and the illusion is complete.

The Swiss Cottage, and the attempted imitation of Swiss scenery in the rear of the building, which the papers made such a noise about, is, I think, a failure. The cottage is a curious piece of workmanship, but the prospect from the window falls a little short of what one paper described it, "consisting," as it said it did, "of terrific rocks and caverns, amongst which a cascade dashes from an immense height into a lake which spreads beneath the windows." There certainly are rough stones and darkish holes for "terrific" rocks and caverns, and a cascade of a few gallons as certainly comes splashing into a pool about two feet deep beneath, but all this does not give exactly a full idea of the scenery of Switzerland. Much taste and ingenuity have certainly been displayed in the management of limited means, but the whole is puerile and insignificant compared with the other portions of the exhibition.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

After leaving the Colosseum, five minutes walk brings you to the gardens of the Zoological Society, which, if not as wonderful as the place you have quitted, are, upon the whole, even more interesting and agreeable. No American, unless he has been out of America, ever saw a tolerable collection of wild and strange animals; for those dirty little affairs occasionally to be met with in Chatham-street, where a man stands at the door with a trumpet and composes his own music ex-

tempore, as he has occasion for it, are not to be taken into account. In this country there are very large menageries, maintained at an enormous expense, containing rare and curious birds and quadrupeds from every portion of the globe; but as inferior as the most miserable monkey-show is to the best of those, so is the best of those to the animals in the Zoological Gardens; not so much in number and variety, as in the perfect state of health and natural beauty in which they are preserved by judicious treatment and an accurate knowledge of their several habits and modes of living. These delightful gardens are formed out of a portion of the Regent's Park, under the superintendence of a society of gentlemen who have devoted much of their fortune, time, and attention to the study of zoology, and who have here gathered together an unequalled collection of nature's works. The grounds are laid out with consummate skill, and without any apparent regard to the expense. They are beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and so planted with choice trees and evergreens, that the eye can at no one point embrace the whole prospect. The trim gravel walks keep "winding with sinuities along" around gay parterres, and by the side of banks covered with the most brilliant and delicate flowers, and ever and anon bring you to some snug little valley with a tiny lake of pure clear water in the middle of it, on which are sporting an hundred or two varieties of water-fowl; some of the most elegant shape and gorgeous plumage, from all parts of the globe, living and feeding amicably together, and enjoying themselves by waddling on the soft green grass, which is so thick, and kept clipped so uniformly close, as to resemble a velvet carpet—or else swimming around their nests, which are formed on an island in the centre of the lakelet—or taking the benefit of a shower bath from a fountain which springs up in the midst of them. Flocks of pigeons, of various choice kinds, who have their residence hard by, keep wheeling and floating above the place, and add much to the beauty and harmony of the scene, by alighting from time to time on the green, and mingling sociably with their amphibious neighbours. As you pass hence along fragrant walks, in the midst of nature's sweets, you come unexpectedly upon perhaps a den of ferocious wolves, who have a large space in the open air allotted for them to walk around in, but secured by strong, though light and elegant iron-work. Indeed, this is the case with nearly all the cages, being formed in the shape of an arch, and constructed of iron or wire grating according to the strength or ferocity of the prisoners. Most of the brutes have their withdrawing-rooms to retreat to when fatigued with seeing too much company. Some idea may be formed of the quantity of ground occupied, when a space equal to a couple of moderate sized rooms is allotted to two Indian pheasants.

The leading object throughout is to make the dwellings of the various animals correspond as much as possible with what they have been used to in their native state. Thus the residences of lions, tigers, leopards, and the other inhabitants of the torrid zone are heated by stoves to a certain temperature, indicated by the thermometers placed around; while an extensive square-flagged court, sunk twenty feet in the ground, is the place allotted for the Norwegian and other bears. The great polar bear has a large reservoir of water wherein to cool himself when he waxes warm, and which, if not cold enough to remind him of his "regions of thick-ribbed ice," is at least sufficiently so to preserve him in health and spirits. In another part you will see the mountain-goat bounding up a pile of rocks to his lofty habitation, and beneath the Brahmin bull and the lama of Thibet grazing indolently on the verdant meadow. Here the majestic lion, stalking sullenly to and fro—the savage tiger, grinding his teeth in impotent rage—the fierce, beautiful, and restless leopard, beating against his prison-bars—and there the peaceful varieties of the deer kind—the red and fallow deer, the gazelle, the antelope, and the roebuck—animals that have supplied the poets with a thousand similes—moving around with the grace and elegance peculiar to their nature. Here again a "wilderness of monkeys" playing all sorts of fantastic tricks—and there a flock of birds from the tropics, whose rich plumage, as they fly, glittering around in the sun, almost dazzle the sight, and impart an air of enchantment to the scene. In a large circle, separated from each other, are the birds of prey—eagles, vultures, falcons, hawks, kites, &c. and not far distant larks, linnets, goldfinches, and the other peaceful warblers of the woods.

No description of scenery is perfect without water. No other element imparts such ideas of grandeur, sublimity, and resistless force, of animated cheerfulness, or calm dreamy tranquillity. Its artificial introduction here, though necessarily on a small scale, is much greater than could have been an-

ticipated, and is so managed as not to have the appearance of having been so introduced. It is conveyed by means of pipes laid under ground from a canal hard by; and as it can be heightened, lowered, and changed at pleasure, is always clear and pure. The spaces allotted for water-fowl are such, that in each, hundreds of all sorts and sizes may swim together without jostling each other; and the amphibious animals have by no means a niggard supply. Their places of habitation are generally built on a little island in the middle of the water, and are constructed with much taste, judgment, and a skilful eye to picturesque effect, being formed, for the most part, of rough flint stones and shells, irregularly disposed, and overgrown with moss; in the crevices and on the top mould and seeds have been thrown, and thence have sprung out grass and hardy flowers and shrubs. Underneath, the lazy seal, the industrious beaver, and the thievish otter, live very much at their ease; excepting that the poor beavers have been deprived of sight, as it is the nature of those animals not to reside in any place not fashioned by themselves, and, could they see what they were about, they would speedily destroy their dwelling. The otter has always a large concourse of people watching his manœuvres, as every hour or so he goes a fishing for something to eat. It is quite an animating sight to see this "tyrant of the finny race" pursuing his prey, which he never fails to secure in five or ten minutes. After he has brought his fish to land, he seats himself at the entrance of his cabin, and taking hold of his struggling victim by the tail with his fore-paws, he holds it up on end, commences at the head, devours regularly downwards, and half the poor thing is swallowed before the other half is defunct. Of all animals I think an otter and a rat have the most cruel, treacherous, and villainous looking eyes. But if I were to go on and dilate in this way, I might fill a volume. One of the most interesting parts of the exhibition is a collection of dogs, amongst which are two beautiful Spanish mastiffs from the island of Cuba, such as are used to hunt the runaway slaves—two still more beautiful Italian wolf-dogs, an Esquimaux dog, brought by Captain Parry; &c.

Though the Society is yet in its infancy, it has already filled up the ground it originally possessed, and has succeeded in obtaining a grant of about twice as much more. The expense must be enormous; for, to say nothing of the food and attendance such an immense number of animals require, a number of men are constantly employed in laying out the new grounds and constructing habitations. Another large establishment has also to be maintained where animals are kept until places are provided for them in the gardens. Yet the whole is liberally thrown open to the public gratis, or at least nearly so, only one shilling each being required. This shilling, I presume, was at first intended to defray in part the expense of servants, &c., but such are the numbers of people, independent of members and their families, who visit these gardens, that this trifle from each has amounted, in two years, to within a fraction of the very considerable sum of sixteen thousand pounds sterling, or nearly forty thousand dollars a year.

Notices are posted up requesting visitors not to give money to any person connected with the establishment, and you are perfectly free from any solicitations of the kind. There is one rule, however, that is never departed from. No person can be admitted without a ticket, but all that is required to obtain this is that the applicant be of a decent and respectable appearance, and as it is presumed that such a person will not wish to be seen with any but decent and respectable people, he is allowed to bring as many of his friends and acquaintances with him as he pleases. As the gardens are situated at the extremity of the west end, they are quite a place of fashionable resort, and their distance from the heart of the city prevents a very great influx of the sight-seeing cocknies, except on holidays! There are always, however, some genuine ones present. I heard one lady, who just came up as the polar bear was taking his cold bath, exclaim to her husband—"O la! does that 'bear grow in the water?' to which he responded—"No, love, it grows on the hicc!" (see.)

When you add to the other attractions of the Zoological Gardens that on a fine day hundreds of graceful and beautiful women are to be seen sauntering along the shady walks, or fluttering like butterflies from sight to sight, it may easily be imagined that there are more unpleasant places wherein to spend an hour or two.

C.

* From Brentford town, "a town of mud," to Hyde Park corner, is thirteen and three-quarter miles, and from thence to the end of Shadwell nine more. With the exception of one quarter of a mile, I am informed there is a continued line of houses on each side of the way, and the greater part of the journey is certainly through a dense population extending for miles on each side.

BUT—"But" is to me a more detestable combination of letters than "No" itself. No is a surly honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once. But is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptionous sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE.

THE first number of this work is among the annuals offered to the public at the commencement of the present year; it is published in the quarto form, and contains six views, viz. Weehawken, Catskill Mountains, Fort Putnam, Delaware Water Gap, Falls of the Sawkill, and Winnepesaukee Lake, engraved by Durand from paintings of distinguished artists. Accompanying each of these is a description, either written by Mr. William C. Bryant, or furnished by friends familiar with the beautiful scenes here presented to the public.

The subjects are chosen with great taste, and represented with beauty and effect. The descriptions are drawn up in a style of singular richness, yet without departing from the simplicity becoming a lover of nature, who is all grace and simplicity. We should expect no less from Mr. Bryant, who, both as a poet and a writer of prose, has, we might almost say, no equal in this country in the former, and no superior in the latter. The engravings will bear a comparison with those of any of the annuals, either foreign or domestic, that we have seen, and furnish ample demonstration that the arts only require sufficient encouragement to reach a point of perfection here such as ages alone have produced in the old world. To those who are fond of the charms of nature in all her grandeur, loneliness, and magnificence, as well as in her softer features; to those who feel their hearts warm and expand at the contemplation of American scenery, pictured by American artists, and embellished by American writers, we warmly recommend this production. It would reflect disgrace on the taste as well as the patriotism of our countrymen were it to fall to the ground for want of patronage.

Were we to find any fault with these pieces, it would be with the clouds, which are somewhat stiff, heavy, and opaque. This, we conceive, is the fault of all, with the exception of perhaps one. They want that lightness, softness, and transparency which would enable them to rest on the bosom of the air, and seem too heavy for the medium in which they are suspended. Such ponderous matter would sink to the earth any where except in a picture.

While on this subject we will take occasion to observe, that this density and opacity of clouds is a fault too common among our artists. Mr. Cole, with all his high merit in landscape, falls in his clouds; and we may make the same observation generally of most of our landscape painters. It is a grievous fault, and spoils many an otherwise beautiful picture. It is not impossible to mend, and it deserves to be mended. The work is for sale by E. Bliss, Broadway.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.
No. 101.

It was late at night. I sat alone before my fading fire. The tempest raged without. The flame of my lamp shot up with a momentary gleam and expired. Silence and shadow reigned in the solitary chamber, and thoughts of sadness came over me. Then a soft hand was in mine, and a gentle voice woke a feeling of joy that trembled in my heart like a chord of music on a harp, for the Little Genius was with me.

"Welcome, sweet spirit," broke from my lips. "My soul was dark, and thine influence comes down through its still and secret recesses as summer light steals in among the gloomy passages of melancholy dungeons, and paints the rugged walls with rosy softness."

"I know thy mind," he said; "thy wish is natural—thy fears are just; let me show thee beautiful nature, and behold the destiny of man."

Spread out before me in the mirror, stood a forest. Giant oaks shadowed the green fresh grass of a lovely valley with broad and verdant branches. The blue violet and unfolding rose grew around, tangled vines in blossom were clinging together, and shining through the arches of an ancient bridge, a stream led my eyes along its sloping banks—a white-barked maple bent across it as if to view itself in the glassy water. No sound was heard, but sometimes a leaf came rustling down, or an acorn dropped heavily, or a bull-frog splashed into the smooth brook, wrinkling all its silver surface, and breaking into trembling fragments the silent forms in its fairy world.

A youth approached—health and pleasure were in his countenance—strength appeared graceful in his manly limbs. Upon his shoulder he bore a burthen, but animated by the impressive beauty of the scene, he cast it down. It produced

a sound as of ringing metals and some broad golden pieces escaped from their prison, and lay brightly and strangely around on the tender green grass and among the blue and crimson flowers. The boy seemed musing on the sight—he spoke in a low voice.

"Precious key to the glorious pleasures of life; blessed be the destiny that made thee mine. Thou art my shelter from the storms of the world. By thine aid these venerable trees, this delicious vale, are mine. Wherever I move, thine influence is with me. Thou unfoldest beneath my feet a carpet of flowers. Thou makest me the master of men, and by thy means I pass—"

As he spoke a glistening serpent uncoiled its folds at his feet—a moment and death would have ended his triumph, when a negro, armed with a heavy stick, rushed towards the spot and the monster writhed in death.

"I am a slave," said the man; "the profits of my own time are hoarded to buy my freedom. Once I had almost raised enough, but the bank in which the sum was deposited broke, and I lost all."

The youth's heart glowed with gratitude and compassion. "Wealth is dear," he said; "but gratitude is dearer. Take gold and be free."

The scene changed. The youth with his burthen was tossed in a ship on a stormy sea. For nights and days the violent storm raged. The wearied seamen exposed themselves to its fury. Now drenched with the breaking waves—now frozen with cold—now faint for want of sleep. Then the blue sky appeared, and the distant land. The mountain waves were calmed. He gazed on the tired mariners.

"We have wives and children," they said; "and aged parents. We risk our lives for them."

"Noble fellows!" said the youth; "here is gold—accident bestowed it upon me—it would purchase me pleasure; but your life is wasted in the midst of peril and toil—take it and carry happiness to your humble homes."

Again the youth advanced with his burthen in the midst of a rural scene, and beheld a lovely youthful girl weeping over a grave.

"Whom dost thou mourn?" he asked.

"It is my mother's grave," said the child; "my father lies by her side."

"Go home," said the youth, "and time will moderate your grief."

"I have no home," she said; "no friend;" and her tears fell upon the turf like drops of morning dew.

"Wretched girl!" said the youth; "thou wilt find this world a cold one indeed—a cruel and fearful fate is thine. Who were thy parents?"

She breathed their name with quivering lips. They were beings whom he had known and loved. Pity alone possessed his soul. He emptied at her feet the last of his treasures.

"I am young," he said, "and can meet the struggles of life. They will develop my character and stimulate me to action. But you—"

The scene which I had first beheld now appeared again. The water shining through the bridge—the lofty trees—the vines and flowers, and the hushed stillness reigning over all. Again the youth was there, but without his burthen. He was clothed in worn and faded garments. Disease was in his face, and anguish at his heart—for on his high and manly forehead, beneath the ringlets of rich hair which hung about his temples, some demon had stamped the word poverty. The loveliness of nature no longer touched his soul, unless to wrench it with a deeper pang. He fled to the city. The palace of pleasure attracted his steps, but her votaries laughed and he shrunk away. He sought the hall of fashion, but the crowd recoiled from him. Then he said, I will devote my hours to labour, and he went forth in search of occupation. He bent down his proud and lofty head at the feet of the haughty—"Make me a slave—degrade me to the lowest toil—only suffer me to mingle with my fellow-men"—but the stern glance read the word written on his forehead, and the jewelled hand waved him to begone.

A dark form approached him, and seemed to paint scenes of affluence and bliss. He described heaps of his lost wealth—he pointed again to the silent valley—to its stream and woods and flowers, and a gleam of hope and joy lighted, for a moment, his melancholy features—"And what shall I do for this—labour, danger, any thing I will encounter." His dark companion whispered in his ear—his face was overshadowed. He shook his head. Then strong men seized him and thrust him into a dungeon, where he sickened for the sweet breath of heaven till mercy released him, and he wandered on. Again he stood in the valley. The stream was flowing

brightly on its course. He knelt before a girl whom he loved, and forgot for a moment that the curse was on him, but she pointed to the fatal stigma, coldly turned her head, and shrunk away. Then he lifted his heavy eyes to the blue heavens, and cursed the world, and a wild and unnatural light broke over his haggard and unhappy features, and the silent and solitary haunts of the beautiful green woods rung with the mad voice of intoxication. A faithful dog had accompanied him in his desolation. At length the frenzy subsided, and he leaned against a tree which had been scathed with lightning, and winter came over the blossoming woods. Freezing winds sighed heavily through the dismal naked branches. The stream was locked in ice; hushed was its playful music, dark the flashes of its liquid crystal. So pure and beautiful childhood is now seen laughing and dancing in the grace of its young being, and then stretched in the cold and marble stillness of death. Man had refused him pity. Nature spoke no tone of sympathy to his weary heart. He flung himself upon the ground, and covered the agony of his face.

Then the summer came again, with its beauty—and a pleasant night. The willow drooped its heavy and mournful branches over a grave. No marble slab was there, although around, the sculptured flame up-curved from marble urns, and letters of gold mourned that the great and the selfish, whose easy lives had rolled away in splendour, could enjoy it no longer. Silently the moonlight fell through fragments of fleecy clouds. Upon the neglected mound a dog was stretched stiff in death. Poverty could find no other monument. F.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PECULIARITIES IN LANGUAGE.

It is curious to note the changes which time and circumstance work upon language. Under the cherishing care of philosophy and science, it attains an eloquence and a precision by which it shadows forth all the floating emotions and abstract thoughts of the mind. The southerners laugh at the peculiarities of the Yankee when he tells them that "he went to sea a little grain," and makes similar characteristic observations. The simple, hard-working countryman stares to hear the city student "availing himself of the earliest opportunity to see his friend," and telling him "how excessively he was annoyed by dust," &c. Travellers remark that in all places, especially not cities of a commercial character, little strange discrepancies will creep into the speech even of the most enlightened. A singular mode of pronunciation prevails among that part of our southern population who reside in the interior, among the uncleared back woods.

In a walk one sunny morning through a field, dotted far and wide with tufts of snowy cotton which had burst from the bud, I found a lank, broad-shouldered Georgian, and an athletic negro slave engaged in building a log-hut. The roughly hewn beams were duly piled one upon the other, and the roof covered with boards; an uncouth prominence, constructed of heavy and unbarked timber formed the chimney, which the two labourers were employed in plastering with mud. A large dog, which had lain quietly watching the progress of their toils, starting at my approach, pricked up his ears, and uttered that sort of low, unfriendly growl by which individuals of his race frequently save themselves from my caresses. I paused a moment to address the workman, and found his conversation replete with expressions, some of which I have endeavoured to remember. Of course they contain no interest except from their peculiarity.

"Will your dog bite?" said I.

"Well, I reckon he won't hurt ye, if you don't tease him; only speak kind, and ye needn't be afeared." And sure enough he lowered his ears and placed his handsome head against my hand.

"Do you live in these parts?"

"No, sir."

"Maybe you're a traveller?"

"I am from the north, sir."

"Why, my father was raised in the north. I reckon you knowd him—Richard Williams?"

"I don't recollect any body of that name," answered I.

"Have you been much in this country?"

"No, sir."

"How do ye like us?"

"I have scarcely been here long enough to judge."

"Well, I reckon if ye stay here much, ye'll never want to go back, for there's a power of people come down here. I've just moved down from S.—I begun this hut day before yesterday, and shall finish it to-morrow. It an't no great thing, but it suits me prime."

"And how do you obtain a livelihood here?" asked I.

"I go out to work on a farm, and then I got a little land free. It don't look very nice just now, but it'll be a heap better when I get settled a little."

"Have you a family?"

"Well, I reckon I have—a wife and six children, and monstrous nice little critters as ever you see?"

"And does your daily work support all these?"

"Why, my woman does a little something, and that helps along. Now this year we've had a power of dry weather—the crops look mighty sorry in a heap of places—mighty sorry indeed."

"How far am I from S.?"

"Oh, a good piece off—you're clean out of your way if you're going there."

"Could I walk there to night, think you?"

"Well, I reckon you might stand a pretty smart chance."

"What's your dog's name?"

"Snap, sir—you never see a better crittur in your born days. He'll tote a basket from here to S.—as well as I can."

"Is that large building a court house?"

"That is a meeting-house—Mr. B. preaches there, and a monstrous nice little man he is, too. He suits the people prime. He has been sick with the fever and ague, but he got shut of it this summer. He's a heap better man than even he was afore—some of the folks don't like him no account, and are trying to put him out, but they'll have monstrous tight scrouging, I tell you; they'll never populate in knowledge in these parts if they don't keep good preachers, and every body can't preach like he does. You can't help listening to him no how. He's right good at it, I tell ye."

"I believe this country is very healthy, is it not?"

"Why, I only arrived here a few days ago; but I reckon you stand as smart a chance here to die of old age as any where. The people telled me it was healthy, and that's one reason that fauched me here."

COLONEL ACHILLE MURAT.

Since the commencement of the old French revolution the American population has been increased by a great variety of foreigners, to whom our shores form a refuge from the commotions of Europe. Men born in the highest spheres of society, and inheriting extensive wealth and splendid distinctions, have been thrust forth here, "like limbs from their country cast bleeding and torn." They have been ~~applied~~ apply accomplishments, cultivated for the brilliant circles of the old world, to the arduous struggles and plain realities of life. Our practical republicans, who hear of the magnificent characters and events which have dazzled the eastern continent with glorious light, and now shaken down its gorgeous fabrics in dark ruin, as they read some wild and romantic legend, find themselves frequently brought in contact with men who have thus moved the mighty springs of action, and fled from the consequences. The same convulsions have also doubtless crowded us with as distinguished objects of sympathy, who have succeeded in palming themselves off upon our credulity as persons of rank. Heroes have flourished here, who would have created a stare in the ancient circles of fashion. Some stalk as captains who once sneaked as cooks. Your barber, perhaps, has been in Egypt, or was left for dead in Russia; but it is generally known that individuals of the highest families in France have been wandering, with various degrees of success, through foreign lands; and the attractions held forth for them by the present regenerated state of their native country, and their general return, after so long a banishment, give an air of romantic interest to their history. Among those whom the recent revolution has called back to Europe, we notice the name of Colonel Achille Murat, the son of the late unfortunate king of Naples. This gentleman has long resided in Florida, where his talents and conciliating manners have rendered him generally respected and beloved. By a correspondence between himself and a committee appointed to conduct the ceremonies of an entertainment offered to him on his departure from Florida, we perceive he has become so attached to the institutions of the United States as to cherish the intention of returning as soon as the settlement of his private affairs will permit, unless induced to remain by public causes of paramount importance.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

It is rumoured that some of the fair leaders of the ~~last~~ have it in contemplation to refuse gentlemen the indulgence of visiting them on the first day of the new year. Every fashion, if imperative, may be productive of awkward consequences; but the worst which may result from this cannot surely be of such serious import as to require that

a festival, which stands prominently out as one of the happiest days among the whole three hundred and sixty-five, should be divested of its charm. We shrewdly suspect that the revolutionary principles which have set all Europe by the ears are stealing into the quiet bosoms of our once contented republicans; and, as we have not to rend asunder any shackles of iron, imposed upon us by dark-minded and black-browed tyrants, we must even tear off those soft chains of flowers, which peace and pleasure have flung around us. For our own part, we venerate the benevolent spirit in which this custom has sprung up, and commence thus early to sound the "tocsin of alarm," that all lovers of social enjoyment, all who respect the hospitable manners of the past generation, all who are willing to set their faces against the introduction of cold ceremony in the place of frank friendship, may begin to make out their visiting list for the first day of *eighteen hundred and thirty-two*.

CHANCES OF A REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

"Down with the national debt," is not a popular revolutionary cry in England; indeed it is hard to say what is, for though there are plenty of turbulent and dissatisfied spirits there, yet they are split up into more parties and factions than are to be found mentioned in the columns of our political journals. Some are for vote by ballot without universal suffrage, some for universal suffrage without vote by ballot, some for both, some for merely disfranchising the rotten boroughs, some for annual parliaments, some for triennial ones, and each and all clamorous and confident of the efficacy of their own measures, and fully convinced of the utter inutility of those of their brother reformers. There wants some substantial grievance to bind them together—some act of outrage and oppression as in France, about which there can be but one opinion, to make them act in concert, and this they are not likely to have. The only thing on which all the lower and middling, and a great portion of the richer classes seem to think alike is "the church;" and if ever there be a revolution in England, I think there is little doubt but those who ought to be the pure and humble ministers of peace, will be the occasion of it. We do not live in a religious age, (the more is the pity,) but I by no means wish to be understood as joining in the common and idle cry against clergymen. No one has a more sincere respect for mild and tolerant religion, and right sorry should I be to see the pretty, picturesque village ~~parsonage~~ scattered all over England, where much good and no harm is weekly taught, torn down by a lawless and infuriated mob; but if ever it be so, the dignitaries of the church have themselves to thank for it. The poor curate hardly earns his scanty stipend of fifty or sixty pounds a year, whilst the lordly bishop reposes in idleness and luxury upon thousands. This simple fact is constantly before the eyes of the people, and all the sophistry of Blackwood cannot do it away; and this fact has done more to spread scoffing and infidelity in England than all the irreligious publications that ever came from the press. Some alteration must be made in "the church system," if quietly and constitutionally, all the better.

THE ELEPHANT.

The actors are all in an uproar. Not Henry the sixth, when informed that evil was coming upon him in its worst shape, that of the duke of Gloster; not Charles the tenth, when told that the noble Parisians would not let him abide even in his beloved Rambouillet, were more agitated and alarmed than are our actors at the announcement of the coming of the mighty elephant. Shakespeare, who was once pronounced the prince of dramatic writers, is now discovered to have made too serious an omission not to be disgraced for ever. He never wrote a play nor set down a speech for an elephant actor; yet such a one is shortly to appear, and to dispute the glories of the Cookes and the Coopers, the Forrests and the Keans, the Macreadys and the Conways; ay, and even of the little Burke himself. However critics may differ about the pre-eminence of other performers, they must surely unite in opinion on this one, and acknowledge it to be the *greatest* actor that ever trod the boards.

NEW READING.

A late personator of third or fourth rate parts at the Park theatre, enacting the character of Edgar, in King Lear, and feeling, from some unaccountable cause or other, so much elevated in spirits as to forget the words "as set down for him," in the place of these lines of Shakespeare,

"half way down,

"Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade,"

introduced the following facetious improvement:

"And look—away down there, stands a fellow
"Gathering vegetables; horrid profession."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

In order to make room for the new-year's address, we have been compelled to omit the music intended for this week. The view of the Bay and Harbour of New-York, being at length finished, will appear in the next number.

James Monroe.—We have been much gratified with the attempts lately made in this city by some of our most influential citizens to bring the claims of this eminent statesman and veteran patriot, in an effective manner, before the congress of the United States. The public meeting held on the occasion was highly respectable and numerous, and the memorial presented by Prosper M. Wetmore is a manly, sensible, and convincing document, which cannot fail to make a powerful impression on all minds not warped by prejudice or devoured by the spirit of party. The claims of the venerable ex-president herein advanced, are founded, not so much on the gratitude of his countrymen, though even that feeling can never exceed the extent of his deserts, as on simple, indisputable justice. Property frittered away by neglect, consequent upon long absence in the public service, actual money defrayed, and immense debts incurred by his voluntary responsibilities, in the cause of the country, both before and during the late war—these sacrifices have left to one of the most faithful and active servants ever engaged in the government of the United States, an old age of poverty and dependence. This is truly lamentable, and the honour of our free institutions is identified with the redress of the grievance.

Medical libel suit.—If ever an opportunity was desired of seeing the most pugnacious people in the universe assembled together, so as to be enabled to indulge their sanguinary and dark propensities, it is likely to be afforded in the suit now pending before the court of sessions in this city, against the proprietors of the "American Lancet." We have understood that upwards of two hundred physicians, and all the corps editorial, are summoned to appear as witnesses! What a collection of gigs there will be around the park—what a glorious swarm of the knowing gentry in the hall—and what a cry for "the doctor! the doctor!" among the neglected patients! Rumours are abroad that awful disclosures are to be made "*pleno foro*," and that many a secret of the charnel-house will be developed, enough "to make the very hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine!"

Dr. Channing.—This distinguished writer has reflected much lustre upon American literature. His intellect is of the highest order, and his recently published works are a treasure to every reflecting mind. As a speaker, he exercises an extraordinary influence over his auditors, and the articles furnished by him for the Christian Examiner have established for that journal, both in this country and abroad, a brilliant reputation. We are informed, however, that the extract ascribed to him, and which appeared in the twenty-fifth number of this paper, headed "Natural Dread of Death," was from the pen of the Rev. O. Dewey.

The Daily Sentinel once more.—This gazette is under an obligation to us for having, at sundry times, furnished it with subject-matter for some very long paragraphs. In the present lamentable dearth of editorial invention, this is no small favour. The Sentinel, however, cannot escape as easily as it imagines from the imputations it affects to repudiate. We admit we were in error with respect to the editor, in relation to Lafayette. It was the Paris correspondent of the Sentinel and Free Inquirer who imputed to age and its natural weakness the repugnance of that venerable patriarch of liberty to the adoption of a republican form of government by the French; and her assertions have received the stamp and endorsement of accuracy from the Daily Sentinel. The personality of our contemporary must be passed over in silence; we never indulge in such freedoms. The term aristocrat is sadly misapplied.

The Annals.—These delightful inventions of a refined taste retain all their external beauty and attractions, but in their intellectual materials there is a woful falling off. They all contain some good pieces, but the *tout ensemble* is really unworthy of commendation.

Dentistry.—We have seen the artificial roof and palate made by Mr. A. C. Castle, surgeon dentist, of this city. They are ingeniously contrived to answer as a substitute for the organs and muscles of the mouth and throat. Attached to this useful piece of mechanism is a set of teeth, by which the office of mastication may easily be performed. It will, doubtless, attract much attention among scientific men, and those so unfortunate as to need its assistance.

NEW-YEAR MORNING:

A petit opera, in one act.

AS PERFORMED, WITH GREAT SUCCESS, JANUARY, 1, 1831.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE READERS OF

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR,

BY THE CARRIER.

Written by Samuel Woodworth.

Dramatis Personæ.

COLONEL O'SAGE.
THE CARRIER.MISS AFFABLE.
SUSAN.

SCENE—A drawing room in the house of Alderman Affable—side-board replenished with cordials, wines, confectionary, and other refreshments. A knocking heard at the street door.

Enter Miss Affable, followed by Susan.

MISS AFFABLE.
Mind the door!—and peace with your chattering!
See the cakes and the cordials renew'd.SUSAN.
Pshaw! that knocker is constantly clattering!
Who the dickens is next to intrude! [Exit.MISS AFFABLE.
In mercy defend us from newspaper venders,
Those scribbling pretenders to fancy and rhyme,
Who trouble us yearly, and make us pay dearly
For trash which they really consider sublime.

Re-enter Susan, with a neatly folded paper in her hand.

MISS AFFABLE.
Well—who is it?—There's Major Vernillity,
Never fails in his holiday call;
Gay O'Sage, too, the pink of civility,
Comes with tickets, perhaps, for the ball.SUSAN *smiles significantly*.
I'll venture a wager, 'tis either the Major,
Or Colonel O'Sage, or my dear Captain Moore,
Or Lieutenant Quizit—he promised a visit—
Now, Susan, who is it?—say, which of the four?
Susan casts an arch look at the paper.SUSAN.
Hang the fellow!—Whatever his title be,
Here's a clew for your finding it out.MISS AFFABLE.
Long or short as the trashy recital be,
I must read his commission, no doubt!SUSAN.
He nodded and squinted, and smilingly hinted
'Twas handsomely printed, and warm from the press.MISS AFFABLE.
Then go, bid him dine on't!—I see the design on't,
And won't read a line on't—a newsmen's address!
With a slight curl of her ruby lip.
Susan unfolds, and displays the address.SUSAN.
Do but look, now!—the printing is beautiful!
There's a border of neatness and taste!
Here he says, that "the Carrier is devout,
"Eager, ever, to serve you in haste."MISS AFFABLE.
Such nonsense, I spurn it!—I tell you, return it,
Or tear it, or burn it!—I'm sick of their arts!
SUSAN. *(reading.)*
"With well-furnish'd dishes, of leaves and of fishes,
"For such are the wishes the MIRROR imparts."
Miss A. starts with pleasure and surprise.MISS AFFABLE.
Ha!—what say you?—the Mirror! O give it me!
Takes the address.
Here's a one-dollar bill for his pay;
Tell him always be careful and leave it me,
None but he can produce such a lay.
But, stay!—On reflection, I see no objection—
A little reflection would cheer him I think,
This cold winter weather—so bid him come hither.SUSAN. *(laughing.)*
That is, if his tether allows him to drink. [Exit.

Miss Affable sings from the address.

"Ladies, gentlemen, masters, and misses, too,
"Husbands, bachelors, widows, and wives,
"Health and wealth, with plenty of kisses, too,
"Peace and happiness sweeten your lives.
"May none, who would marry, be fated to tarry,
"Nor Cupid's dart parry, when virtue approves;
"May all be resign'd to the fortune they find, too,
"And every girl join'd to the man that she loves."

Re-enter Susan, with the Carrier.

CARRIER.
Servant, madam—a happy new-year to ye,
Hope and pleasure attend you through life,
Friends and lovers, and all that are dear to ye,
Heaven preserve them from sorrow and strife!MISS AFFABLE.
Whate'er be your rank, sir—your wishes are frank, sir,
And claim my best thanks, sir—My reticule, Sue; *(aside)*
These poets and scholars are beauty's extollers,
I'll give him two dollars—'tis less than his due.
Gives another dollar, and exits, reading the address.CARRIER.
Thank you, madam; may years of felicity
Ripen the beauties that blossom so sweet.
Now, fair Susan, thou pink of pudicity,
Cordials or "kisses"?—say, what is my treat?SUSAN. *(aside.)*
These Mirror folks really address us so queerly,
I do love them dearly—they care not for pelf—
But so fond of Misses!—Sir, "perfect love," this is,
There's "puffs," and here's "kisses"—so choose for yourself.CARRIER.
Thus I choose, pretty— [Enter Miss A.SUSAN.
Hush!—it's Miss Affable!CARRIER.
Kisses, then, I am doom'd to forego?MISS AFFABLE.
This address is so witty and laughable—CARRIER.
Here's your health. *(Drinks.)* Why, yes—it's so so.

MISS AFFABLE.

Take this, for I owe it—a fee for the poet—
Hush, Susan! I know it—too little by far.

SUSAN.

But then won't your mother be making a pother?

MISS AFFABLE.

He shall have another—We needn't tell Ma.
Gives another bank note.

CARRIER.

Fare you well!—for my feelings of gratitude
Words could never correctly express. [Exit.

SUSAN.

There's a model for language and attitude,—
Now, Miss Affable, read the address.Does't treat with compassion the vot'ries of fashion,
Or lay a sharp lash on to dandy and belle?
Does't praise little Roscius, with genius precocious,
Who plays the ferocious crook'd Richard so well?Fill'd, Pll warrant, with blarney and flattery,
Naming writers, and puffing them all;
Boasting what they have done for the Battery,
Bridewell, Park, and the famed City-hall.

MISS AFFABLE.

And well may they boast of so brilliant a host of
Fine writers, the most of them critics severe;
In prose or in numbers, their fancy ne'er slumbers,
Nor useless word lumbars or clogs an idea.

SUSAN.

Tasteful Peale, with the scudder and Cozens, too,
Claim, of course, many flattering rhymes;
Meaneer shows he dispatches by dozens, too—
Then he gives us a "touch of the times!"

MISS AFFABLE.

He says, honest debtors, are doom'd, by their betters,
To shackles and fetters, and filthiness vile,
While hoary aggressors, with pious professors,
And ruthless oppressors, are living in style.

SUSAN.

Boasts he not of its splendid typography?
Music, pictures, engravings, and cuts?
Old Dutch houses, with musty bibliography,
Splendid churches, and mouldering huts?

MISS AFFABLE.

He modestly mentions his future intentions,
Respecting inventions, in arts and in trades,
And says the new college will propagate knowledge,
Imparting a small edge to dullest of blades.Then, he tells us how literature flourishes,
Where the press is unshackled like ours,
How young genius it strengthens and nourishes,
Plumming its wings and directing its powers,
Then follows two columns of new publish'd volumes,
For books are not *all* hums, as we have been told!
And let us not marvel if Harper and Carvill
And Carey (not servile)—should revel in gold.Pelham, Waverly, Almack's Revisited,
Falkland, Devereux, Tales of the Pease,
Cooper's Water-witch—ne'er were elicited
Brighter sparkles of genius than these.
The Father Obdurate, the poor Country Curate,
Paul Clifford, which you rate as morally vile,
With the late celebration of French liberation,
A faithful narration, and got up in style.Ancient, modern, and all kinds of history,
Every possible subject and theme;
How they furnish so much is the mystery,
Readers ought to peruse them by steam.
A press so prolific, is truly grandiose,
To minds scientific, that come in its reach.

SUSAN.

A bet I would offer, these Harpers will proffer
The talented author a copy of each.
A knocking heard at the street door.

MISS AFFABLE.

See who knocks, Susan.—Usher the Colonel here.

Enter Colonel O'Sage.

COL. O'SAGE.

Praise St. Patrick!—the winter is o'er,
Sure the season, my darling, is vernal here,
Pinks and roses are blooming once more.
I just met M'Kisley, so airy and frisky—
Sweet Susan, some whiskey—I gave him the go:
Assuming the stately, I cut him so nately,
It bothered him greatly—he's sentenced, you know?

MISS AFFABLE.

Sentenced, Colonel! I'm struck with astonishment,
What's his crime? for I never have learn'd.

COL. O'SAGE.

May it prove to the world an admonishment,
Taste and fashion are not to be spurn'd.
His crime, my dear creature, so foreign to nature,
Must ruffle those features, so placid before;
The man is a sneerer, and nought can be clearer.
He don't take the Mirror—we "vote him a bore!"Each aspirant for bright notoriety,
All who move in an elegant sphere,
Every member of genteel society,
All subscribe for the Mirror, my dear.
'Tis the touchstone of merit, to know who inherit
A true public spirit for science and art;
A chemical test for the demagogue's breast,
To determine who best love their country at heart.
Knocking heard. Exit Susan.Why has Turkey submitted to Nicholas?
Why has Charley absconded from France?
Why does Ferdinand act so ridiculous?
Why don't Erin awake from her trance?
I'll tell you the reason, without any treason,
Perhaps the next season it will not exist;
By wicked advisers, these despots and misers,
Are not yet subscribers on Morris's list.

Enter Susan and Carrier.

CARRIER.

Pardon me, miss; but your kind liberality
Caused a trifling mistake in the fee;
Please excuse, sir, the want of formality—
Here's five dollars—you meant them for three.

COL. O'SAGE.

An honest proceeding! and this shows the breeding
Of all who are reading the Mirror, my dear.

MISS AFFABLE.

The mistake you detected is what I expected,
And may be corrected—another New-Year.

FINAL E.

CARRIER.

Joy attend us, each holiday festival!

MISS AFFABLE.

May the press ever triumph and reign!

COL. O'SAGE.

Don't forget that the Mirror is best of all!

SUSAN.

Next New-Year you must see us again.

CHORUS.

Then, the Mirror for ever, so racy and clever,
Will all will endeavour, with heart and with hand,
Its freshness to nourish, and long may it flourish,
The bane of the curish—the FRUDE OF THE LAND!
Exeunt omnes.

For the Mirror.

EARTHLY TIES.

BY ISIDORA.

"Nay, lady, does the thought of death
Afflict thy heart so sore?'Tis but to yield the failing breath,
And suffer pain no more."And surely on thy closing eye
Bright beams of hope may shine,
For none need ever fear to die
Whose life has been like thine."Thy honours and thy lofty state
Thou hast with meekness borne,
The wretched suppliant from thy gate
Was never sent in scorn."Large gifts are from thy plenteous stores
Profusely scattered round,
The houseless oft within thy doors
A sheltering home have found."Thy friends—their grief thy worth may tell,
Tears swell in every eye.""Nay, I have loved them but too well,
Therefore, I fear to die!""But, lady, we are bade to love,
By holy law enjoined—
Thy conscience never can approve
A love for human kind!""Nay, gentle comforter, 'tis vain,
Thou canst not soothe my woe,
Thou canst not break the dragging chain
That binds me here below."I gave, 'tis true, with willing heart,
How could I choose but give!
From lavish stores a little part
Would let the wretched live."Such gifts no sacrifice demand—
The truth thou canst not hide—
I only gave, with careless hand,
The refuse of my pride!""And friends—oh! I have worshipped here
With such engrossing love,
That I have had no wish to spare,
No thought to send above."Go, comfort those whose daily care
Procure their daily bread—
Who give the alms they ill can spare,
And share their scanty shed."Go, speak of brightening hopes to those
Who penury and scorn,
And countless hardships, countless woes,
With meekness still have borne."Go soothe the friendless wretch whose ear
Ne'er drunk the words of love—
No charm has bound his spirit here,
His hopes have soared above!"But, ah! when life's bright current flows
Unruffled to the eye,
When fortune smiles, and friendship glows,
Who would not fear to die?"Who would not crave a wider space,
With better deeds to spread?
Who would not wish a longer race,
A holier path to tread?"When tones beloved, and looks adored
Speak to the eye and ear,
Is it not hard to burst the chord
That binds the spirit here?"Be patient, gentle comforter!
I fain would fix on high
My closing eye and failing ear—
But still I fear to die!"

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

EMBELLISHED WITH A VIEW OF THE BAY AND HARBOUR OF NEW-YORK, TAKEN FROM THE BATTERY.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1831.

NUMBER 28.

For the New-York Mirror.

NIGHT.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

(From a manuscript poem.)

NIGHT, queenly night, approaches—her dark robe
Gemm'd thick with stars; and while her gentle touch
Opens the sun-seal'd fountains of the dew;
Her fragrant breath is passing o'er the earth
Closing its flowers in slumber. Beautiful,
And strong as beautiful, art thou. The child
Who lifts his tiny hands in joy to see
The crescent on thy brow, is not more fair;
And the stern king at whose dread name men shrink,
Is scarce more powerful. Thy soft whisper lulls
Whole cities to forgetfulness, and sheds
The sweets of slumber o'er the armed host,
No less than o'er the busy insect tribes
That hum their hour away till silence reigns
Unmoved, save by the melancholy song
Old ocean wakes within his hollow caves.

Night, queenly night! like woman's holy love,
Thy blessed influence breathes on all around,
And fills the earth with gentleness and peace.
Oh, who while gazing on thy placid brow,
Thou first-born of eternity, can feel
The weight of earthly vanities? 'Tis thine
To loose the fetters which the world has twin'd
Around the spirit's eagle wings, and give
Free flight to daring thought, till the proud soul
Overleaps the narrow bounds of time and sense,
To pierce the glorious mysteries of heaven.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

NEW-YORK.

WE present to our readers in the present number of the Mirror a view of the Battery and Bay of New-York, done in a style that cannot fail, we think, of giving universal satisfaction.

Few that have ever visited this city will require a laboured description of this beautiful scene, which is too striking to escape the notice of the most superficial observer. There is, probably, no public promenade in the world superior to the Battery in every point of view, internal and external. Its walks are numerous, dry, and convenient, and are beginning to be shaded with avenues of fine trees. The air, freshened from the waters, is pure, cool, and invigorating; and the prospect diversified with almost every object and every ingredient constituting natural or artificial beauty.

Nothing, indeed, can be more agreeable than the scene presented on a summer evening, on and about this charming promenade. The walks are lined with elegant women and well-dressed men; the grass is dotted with groups of little children, sporting like butterflies and grasshoppers, to and fro; the bay is alive with steam-boats, displaying their pennons of smoke far behind them; and every species of vessel, from the stately ship, winding her way amid clouds of white canvass, that seem mixing with the skies, to the little Whitehall boats, renowned in story for their unequalled swiftness. To the left is the verdant shore of Long Island, adorned with all the beauties of wood and cultivated fields; to the right we look up the majestic Hudson, where Hoboken, Weehawk, and beyond them the gray majestic precipices present themselves in succession. In front are the low but picturesque shores of Jersey, spotted with little thriving villages, and bounded in the distance by waving blue hills; and down the river the heights of Staten Island on one side finely contrast with the low shores of the opposite isle. Nor must we forget the little islands sprinkled about the bay, and crowned with those famous works of defence, which seem destined never to answer any other purpose than to gratify the admirers of picturesque beauty.

In such a scene, and in the bland twilight of a summer evening, the eye and the imagination may both revel in luxurious indulgence, while the music of Castle-garden, now happily rescued from the iron hand of war, and devoted to the gratification of peaceful citizens, wakens a thousand pleasing associations. If we are of a contemplative disposition, the present will be lost sight of in the recollections of the past, or the anticipations of the future. We shall, peradventure, call to mind the mutations of men, of names, of things, which this delightful scene has exhibited within little more than two centuries. In that period it has passed from the dominion of one great race to that of another—from the red man to the white; from the Dutch to the English, and from the English it has returned again to the possession of the na-

tives of the new world, but of a different colour from its ancient possessors.

Its name has changed with its destinies, its language with its masters. The Indian and his dialect are no more, and the names which he gave to his territory are almost all forgotten. Manhattan, the ancient name of the island, (would it were not so,) has, after various changes, at length settled down permanently, at least until some other wandering nation shall come in good time to discover and dispossess us, into the inglorious appellation of New-York; and the sonorous Shawbackanicka has degenerated into Greenwich. Here and there, however, some few fragments of Indian names are preserved, as Ahasinuis, or Harsimus, Weehawk, not to forget the renowned Communipaw, on the Jersey shore, and Gowanus, on Long Island. Of the ancient inhabitants of these places nothing remains but their story, which is a melancholy one. Like the mammoth they have become extinct, and we are only certified of their having once existed by sometimes digging up their bones. In the place of a few wandering, hunting, fishing, and fighting barbarians, are now to be seen hundreds of thousands of christian, civilized men. Is the contrast to be regretted? No. If existence is indeed a blessing; if agriculture, the arts, sciences, and literature administer to the happiness of mankind; it would argue a narrow, unphilosophical mind, to find fault with the substitution of the white man for the red man; or to lament that where one solitary savage roamed, a hundred civilized christians now enjoy the comforts of life, and worship the true God.

In the month of September, 1609, the island of New-York was first seen by a white man. During that month Hendrick Hudson was employed in sailing up the river in search of a passage to India, which, as may be readily supposed, he did not find; but he found a noble site for a city, a noble river, and a noble country. This discovery led to a settlement by the Dutch, in whose employment Hudson was when he made it. At what precise time this settlement began, where the first house was built, and who built it, we believe our records are deficient in recording. The oldest portion of the city is that about Broad-street, Stone-street, and Whitehall-street. The writer of this is in possession of a Dutch deed, for a part of his property, as old as 1688. About that period, according to Judge Benson,* wampum was frequently used as a circulating medium. The judge states, that in 1672 six white or black wampum passed for a stuyver, and refers to a bond, dated in the same year, for the payment of sixteen hundred guilders, in wampum. According to the same venerable authority, the value of estates in the city in 1688 was seventy-eight thousand two hundred and thirty-one pounds, sterling we presume. In 1815 it was eighty-one millions six hundred and thirty-six thousand five hundred and twelve dollars. The tax on the property of the city in 1688 was a penny half-penny in the pound. Verily the taxes have increased with the property!

The same respectable authority affords us a number of other curious particulars. It would appear, from various facts collected by him, that the earliest, or one of the earliest products attempted to be cultivated here, was tobacco. One of the first cargoes sent hence to Holland in 1661 was a ship-load of tobacco and peltry. The Indian names yielded to the Dutch. The famous strait at the mouth of Haerlem river was called *Het Helle Gat*, which is literally *Hell Gut*, not gate. De Laet calls it *Inferi Os*. The renowned bay, since converted to the purpose of fattening turtle for corporation feasts, was called *Deutel Bay*, in allusion to its shape, which resembled that of the pegs called *Gedeutelt*. From "deutel" to "turtle bay" was an easy transition. The good city became *Nieuwe-Amsterdam*; the bank of the Hudson between Greenwich and Haerlem heights *Bloemen'd Dal*; the creek, dignified since as Haerlem river, *Spyt den Duyvel Creek*; Constable's Hook was then *Konstabel's Hoeck*; *Paulus Hoeck* was named after Paulus Schrick; Ahasimus gave place to Pavia; the present Sandy Hook was called *Sandt Punt*; Coney Island, which has been supposed from its name to have once abounded in rabbits, was called *Conyn*, which is a Dutch surname; the Narrows was called *Hoofden*, signifying headland, or foreland; Brooklyn was called *Breuckelen*; Jamaica,

* See his very curious and interesting memoir, read before the New-York Historical Society, December, 1816.

Rustdorf; Flushing, Vlissingen; Bowery, then the Poor's Farm, Armen Bowerey, or Poor Bowerey; Newark Bay was *Het Achter Cul*, afterwards anglicised into Arthur Kull's Bay; and what is now called the Kills, was then *Het Kill Van Het Cul*; Robbin's Reef is modified from *Robyn's Riff*, or Seal Reef; and Governor's Island was long known as *Nooten Island*, from its abounding in nuts. A great many other curious etymologies are given by Judge Benson, whose age, character, learning, and professional acquaintance with old titles, render his authority unquestionable.

The habits and manners of the Dutch of New-Amsterdam were simple, economical, and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable. Slow and sure, was their maxim, and for a man to grow rich in a hurry, or do any thing else in a hurry, was considered not only rash but unbecoming. The more respectable sort of people dressed in domestic manufacture, of their own spinning and making up; and short gowns and petticoats were the ordinary wear. On Sundays they always put on their best, but, with a commendable economy, always put it off as soon as they returned from church. By this means a Sunday suit was made to last a whole life, and not unfrequently descended from generation to generation. As the fashions never changed it was always in fashion. We have seen an honest Dutch beaver, which had belonged to the grandfather of the present wearer. It must be confessed, however, that the fabrics of that day were somewhat more substantial than those of our time. A hat of those days had as much beaver in it as half a dozen of these degenerate days; a yard of broadcloth would outweigh three of the present glossy texture, which has no substance in it; and a silk gown would stand alone. In those days, considering the relative value of money, every luxury was dear, but it became cheap in the end by the excellence of its fabric and the economy of the wearer; now luxuries are grown cheap, while, from their flimsy texture and frequency of change, we have become ten times more extravagant.

Dancing was a favourite amusement among these sober people; and it is on record that the zealous Dominie Laidie preached against it in vain. The respectable tradesmen worked in their shops, and carried home their own goods; nor was it possible in those days to behold swarms of young dandies, dressed in the extreme of fashion, tripping along the streets with bundles under their arms for their fashionable customers. The shops were plain and unostentatious; and those who purchased goods at them were certain not to be obliged to pay an extra price for the pleasure of looking at mahogany counters, shelves of elegant cabinet work, and splendid gas lights. We ourselves always eschew such temptations, from an instinctive perception that the customer, not the shopkeeper, pays for all these in the end. It is recorded by an industrious antiquary, from whom we have borrowed these particulars, that one of the great innovations of the English after the conquest, was keeping their shops open at night, contrary to the universal practice of the ancient inhabitants.

It was customary for the good citizens of New-Amsterdam to sit out of doors on their *stoupe*s, or little piazzas, of evenings, when the weather was pleasant. Here they were happy to receive their neighbours, who came without ceremony, sat down with them, chatted and smoked till they were satisfied, and then departed with as little ceremony as they came. It was a social habit, and conduced much to social intercourse; for there is something in the ceremony of knocking at doors, waiting for servants to come and open them, and then to wait again for them to go and inquire if people choose to be at home, that prevents many a visit, and destroys a great deal of pleasant intercourse. In a pleasant summer evening you might see almost every *stoupe* occupied by a cocked hat and a long pipe, whose incense curled upwards to the skies, an image of peace and serenity. The insides of the houses were always sedulously clean, and the dresser emulated the glories of Mr. Marquand's shop, or Mr. Gardiner's furnishing warehouse. The white pewter shone like the silver of the present day, which seems especially well tinned, and the crockery was resplendent to behold. A man that outran his income, was always shut up as a lunatic; and the first and only bankruptcy that took place in New-Amsterdam, was preceded by an earthquake, and followed by a hurricane.

The city itself partook of the steady unchangeable character of its worthy inhabitants; and for many years continued to increase of itself, as a regular Dutchman grows fat, without any trouble to himself or any body else. They left it to grow up as it pleased Providence, and it continued to grow silently and soberly, with a steady propriety of demeanour, indicating a lasting prosperity and a happy destiny. Such indeed was the deliberation with which it marched on to glory, that in the year 1683, its marine forces consisted of but three barks, three brigantines, twenty-six sloops, and forty-six open boats;* and in 1730 the number of inhabitants was eight thousand six hundred and thirty-eight.† There is a tradition, that a certain busybody of an alderman, under the Dutch dynasty, was once smitten with a desire to improve the city, and make it grow faster; but his plan was received with universal indignation. A decree was made, banishing him from the city, into the wild parts of *Maiden's Valley*, where the Indians lived; and to put a stop for ever to the unseemly growth of the city, a wall of palisades was built where Wall-street is now, to prevent any mischievous expansion. There is some obscure allusion in the early annals of New-Amsterdam to a great rising of the people, in consequence of a plan being proposed for draining the Collect. It would seem our worthy ancestors had some sort of anticipation of what has been so happily realized by their descendants in that quarter.

The dialect both written and spoken was almost exclusively Low Dutch, until the city passed into the hands of the English, when it changed its name, its very nature, and language. Mr. Watson states, on the authority of one of our aged citizens, that the last Dutch schoolmaster on record in New-York, was old Master Van Bombeler, of whose history we know nothing. His name, however, gives somehow or other shrewd indication that he was expert in flogging. But there is something mighty tenacious and durable in the honest old Dutch language, manners, and customs, which makes stout resistance to the innovations of time and fashions. This is most especially observable in the neighbouring villages about New-York, where they still retain a primitive simplicity of dress and manners perfectly Doric. At Communipaw, Bergen, Hackensack, Flatbush, New-Utrecht, and other places, from one to ten or a dozen miles from the city, the language, the dress, and manners of the Dutch residents remain nearly what they were a century and a half ago. You may see old beavers at church in these places which came over, not with William the Conqueror, but old Hendrick Hudson, if one may judge from the fashion and material.

But of late, we are informed, the barriers begin to give way, and the intrenchments to yield to the sappings and underminings of divers interlopers. Several damsels have been routed from their high-heeled shoes, little caps, and bonnets of black silk, by certain mischievous itinerant milliners invading their precincts; and a story was lately in circulation, that an ambitious young royster of Communipaw made his appearance the other day at Bergen church in a high-crowned hat. The dominie attacked him manfully for his base apostacy; but it is feared the example will prove contagious.

After the city came into possession of the English, the progress of innovation was rapid and decisive. In a few years it became ungenteel to speak Dutch; in a little while after it became downright vulgar. The language was gradually banished from the pulpits and schools, and made its last stand in the city in the little Dutch church of Garden-street, the first erected by the emigrants from Holland, and the last to abandon their language. Even the name of the street has been changed, for no other cause, that we can conceive, than that innate, insatiable, and ceaseless love of change, which actuates the good people to petition for, and the liberal corporation to grant, new names to old things and old places. The inevitable consequence of such changes is doubt and obscurity as to old titles; its usual results, uncertain possession and endless lawsuits in time to come.

The city now grew faster than it did under its old auspices, but it does not appear that its progress was any way extraordinary until the revolution, which relieved it from the severe and watchful jealousy of an ambitious, craving step-mother, and placed it in the hands of those who knew its natural advantages, and had every possible interest in making the most of them. Since then it is only in the United States of America that any parallel can be found to our accession of growth and numbers. In 1730 New-York contained eight thousand six hundred and thirty-eight inhabitants; in 1825, upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand; and in 1830, unless the persons appointed to take the census here bestir

themselves a little, our numbers will be doubled before they make their report! Have our moral character, our piety, our happiness, kept pace with this career of outward prosperity? The answer to this grave question will be found in the details of the newspapers, the records of our criminal courts, and the multiplication of state-prisons, poor-houses, and penitentiaries. Education has been extended, knowledge increased. But knowledge is not virtue, although it is the fashion to confound them together. We have also an excellent system of laws; but, as Horace truly says, "*Quid leges sine moribus vana proficiunt?*"

THE WRECK OF LOVE.

BY MRS. H. MUZZY.

Love trimmed his fairy shallop's sail,
And laughing wooed a prospering gale,
While Faith, with eye serene and mild,
Sat at the helm, and calmly smiled.

Over the clear and sun-lit sea
Love's shallop glided merrily;
And what had love to do with fear,
While Faith was there, the bark to steer?

Bright was each isle they glided by,
And bright the sea and bright the sky.
Love carolled, gay, his sweetest air,
Or slept secure, for Faith was there.

At length a storm lowered darkly, near.
"Fear not," cried Faith, "I still am here."
Love fixed on Faith his steadfast eye,
Serene and bright—the storm passed by!

But Jealousy, with aspect wild,
Approached and hailed the trusting child;
Love listened, till o'ercome with dread,
Faith left the helm, and trembling fled.

Who now the fairy bark shall steer?
Wild winds the guideless rudder veer.
By whelming waves the bark is lost,
And Love is wrecked, for Faith is lost!

THE FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVING.

In our last number we noticed, with the approbation it so richly deserves, a new and very beautiful specimen of the art of engraving just issued from the patriotic press of Mr. Bliss, under the name of the "American Landscape." It was our intention at that time to offer a few observations upon the present state of the fine art in our country, but the pressure of business compelled us to limit the article, and we therefore now crave the indulgence of our readers while we endeavour to fulfil the purpose which circumstances have, until this moment, obliged us to postpone.

The irresistible evidence of truth has compelled us, in common with our contemporaries, again and again to admit, that the art of engraving has not in the United States attained or even approached to the degree of excellence, we might almost say perfection, to which it has been carried in England. The causes of this fact are not difficult of discovery. They are to be found, not as some would have us believe, in any inferiority of intellect either in our artists or their patrons, nor yet in any very striking want of taste for the fine arts in our countrymen, but solely in the advantages which England possesses of wealth and leisure. We are essentially a people of business; there are but few among us who enjoy fortunes so ample as to exempt them from the necessity of devoting themselves to some money-making pursuit, and of those few there are scarcely any who avail themselves of their privilege, to keep aloof from the engrossing demands of mercantile employment—in short, we have not among us any gentlemen by profession; and, so far as our national prosperity is concerned, it is a happy thing that the want of some specific occupation is considered any thing but honourable. In England the case is different; her cities and high places swarm with titled aristocrats rolling in wealth, who consider employment a disgrace, or at least a nuisance, and who, unable, or too indolent to work out distinction for themselves, can only hope to attain it through the genius and labours of others. Where this is the case, it naturally follows that the competition of purchasers must produce competition among those whose works it is their pride to possess; where many are eager to buy, a large and liberal compensation is secured to the seller.

It is in this manner that the passion for making collections of pictures, which prevails to so great an extent among the nobility and rich commoners of England, is productive of its most beneficial influence upon her progress in the arts of design; the demand for excellence necessarily creates a corresponding supply; and the prices that are paid for good pictures are such as not only to enable, but to induce the artist to be-

stow the utmost desirable quantity of time and labour upon their production. The effect, too, of this principle extends to engravings not less than to paintings. To those whose means are inadequate to the attainment of a masterly original, the possession of a good copy is a desirable object; and it matters not how great the expense may be of its completion, if the skill of the engraver have succeeded in creating excellence, he is sure that his work will command a ready sale at its full value. Not so in this country. The cost of a collection which an English income would enable its possessor to make without inconvenience, would swallow up most American fortunes; and the time which an Englishman of wealth would readily devote to the inspection and purchase of fine specimens of art, could not be spared from the habitual and necessary avocations of the merchant, the planter, or the lawyer.

It is no disgrace then to our artists and engravers that their best productions are far excelled by those of their English rivals; on the contrary, the degree of perfection to which they have attained is highly creditable to themselves and gratifying to their countrymen; and affords strong grounds for the conviction which we feel, that with the same encouragement, the success of their efforts would be the same. When our painters are employed upon something besides portraits, and paid two thousand dollars for a picture which can be completed in three months; and when engravings from such pictures can be sold at ten or fifteen or even twenty dollars, we shall not fear to see the works of American artists placed in competition with the best of English—but not till then.

We have been led to these remarks by a comparison which we have been afforded the opportunity of fairly making between a volume of English prints and two of American—all having American scenery for their subjects. The first of these (which we have just received from London) bears the magnificent title of "The history and topography of the United States of North America, &c. &c., illustrated with a series of views, &c. &c. edited by John Howard Hinton, and dedicated by permission to Washington Irving, Esq." The others are, "The American Landscape," to which we have already alluded in this article, and "Childs' views in Philadelphia and its environs." The drawings in each of these collections are by American artists; the question therefore arises fairly upon the merits of the respective engravers, and we think it would be difficult for any critic, however skilful, to assign a preference to either. Yet we must confess that the English plates are not the best that country has produced, and the others on the contrary have seldom or never been surpassed on this side the Atlantic. In some particulars it is true Mr. Durand's engravings are superior to those of the English artists, as in the greater freedom of touch and correctness of outline and variety of light and shade; but on the other hand they are too apt to be unnecessarily dark and heavy, and want that lightness and smoothness of finish which are to be found in their English competitors. The same objections to which Mr. Durand's plates are liable, may be urged against some of those in Mr. Childs' very beautiful volume; while others are as light and soft as any of the English; but these last again are wanting in boldness, and bear evidence of timid handling. The figures in all are very nearly equal in merit; but we must confess that none of them are remarkable for excellence.

Did our limits permit, we should be glad to follow up this comparison at greater length, and to subject to it other specimens of the art of engraving from both countries. We cannot however conclude without bestowing praise upon the enterprising spirit by which the works we have mentioned have been produced, and upon the general merit of their execution. The commendations bestowed by our brethren of the press upon Mr. Durand's book, have been general and liberal, and justly so; and Mr. Childs', although it has not been much noticed in this city, is worthy of all praise. We shall perhaps, in a future number, be tempted to lay a full description of it before our readers.

MUSIC.

The Banks of Allan Water, a ballad, composed by Charles Edward Horn, the poetry by the late Mr. Lewis, commonly known by the appellation of "Monk Lewis," is worthy of attention as one of the best specimens extant of that species of composition. The genuine old English ballad is *sui generis*. Nothing resembles it in the present national music of any country; it stands on an insulated eminence, very difficult to be reached either by the poet, the composer, or the vocalist. It is a little epic poem, and, to be effective, must be recited as well as sung; in other words, it demands the best musical oratory. The aid of accompaniment is scarcely needed, unless a judicious chord here and there: any attempt at the

* See Watson's Annals. † Judge Benson's Address.

modern mode of instrumentation would inevitably cloud its beauties and destroy their effect. The genuine ballad, or lyrical romance, of our native tongue, approaches nearer that of the ancient troubadours of Provence than of any other class of national poets; indeed, those who love to speculate on such affairs would not overstep the bounds of probability in giving an identity of origin to both: for, on the conquest of England by William of Normandy, it is but fair to suppose that its melodies received the same impetus from France as that which the best writers on music have not hesitated to claim for Scotland, from the residence there and individual influence of David Rizzio. A Welchman, on the other hand, would scoff at the idea of the genuine Saxon music being improved by a mixture with that of France, and quote the venerable monuments of art raised by Welch musicians and poets, some of which are of Druidical origin, having survived for centuries and being destined to survive as long as melody can soothe or excite. To speak the truth—if the Welsh be the aborigines of old England, the mixed breed of which our ancestors were constituted, need look no further for their national music. The ballad now in vogue, (Moore's, for the moment, are neglected, although they will live for ever,) is a light species of article, relying a good deal on the aid of accompaniment; the old fashioned lyrical romance has nearly passed away. Instead of inditing a narrative of events, as in the old ballads, our poets, with very few exceptions, are glad to prove successful by merely treating of common-place feelings. The departure of a lady from her lover, the emotions produced by her white hands, rosy cheeks, ruby lips, and clustering ringlets, on his imagination—the soothing effects in such cases of moonlight, cascades, rills, groves, and breezes—are the never-ending themes of our present lyriists. Miserable Henriets and faithless Emmas, with a deal of pseudo sentiment about stormy seas and willow trees, form another formidable reservoir for supplying the trade; and latterly we have been invaded by a host of profligate butterflies, bees, and other unprincipled insects, who flirt with daisies, jilt rosebuds, and betray dewdrops, to the great edification of boarding-school young ladies. But, to cut short our somewhat lengthy digression, and to return to the Banks of Allan Water. We have here to offer our readers a pathetic tale, admirably told in three stanzas, and set to a melody which embellishes and adds grace to the subject. A more happy union of music and poetry can scarcely be pointed out. We place it in the very select ranks of, and side by side with, "Auld Robin Gray," "Mary's Dream," "Black-eyed Susan," "Oh no, we never parted," her, and the "Soldier's Tent." In short, it is a gem which, when sung chastely, with good intonation and expression, must make its way directly to the heart. B.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MASTER BURKE is still delighting our play-going population. Crowds follow him, and will continue to do so, wherever he goes. His abilities are certainly of an extraordinary kind. Whether he be gifted by nature with singular capacity, or his acting be the result of a severe application to a successful method of instruction, or whether both combined, have imparted to him his wonderful facility and power in representing various characters of an opposite description, the boy is still justly a subject of admiration and curiosity. Few things seem beyond the reach of his ability. He appears in tragedy, comedy, and farce, with great success; but, to our thinking, his personation of Irish characters is by far the best. His *noiseté* and rich natural brogue must always afford

Mr. Maywood lately performed Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm at this theatre, to the admiration of a crowded audience. In the representation of Scotch characters he is unrivalled in the United States.

In the course of the present month the grand musical spectacle of Cinderella, which has been in rehearsal from the commencement of the present season, will be produced, as we understand, with great splendour. It contains two strong *buffo* parts—one, the father of the three sisters, is to be entrusted to Placide; the other, the valet Dandini, to Mr. Thorne. Mr. Jones has a fine singing part in that of the prince. Cinderella is to be sustained by Mrs. Austin, and the two haughty sisters by Mesdames Blake and Vernon. We have particularly noted this cast, because we think it will be uncommonly effective. The music allotted to the *prima donna* is extremely beautiful, containing selections from *Guillaume Tell*, and is written for great compass and flexibility of voice. We were present at a rehearsal; and without attempting to forestall

public opinion, we may, nevertheless, assure our *amateurs* that the music is of the very first class; the concerted pieces extraordinary for fullness; and that, in the selections from *Guillaume Tell*, they will hear Rossini, divested of his usual peculiarities, and habited in a new suit from head to foot. Indeed, in speaking of the style which he has lately adopted, almost all the foreign *critiques* written on that opera, charge him with having abandoned his usual mode of composition, and the mannerism which marks it, and gone over to the German school. The manager should give a prospectus in the bill of the various selections in this piece, which would enable the public to compare the former compositions of the great master with those unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

One of the most successful of modern playwrights is the author of the "Bold Dragoons" and "Snakes in the Grass." The managers of the Adelphi theatre have lately brought forward another new piece from his pen, which the English press pronounce his best effort. This drama, the "Wreck Ashore," is now in rehearsal, and will be produced on Tuesday evening next, for the benefit of Mr. Barry. Young Burke has volunteered his aid on the occasion, and our indefatigable and industrious stage-manager will, no doubt, be greeted by a crowded house.

While upon the subject of the Park theatre, we take occasion to observe that, although it has an excellent company, it is nevertheless susceptible of great improvements. Youthful appearance and personal beauty, in certain walks of the drama, are as necessary to perfect scenic illusion as good acting; and, in plain truth, our favourite, Mrs. Wheatley, although generally to be seen in the guise of elderly ladies, is more of a *belle* than the daughters and nieces whom she has usually confided to her charge.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CROLY'S HISTORY OF GEORGE IV.

IN pursuance of the plan adopted by the brothers Harper, in the formation of their "Family Library," we learn that it is their intention shortly to republish the above-named volume as one of that valuable series; and we have been favoured by them with a sight of the English copy, in anticipation of their reprint. The reputation of Mr. Croly is too well established to require eulogy; his first appearance before the public as a writer was in the field of poetry, and it is only within a few years that he has addicted himself to prose, in which, however, his success has been far greater than it ever was, or probably ever would be, as a poet. His prose writings are remarkable for the vigour of their style, and for a vein of originality, both in conception and expression, which, as it is one of the greatest, so also is it one of the rarest merits of the tribe of living authors. This quality is largely displayed in the work before us; and there is something in the energy of his diction which captivates the imagination of the reader, and commands his attention with a power that is actually irresistible. There is not a superfluous word or a feeble line. The aim of the author seems to have been, to say what he had to say in the most forcible, yet the briefest language possible; and, generally speaking, his success in attaining this object is eminent and singular. In his fictitious narratives he has also exhibited much power of description, and no inconsiderable knowledge of human nature. The life of George the fourth is not unworthy of Mr. Croly's reputation. It presents a vivid, and for the most part faithful picture of those remarkable events which have rendered the reign of this monarch a memorable epoch in the annals of Great Britain, and develops, with a spirit of philosophical accuracy, the origin and circumstances of those stirring incidents which we have seen and wondered at, and which will never be forgotten. With a few exceptions too, it does ample justice to the actors in those scenes, and is in a remarkable degree innocent of that mean tone of adulation in which the lives of kings are too often written.

But while we thus bestow our mite of approbation upon the good qualities of Mr. Croly's work, we must also censure the outrageous spirit of ultra-toryism with which some portions of the memoir are tainted, and the bitterness with which it denounces that great, just, and necessary measure, for which we think Wellington deserves more honour than for his victories—we mean the emancipation of the catholics. It was to be expected that an act like this should find but little favour in the eyes of a high and zealous churchman, educated as the clergy of England have been for many years, in the belief that the results of catholic emancipation must of necessity be injury to England; and still worse, ruin to themselves, or rather to their monstrous wealth and power. But we should have

thought that the spirit of christian charity, which it is the business of divines to inculcate and enforce, would have softened the rancour of Mr. Croly's indignation, or at least have taught him to moderate the expression of his ire, however deeply he might cherish it in his inmost soul. We lament to say that it has not; and the intemperate abuse which he pours out upon those bold and prudent statesmen, by whom the great work was accomplished, does but little honour to his temper or his judgment.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The January number of this journal did not reach us in time for notice this week; we must, therefore, content ourselves with merely giving the table of contents. The articles are—Statuary, Bank of the United States, Anatomy, Clarence, Hieroglyphics, American System, Grahame's History of the United States, Memoirs of Madame de Genlis, Philippe's Manual of Political Economy, and the History of the Jews.

FAMILY LIBRARY—NO. XIV.

The fourteenth volume of the Family Library, just published by the Messrs. Harper, consists of a narrative of discovery and adventures in the Polar seas and regions, with illustrations of their climate, geology, and natural history; and an account of the whale fishery, by Professors Leslie, Jameson, and Hugh Murray. The successive voyages made to the arctic regions, marked as well by the daring spirit of the adventurers, as by the important results to science which may be rationally anticipated from them, form a subject calculated to excite the imaginations of men, and to extend their knowledge of truth and nature. The simple relation of events and description of scenery afforded by the navigators who have penetrated to those solitary and remote portions of our planet, are tinged with the colour of romance. The forms assumed by animal and vegetable life in the arctic regions, and the geological structure of that frozen and desolate zone, have so long employed the curiosity, not only of the most scientific classes, but of all the reading part of the community, that this well written narrative will, beyond doubt, be sought with much avidity. While all may assuredly derive much entertaining information from an attentive perusal of it, no species of instruction more attractive and judicious could be placed in the hands of intelligent and educated youth. Clothed in this agreeable form, knowledge comes to them divested of every thing repulsive; it affords an excellent model of style, fills the mind with various valuable facts, and cherishes a taste for solid and useful learning.

For the New-York Mirror.

ELEGIAC LINES,

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE COUPLE.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Mr. Barney Brooke courted Betsey Baker,
She a pastry cook, he an undertaker;
Those who ate her tarts, pies, and sillabubs, sir,
Called her queen of hearts, at their festive clubs, sir.

Barney thus began—"Betsey I adore you—
Before another man, take the man before you;
I've a thriving trade, doctors are so plenty;
Graves must still be made—maids are grave at twenty."

With a saucy look, quick she answered Barney,
"Mr. Barney Brooke, I will not brook your blarney;
I make pies and tarts, you've a different trade, sir,
Shall the queen of hearts take the Jack of spades, sir?"

He in silence sighed, while she stirred her batter,
"Speak!" at length she cried, "never mince the matter."
Barney answered grave, while his brow was clouded—
"Grant the boon I crave, else my hopes are shrouded."

Barney wooed in vain, Betsey mock'd his passion,
Ridiculed his pain—jilting was the fashion;
The undertaker died—by sorrow overtaken—
Dr. Smoken tried, but couldn't save his bacon.

Soon the pastry cook found her roses wilting,
Because she jilted Brooks, who couldn't brook her jilting;
Fast her health did waste—pies no more she heeded,
Nor could she knead her paste, altho' her paste was needed.

Twelve o'clock at night found the maid a-weeping,
When an awful sight set her blood a-creeping!
Hid beneath the rug, soon she heard this sentence,
"Bet, your grave is dug, spite of your repentance!"

"I am Barney's ghost, who once admired your baking,
But you would rule the roast, a wicked undertaking;
Now, in the dark cold grave, your flesh is doomed to lie, miss,
And Barney Brooke must have a finger in the pie, miss."

Betty's spirit fled where it ought to go, sir—
Ape, they say, are led somewhere down below, sir;
Then, pastry cooks, beware! ne'er jilt an undertaker,
Or you may chance to share the fate of Betsey Baker.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT COASTER.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Written while sailing in an open boat on the Hudson River, between Stoney Point and the Highlands, on seeing the wreck of an old sloop, June 1821.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."—Shaks.

Her side is in the water,
Her keel is on the sand,
And her bowsprit rests on the low gray rock
That bounds the sea and land.

Her deck is without a mast,
And sand and shells are there,
And the teeth of decay are gnawing her planks,
In the sun and the sultry air.

No more on the river's bosom,
When sky and wave are calm,
And the clouds are in summer quietness,
And the cool night-breath is balm,
Will she glide in the swan-like stillness
Of the moon in the blue above,
A messenger from other lands,
A beacon to hope and love.

No more, in the midnight tempest,
Will she mock the mounting sea,
Strong in her oaken timbers,
And her white sail's bravery.

She hath borne, in days departed,
Warm hearts upon her deck;
Those hearts, like her, are mouldering now,
The victims, and the wreck

Of time, whose touch erases
Each vestige of all we love;
The wanderers, home returning,
Who gazed that deck above,

And they who stood to welcome
Their loved ones on that shore,
Are gone, and the place that knew them
Shall know them never more.

It was a night of terror,
In the autumn equinox,
When that gallant vessel found a grave
Upon the Peekskill rocks.

Captain, mate, cook, and seamen,
(They were in all but three,)
Were saved by swimming fast and well,
And their gallows-destiny.

But two, a youth and maiden,
Were left to brave the storm,
With unpronounceable Dutch names,
And hearts with true love warm.

And they, for love has watchers
In air, on earth and sea,
Were saved by clinging to the wreck,
And their marriage-destiny.

From sunset to night's noon
She had leaned upon his arm,
Nor heard the far-off thunder toll
The tocsin of alarm.

Not so the youth—he listened
To the cloud-wing flapping by;
And low he whispered in low Dutch,
"It tells our doom is nigh.

"Death is the lot of mortals,
"But we are young and strong,
"And hoped, not boldly, for a life
"Of happy years and long.

"Yet, 'tis a thought consoling,
"That, till our latest breath,
"We loved in life, and shall not be
"Divided in our death.

"Alas, for those that wait us
"On their couch of dreams at home,
"The morn will hear the funeral cry
"Around their daughter's tomb.

"They hoped" ('twas a strange moment
In Dutch to quote Shakspeare.)
"Thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
"And not have strewed thy bier."

But, sweetly-voiced and smiling,
The trusting maiden said,
"Breathed not our lips the vow to-day
"To-morrow we will wed?"

"And I, who have known thy truth
"Through years of joy and sorrow,
"Can I believe the fickle winds?
"No! we shall wed to-morrow!"

The tempest heard and paused,
The wild sea gentler moved,
They felt the power of woman's faith,
In the word of him she loved.

All night to rope and spar

They clung with strength untired,
Till the dark clouds fled before the sun,
And the fierce storm expired.

At noon the song of bridal bells
O'er hill and valley ran,
At eve he called the maiden his
"Before the holy man."

They dwelt beside the waters
That bathe yon fallen pine,
And round them grew their sons and daughters,
Like wild grapes on the vine.

And years and years flew o'er them,
Like birds with beauty on their wings,
And theirs were happy sleigh-ride winters,
And long and lovely springs,

Such joys as thrilled the lips that kist
The wave, rock-cooled, from Horeb's fountains,
And sorrows, fleeting as the mist
Of morning, spread upon the mountains,

Till, in a good old age,
Their life-breath passed away,
Their name is on the church-yard page,
Their story in my lay.

* * * * *

And let them rest together,
The maid, the boat, the boy,
Why sing of matrimony now,
In this brief hour of joy?

Our time may come, and let it—
'Tis enough for us now to know
That our bark will reach West-Point ere long,
If the breeze keep on to blow.

We have Hudibras and Milton,
Wine, flutes, and a bugle-horn,
And a dozen segars are lingering yet
Of the thousand of yesternorn.

They have gone, like life's first pleasures,
And faded in smoke away,
And the few that are left are like bosom friends
In the evening of our day—

We are far from the mount of battle,*
Where the wreck first met mine eye,
And now where twin-forest in the olden time rose,
Thro' the Race, like a swift steed, our little bark goes,
And our bugle's notes echo through Anthony's nose,†
So wrecks and rhymes—good by.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

"Le grand auver."

It is worth while for an American to go to Paris, if it be only to see the mud in the streets, hear the boys with their baskets of pears crying "*Cinque Anglais pour un sou*," and be henpecked by a knowing valet, who leagues with the tailor, the barber, the chambermaid, the shopkeeper, and the washerwoman, to cheat his master and divide the spoil.

Harry Cuthbert was a young fellow of easy fortune, easy temper, easy to be persuaded, and easy to be led either right or wrong. He was without a profession, and free from the necessity of studying or practising one. He was moreover well-looking, and not altogether unworthy the attention of young ladies as well as their mammas. To the former his good looks and agreeable qualities were subjects of frequent commendation; and to the latter, his fortune made him an object of interest. He accordingly found it so easy to please, that pleasing soon ceased to be worth his while in his own opinion. He persuaded himself he had so many sources of pleasure within his reach, that it would be the height of folly to marry until all these were exhausted. He went the rounds of all, and got heartily tired of each in its turn.

"What a confounded dull place is this city of ours," said he one night to himself, after spending three hours mentally discussing the question whether he should go to a party, where he was sure of meeting the same company, the same everlasting confectionary, and the same fat sleepy fiddler, he had seen at every *melée* during the season.

"I won't go, shoot me if I do," cried he aloud. "I won't go—I'll go—I'll go—to Paris!"

The idea of performing this grand feat dilated his imagination into something like sublimity, and he strutted about the room like the conqueror of a world. All that he had read, all that he had heard, from his youth upwards, had united to instill into his mind a settled faith in the amazing superiority

* Stoney Point.

† Forts Clinton and Montgomery.

Not the saint of that name, nor Cleopatra's lover, but a mountain in the Hudson Highlands, remarkable in its neighbourhood for the beauty of its scenery and its rattlesnakes.

of the earth, the air, the waters, the skies, the houses, the hotels, the men, women, and children, and above all, the cookery of Paris. No Welchman ever more devoutly believed the moon was made of green cheese, than our hero did that Paris was a misspelling of Paradise. Accordingly he sold his horses, his little waggon, his pointer dogs, his seat in the private box, and every thing he could sell; purchased bills on La Fitte, embarked in a Havre packet, was sea-sick all the passage, and at length put his foot down in Havre de Grace, a city without grace and without beauty. Every body wanted to show him the curiosities; but he was altogether assured that there was nothing in France, or indeed in the whole universe, worth seeing but Paris. Accordingly he turned himself round three times at Havre, picked up a pin, and went up to Paris in the steamboat, that paddled about three miles an hour, and every time she fetched her breath, puffed out a whole volume of scalding steam.

"She's no more to be compared to the North America, than an oyster-boat is to a Havre packet," thought our hero; "but never mind, wait till I get to Paris."

As they sailed up the river they passed a succession of old worm-eaten, weather-beaten towns, gray with age, and decrepit with decay. There was not a soul to be seen in the streets, except now and then a bare-headed friar or a ragged beggar.

"New-York is worth a hundred such old rusty mansions," quoth Harry Cuthbert; "but wait till I get to Paris."

The steamboat broke down and it was necessary to stop at a village, in the midst of extensive vineyards. Cuthbert had heard and read the most touching descriptions of the vineyards of France, and of the beautiful women that assisted in gathering the vintage, which was just now commencing. He ran into the country like a chicken let out of a coop, and after searching a great while, at last managed to make a clumsy-looking peasant comprehend that he wanted to see a vineyard.

"Ciel!" answered the peasant in a coarse voice; "Monsieur has got one right in his nose!"

The peasant spoke rather bad English. Our hero put his hand to his nose, but instead of a vineyard only found his whiskers. The good-natured peasant, understanding his perplexity, pointed out the precise location.

"Zounds," cried Cuthbert, "I mistook it for a great field of cabbages!" He then made a slight bow to the peasant, and thanked monsieur for his politeness.

"Eh! Monsieur!" exclaimed the other, in a passionate tone—"Eh bien! monsieur!—I am one demoiselle! monsieur—diable—hah! monsieur indeed!"

"A woman!" exclaimed our hero, as he surveyed her man's hat, coarse jacket, short petticoat which he had mistaken for small clothes, and wooden shoes; "A woman!—a specimen of the beautiful French peasantry! but never mind—wait till I get to Paris."

In approaching the city, he was surprised to see what a muddy, filthy little scoundrel of a river was the celebrated Seine. It looked and smelt just like a kennel. He compared it with the pure Hudson and the transparent Sound, and said to himself, "Is it possible that this can be the beautiful Seine? But never mind—wait till I get to Paris."

To Paris he got at last, and the first salutation he received was a bite from a great dog he attempted to pat on the head.

"Is it possible," said he, "that a Parisian dog should be so ill-bred as to bite a stranger?"

"He takes monsieur for a Jan Bull," said a bystander.

As Cuthbert threaded his way through narrow muddy streets without sidewalks, crowded with a tolerably ragged, ill-looking rabble, and lined on each side with old black-looking houses a dozen stories high, he thought to himself, "Can this be Paris? One of our bright, smiling, thriving, animated American cities is worth a dozen such Babylons. But never mind, I suppose I have not got into the genteel part of the town yet."

He arrived at the hotel, took a suite of apartments, and hired a valet to take care of his person and superintend his education.

"Ciel!" cried the valet, as he contemplated Cuthbert's costume—"Diable! where did monsieur get that coat?"

"It is the latest London cut," replied our hero modestly.

"Ah—ha!—one Jan Bull!—I thought so. But if monsieur goes into the streets with such a coat he will be mobbed."

"What, have they mobs in Paris?"

"O yes, every day, and all night. You will be torn to pieces if you go out in that coat."

Rather than be torn to pieces, our hero agreed to send for a tailor and get measured for a new one. The artiste came and made him sixty bows, for every one of which he charged

a frank in his bill. The valet received a commission for bringing the tailor a customer, and the Jan Bull coat into the bargain, which he took with great indifference, saying he could get something for it of the old clothesman.

Towards evening Cuthbert thought he might venture upon a visit to one of the public gardens, in a short roundabout jacket. The women upon the Boulevards were all sitting outside of the houses, dressed in their best, to be admired by the men, who, as they passed, would turn round and ogle them in the politest manner possible.

"I'll not be out of fashion," said Cuthbert, and ogled them too. But they only laughed at his short jacket, and called him a Jan Bull. He passed the market on his way, and the poissardes saluted him with some of the finest strains of their eloquence. "Is it possible," said he, "that the women of Paris can swear?"

When he came to the gate of the garden he found a *gens d'arme*, with a musket and bayonet, and a tremendous pair of whiskers, who saluted him with a "Jan Bull foutre!"—and would not let him enter on account of his short jacket.

"Is it possible," quoth he again, "that the *gens d'armes* of Paris can be so rude?"

He retired home in disgust, and complained to the valet. "Sacre!" said the valet. "Did monsieur disgrace me by going out in that raze? I must take better care of you."

Accordingly he commenced a most rigid system of superintendence; never lost sight of his master, except when there was an absolute necessity for his absence in arranging some plan for picking his pocket. He fell into a passion, and sometimes almost into fits, at Cuthbert for speaking bad French, eating *epigrammes d'agneau* before *brochet au bleu*; breakfasting in his coat instead of his robe-de-chambre, and a thousand other crying enormities, that sometimes made him so *triste* that more than once he was on the point of committing suicide. He got our hero a dancing-master, a fencing-master, a language-master, and all sorts of masters, and his money melted away like butter before the sun. Never was an unfortunate single gentleman so henpecked by a valet as was our hero. "Zounds," cried he, "I might as well be married to a shrew, as yoked to this inquisitor!" But the valet was so polite in his despotism, and so useful that he could not think of throwing off the yoke and declaring himself independent. One day however the valet was so despotical on the subject of a *cravat à la Talma*, which he insisted was a thousand times more genteel than the *cravat à la Byron*, which Cuthbert had a sneaking kindness for, that our hero gave him warning.

"Ciel!" exclaimed the valet, casting up his eyes; "Ciel! have I lived to be turned out of doors by one cocoon republican?"

This was at night. Cuthbert went to a soirée at the American minister's, and when he came home was surprised to find neither valet nor any thing else at his lodgings. Monsieur had cleared out himself, and cleared out every thing he could lay hands on.

Our hero called for the master of the hotel, of whom he got six dozen bows and nothing else. He went to the police. The directeur turned to his book, where he found a full-length likeness of the valet in the person of a worthy gentleman who was vehemently suspected of being one of the greatest rogues in the city.

"Here he is," cried the directeur, and read over the description; "the very man! I've had my eye upon him these six months."

Cuthbert was a little nettled that he had not been cautioned against the fellow by the police, as they knew where he was, and so expressed himself to the directeur.

"It is not our business," said he.

"Not your business to see that strangers are not imposed upon?" said our hero warmly.

"Certainly not. We take care that strangers don't impose upon us; the strangers must take care of themselves."

"Is it possible," thought Cuthbert, "that this can be the celebrated police of Paris I've heard so much about?"

The directeur was a good-natured man, considering he was a police officer, and seeing the perplexity of his visitor, told him he would recommend him a valet who could be depended upon. In half an hour the man called, and Cuthbert hired him at once on the recommendation of the directeur of the police. He was one of the cleverest fellows in the world, and the politest of all possible valets, only he had a habit of seeing backwards and forwards, like a man rowing a boat.

He did not cheat Cuthbert above half as much as the other. But the good fortune of our hero in having such an honest, polite valet was not fated to last long. In about two months and a half he came to his master, and making divers bows, expressed his extreme mortification at being obliged to leave him.

"But why?" said Cuthbert. "Are you dissatisfied with any thing?"

He made divers other low bows, and placing his hand on his heart, replied with great sensibility, that "It would give him supreme pleasure to stay longer, but he had a particular—a very particular engagement."

They parted the best friends in the world, and Cuthbert thought he would go to his friend, the directeur of the police, and get him to recommend another valet. Having announced that his servant had left him and that he wanted another—

"O ay," replied the directeur; "poor fellow—his time is expired."

"Not at all," said our hero; "his month was only half out."

"I mean," said the directeur, "his leave of absence from the galleys expires the day after to-morrow, and he has just time to save his neck by making all the haste he can for the coast."

"The galleys!" exclaimed our hero, astonished and indignant.

"Ay, the galleys," replied the other coolly. "It is the custom to allow the galley-slaves, who conduct themselves properly, a recess from time to time, during which they are allowed to come up to Paris and earn what money they can under the surveillance of the police. They make the best servants in the world, for they know we are watching them, and that a single crime would bring them from the galleys to the gallows. I have one in waiting that I can particularly recommend."

"Thank you," said Cuthbert, making a respectful bow, in acknowledgment of this friendly offer; "I—I believe I shall be my own valet in future."

"Cochon!" muttered the directeur between his teeth, as our hero departed, saying to himself, "Is it possible! I always thought, always heard, the servants in Paris were the best in the world; but never mind, servants are servants all the world over. The aristocracy must be a superior sort of beings. I will see a little more before I judge."

On his way home, being full of thought, and not minding his way, he ran full against a decent sort of a looking man, who called him a "Dem Jan Bull," and made such a rout that a mob soon collected, with evident symptoms of hostile views towards Monsieur Jan Bull. From this dilemma he was relieved by a gentleman, who bowed very politely, took him under his protection, gallanted him out of the crowd, made him a low bow, and disappeared. "Come," thought Cuthbert, "there is some politeness in Paris after all."

When he got home he found his watch was gone.

"It must have been that brute who called me Jan Bull," quoth our hero. He was mistaken, it was the polite gentleman who made him so many low bows, and gallanted him out of the crowd.

The next day he went to dine at a famous restaurateur's, named, as I think, Hamel, who lived on the *Boulevards des Italiennes*. The waiter gave him a bill-of-fare a yard square, the contents of which were enough to confound Heliogabalus himself.

"I don't understand French well," said he; "this puzzles me." "Eh bien, Monsieur," replied the waiter, conceitedly; "there is the language of the court and the language of the kitchen."

"It looks like the inventory of an apothecary's shop," said Cuthbert.

"Bah!" cried the waiter with disdain, "does Monsieur compare the illiterate apothecary to the scientific cook? Peste! these Jan Bulls are great bêtes," added he aside.

Cuthbert selected some of the hardest words he could find, and ordered his dinner.

"Diable!" said the waiter, "we shall be eternally disgraced with such a dinner as this. Um—Filets de sole à la Vénitienne—um—Filets de sole à la Provençale—um—Filets de sole à l'Italienne—um—Filets de sole à l'Anglaise—um—Dem Jan Bull!—Saumon à la Genevoise—um—Anguille à la Tartare—um—Hareng, sauce moutarde—um—Carlet en matelotte Normande—Diable! Poisson—poisson—nothing but poisson! O ciel! And he went out, tearing his hair, to order this infernal dinner.

The cook swore upon one of his copper saucepans he would sooner break his three-pronged fork, lay down his sceptre and emigrate, than cook such a dinner. Even the very scullions demurred, and there was great danger of a general rising in the kitchen. The cook forthwith went to the editor of the *Constitutionnel* to demand the insertion of an article denouncing a fish dinner except on fast days, and that night all Paris was in an uproar about religion and the jesuits.

In the meantime the waiter was despatched to represent to our hero the utter impossibility of cooking such a dinner any where in Paris.

"Well then," said Cuthbert, in a passion, "go and serve up the cook's head in a charger for my dinner, if you like."

The eyes of the waiter dilated—"The head of the greatest artiste in all Paris—Ciel!"

"Ay, the greater the artiste the better dish his head will make."

The waiter disappeared, and in a few minutes the cook rushed in, spit in hand, his eyes glaring like two bright saucepans. "Monsieur," said he, grating his teeth, "Monsieur, hey dem! You want my head for dinner, hey?"

"Yes, you won't give me any thing else. I must have something."

"Eh bien! Peste! Diable! Sacre! O ciel! You cook the best head in all Paris for your dinner!" and he stamped about the room, repeating "Bête! Cochon! Jan Bull!" which was the climax of all. "These Anglais have no more respect for the fine arts than a republican!"

The cook would have certainly gone distracted if our hero had not pacified him by the assurance that he wanted his head to eat, in the hope that he should be thereby inspired with his genius, and become the greatest cook in Paris.

The artiste was delighted, made a thousand bows, and declared that if Monsieur would leave the dinner to his discretion he would serve him up one that should make him the envy of all the kings in the universe, not excepting Charles the Tenth. Thus this momentous business was settled without bloodshed, and Cuthbert at last dined upon several dishes that he thought must have been made up after an apothecary's prescription. This observation being communicated to the cook by the waiter, who hated the cook because he interfered with his perquisites, had a fatal effect upon his spirits. He pined away, never cooked a good dinner afterwards, mistook *Carottes à la Flamande* for *Asperges en petits pois*, and finally was found one morning suspended from the crane of the chimney, with the little turnspit licking his feet.

Our hero frequently went to fashionable parties, where he saw people of high rank, and was introduced to some of the beauties of Paris.

"Is it possible!" thought he. "These dukes and marshals actually look just like men I have seen in my own country, and behave very much like the well bred people there. As for the ladies, they are certainly pretty enough—but one need not go out of Broadway to see pretty women any day in the week."

After being in Paris about three months, Cuthbert found it was possible to be *ennuyé* even in Paris. It is impossible to be always eating and seeing sights, and besides the winter was setting in and Cuthbert never encountered such a winter. It was worth going to Paris to see. He never saw the sun for six weeks. The whole country was in tears, and so was the city. If it did not rain, it drizzled; and if it did not drizzle, it misted. The windows ran dew-drops day and night, and so did the walls, the banisters, and every thing inside the house. One day as he was sitting disconsolate in the midst of the world of waters, he said to himself—"Is it possible this can be the delightful climate of Paris?"

Just then a few drops of water trickled down on his head from the upper ceiling. "It must be the deluge," thought he, and ran up stairs where he found *Mi Lord Anglais*, an Englishman and fellow-lodger, sitting on the bed fishing with great gravity, and reading old Izaak Walton meanwhile.

"What luck, my lord?" said Cuthbert.

"Middling," quoth *Mi Lord Anglais*—"I've had symptoms of a glorious nibble. Pray be so good as to send my servant with a boat to take me off this island."

"I'll not stay any longer to get mildewed in this amphibious place," cried Cuthbert, as he sat brooding in his room, and listening to the waters as they trickled down the walls, inside and out. The next morning he was ready to set out.

"Whither so fast?" cried *Mi Lord Anglais*, who had finished his fishing match.

"I am going to America."

"Is it possible! What can induce you to go there?"

"To see the sun."

"O, if that's all, I advise you to go to England."

Cuthbert did not go to England, but to the United States, where he saw the sun shine on the happiest of all happy nations; and beheld eyes that sparkled as bright as the sun. In counting up the sum total of his gains and losses in Paris, he found himself a few thousands out of pocket. He ought to have staid longer, and he would have seen what the French really are when inspired by the love of liberty. Had he been there during the *three days*, he would have witnessed something worth going to Paris for—the triumph of a great nation.

"But I have gained great experience," said he; "I have found out that a man who sells his own lands to go and see those of other people, is a great blockhead."

Cuthbert is now married and settled down as an independent country gentleman, and when he sees people half mad at the idea of going to visit Paris, he smiles, but says nothing. B.

For the New-York Mirror.

FORGETFULNESS.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

Oh, think not of that vanished dream, thou lovely one and young;
Forget the warm, impassioned vow, on love's beguiling tongue:
For time hath not one balm to heal a wounded breast like thine,
Whose purest faith was offered up on a delusive shrine:
And though thy sweet voice triumphed, when the soul's confession fell
From lips that sealed it with a kiss, whose fragrance none may tell—
Yet it died, when from thy burning cheek, the heart's tumultuous blood
Rolled back in silence to its cell, a swift and heavy flood.

Why is it that, at such an hour, the purple currents rise,
To bathe in varying hues the face, and light the swimming eyes,
Where thoughts of tenderness unfold, are palpably revealed,
As each foud glance of transport given, by plighted vow is sealed?
It is that by that thrilling spell, the heart in fellowship
Sends up its flood, to paint the cheek, and warm the faltering lip:
That, melting in continual flow, the inconstant tide may be
A pure libation of the soul, victorious love, to thee!

Yet school thy heart a veil to fling o'er the lamented past,
Where all was bright and beautiful—too beautiful to last:
And let the waves of Lethe roll, above thy perished spring,
Where time, with laughter on his brow, shook diamonds from his wing:
And let the smile, the vow, the tear, be each beneath the pall,
That from oblivion's dusky plume shall, like a curtain, fall:—
What reck's it that life's faded hours passed like a summer stream,
Alas! where now have fled away their glory and their gleam?

Oh! if within thy heart of hearts, the memory should live,
Of dreams, so passionate and deep, and yet so fugitive,
It will but wake a quenchless thirst, for moments vanished now—
It will bring ashes to thy lip, and fever to thy brow:
And clouds, from the lone spirit's cell, in sable throngs will come
To clothe each image of the brain, in drapery of gloom:
Till, faint and sick, the autumnal hue upon thy cheek shall lie,
And futile longings fill with tears thy dim and pensive eye!

Then, think of love's departed hours, in dallying rapture spent,
As glimmerings of a melting wave, with sunset colours blent;
Bright—but so changeable, as to fade upon the gazer's eye,
While yet it drinks the glory of the accidental sky!
Love comes upon a rosy plume; and, borne in light along,
He pours his radiance on the brow, and wakes the soul to song:
But the golden bowl is broken soon, and when the heart is bow'd,
The wrecks of his dominion are—the shadow and the cloud!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON,

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

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London, November 26.

So far, I confess, I have been rather disappointed with the theatricals of the metropolis. Probably I looked for too much, and my disappointment is therefore only the natural consequence of unreasonable anticipations; and possibly I have that to see which will more than realize my most extravagant expectations. I am as yet a stranger to the nervous and polished acting of Young—to the glories of Pasta, and the witcheries of Malibran—to the wonderful natural powers and extensive acquirements of Braham, and the divine simplicity of Stephens—to the smiles and fascinations of Vestris, and the spiritual dancing of Taglioni, and to a mass of talent, native and foreign, which has not yet been brought forward. True, in the days of my youth, I have seen a portion of those named above, and the impression then made on my green fancy has scarcely faded away; but I would have it stamped afresh—strongly and vividly—before I venture to put pen to paper concerning those "bright particular stars" of the dramatic heavens. An innumerable quantity of clever actors and actresses are at present playing; some of whom, in particular characters, approach perfection; but not any, take them for all in all, of tip-top ability, with the exception of Liston and Miss Paton. Indeed, there are woeful gaps in the acting of the English drama of the present day, which cannot be adequately filled. Charles Kemble, for some unaccountable reason, has forsaken Thalia, and voluntarily made a sacrifice of himself to Melpomene, preferring a second or third-rate station in tragedy to reigning lord of a high department of comedy. Time too, though he has dealt leniently with this gentleman, has not altogether passed him by. The tall, noble form is yet unbent, and the fine classical features untouched—but he is waxing portly, and the fire and elasticity of youth are no more. Setting him aside, where shall we look for the Doricourts and young Mirabels of the drama? "Where?" cries the public, and the managers echo—"where?" The representatives of such characters seem to have passed away with the characters themselves; and their places on the stage, as in real life, have been filled by Alfred Highflyers, Frank Poppletons, and similar brainless youths of the Tom and Jerry school. A boisterous spendthrift or a foolish fop has many very capital representatives, for it is only, to a great portion of the actors, appearing in their natural character and playing on the stage what they play off; but Shakspeare is far beyond their calibre, and Benedicts and Mercutios are not to be had. Tangents and Young Rapids are in abundance, but the Rangers and Captain Plumes are gone; and a Sir Harry Wildair on the boards would now be as great a curiosity as the real character at Tattersall's. It is curious to observe how

helpless and out of their element a number of airy pleasant actors on the London stage appear to be when a few lines of Shakspeare are put into their mouths. They are quite at home in the light and agreeable conceits of Peake or Poole, but sink beneath the more substantial wit and humour of the older dramatists.

The fashionable dames of genteel comedy are in a similar predicament with the gentlemen, and the Lady Townleys and Lady Teazles are quite losing their characters with the public, in consequence of the chambermaid-airs and graces of their unworthy representatives for the time being. Even at Drury-Lane—"that it should come to this"—I have seen Letitia Hardy played in such a manner by a Mrs. Waylett, as to induce me to believe that Miss Kelley's personation of that character is by no means the worst performance in the world. The lady is uncommonly pleasant in trifling, coquetish parts in farces; but unfortunately, not having the fear of criticism before her eyes, and being prompted by vanity and "vaulting ambition," she did voluntarily act and perform and make a fool of herself in the said part, and circumstances behind the curtain conspired to permit her to do so. The papers, however, next morning admonished her, and she has not since repeated the offence. In tragedy, setting aside Miss Fanny Kemble, there is no woman of more than moderate pretensions; or rather, I should say, of moderate capabilities; for whatever the abilities of the sons and daughters of Thespis may be, their pretensions are generally immeasurable; and the probability is, that nineteen out of twenty of all the tenth-rate tragedy queens in England think themselves amply qualified to reign paramount at Drury-lane or Covent-garden, and that only bad taste, envy, cabal, and intrigue, prevent their occupying their proper station. Moreover, they will not only think this, but say this, to the utter astonishment of those who know them not, and the infinite amusement of those who do. Miss Fanny Kemble is undoubtedly a young girl of great, very great ability; but she is not yet—indeed, how should she be?—either a Miss O'Neil or a Mrs. Siddons.

In opera the case is still worse. Braham and Wood remain as yet unengaged at either of the large theatres; and it is somewhat doubtful whether Miss Stephens will ever tread the boards again. Miss Paton, it is said, is about to sail for Italy, and if she does, the English stage is left without a prima donna; for though, perhaps, there never was at any one time such a number of pretty, pleasing vocalists in London, yet few of them rise above mediocrity, and the distance between them all and the lady just named is immense. I went the other evening to Drury-lane to have a peep at a new Rosina, in the person of a Miss S. Philips. The name did not strike me; but judge of my utter astonishment when I recognised in Rossini's heroine, the very Miss Philips who, a year or two ago, made such an unsuccessful appearance at the Bowery theatre! She was, moreover, a good deal applauded; for even she, with her limited power of voice and graceless attempts at embellishment, is the best singer at Drury-lane! She has some sweet tones in her voice, and her enunciation, in the plain parts of her singing, is very clear and distinct. This, with her acting, which is much improved, being in many respects a pretty fair imitation of little touches of Clara Fisher, carries her through. You will perceive from this, how very much the cultivated powers and bird-like warbling of Mrs. Austin are wanted here. Indeed there is nothing on the London boards at present to be compared to her practised skill, delicious voice, and wonderful facility of execution.

Do not suppose that I am splenetic, or have fallen into the common practice of not being able to see any thing in the present comparable to the past. Being as yet a comfortable number of years on the right side of thirty, I flatter myself I am at a reasonable distance from that period of dotage which sooner or later overtakes old playgoers, when nothing that is, is to be compared to that which has been. With the above exceptions there is, in almost every other department of the drama, a host of talent, of which more anon.

A word or two touching old acquaintances may not be uninteresting. Sloman has taken a theatre in the country and is now a manager; the "being's end and aim" of every man who treads the boards, from the head tragedian to the subordinate supernumerary whose salary is a mockery. I suppose he is enabled to do this by means of the American dollars judiciously paid to hear those masses of outrageous nonsense termed "comic songs," but in what way comic I never could discover. Charles E. Horn continues, as usual, singing sometimes "excellent well," sometimes little better than execrably. I always thought, and am now convinced, that his acting is a species of somnambulism. He walks about the stage like a

man in a dream, and talks by fits and starts like Pizarro in the tent scene. He has the character here of being a reckless, careless fellow, who will never do any good, though of very great ability, both as a musician and composer. Hunt, formerly of the Bowery, is allowed to make a noise occasionally at Covent-garden in minor parts on account of his good-looking face and tolerable figure. H. Wallack is engaged in that indescribable branch of theatrical employment, termed "decent business," and James Wallack is creditably fulfilling the duties of his old and arduous station of stage-manager at Drury-lane. I saw him the other evening in his favourite character of Massaroni in the Brigand. He looked remarkably well, and acted with great spirit; but I feel a diffidence in hazarding an opinion whether his manner of giving "Love's Ritornella" or that of the worthy manager of the Park theatre was most admirable. It appears to me, however, that both of them, doubtless led away by a consciousness of their natural and acquired powers, embellish too much, and indulge in a succession of difficult shakes, trills, and cadences utterly at variance with the simplicity of the melody. I have seen nothing as yet to equal the walk of Richings when well dressed, or Collett's bow, in any situation. C.

For the New-York Mirror.

AN ODE TO FANCY.

BY THYRZA.

Thou, who art my spirit's bane,
Yet the soother of each pain;
Thou, whose power can bid me weep
Yet can lull each care to sleep;
Thou, who hast from childhood been
Still the angel of each scene—
Leave me, bright one, leave me not
To the darkness of my lot!

Never could my spirit brook
On reality to look,
Nor the features dare to trace
Of her stern forbidding face,
Didst thou not, that face to screen,
Fling thy silver veil between,
Hiding from my startled glance
Such a gloomy countenance
As the maiden, wild and pale,
Saw the prophet's hand unveil.*
Still, sweet spirit, hide from me
Thus my frowning destiny!

If with calmness I have born
Pangs which have my spirit torn;
If not vainly I have tried
Suffering of soul to hide;
If the heart's faint sickness, wrought
By the power of bitter thought,
I have struggled with and quelled,
Though no eye the strife beheld,
'Tis, enchantress, unto thee
That I owe the victory!
Thine the power, the triumph thine,
O'er this rebel heart of mine—
Oh! though dearer guests have gone,
Leave it, charmer, not alone!

Thou hast given me strength to bear
All my spirit's load of care;
Thou hast charmed e'en grief to rest—
When my heart thy presence blest;
Many a sad and weary hour
Thou hast cheated with thy power;
Many a dark, unwelcome guest
Thou hast banished from my breast;
Many a vision fair and bright
Thou hast brought before my sight.
'Twas thy potent spell which cast
Light upon the gloomy past,
'Tis thy spell whose magic power
Brightens e'en the present hour,
And the future owes to thee
All that makes it fair to me.

Yet less frequently thy light
Comes to make my pathway bright,
And thy visits are no more
Bright and beaming as of yore;
But methinks thy light is faded
And thy dazzling brow o'ershadowed.
Are these tokens meant to say
That thou too wilt flee away?
Oh! so long my spirit's mate,
Wilt thou leave me desolate?
I will brook the form of ill
If thy smile is left me still;
I will bear the deepest gloom
Which thy light may still illumine;
I will wrestle with my lot
So that thou forsake me not—
Through the ills I must inherit
Oh! be thou my min'string spirit!

* The veiled prophet of Khorassan.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE GIFT.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

I ASKED the airy sprites that dwell
By fount and green-wood tree—
"What precious gift so rich as man's,
"From nature's hands have ye?"
"We've countless things of mystic worth
"Of every form and dye;
"But nought of all the wealth we prize
"With that one gift can vie."

I asked the earth, inlaid with gems
And sands of glittering gold—
"What sparkling boon, like heaven's to man,
"Does thy regalia hold?"
"Golconda's wealth, Potosi's stores
"Are mine," proud earth replied,
"With many a priceless pearl, but all
"Are poor that gift beside!"

I asked the ocean's favoured king
Amid his gorgeous hoard—
"What prouder gift than man can bring,
"Within thy realms is stored?"
And frankly free in all his pride
The trident-king declared—
"Take all the wealth of all my realms,
"Tis nought with that compared."

I asked the jewelled stars that light
The shadowy throne of even—
"Boast ye a richer, fairer boon,
"Than hath to man been given?"
And from the stilly depths of night
There came an answering tone—
"Though many a glorious gift we hold,
"Man bears a nobler boon."

And nature speaks, "thy quest forbear;
"No more my favours scan:
"Of all who've shared my free bequests,
"There's none so blest as man."
And what his high and hallowed gift,
That hath no counterpart
In all the treasured universe?
"Tis woman's blessed heart!"

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 102.

I LOOKED again in the mirror. The forest was there once more, and the pleasant valley; but the time was changed. The moonlight had vanished with its clouds of silver—its deep and hushed shadows. The blazing sun, with broadened disk, lingered in the west. Soft and yellow, his beams gleamed through the heavy branches, and illumined all the chambers of the wood. Through the wide stillness the woodpecker's beak was sometimes heard. The startled partridge broke from his covert with whirring wings. The gentle robin whistled as he flew silently by; and the idle tortoise, half buried in leaves, opened his spotted shell and put forth his awkward head. Bees were humming among the flowers, and in the distance, the dash of a little cascade drew my eyes to the spot where its shining water turned over a broken rock and fell flashing and foaming through the trees.

"I behold by the stream another form," said I, "with the fatal word stamped on his forehead. He too is of young and lofty bearing. Cheerfully he treads among the silent woods. Does he, also, hasten to despair and death?"

"Observe him in silence," said the Genius. "The enjoyment of wealth has never enervated his mind. Nature has always appeared to him as it is—a beautiful and happy prospect, gleaming through clouds and storms. But he knows the world, and tempers his feelings."

"And what then doth he bear upon his shoulder?"

"Gold," replied the Genius; "not the gift of fortune—but the result of enterprise and patient labour. Through peril, toil, and privation he has accumulated that little sum. His time is never wasted—he has seen so much misery in the great world, that he is in a measure callous to its influence. Thousands are generous, not from benevolence but from ignorance. If the consequences of extravagance were to be suffered before the errors were committed, the spendthrift would be a miser. Enthusiasm would often give way to prudence. He has felt the relentless hand of necessity goading him on to industry; and though neither corrupt in principle nor cold in heart, that which he has acquired with exertion he will treasure with care."

As he stood erect in manly strength and beauty, an aged blind man came by, led by a little dog. Thin locks of snowy hair gave a wonderful grace to his head. His features resembled those of Homer or Milton, as we see them etched in the marble. He uttered a piteous cry, and said

"I am lost in these pathless woods. Darkness is over my sight—my guide has abandoned me. I heard footsteps. Save me, oh save me!"

The youth laid his hand upon the treasure—paused—then drew the bandage tighter.

"I will lead thee into thy way, unhappy old man, but cannot give thee gold."

He walked with him till they stood upon the broad road.

"Whither shall I go?" said the beggar. "I am weary with exertion, and faint for want of food."

Here the little dog fawned upon him and licked his hand—tears rolled down the old man's cheeks. The youth turned away and was lost among the shadows.

On the hill by the river's side stood a lordly palace. Its lofty columns and white turrets gleamed through the trees—a star beamed high in heaven—then the moon rose with her broad and melancholy face. Soft clouds lay around, with silver sides, piled up in beautiful silent heaps, or ranged in fleecy waves, like the breast of a breezy lake. Then red light streamed from the tall windows, and a chord of music rose. The youth was there—the word on his forehead was nearly erased—he came to visit the master of all this beauty—to mingle with the young, the great, the lovely of the land. A thought of the old blind man, with his high forehead and snowy hair shot across his mind, and a feeling of regret not free from shame sunk into his heart; but he withdrew into a secluded part of the garden, where stood a statue of our Redeemer on the cross. A shadow fell upon it, but the moonlight shone on a part of its white pedestal. He poured his golden coins upon the marble and forgot the old man's sightless eyes and trembling hands, while counting the treasures that day had added to his heap.

The interior of the splendid mansion now appeared, and a brilliant crowd. He who gave the dazzling fête was proud and happy among his countless friends; but even while listening to the voice of adulation, messengers came pale and breathless, and his brow was clouded. His ships had gone down at sea—fire had desolated his princely halls—ruin had overtaken him. This was no sooner rumoured about, than there came over the bright scene a strange transformation. The music ceased. The master leaned against a column. Cold looks met him—a moment passed. Where was the happy multitude? Only the youth remained. Broken garlands strewed the floor—silence reigned in the deserted hall.

"Save me," said the ruined man, in a tone of anguish. "You have shared my prosperity—I have led you through paths of profit—you have amassed gold. The world has abandoned me. I expected no more. But you have been nearer to me. You will not shrink away!"

The youth's cheek was suffused with a glow—not of gratitude or of compassion alone—but of both those emotions alloyed with perplexity and shame. He sympathized with the sufferer, but he himself had suffered, and he remembered the hours of labour—the time when he had formed the purpose of becoming wealthy, and vowed to be drawn away from its accomplishment by no weak feeling. He turned from him with moistened eyes. The voice of his friend died away, unanswered but by the echo of that sad and lonely chamber.

His reward was at hand. The palace became his own. The more wealth he possessed, the more rapidly and easily he added to his abundance.

"Now," said my companion, "he is rich."

"But is he not base also?" I inquired.

"Base or noble," said the Genius, "such is the way to affluence."

"Must I believe, then," asked I, "the rich all heartless?"

"Far from it," said the Genius. "Accident, talents, personal privations, often facilitate the progress of him who searches for gold; but they who adopt a severe course of economy must necessarily exclude from their enjoyments the indulgence of those generous impulses which in many are the sources of purifying and enduring pleasure."

"But how much more admirable is he whose generous enthusiasm but lately led him to scorn gold, when compared with feeling?"

"He may be worthy of a kind of admiration," said the Genius; "but is he a model for imitation? You have traced the destiny of two equally gifted by nature, with ardent sensibilities, but modified by various causes. Both valued wealth—one from a vain taste for splendour, the other from an experience of its value. The lines of distinction between what is generous and what is just, are wavering and almost imperceptible. It is the duty of every man to regard the interests of his own family, exclusive of all other considerations but the laws of society, and those immutable principles of moral right concerning which no dispute can arise. The world teems with

innumerable examples of wretchedness. In a city like yours they meet you at almost every step. The aged, the crippled, orphans, widows, and the victims of misfortune and disease, continually shock the sensitive observer, and awaken in his bosom powerful desires to dispense relief to all. The inexperienced attempts it, and is ruined. He who prides himself upon his knowledge of human nature, hushes up the gentle voice of humanity, and is enriched by pursuing an opposite course. I would teach you to avoid either extreme. Neither disregard emotions of sympathy, nor yield to them without discrimination. Beware of generosity without discretion, or you will be subjected often to ridicule, and sometimes to anguish; but, on the other hand, fear to tread in all the ways of the world which custom has rendered safe, though she could not make them noble." F.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Poor emigrants.—A multitude of this class of emigrants have been brought to New-York within the last few months, many of them quite recently. As most of these adventurers have left their native countries under the pressure of adversity, and subject to almost every privation, it cannot be supposed they possess the means of supporting themselves without an immediate resort to employment of some kind. But how is employment to be obtained at this season of the year, when the city is thronged with a population whose necessities press upon them with severity, and who are glad to seize any occasion to obtain temporary relief? These emigrants, it must be remembered, are not only strangers in our land, but strangers to our customs and modes of doing business, and not a few of them altogether unacquainted with our language. Here then is a powerful appeal to the hospitality and good feelings of the citizens; and we deem it one that ought not to be disregarded for a moment. We are now in the depth of winter; and whilst this operates greatly to abridge the means of useful labour, it multiplies those imperious calls for sustenance, clothing, and fuel, which cannot be dispensed with. These considerations are much strengthened from the circumstance, that a large portion of these people have families of helpless children, who must be provided for, but who are yet too young to earn their own subsistence, even were there no other interposing obstacles. We think the city authorities are called upon to make a seasonable appropriation for this urgent purpose, provided it be not already done. If no steps to that effect have been taken, we are satisfied it does not arise from the absence of those generous sentiments which have long characterized our public guardians, and which have never failed to meet with a cheerful response in every bosom.

We have often contemplated with pleasure the admirable establishment which for a long time was kept up, (we are not advised of its continuance,) and which had the significant appellation of *soup house*. A more judicious and useful application of funds, to a moderate amount, we believe was never made. A pint of good soup, with a slice of bread, is a sufficient repast for a grown person, whilst a less quantity will serve a child; and we are all aware of its nutritive quality. This species of food, which can be made rich and palatable from the coarser parts of meat, when combined with a plentiful supply of vegetables, could be afforded, we presume, at two cents a quart; which should, perhaps, be the price demanded from those who are able to pay for it, but which ought to be delivered gratuitously to those who are not.

The mass of the community are perhaps too prone to view plans of this kind as burdensome. In this we think they greatly err. It should be borne in mind that an accession in numbers of a healthful and industrious population is an accession of strength, and leads to a multiplication, in a corresponding degree, of wealth and resources. This remark will apply with peculiar force as well to our own commonwealth as to the country at large. We have yet room for many millions, a majority of whom would seek for a residence in the interior, which holds out the strongest allurements to the industrious and virtuous settler. A comfortable subsistence rarely fails to be the reward of this class of people—very frequently, indeed, they realize an independence and rise to respectability. Much depends on timely aid and relief, with a right direction to the bold spirit and vigorous energies of the foreigner, who has been driven into exile by blighted prospects and withered hopes in the soil of his nativity, which must otherwise have been dear to his affections.

Medical libel suit.—This case, which has been productive of no worse consequences than a little brisk sparring among the lawyers, and a verdict in favour of the defendants. It occupied the court three days.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

A BALLAD WRITTEN BY M. G. LEWIS—COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN.

ANDANTE.

On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all:

For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a win-ning tongue had he; On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, None so gay as she.

2d—On the banks of Allan water,
When brown autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more;

For the summer, grief had brought her,
And the soldier, false was he;
On the banks of Allan water
None so sad as she.

3d—On the banks of Allan water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter—
Chilling blew the blast!

But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free:
On the banks of Allan water,
There a corse lay she.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the New-York Mirror.

SCRAPS FROM AN OLD COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

BRADSHAW, president of the high court of justice which condemned Charles the First, is called by one of the old cavaliers, "That infernal saint, John Bradshaw." The following noble epitaph was engraven on a cannon fixed in the ground on the summit of a hill in the island of Jamaica:

"Stranger! as you pass, contemplate this cannon, nor regardless be told that near its base deposited the dust of John Bradshaw, who, nobly superior to selfish regards, despising alike the pageantry of courtly splendour, the blast of calumny, and the terrors of royal vengeance, presided in the illustrious band of heroes and patriots who fairly and openly adjudged Charles Stuart, tyrant of England, to a public and exemplary death; thereby presenting to the amazed world, and transmitting down through applauding ages, the most glorious example of unshaken virtue, love of freedom, and impartial justice ever exhibited on the blood-stained theatre of human actions. O, reader! pass not on till thou hast blessed his memory, and never, never forget that rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

MUTUAL RIGHT OF SEARCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—I once wrote the following fable about the time the British government was proposing to ours to consent to a mutual right of search, under pretence of putting an end to the slave trade.

"A cunning old fox who had often baffled the hounds, one day came to a young eagle, just fledged, perched up in its roost in a high tree, and addressed her as follows: 'My dear young friend, I wish to make a bargain with you on terms of perfect reciprocity. Those wicked weasels rob all the poultry yards about the country, and I am very anxious to destroy them, or at least put a stop to their depredations, by stripping them of their plunder before they have time to devour it. You shall have the privilege of searching my hole, and of examining your nest to see if any young chickens have been secreted there without our knowledge.' 'Thank you kindly,' replied the young eagle; 'when my claws are as long and sharp as your teeth, it will be time enough to conclude this bargain; till then I'd rather be excused?'"

CONFOUNDING OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN 1820.

Just so the prudent husbandman that sees
The idle tumult of his factious bees,
The morning dews, the flowers neglected grown,
The hive a bomb case, every bee a drone,
Powers them o'er till none discerns his foes,
And all, themselves in meal and friendship lose,
The insect kingdom straight begins to thrive
And all wake honey for the common hive.

MUSIC.—The province of music is rather to express the passions and feelings of the human heart than the actions of men, or the operations of nature. When employed in the former capacity, it becomes an eloquent language; when in the latter, a mere mimic—an imitator, and a very miserable one—or rather a buffoon, caricaturing what it cannot imitate. The idea of the different stages of a battle, or the progress of a tempest being represented to the eye or the ear, or even the imagination, by the quavering of a fiddler's elbow, or the squeaking of catgut, is preposterous.

RETIREMENT.—One of the most beautiful descriptions of retirement is in an ode of Charles Cotton, the friend of old Isaac Walton, the famous piscator.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease

MAXIMS, ETC. FROM SADI'S GULISTAN.

He who calls himself the servant of God, should obey no other master.

She looks as sad as if she were mourning for her departed beauty.

She who has lost her own reputation, what cares she for the character of another?

If the tree did not lose its leaves in winter, it would bear no blossoms in the spring, nor fruits in autumn.

Take care what you say before a wall, as you cannot tell who is behind it.

If the wicked were to go to heaven, they would still be miserable.

If there was no wisdom in the world, no one would suspect himself of folly.

The poor man can't sleep for hunger, nor the rich man for eating.

Either speak like a man of sense, or be silent like a brute.

If every stone was a ruby, they would be of equal value.

The bee that cannot afford honey, ought not to sting.

ACTING.—The merit of an actor consists in two things; the slurring over of the bad passages with a sort of graceful negligence, and the giving full and complete effect to the good ones.

CONVERSION.—People that change their religion from reading books of controversy, are not so much converted as outwitted.

BEAVERS.—The Indians say the beavers were once gifted with speech, but the Great Spirit deprived them of it lest they should get the better of mankind.

RELIGION.—If the Supreme Being had preferred any one religion to all the rest, it would seem that this alone could have subsisted in the world.

MR. JOHN RANDOLPH.—Mr. Randolph never loses the bit entirely, but he often takes it between his teeth.

TYRANTS.—The bodies of tyrants are generally embalmed in their own blood.

LANGUAGES.—To talk in a foreign language, is to serve up the same food in a different dish.

GREAT MEN.—In the eyes of the vulgar, the nearest stars are the greatest.

It may be said of some living monarchs, that the rocking of their kingdoms only makes them sleep the sounder.

Fuller says of a proud ecclesiastic, that he was too high in the instep to wear another man's shoes.

The coward guards his head with his heels.

'Tis a shy cock that can't bear to hear another crow.

Errors always grow fastest in hot brains.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

When you take from the people the freedom of words,
You teach them the sooner the freedom of swords.

A CROWN.

Saul seeking for his asses, up and down,
As holy legends tell us, found a crown.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A NEW-YEAR'S REVERIE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOBERT.

Be still, my heart, while I commune awhile
With the departed year. Canst thou not cease
Thy wild and turbulent beatings, while my thoughts
Flow back through memory's channel o'er the past?
Curb thy rebellious feelings—'tis in vain
To look for aught but disappointment here.
Sad are the changes of this checkered life!
How they break friendships and extinguish love!
How they cheat hope of promise! ay, and jar
Upon the spirit's harmony with man!

Another year now opens to the view,
And lengthens out its months and days and hours,
Through the dim vista of futurity,
As "shadows lengthen in the setting sun."
Where are the fleeting moments of the past?
Gone—freighted as they were with joy or grief,
Swallowed in the interminable gulf,
Which takes all time can give, and gives none back.
What are the revolutions of the world?
Its wars, its victories, and its deeds of fame;
Its liberated countries, or its chains
Of slavery for others? Those are themes
For men, with wider thoughts and words of power,
To tell their meaning.

Not for me.
I look back on the revolutions wrought
In individual feeling—on the things
O'er which forgetfulness has passed to all
But my own heart—would that its misty veil
Were spread o'er that! but ah, it cannot be.
The visions of the faded year still rise,
Like spirits of the dead, on which the earth
Has no more hold or power. I cannot break
The withered branch from memory—still it hangs
O'er each green spot, and scatters enviously
Its ere and yellow leaves. I watered it
At first, with many a tear, and strove in vain
To bring its freshness and its beauty back;
And when I found 'twas useless, then I wept
Anew, because it was of no avail.
I'll trust no more to hope—for now I know
It hath a thousand lives, that each may have
Its death within the heart.

But why these thoughts?
The new-year's day is scarcely over yet;
And I have looked on many a happy face,
And heard the voice of pleasure, and the wish,
By friendly feeling given. Are not these
Enough to wake a brighter reverie,
And chase away the memory of the past?
Who would not hail the opening year, and love
The social custom, which gives lighter wings
To festive moments, and instructs the heart
In lessons of good-will? Pride may look down,
And vain fantastic fashion seek 't invade
On long established rules—but fear them not;
They can but be as feathers in the scale,
While hospitality and friendship join
To turn the balance.

ORIGINAL TALES.

REMINISCENCES OF A SPINSTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. SNURY.

It was a fine summer evening; a slight shower had fallen, and as the last beams of the setting sun lingered on the verdant lawn, every leaf of the dark trees, every blade of the tender grass, glittered with an emerald too precious to adorn any brow but that of nature. The sky was covered with clouds so gorgeous-tinted and beautiful, that even to the coldest fancy they might have seemed like the golden veils of the sanctuary, concealing from common eyes the "holy of holies," the transcendent glories of the far-off heaven. It was such an hour and such a scene as the young and imaginative always love. The strong analogy which subsists between nature and the human heart, between the world without and the world within, must be apparent even to the most unobservant; and every one must recollect the delight which such fanciful speculations were wont to afford in the days of youth and hope, ere disappointment and suffering had taught him to find only melancholy in the comparison.

Few persons were more susceptible of enjoyment from

such a scene than the young, the gay, the enthusiastic Rosalie Somerton, and her more serious but no less enthusiastic aunt, yet they now seemed totally unconscious of its beauty. Seated in the deep recess of a window, which opened upon a balcony filled with odoriferous shrubs, aunt Mary was occupied in watching the motions of her pretty niece, who, leaning against the latticed front, was diligently pulling to pieces a very fine rose.

"How can you so remorselessly destroy that beautiful flower?" said aunt Mary, with a smile; "it was plucked from my favourite bush; and if I am not mistaken, is the same which the gallant Major Easton so gracefully twined in your hair a few hours ago!"

Rosalie started. "I hate Major Easton, and every thing that reminds me of him," exclaimed she vehemently, flinging down the flower as she spoke.

"I have no doubt that such are your present feelings," replied her aunt gravely; "nothing can be more natural, but at the same time nothing can be more unjust."

Rosalie was about to ask an explanation when the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and she bent eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the road, which was just visible through the trees.

"Do not look so anxiously, my dear Rose, he will not return to-night," said her aunt, as the horseman passed.

"Indeed, madam, you speak in riddles. I—" Here Rosalie's assumed calmness forsook her, and she burst into tears.

"My child, I did not mean to distress you," said her aunt, kindly; "but when I saw the flush of anger upon your cheek, and the sparkling of indignation in your eye, I felt that you merited some punishment. I cannot bear your tears; come, lay your head upon my bosom, as you were wont to do in your childish days, and tell me all that grieves you?"

"Oh! there is nothing to tell, dear aunt; I have been very angry, that is all; and—and—"

"Shall I finish the sentence, Rose? You have been very angry, and are now very penitent. Nay," continued aunt Mary, "you need not give those pretty curls such a toss; penitence is the very word I meant to use, however wounding it may be to your pride. Now suppose, instead of your telling me the story of your lover's quarrel, I shall tell you all I know about it, do you not think that between conjecture and observation I might arrive pretty near the truth?"

"Indeed, aunt, I do not know what you can have observed," said Rosalie.

"Sit down beside me, Rose, and I will tell you. In the first place, I observed that you had bestowed unusual care upon your personal appearance, and you were conscious your labour had not been lavished in vain; this elated your spirits, and when Edward Walton and his friend arrived, the evident admiration of the latter, and the whispered compliments of the former, completed your intoxication. You know I have often told you that when you are thus led away by the extravagance of your spirits, your manners are precisely those which, however charming in a girl of fifteen, certainly afford least pleasure at an age when we look for the calm and self-possessed gentleness of the woman. Your manners this afternoon were characterized by all those quick and violent transitions of feeling, all that unmeaning petulance, which are so startling and distressing to him who is about to entrust his whole happiness to your hands. Edward Walton loves you sincerely, my dear Rose, but he has too much prudence to allow his passion to blind him to your faults. He is well aware that a woman, however charming, who cannot govern herself, is not the proper person to preside over a well regulated household, and he cannot but feel wounded when you compel him to doubt the wisdom of his choice. But to proceed with my observations. You accompanied the gentlemen to the garden, and after flirting for some time with the major, to the manifest annoyance of your lover, you suffered him, notwithstanding Edward's whispered remonstrance, to place in your hair the rose which you have just discarded. The major's smile at what he no doubt considered your affectation, aroused Edward's anger, and the quarrel which afterwards ensued between you was caused rather by his jealous fear lest others should think so meanly of you, than by his anger at your folly as affecting himself. He knew that Major Easton, in common with all those who have lived much in

dissipated society, entertains a very contemptible opinion of our sex, and he was mortified to see you sacrificing his comfort, merely to gain the insecure admiration of one so much his inferior."

"Edward ought to have known better than to believe I sought the major's admiration," replied Rosalie; "if I erred, it was simply through the too great extravagance of my spirits, but certainly not from any disposition to coquetry."

"My dear Rosalie," said her aunt, "you are yet to learn how ill nature and prejudice may misrepresent the most innocent actions. Major Easton, no doubt, construed your gaiety into coquetry, your petulance into ill temper, and your simplicity into affectation; and whatever may be Edward's own opinion, it must be extremely mortifying to him to be compelled to vindicate you from such imputations. Come, dry your tears, my child, I know you will not be happy again till you have made ample reparation for your fault; but remember, that however a man may admire the strength of character and high-mindedness which enable a woman thus promptly to confess her errors, it may be questioned whether his admiration can counterbalance his displeasure at the inconsistent weakness which permits the frequent repetition of those errors. One who knew human nature far better than you ever can, Rosalie, has called the affection of woman 'a lovely and a fearful thing.' Its loveliness many can appreciate, its fearfulness few can imagine, unless," added she, while a shade of melancholy crossed her usually placid brow, "unless experience has been their teacher."

"Dear aunt, how should you know so much about love?" said Rosalie, smiling playfully through her tears. "I should really think you had experienced some of its effects yourself, if I did not know so much about your cruelty to all your ancient admirers."

"Examine your own heart, Rosalie, and tell me whether you believe it possible for a woman to pass a long life in society without learning something more of love than mere imagination can teach," replied her aunt. After a pause she resumed, "you have frequently flattered me for my skill in story-telling, and my 'reminiscences' have often been summoned to amuse you; but there is one tale which you have never yet heard, perhaps it may beguile you of some sad thoughts to listen to

A SPINSTER'S TALE OF LOVE.

"Your father and myself were very young when we had the misfortune to lose our parents. Happily for him, his guardian was one of those rare beings who could love his neighbour as himself, and the orphan was watched over with the same solicitude, and guarded from the world's contaminating touch with the same vigilance that his own children awakened. I was less fortunate. The lady who had been selected to superintend my education, was one of the most extraordinary characters that ever existed. Possessing intellect of more than masculine vigour, together with more than feminine delicacy, combining the clearest powers of reasoning with all that nice tact and discernment which even the intolerant spirit of man has allowed to be peculiarly a woman's faculty, she was yet a victim to the most violent passions that ever swayed a human heart. She, whose powerful and persuasive eloquence, whether uttered in the midst of society, or sent forth from the recesses of the closet, held the most unbounded sway over the minds of all, had yet no power over herself. Alternately given up to the deepest melancholy, or yielding to the wildest excitement, every thing that was romantic, or that deviated in the slightest degree from the dull routine of common life, had for her a peculiar charm; and though her manners were generally a model of elegance and refinement, she was continually offending against that most unsparring of all enemies—*etiquette*. Her history, too, was as singular as her character; but at present it is enough to know that from the greatest opulence she had been reduced to extreme poverty, and it was only by the incessant labours of her pen that she now procured her subsistence. Her well-known talents caused her to be selected by my few friends as a proper governess for me; and though she at first dreaded the interruption which such a change must be to her ordinary pursuits, yet the large remuneration which was offered, was to one in her circumstances an unanswerable argument. However, her better feelings were soon awakened, and before I had been

with her many weeks she had learned to love the little orphan with the ardour of which her nature was capable.

"The system of education pursued by such an instructor may easily be conceived. Naturally sensitive and affectionate, she could scarcely have found a child so well adapted to her tutelage as I was, and she delighted to cherish those ardent feelings and foster those acute sensibilities, which, even at that early age, too strongly characterized me. No one could be better fitted to form the *mind* of a young person than was my governess, but certainly no one could be less qualified to direct the *heart*, and the effects of her novel mode of instruction were soon very apparent in her pupil. At the age of seventeen I possessed a figure somewhat attractive, a mind deeply imbued with the love of ancient and modern days, and a heart filled with unappropriated affections and morbid sensibility. When I tell you that I was likewise the heiress of a large fortune, you will think that I entered society under the most flattering auspices; but experience has fatally convinced me that had I been allowed to tread the humble path of mediocrity, I should have reached a happier goal. Though I was soon surrounded by admirers, only one among the number could compare with the *beau idéal* which I had so long worshipped in secret. Charles Clairville had just then returned from a residence of some years in France; and from the first time that I looked upon his noble face, and listened to his winning words, my destiny was sealed. He possessed intellect of the very highest order; his mind had received every variety of cultivation. Travel had rendered him familiar with all the wonders of nature and art, and to these advantages he united the rare and dangerous gift of matchless beauty. You will smile, perhaps, and deem my description coloured by the pencil of fancy, but I am too old now to paint with other taints than such as reality affords. You may form some idea of his personal attractions when I tell you that the bust of Antinous, in my dressing-room, which you have so often admired, has always been peculiarly valuable to me on account of the striking resemblance it bears to the object of my first, my only love. His manners, too, were peculiarly fascinating. Always mild and gentle in his deportment, there was a degree of softness in his gaze, and a deepened tenderness in the thrilling tones of his voice when addressing women, to which even the coldest of my sex were not insensible, and it is not strange that to such a dreamer as myself he must have been irresistible. I loved him as only such an ill-governed heart as mine could love; with a depth and fervour of which I almost shudder to think; for well do I know that the blessing of heaven never has, and never can visit such wild and impious adoration. I was a lone and friendless creature; my brother I had scarcely seen since infancy; and that inexhaustible fount of affection which is usually diffused through the various channels of domestic life, was, in my case, poured forth in all its freshness and fullness upon him.

"Time has shown 'the blossoms of the grave' upon my temples, and his cold touch has withered the passion-flowers which grew too luxuriantly in my heart's uncultured soil; but even now, though my cheek has ceased to glow, and my eye to kindle at the name of Clairville, yet never can I pronounce it without feeling, as it were, a pulse in my very soul. He became my constant companion; the sharer of my studies, my pleasures, and my petty griefs, while my contempt for the frivolous gaiety of society increased in proportion to my affection. My governess, with whom I still continued to reside, soon perceived my attachment, and did not hesitate to encourage it. Any thing like romance was so congenial to her taste, that I believe she would have done the same had there been insurmountable obstacles to overcome; but there were, apparently, none. With respect to rank and fortune we were equal, and a union between us was desired by the friends of both. Yet there was a mystery about Clairville which even the keen eye of affection could not penetrate. He sought my society, he devoted his whole attention to me in the most open and unrestrained manner; he seemed miserable if I bestowed the slightest regard upon others, and yet when questioned by his friends, his invariable answer was, 'that he never intended to marry;' and once, when closely interrogated by a mutual friend, he said, 'Ask me no more—I cannot live without the society of Mary Linton; she is the only source of happiness which remains for me, but I can never make her my wife.' This answer was repeated to me, and I was earnestly advised to withdraw myself from his attentions, but that which should have been a warning for me only served to awaken the romantic enthusiasm of my nature, and I felt that I could glory in cherishing a love which sought no reward, vainly believing that love would be 'sufficient in itself, its own reward.' I

looked upon the talents which I had so highly cultivated, the affections which I had so carefully cherished, but as so many grains of incense to be offered upon the shrine of the god of my idolatry. What mattered it that the idol smiled not upon his humble votary, when the privilege of kneeling before him was joy greater than all else on earth could bestow? Alas! I was fatally deceiving myself.

"Months passed away, and still our intimacy continued; but let me absolve Clairville from any dishonourable intention in thus winning affections which he could never return. That he loved me most fondly, I am well convinced; and often did he hint to me of some secret tie which alone prevented him from pouring forth the fulness of that affection, but at the same time he solemnly assured me that the obstacle was an insurmountable one. He never referred to the subject without emotion, amounting almost to agony; and though it was a source of anxiety and melancholy to me, yet a doubt of the purity of his feelings never occurred to me. We were both wrong. He ought to have avoided my society as soon as he found it had become almost essential to his happiness, and I ought to have avoided his attentions as soon as I learned that fate had placed an inseparable barrier between us. But 'who, alas! can love and yet be wise?'

"Our intimacy continued for many months, during which time I rejected several splendid offers of marriage; for it was my fixed determination to devote myself to him, and never to marry unless this mysterious obstacle could be removed. One evening, as we were returning from a walk, we observed a man closely muffled in a cloak, just leaving the door. On entering the house a letter was put into my hands, containing these words: 'Is it quite consistent with Miss Linton's ideas of virtue and delicacy to be receiving the addresses of a married man? A man whose wife is at this moment dragging out a miserable existence in a convent in France, the victim of his ingratitude and perfidy?' I had so often heard ill-natured insinuations respecting the mystery which characterized Clairville's conduct, that this new effort of malice only made me smile. As I retired to throw aside my walking-dress, I handed the note to Charles, saying, 'You see how much good nature prevails in this world.' On my return to the parlour I found him seated on the sofa, with his face buried in his hands, and the expression of his countenance, as he turned towards me was absolutely terrific. In a hurried and broken voice he thus addressed me:

"'Mary, your generous confidence has overcome me. I will no longer disguise from you the truth, though you should spurn me for ever from your thoughts. Before you again lay your head upon the pillow which I have strewn with thorns, you shall know my story. Heaven bless you, my only loved one,' added he, pressing me to his bosom, (it was our first but not our last embrace,) and the next moment I found myself alone.

"About two hours afterwards a letter was brought me, written evidently by an unnerved and trembling hand. That letter is still in my possession; but to no other eye will I expose the anguish and remorse of him who now slumbers in the grave. His story was but short. Finding himself master of a plentiful fortune, (at the early age of twenty,) he had been induced by the advantages which it offered to the student, as well as by the allurements which it held out to the man of pleasure, to take up his residence in Paris. The house in which he lodged was tenanted by a widow lady and her daughter. The extreme beauty of the latter soon attracted the notice of the inexperienced Clairville, and in the first ardour of his feelings he offered her his hand. He was of course immediately accepted, and in the simple and artless Emilie de Varre he fancied he had obtained that best of all blessings, a fondly attached wife. She had always lived in extreme retirement; but anxious to display her matchless beauty to his friends, he hired a splendid hotel, furnished it in the most luxurious manner, and commenced the style of living suited to such an establishment. Emilie was extremely ignorant of the world; in truth she was as weak-minded and unintellectual as she was beautiful and artless. Costly dress, fine equipages, brilliant parties alone occupied her thoughts, and her husband was treated rather as a necessary appendage to her splendour, than as the source from whom all this was derived. Charles had been accustomed to the society of highly-gifted and cultivated women; he had been flattered by the attentions which such women had been wont to pay him, and to be treated with mere complacency by one so destitute of all mental grace as Emilie, was more than either his pride or his affection could brook. Had she possessed the smallest proportion of mind, or had she been blessed with as much heart as usually falls to the lot of our sex, she would have known how to deepen the impression which her

beauty had made; but unfortunately both these requisites had been denied her, and the result of such an ill-assorted union may soon be conjectured. Clairville sought companions every where except at home, and soon became deeply immersed in the follies and vices of Paris. His wife, wounded by his neglect, and exposed to the artful insinuations of a nobleman of rank, sacrificed to passion the little she possessed of principle, and Charles was suddenly aroused to a sense of his degradation by the shock of her elopement. His feelings at that time baffled description. Remorse haunted him like a demon; he considered himself as the original cause of her guilt, for he was conscious that he had exposed her to temptations of which she was wholly ignorant, and had withdrawn his guardian care at the very time it was most required. He followed and rescued her from the fate which she had chosen, but the feelings with which he looked upon her, convinced him that he had never really loved her. By the most earnest and patient endeavours he brought her to a sense of her guilt, and at her own desire placed her in a convent. But the kindness of his nature forbade him to institute a legal process for divorce, and he therefore still remained the husband of a degraded and guilty woman.

"What my feelings were upon learning these particulars, I leave you to imagine. His conduct towards me will seem to admit of no excuse; but you must remember that his love for me was so unlike his former attachment, that it had gained the mastery over him before he was aware of its existence. While I believed that there might be suffering but not sin in my hopeless love, I proudly cherished it; but when I learned that I had been pouring out my tenderness upon one who was bound by other ties, when I was compelled to feel that my affection was guilt, I sunk under the pressure of such accumulated misery, and weeks passed away before I was again conscious of my being. When I recovered, I was told that Clairville had left the country for ever; but one evening, as I was sitting alone in the little parlour where we had spent so many hours of happiness together, the door opened, and Clairville appeared before me. 'Think you,' said he, in answer to my agitated inquiries, 'think you that I could leave the country while your fate was yet doubtful? Mary, I never would have survived you; now I will go, I have once more looked upon your face. It is pale, my Mary,' added he, laying his hand upon my brow, 'I—I have done this—you may forgive me, but never, never shall I forgive myself; and before I could reply he had disappeared. The next day I learned that he had sailed that morning for the East Indies.

"My health long continued delicate, and after travelling for nearly two years in my native country, it was finally determined that I should try the genial airs of Italy. We remained in Italy about a year, during which time we visited every part of that beautiful and consecrated land. On our return we stopped at a small inn, to refresh our horses; and while waiting for our simple meal, the hostess entered, and asked if we were English. Upon our answering in the affirmative, she begged us to visit a sick English gentleman, who was lying in a neighbouring cottage, raving in the delirium of fever. We immediately accompanied her to the cottage, and what were my feelings when in the pale and emaciated countenance of the sick gentleman, I beheld the wreck of that noble beauty which distinguished Clairville! Need I add that I became his constant and unwearied nurse through a tedious and painful illness?

"For weeks he lay unconscious of every thing, at length one evening as I sat beside him, he raised himself on his pillow, and looking earnestly in my face, said, 'Surely this is no dream. I have seen that face for many days in my dreams, but now;' he put his hand to his brow, as if to recall his wandering thoughts, and with a heart thrilling with joy I bent over him, and whispered all that woman's affection at such a moment could suggest. To describe the feelings of both of us at such a time, would be impossible. In vain I endeavoured to restrain his impatience to narrate to me all that had occurred since we parted; and when I listened to his tale, when I found that he had been to pay the last duties to his unhappy wife, my emotions entirely overpowered me, and I sank, half frantic, on a chair beside him. 'Yes, my Mary,' said he, as he laid his pale cheek on mine, 'I was on my way to seek you when this fatal fever seized me. If a life of unbounded affection can repay your past sufferings, you shall yet be happy—do not weep, smile as you were wont to do in the days of our early love.' He drew me gently towards him as he spoke, and leaned his head upon my bosom. Alarmed at his continued long silence, I bent over and observed his countenance distorted with the convulsive expression of pain. I called loudly for assistance. My cry was answered by

he smiled faintly. 'We will yet be happy, love,' murmured he, and fell back upon his pillow, with his arm still encircling my neck. Half frantic with apprehension, I pressed my lips to his—it was our last embrace—he was dead!

"Of what afterwards occurred I know nothing. It was long, very long, before I recovered the use of those faculties which sorrow had paralyzed, and I then found myself in this spot, which has since been my constant residence. Seated in this very balcony, many an hour have I spent in deciphering my heart and schooling my will into subjection to the inscrutable decrees of heaven. Had I lost Clairville under different circumstances, I could have borne it better; but thus to behold him snatched from me at the very moment when it was no longer a crime to love him, at the moment when I might be allowed to acknowledge in the face of the world the fervour of my attachment, was more than my strength could endure. It was only by abstracting my thoughts entirely from myself, and devoting all my time to the comfort of my brother and his sweet wife, (your mother, Rosalie,) whose delicate health required constant attention, that I was enabled to perform the task of submission. When I lost those dear friends, you became the sole object of my care, and many a weary hour has been beguiled by your cheerful prattle. Oh! let me not see my only source of comfort destroyed. Let me not behold the child of my afflictions throw away her fairest chance of happiness, by trifling with that most fearful of all passions—love."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON,

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

NUMBER TEN.

London, November 26.

In my last I made a few remarks upon the present state of the stage, its deficiencies, &c.; I will now add a few more concerning the audience. The two extremes of a London audience is generally composed of those who may be reckoned among the best and worst judges of acting to be found within the walls of a theatre. Among the best, because, independent of being men of talent and education—advantages confined to no particular place—they have been peculiarly favoured with opportunities of correcting their judgments by a study of the finest models, and possess that quick and unerring perception of faults and beauties which is so seldom to be found, except in those whose tastes have been mellowed and refined by a long familiarity with good acting. Among the worst, because, more profoundly ignorant people are in the habit of visiting theatres in London than is generally the case elsewhere. In smaller and less important cities the very lowest and worst educated classes of the community do not attend the theatre, for a man requires to be somewhat humanized to enjoy what is there presented to his view, they therefore do not go—they do not know anything about plays or players, and do not profess to know anything. But this would not do for a cockney, who, indeed, professes to be acquainted with all things, great and small; and who, upon the strength of being able to talk *flash*, settles it in his own mind that he is the most knowing person in the universe. With all his ignorance and coarseness, he always looks upon himself as "a bit of a gemman," and thinks it incumbent upon him to devote a tithe of his time to the fine arts. He considers that the mere fact of his having been born in London, of itself constitutes him a judge of whatever can, by any possibility, be submitted to his notice. Oh, the immensity of his contempt for the opinion of any one born out of it concerning any thing in it! In fact, he thinks no small portion of the greatness and wisdom of London is centered in his person; and thus hundreds of people, who never did or never will speak the English language, and who know as much of Shakspeare as the ladies and gentlemen in "High Life below Stairs," will, without the slightest misgivings on the score of incapacity, gravely go to pass their opinion on a man of genius enacting Hamlet or Othello! These are the personages who for the most part fill the upper galleries, and who, from their lofty station and nectar-quaffing propensities, have acquired the title of "the gods." During the overture, and at every interval of the performance, large flagons of beer and bottles of gin are to be seen passing to and fro amid the heavenly conclave, and various unique toasts and sentiments are given. Going likewise upon the principle that "an honest man has nothing to conceal," very audible inquiries are made from one remote quarter of the gallery to the other, touching each other's health, circumstances, and family affairs. They, moreover, particularly in the minor theatres, take the orches-

tra under their special protection, favouring the musicians from time to time with their advice, and indulging in much verbal criticism upon their different performances—also claiming for themselves great latitude of observation and freedom of remark concerning the personal appearance of the several members thereof. At the same time it must be allowed that many of the inhabitants of those distant regions have no inconsiderable portion of shrewdness and coarse humour about them, and from having seen a great deal of good acting, have vague ideas when a thing is well done without knowing *why* it is well done.

The pit, in the large theatres, is, with the exception of the private boxes and the dress-circle, the most respectable part of the house, and contains a large share of the literary talent of London, opulent tradesmen, and a host of clever young students in law and medicine. It is gratifying to observe the attention and decorum which pervade the pit during the first night of a new piece, or the *debut* of a strange performer. They feel that a sort of responsibility attaches to them; knowing, as they do, that on their verdict materially depends the fate of either; and I have been twice or thrice startled at the very decided, angry, and authoritative cry of "silence" from the pit, on the least disposition towards chattering being manifested by any one in the boxes. The dress-circle is for such ladies and gentlemen as choose to go in full-dress—the first circle for those who do not.

The pit rules the house, and the first decided "hiss" almost invariably proceeds from thence. The galleries certainly look to it with a kind of rude respect; and, on important occasions, seldom venture upon any expression of disapprobation until they have received their cue from below. After they once begin, however, any after attempt to rein them in again would be fruitless. The pit sit there for justice, but here mercy seldom finds a place; and if an author or actor really deserves condemnation, there is very little fear of any pitying scruples standing in the way of his receiving it. I was present not long ago at the first representation of a new tragedy, entitled "The Jew of Arragon," of which report had spoken highly. The expense with which it was got up must have been very great, the scenery being entirely new and uncommonly beautiful, and Charles Kemble and his daughter, both great favourites, sustained the principal parts. The first three acts were listened to with patience, but before the fourth its fate was sealed. Not even Fanny Kemble was allowed to be heard, and it was withdrawn. Another evening a Mr. Abbot, who has been long on the London boards, and is rather a favourite in second and third-rate characters, attempted to play Romeo to Miss Kemble's Juliet, on the strength, I suppose, of having performed it with much *eclat* in Paris. The consequence was, that he was hissed and laughed at, and another Romeo was obliged to be provided against the ensuing evening. Mr. Abbot returned to his old level, and is as much a favourite again, in a small way, as ever. I mention these things for a couple of reasons—first, to show the harshness of the London audience towards all of whom they disapprove, and to endeavour to put to rights the case of Mr. Cooper, which has been much misrepresented in America, and which may be the means of preventing actors of merit crossing the Atlantic, dreading, as they might do, a prejudiced reception here; and secondly, because I have heard it repeatedly asserted that Mr. Forrest is coming over. I dined a short time since with the worthy ex-manager of Drury-lane, and amongst other theatrical chit-chat, asked whether Mr. Cooper was fairly treated or not on the first night of his appearance at his theatre? He replied, that Mr. Cooper met with such an uncommonly flattering reception on his entrance, as quite astonished both him (Mr. Price) and the tragedian; and that for the first three acts an unusual disposition to applaud every little favourable point was manifested. When, however, it began to be glaringly apparent that he was unable to do justice to the part he had undertaken, the disturbance commenced. "The London audience," said Mr. Price, "will give any one fair-play, but," added he, "when they once begin they are merciless dogs." I always maintained that Mr. Cooper's failure was easily to be accounted for on very simple grounds, and that it was attaching rather an undue importance to him, to suppose that the British public entered into a conspiracy to drive him from the stage. It was rather ridiculous to make an actor's being hissed in Macbeth, a thing which is so very common here, a national affair between England and America. If Mr. Forrest comes, he will, of course, not be regarded with those sentiments of partiality which is quite natural and proper the people of the United States should feel towards their first native tragedian; but I am equally well convinced that he will not have any hostile or unworthy feelings to contend with, further than

what may be engendered by the professional jealousy of the most jealous of all professions. Indeed, the current of popular opinion would be for two or three reasons rather in his favour than otherwise. In the first place, the middling classes have a friendly feeling towards America, very vague and indefinite it is true, for they know little about it, but still favourable as far as it goes; secondly—all the radical and many of the whig papers, if they were biassed at all, would be in favour of Mr. Forrest on account of his being an American, (and these are the leading theatrical papers) and thirdly, a portion of the press is hostile to Macready, and would regard with peculiar complacency any one who appeared in the parts he is in the habit of playing. I have dwelt the more on this subject because I know, should Mr. Forrest intend playing in London, it will be one peculiarly interesting to his numerous admirers in the United States.

THE DRAMA.

THE OPERA OF CINDERELLA.

THIS opera will be produced on Monday next, and the Park theatre closed for a night rehearsal on Saturday evening. Immense labour and expense have been incurred in its production. The music, according to our poor judgment, supported as it is by the opinion of the London Harmonicon, (the best critical journal in Europe) is exquisite, and has this advantage, it is absolutely the essence of four of Rossini's operas. "Le Cenerentola," "Armida," "Maometto Secondo," and "Guillaume Tell." The plot and dialogue are said to be pleasant, and the strictest care has been taken by Mr. Rophino Lacy, to whom the credit of its adaptation belongs, to preserve the exact sentiment of each selected *morceau*. If we expect our worthy manager to maintain a musical establishment, such as that to be found at the Park, and which gives New-York an important superiority in that respect over all other cities in the Union, we must afford him the support which his strenuous exertions so decidedly merit, and which good taste dictates, otherwise we may anticipate that our theatre will fall to the insignificance and poverty of *materiel*, so justly complained of in the similar institutions of Philadelphia and Boston. Our musical stars will return one by one to Europe, and we shall only have the credit of having enriched such prodigies as Mr. Sloman, of treble-encore notoriety, whose admirable songs require at least the aid of a couple of blind fiddlers, or a bagpipe. In short, the opposition which existed between the Park and Bowery, during Mr. Gilfert's life-time, has engendered so gross an appetite for monsters and novelty, that we run a great risk of losing our character for good taste in administering to its cravings, and, as part of the press, we plead guilty in some measure to negligence in not having more frequently raised our voice in order to check the growing evil. A fair opportunity occurs at the present moment of calling public attention to the representation of a splendid musical work of first-rate importance. If it be really meritorious, surely good sense should lead our *amateurs* to support it, for it is only by the general cultivation of a taste for music that we can expect ever to arrive at the possession of a fine operatic corps. It is in vain to hope that without travelling through the elementary walks of the science we can jump straight from Betsey Baker and Major Longbow to a well-sustained and adequately paid company of Italians. M.

GREEN-ROOM CHIT-CHAT.

One of the best and most severe of the dramatic critics in this country, is the writer in the Philadelphia Daily Chronicle, who signs himself "Colly Cibber." In speaking of Mr. Charles Kean's performances in that city, he closes with the following remark. "Notwithstanding there was a little too much of exuberance in some parts of his acting, particularly in the last scene, yet I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Kean's Sir Giles Overreach was worth all the Sir Giles's that have appeared on our boards since the days of his great predecessor Cooke, whom to equal in that inimitable character is hopeless."

The new tragedies, Tancred and Caius Marius, the one by Mr. Stone, the other by R. P. Smith, have been successfully represented; Tancred at Boston, Caius Marius at Philadelphia.

The Parisians are amusing themselves with a new play, entitled Napoleon in Paradise.

An Italian opera-house has been erected at Algiers, under the direction of General Clausel.

Since his arrival in this country young Kean has remitted his mother eight hundred pounds sterling.

Madame Feron is singing at Boston.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

WANT OF EXCITEMENT, OR A TRIP TO LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRIP TO PARIS."

TRAVELLING is certainly the most pleasant and profitable way of spending our time in the world. It makes folks so wise, and enables them to tell so many good stories. People that have nothing to do at home, and most especially young ladies who have been five or six seasons weather-beating at parties, and whose faces are becoming rather too familiar by constant use, cannot do better than regenerate themselves by a trip to London or Paris, where they will acquire a new gloss, and if they bring home nothing else, import the very newest fashions. If they are very rich, who knows whether they may not marry the second or third cousin of a lord?

Julia Earle was the only daughter of a rich broker—we beg pardon—banker, in a certain great city, in which *Æsop* would not have required a lantern to enable him to find at least two honest men. Bankers rule the world, at least the most enlightened, wise, and virtuous portion of it, called christendom. There is not a king, by divine right, in all Europe that can make war, give a great feast, or portion off a younger branch of the family without the aid of a banker. Nay, bankers are actually becoming statesmen, which certainly is a vast improvement of the age, since, by being in all the secrets of government, they can speculate to great advantage in the stocks. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Earle held his head high, and his pretty daughter still higher. There was nobody, that is, none of the cits of the honest city in which they resided, worthy of their attention, except merely so far as to be invited sometimes to parties, to admire the magnificence of Mr. Earle. By the time she was grown up to be a woman, Julia had become tired of all the city beaux, because they ~~had~~ not the air noble; and of all the pleasures of the city, because—because she had tasted too much of them—and every body knows, that too much of a good thing is good for nothing.

"Pa," said she one morning, after being at a party till three o'clock, and eating pickled oysters, "pa, I don't feel well."

The old gentleman was alarmed—it was his only daughter.

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"I don't know—I believe I want excitement."

"Then go and buy a new bonnet."

"A new bonnet! lord pa, I'm tired of new bonnets."

"Well, then, go and buy a new cloak."

"I'm tired of new cloaks."

"Then order the barouche, and take a ride."

"I'm tired of barouches—they're so common—every body has got barouches. I am told the milk-men and baker-boys mean to change their carts into barouches."

"Then take a walk in Broadway—'tis a delightful morning."

"I hate walking in Broadway, it's so vulgar—every body walks there now."

"Take an amusing book, then, and while away the time."

"I'm tired of amusing books—but—but I'll try—"and she took up the first volume of the *Water Witch*; but, alas! she fell asleep ere she got through the address of Alderman Van Beverout to his man Euclid, and dreamed she was going to London.

She was awakened by a servant announcing the Honourable Captain Chiffington, who always carried a monkey with a gold chain under his arm, given him by the duchess of Devonshire. He was just from London, and talked so much of lords, ladies, and all that sort of thing, that Julia was miserable to be among such a beautiful, polished, enlightened people, all of whom had the air noble to a certainty.

When the old gentleman came home from heaping up pennies, and slaving all the morning in the service of the divinity he adored, Julia was more languid than ever. She thought of Chiffington and his monkey, of lords and ladies of the air noble, of Almack's and the court. No wonder she was almost broken-hearted!

"Are you worse, my dear?" said Mr. Earle.

"I believe I am, pa."

"Shall I send for Doctor Fizzleleg?"

"Oh no, pa, he'll only give me a dose of calomel. You know he prescribes that for every thing. The other day I was telling him of having lost my purse, and he ordered a dose of calomel for its recovery."

"My dear," said Mr. Earle, with an awful depression of voice, "my dear, don't you know Doctor Fizzleleg is a fellow of the royal society?"

"Well, pa, if he is, I suppose the royal society must be a set of very dull fellows."

"Hem!" quoth Mr. Earle. "But, my dear, I really wish you would take something."

"I should like to take something, pa," said the young lady significantly.

"What is it, my dear?"

"A trip to London, pa."

"A trip to purgatory"—quoth Mr. Earle; "what would you do in London?"

"O, I should be so well and so happy! I'm sure I should."

"Have you not every thing you want, my dear?"

"Y—e—s, pa—but then I want excitement. I'm so *triste*, so *ennui*, so—I don't know what—that I can't keep myself awake in the day-time."

"That is because you are up at parties almost all night, my dear; but I wish you would try and be happy. I'm sure you've every thing to make you so. Try, my dear; now do try."

"I can't, pa; indeed I can't—nothing excites me now."

"Suppose you go and buy a new real Cashmere shawl, my dear?"

The idea roused the young lady, and she acceded to the proposal with delightful facility. The old gentleman gave her a thousand dollars, and away she went as merry as a cricket.

The excitement of the Cashmere shawl lasted a whole fortnight; by that time every body had seen and admired, and heard how much it cost, and there was end of the excitement. Captain Chiffington and his monkey called too, and talked more eloquently than ever of the air noble, the air *distingue*, the duchess of Devonshire, Lord Wellington, and the lord knows who. The next morning Julia was *triste*, *ennued*, downright sick, and Doctor Fizzleleg was called in. The old gentleman was at his banking-house, turning a penny as usual. The doctor advised a dose of calomel.

"Pshaw, doctor," replied Julia; "if you want me to get well, prescribe me a dose of London."

"That's a medicine I never heard of before," quoth the doctor.

"It may be so, doctor; but it is a sovereign remedy, for all that."

The doctor was no fool, though he was a fellow of the royal society and prescribed calomel for the recovery of lost purses. He immediately recommended a voyage for the young lady's disorder.

Mr. Earle was alarmed at the imminent danger indicated by the necessity of a sea-voyage.

"Is she in a decline?" asked he with tears in his eyes.

"Not exactly," said the doctor, "she's only—hem—hem—she's a little predisposed—inclined that way—she wants change of air."

"The air noble," thought the young lady.

"Well, if I must I must," quoth Mr. Earle, when the doctor was gone away. "It will be very inconvenient for me to go; it will be thousands out of my pocket, and derange my business sadly."

"Well, pa, if it's so very inconvenient, you know the Dobbies are going to London, and they will take me under their wing."

"Hem—I don't like Mrs. Dobb's wing, and choose to have you under my own. But what shall I do in London? Perhaps I may make a profitable speculation," and he rubbed his hands in the anticipation.

"Yes, and then you know, pa, you know you've been so civil to all the distinguished Englishmen that have visited the city. You know you gave six dinners to the marquis of T., a party to Lady A., a public breakfast to Lord B., and General C. staid with us in the country a whole month, you know, pa; oh! we shall be quite at home, and receive such attentions! I shouldn't be surprised if we were to go to Almack's, and be presented at court!"

The good gentleman felt himself gradually melting at this description of the paradise that awaited them abroad. He made his preparations with infinite alacrity, and the very next packet saw them on their voyage to London.

"The voyage will be of service to you," said Doctor Fizzleleg.

"I'm sure it will," said Julia, who got sea-sick before they were outside the Hook, and could eat nothing but gingerbread during the whole voyage. But the old gentleman was just as bad, and that was some consolation.

"I wish I was home again," said Mr. Earle.

"I wish I was dead," sighed Julia.

"I wish I was in purgatory," said a young man from the western country, who had never seen salt-water before, except in a brine spring.

They got to London at last, after a voyage of eight weeks, which seemed like eight years. Had it not been for the anticipation of the air noble, the air *distingue*, of lords and ladies, Almack's, and the court, Julia would have died on the voyage, and been eaten by the fishes.

On landing at the London docks, there was a great struggle for their baggage, such as happened at the siege of Troy for the body of Patroclus. It ended in a battle, and the conqueror carried off the spoil. The Thames ran blood, but was not so much frightened as the little Scamander, being used to such matters. Mr. Earle, being a prompt man, drove straight to his banker, to present his bills of exchange, and take his advice as to disposing of himself and his daughter. The banker had been in the United States, and drank a pretty considerable quantity of Mr. Earle's Bingham and Marston.

"I dare say he will invite us to stay with him," said Julia.

"No doubt of it," quoth Mr. Earle.

The banker received them with great attention, talked to them half an hour at least at the door of the carriage, advised Mr. Earle to take lodgings as far off as possible, as the neighbourhood was not healthy, and regretted his inability to return his kindnesses in America, on account of his carpets not being down, and his house in confusion.

"I should be delighted to see you when the bustle is over; but the fact is, Mrs. or rather Lady Barington, for we have been honoured of late by his most gracious majesty, is going to take a trip to Paris this summer. Ah—hem—ha—how long do you expect to honour us with your company—hem—in London?"

"About two months, I believe," said Mr. Earle, "we shall then commence a little tour into the country."

"Then I regret to say we shan't be able to see you at our house. Good-by, my dear friend—any services in my power—a—a—good-by, my dear friend. Shut the door, coachman."

"Civil!" cried Julia, putting up her pretty lip.

"A specimen of the hospitality of old England," responded Mr. Earle, shrugging his shoulders. They drove to the hotel, where Sir Somebody Barington recommended them to go, and were accommodated with magnificent lodgings, at a most magnificent price. The waiter seeing the direction of Edward, Earle of —, reported a nobleman, and they were accommodated accordingly. Nothing could equal the civility, or rather servility of the landlord, the waiters, the chambermaids, and the courtly devoirs of the gentleman denominated "boots," among the initiated in travelling. Being a nobleman, every thing was charged accordingly. Mr. Earle felt a severe twinge in the vicinity of his pocket, but he was determined to do the thing genteelly.

Here they had every accommodation, not to say luxury, they could desire.

"I declare, pa," said Julia, "I feel almost as comfortable as at home!"

But the dullest of all dull cities for people without friends or employment, is London. Mr. Earle and Julia, after gazing out at the window, seeing the transit of rags and beggary on one hand, and princely splendour on the other, and listening to a noise of carriages, sufficient to confound the universe, began to feel all the desolation of strangers at an inn.

"I'm so tired!" said Julia.

"I wish I had something to do?" said her father. He rang for the waiter. "Is there any thing to be seen this morning, any public exhibition fit for ladies?"

"O yes, sir, plenty; there's five men to beanged, hand a boxing-match for a thousand guineas aside, a few miles hout hof town."

"Hum—not exactly the sort of amusement for ladies," said Mr. Earle.

"Not amusement for ladies, sir! the first ladies hin the city went to see Mr. Fauntleroy hin jail, and hat the *drop*; hand the duchess hof **** won a undred guineas on Crib hin his last fight with Molyneux." So saying he departed, grumbling to himself, "Sich nobility! hi dare say they hare Hiriish!"

After a day of most desparate *ennui*, they went to the theatre. It was during the famous war of O. P. and N. P. and John Bull was in all his glory. Such hissing and howling and catcalling and catterwauling was never before heard in such an enlightened city as London. The actors were pelted off the stage, and Julia was almost frightened out of her wits.

"What in the name of common sense and common decency is all this about?" asked Mr. Earle of a person in the box.

"About sixpence," replied the gentleman.

"Are you for O. P. or N. P.?" demanded a fellow who came in with a bludgeon, of Mr. Earle.

"Say O. P. of you are a dead man," whispered the gentleman, and Mr. Earle answered accordingly, whereupon the O. P. man flourished his cudgel, and went away crying "O. P. for ever!"

"Let us go home, for heaven's sake," said Julia to her father.

"Won't you stay and see the sport?" said the gentleman.

"Sport," answered Mr. Earle, "do you call breaking heads sport?"

"The finest in the world for John Bull," said the other.

Such a scene of yelling, and scuffling, and hissing, and swearing now commenced, that Mr. Earle hurried his daughter away as fast as possible. When they were safe in the carriage, Julia exclaimed,

"Well, I declare I never saw any thing half so vulgar and brutal in America as a London audience at the theatre royal."

The next morning, as Julia was sitting at the window, killing time, she saw a superb barouche and four, with a gentleman, almost covered with gold lace, sitting in it, and a wessel-faced, hump-backed, servant out of livery driving.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, unconsciously aloud, "what a superb equipage!"

"'Tis Lord Dowdle's," said the waiter, just coming in.

"O, I was sure it must belong to a nobleman. He has the air noble!"

"He is reckoned the greatest whip in town."

"The greatest what?"

"The greatest four-in-hand man, your ladyship. He always drives himself, and makes his coachman take his place in the barouche."

"Impossible! a nobleman with a hump on his back!"

"It is true, I assure your ladyship. The man sitting in the barouche is my own brother."

Julia began to lose her faith in the air noble, and a little more experience destroyed it entirely. She afterwards saw a great many lords and ladies, that could not be distinguished from ordinary people by their air or manner.

"I declare," thought she, "there is hardly any difference between the well-bred people at home and the well-bred people here. Who would have thought it?"

But she found a vast difference between the common people of one country and those of the other. In America they were almost all in the enjoyment of the rational comforts of life; in London they were hungry and discontented, and consequently profligate. In America they could almost all read and write; in London the largest portion could neither do one nor the other. In America the familiarity of the common people was the mere consciousness of equal rights and independence; in London it was rudeness and stupidity.

"Well, I declare," said Julia one day to her father—"I declare, papa, I don't think the people of England are half as civilized as our countrymen."

"Nor I," answered Mr. Earle. "Has any one called to see you to day?"

"No," answered the young lady, sighing.

"I wonder what has become of the marquis of T. and Lady A., and Lord B., and General C., and the rest of them that used to dine with us so often at home?" said Mr. Earle.

"I dare say they don't know we are in town," replied Julia—"and yet it's very odd if they don't. Every body knew when we were in town, at home."

The next day, or, at any rate, very shortly after this conversation, as the old gentleman and his daughter were walking in Regent-street, they saw the marquis of T. approaching arm-in-arm with two gentlemen.

"I declare, pa," cried Julia, delighted, "here comes the marquis! now we shall have some one to escort us every where. You know how attentive he was to me."

But all at once the marquis seemed to recollect something he had forgot. He stopped suddenly, turned round on his heel, and bolted round a corner with a precipitation that betokened some very pressing business.

"What a pity," said Julia. "I dare say he has left his pocket-handkerchief at home."

"You are mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Earle; "it is only another specimen of the hospitality of old England."

This was destined to be an eventful morning. Scarcely had the marquis disappeared, when my Lady A. came driving along in an open landau. Mr. Earle bowed low, and Julia still lower. Her ladyship took out her quizzing glass, levelled it full at them, and passed on with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"Another specimen of old English hospitality!" cried Mr. Earle.

"I declare, yonder comes General C. who spent a month with us at Elmwood. I'm sure he will be delighted to see us."

At that moment General C. seemed as if he had just discovered he was marching up to a loaded cannon. He looked every way but towards Julia, and at length, in imitation of my lord marquis, made a most masterly retreat round a corner, and disappeared. General C. was famous for retrograde movements, but he never made one equal to this.

"Poor gentleman!" exclaimed Julia, "he has left his pocket-handkerchief home too—or else perhaps his spectacles."

"You are mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Earle; "it is only another exemplification of the hospitality of old England."

These dead cuts mortified Julia and irritated her father. They began to think of a trip to the country. The old gentleman had no opportunity of making a good speculation, and the young lady despaired of making the conquest of a lord. They began to throw out hints of being actually tired of London, as if such a thing were possible! The next day there happened two miracles—the sun shone bright, and Lady A. visited our heroine.

Nothing could be so civil in this world as my Lady A., and Julia was delighted. Her ladyship would take no denial—they must go down with her into the country and spend a month at least, if not the whole summer. She took Julia in her landau to the Park.

"What a pity nobody sees me!" thought Julia. But the hour was so unfashionable that she saw nobody but nurses and children.

They accompanied Lady A. to her superb castle. Only think, said Julia to herself, of my actually living in a castle! The first thing she did was to write to a hundred and fifty friends in America, to tell them that she was living in a castle seven hundred years old, with four turrets and a rookery. The letters were all kindly franked by his lordship—for Lady A. had a husband, although by her behaviour and conversation nobody would have suspected it. The very next London packet brought out twenty married ladies, and twice as many young ones, who had not been able to sleep a wink after receiving letters from Julia dated in an old castle and franked by a lord.

Nothing could equal the amiable attentions of my lady to Julia, and of my lord to her father. He took the old gentleman all round his estates, and showed him his improvements.

"Your lordship must have a great income," said Mr. Earle.

"A trifle—about—let me see—about thirty thousand a year. But I can hardly live upon it. A nobleman is obliged to support a certain style—you know—to keep up a certain establishment—you know—to have certain equipages—you know—and a certain retinue of servants—you know, my dear Earle."

"My dear Earle!" echoed the old gentleman, mentally, and rubbing his hands. "What a pity they can't hear all this in *** street! I am resolved they shall hear it however. I'll tell them the story the very first dinner I give."

"Would you believe it, my dear Earle—I am in want of a few thousands at this moment. The harvest is not yet in, and my tenantry are not yet ready with their rents—and besides, I'd sooner eat my fingers than distress the poor fellows—you know, my dear Earle."

"My dear Earle," repeated thus three times, melted the heart of the old gentleman.

"I have a credit on the house of Baringtons for any sum I please," said he, in a faltering voice, as if fearful of offending his lordship. "If your lordship would—"

"My dear Earle—my dear friend, say no more, I accept your offer. We understand each other, and I am a man of few words."

So saying he squeezed the old gentleman's hand so hard that he squeezed out an order on his banker for five thousand pounds sterling.

"I'll give you my acknowledgment," said his lordship, squeezing his hand again, and calling him "his dear friend."

"It would be presumption in me to deal with your lordship as I would with a common man of business—let it be a debt of honour."

"My dear Earle, you are one of nature's noblemen," cried his lordship warmly, and he squeezed his hand again, as if he expected to squeeze out of it another five thousand.

But his lordship had read the fable of the goose that laid a golden egg every day, and was cautious not to press the matter too far. He went on cautiously till by degrees he squeezed about ten thousand more, when the old gentleman began to find both his credit and his patience nearly exhausted. The harvest had come in and the tenants paid their rents, but still his lordship talked not of paying his debt. Nay, he made another dead point at Mr. Earle, but it failed.

"My dear Earle," said he one day; "my dear Earle, I am almost ashamed, but if you would spare another five thousand I will pay the whole next week, or the week after certainly. The proceeds of an estate in Ireland will be remitted by that time, as I am advised by this letter from my agent,"

and he took out a letter—"um—um—ah! yes! the week after next certainly."

"My lord," quoth Mr. Earle, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. "My lord—I—I—my credit on the banker—hem—I fear I can't spare the sum till I—I—see my banker."

His lordship saw he had killed the goose that laid the golden egg every day.

"O never mind, never mind—my—sir—never mind—I can do without it."

This time he forgot to squeeze the hand of the old gentleman, and call him "my dear Earle." He went out without asking his company as usual.

"Pa," said Julia, a day or two after—"pa, what is the matter—Lady A. is not half so civil as she was?"

"Nor Lord A. either," quoth Mr. Earle.

"I believe they are tired of us."

"I believe so too."

"Let us go back to London."

"Agreed, but what shall we do there?"

"Go back to America, pa."

"With all my heart—I'm tired of England."

"And so am I, pa," and Julia sighed at the emptiness of human anticipations.

They announced their intention, and strange as it may seem, neither her ladyship nor my lord made the least opposition.

"You know your own business best," said my lord.

"And do just as you like," said my lady.

What was most remarkable, his lordship said not a word about the money. "I dare say he has forgot it," thought the old gentleman; "but I shall put him in mind when I get to London." Accordingly he wrote a letter to which he received no reply. He wrote a second, which shared the same neglect. He wrote a third, it was returned in an envelope, with a notice from the steward that my lord and his lady had gone on the grand tour.

"I'll swinge the rascal!" cried Mr. Earle. Only think of his calling Lord A., a peer of the realm, a rascal!

"You can't swinge him," said the lawyer to whom Mr. Earle used this threat. "He is a peer, and privileged against arrest. No supplicative can be granted against him; no capias or exigent can be sued out against him for debt or trespass, nor can any *essoign* lie against a peer of the realm."

"Then I'll levy on his estates," said Mr. Earle.

"You can't," said the lawyer; "his estates are all entailed."

"I'll sue out a statute of outlawry."

"You can't in a civil action against a peer."

"Then I'll advertise him for a swindler."

"That would be *scan. mag.* and you'd be brought before the chief justice. The law presumes that a peer of the realm can neither be guilty of falsehood nor malice, and whoever says so, is guilty of *scandalum magnatum*."

"Then I've lost my money," cried Mr. Earle, in a melancholy strain.

"Exactly," said the lawyer, who never wasted words, except he was paid for it.

The lawyer pocketed his fee, and Mr. Earle pocketed his losses. He went home without his cash, and with the consolation that he had been a great fool.

"What will they say of me in *** street? I shall be sung about the town in ballads."

"What is the matter, pa?" said Julia. "I do believe you want excitement."

"Not I—I want to go home."

"So do I—I'm tired of London."

"So am I."

"But it was delightful at the castle, wasn't it pa?"

"Not very," said Mr. Earle.

"I had like to have lost my heart to his lordship."

"And I lost my money," quoth Mr. Earle, to Mr. Earle, aside.

They sailed a day or two after in the packet, and arrived at home without any accident. Every body came to see them and ask about London. Julia talked about nothing but Lord A.'s great castle, and the charming hospitality of the noble couple. She did not know how dearly his lordship had charged them for their board. The old gentleman always hemmed, and fidgeted about when Julia talked away in this manner. He never told the story of my lord A. calling him "my dear Earle," nor was he so proud of his intimacy with that nobleman as might be expected. Julia, sometime after her return, married a young man of merit, and we are happy to say, that having sown her wild-oats, she is now the respectable wife of a respectable man, the happy mother of two children, and never complains of WANT OF EXCITEMENT. b.

BIOGRAPHY.

Original Sketches of Eminent Women.

ANNE BOLEYN.

THE name of Anne Boleyn, like that of Mary Queen of Scots, cannot be pronounced without exciting our curiosity, or awakening our sympathy. Alike distinguished for their beauty, rank, and misfortunes, they both fell victims to the unsparing jealousy and unrelenting hate of the Tudors. An outline of her short but eventful career is all that can be expected in the pages of a miscellany.

Anne Boleyn was born at Rochford-hall, in Essex, in the year 1507. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, in whose veins flowed the blood of the Ormonds, and of Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the accomplished and powerful earl of Surrey. Her father, who became a confidential minister of Henry the eighth, was an adroit and successful diplomatist; he was frequently employed in difficult negotiations, and his extreme sagacity in penetrating the motives of foreign courts obtained for him the surname of the "picklock of princes." The mother of Anne was a lady of highly cultivated mind, and attractive manners, and the wealth of Sir Thomas enabled her to live in the same princely splendour to which she had been accustomed in her father's castle, and to indulge her taste for elegant literature, which was so congenial to that of her husband. It was in the refined and polished circles, assembled in her father's hall, that Anne spent the happy years of her childhood; and from this society she acquired that ease, grace, and elegance which ever afterwards characterized her manners. With a lovely face, a sweet disposition, and uncommon quickness of perception, the little Anne became a universal favourite; and her ambitious parents, who fondly fancied she gave presages of future greatness, were not slow in availing themselves of such qualities to advance the worldly interests of their promising child. They procured for her at the early age of seven the enviable place of maid of honour to Mary of England, the beautiful sister of Henry the eighth, who, now only in her eighteenth year, was about proceeding to France, to be united to Louis the twelfth, whom infirmity and premature old age were rapidly hurrying to the grave. Peace had been concluded between England and France, and this ill-assorted marriage was projected to cement the alliance. Mary went to France with the olive-branch in her hand, and the bridal chaplet on her brow; but alas! she felt herself the victim adorned only to be sacrificed upon the altar of peace. Anne witnessed the inauspicious rites, the magnificent pageant that preceded, and the festivals and tournament that followed them. Five months afterwards death dissolved the unnatural union, and left Mary the arbitress of her own fortunes. Her story is well known; she bestowed her hand upon Charles Brandon, a gallant and chivalrous nobleman who had long possessed her heart. She returned to England unaccompanied by Anne, who entered the family of Claude, the amiable wife of Francis the first, the successor of Louis the twelfth.

Anne resided eight years in the court of this virtuous queen, where she was instructed in music, singing, and dancing, in all of which she excelled. The many hours spent by the ladies of this court in the monotonous occupation of the needle, were enlivened by the learned, witty, and brilliant Marguerite de Navarre, the beloved sister of Francis I., a princess who, "delighting in the pleasures of conversation, drew to her circle men of wit and learning, and found in the collision of kindred minds an intellectual gratification far different from the contemplation of broken lances and prancing steeds, or the mummeries of masques and pantomimes." Anne felt the ascendancy of her genius and the value of mental cultivation, and no doubt derived incalculable advantage from the society of this gifted woman. While poring over the grotesque figures of endless tapestry, her mind must have frequently wandered back to the scene of her childhood, and dwelt upon the legends relating to the families of her illustrious ancestors; and if she recollected that Rochford Hall, the place of her birth, had been occupied by more than one royal personage; that it had been the home of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville whom Edward had raised to the throne; and that Anne, the daughter of that queen, had espoused her uncle, the chivalrous Lord Thomas Howard, it is no wonder that ambitious hopes were awakened in her bosom, and that visions of possible greatness floated before her ardent imagination. Her whole education was calculated to fill her mind with dreams of glory. She had witnessed the pompous pageantry of two coronations, and she had been present with Claude at the celebrated meeting of Henry and Francis in the plains of Guineas, the field of the cloth of gold, when at a

tournament, unequalled in the costliness and splendour of its equipments, she beheld the expiring glories of chivalry.

This ostentatious display of friendship between the two monarchs was soon followed by a renewal of hostilities between their two kingdoms; whereupon Anne was recalled to England and separated from Claude and Francis, with mutual feelings of regret.

Through the influence of her father with Cardinal Wolsey, she was established in the household of Catharine of Arragon, the wife of Henry the eighth. It was known at this time to the select companions of Henry, that his affections for this excellent queen were declining with the wane of her beauty, and that he sought in the spirit-stirring delights of the chase, in chivalrous adventures, or in affairs of gallantry, the pleasures which he had formerly found in the society of his once beautiful bride. He, however, had no exclusive favourite until the accidental discovery of a secret love-affair fixed his wandering affections upon the fascinating Anne Boleyn. The young Lord Percy, who was a page in the service of Wolsey, attended the cardinal in his daily visits to the king; and while the minister was in private conference with his master, the noble page retired to one of the queen's apartments where he was certain to find the charming maid of honour. A mutual attachment ensued: the young nobleman declared his love, which was without hesitation accepted; but the youthful lovers indiscreetly betrayed too soon, by their significant glances, their ill-dissembled sentiments. A suspicion of their reciprocal affection was communicated to Henry, who then, for the first time, discovered that he had conceived for Anne Boleyn a violent passion, and, tyrant-like, determined to withhold her from him to whom she had pledged her faith. His vanity induced him to suppose that the king could not fail to supplant the peer in her affections, yet he thought it not prudent to rely entirely either upon the attractions of his own good person or the allurements of his royal diadem. Wolsey was ordered to interfere. The cardinal in angry tones commanded Percy, as he valued his life and honour, to desist from his pursuit of Anne Boleyn; adding, that though she knew it not, her sovereign had already disposed of her hand, and to one who he knew would be acceptable to her. Overcome by this appalling intelligence, Percy burst into tears; and in the agony of a heart suddenly bereft of happiness and hope, he implored the cardinal's intercession with the king, avowing that he had pledged his faith to Anne and could not retract it but at the expense of his honour. Surprised at his earnestness, the cardinal immediately sent for the parents of the offending lovers. The old Earl of Northumberland commanded his son on pain of disinheritance to renounce his hopes of a union with Anne Boleyn, while Sir Thomas, in obedience to the wishes of the king, reluctantly withdrew his daughter from court, and conducted her to his favourite residence of Hever castle, in Kent. To remove all impediments to the attainment of Henry's wishes, Percy was compelled, by the threats of his father, or the mandate of his sovereign, to marry the youthful daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury; while Anne, wandering through the romantic halls of Hever castle, and indulging fond anticipations of future happiness, was suddenly awakened from her dreams of bliss by the fearful intelligence that Percy had been forced to desert his chosen love, and give his reluctant hand to another. Anne yielded for a short time to the alternate agitations of grief and indignation; but her proud spirit at length resumed its sway, and she determined to seek, in the aspirations of ambition, the happiness she had been unable to find in the dreams of love.

It does not appear that Anne, though now practised in courts, or her father, the sagacious "picklock of princes," ever suspected the motives of Henry in all these arbitrary proceedings, until his trumpet, sounding from a neighbouring hill, announced his approach to Hever castle. The whole plan was then developed. Henry declared his love; but Anne, in the well known words of Elizabeth Woodville, rejected his suit with disdain, and even when she found that he had irrevocably determined upon his divorce from his amiable queen, and when his visits had assumed an honourable character, her delicate nature revolted at the idea of supplanting her former mistress. The royal suitor was, however, at last received, and he became assiduous in his courtship and delicate in his attentions to the mistress of his heart. His correspondence with Anne at this time has been preserved, and as a royal love-letter may be a matter of interest or curiosity to many, the following is selected:

"My mistress and friend—I and my heart put ourselves into your hands, begging you to recommend us to your favour, and not to let absence lessen your affection to us. For it were a great pity to increase our pain which absence alone

does sufficiently, and more than I could ever have thought; bringing to my mind a point of astronomy, which is, that the farther the mores are from us the farther too is the sun, and yet his heat is the more scorching: so it is with our love; we are at a distance from one another, and yet it keeps its fervency, at least on my side. I hope the like on your part, assuring you that the uneasiness of absence is already too severe for me, and when I think of the continuance of that which I must of necessity suffer, it would seem intolerable to me, were it not for the firm hope I have of your unchangeable affection for me; and now to put you sometimes in mind of it, and seeing I cannot be present in person with you, I send you the nearest thing to that possible, that is, my picture set in bracelets, with the whole device which you know already, wishing myself in their place, when it shall please you. This from the hand of your friend and servant. H. Rex."

The personal charms which rivetted the affections of a sovereign on a subject, have been celebrated by historians and poets. The Earl of Oxford remarks, that "when she composed her hands to play and voice to sing, it was joined with that sweetness of countenance that these harmonies concurred; likewise when she danced, her rare proportions varied themselves into all the graces that belong either to rest or motion." Miss Benger thus eloquently describes her: "That Anne was a brunette, is well known by description and representation from the artist and the poet; and it is notorious that on one of her fingers was a supplemental nail, a defect, if we may credit her encomiasts, which she had the address to conceal, or the skill to improve into a perfection. The fascination of Anne appears not to have resided even in her features, though of these the loveliness is almost universally acknowledged; but in her eloquent eyes, the symmetry of her form, the mingled airiness and elegance of her carriage; above all, in those indefinable charms of grace and expression which lend interest to every glance, and intelligence to each movement. Trained in the court of France, Anne had learned to improve her person by all those embellishments of dress which, under the direction of good taste, render art so powerful an auxiliary to nature. But it was not only at the toilette that her taste was confessedly pre-eminent: unrivalled in every captivating talent, she danced like a nymph, and not only touched the lute and virginal with a masterly hand, but accompanied them with her voice in a strain of delicious melody. To these brilliant accomplishments she added an exquisite willingness and power to please, and a taste and even more seducing than beauty."

Such were the fatal attractions that impelled the capricious Henry to seek a divorce from his once cherished Catharine,

"Who, like a jewel, had hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre."

On the first of September, 1532, Anne was created with much pomp Marchioness of Pembroke; and in the course of the splendid ceremony, Henry doubtless felt how well the royal diadem would become a brow that wore so gracefully the semi-circular coronet. After her elevation to this enviable distinction, Anne was attended like a princess by a numerous train of young ladies of the highest rank.

Henry now pursued his measures to obtain a divorce with all the ardour of his impatient nature. Dissimulating his real motives, he alleged, as his only plea, the illegality of his marriage with Catharine, his brother's widow; and with characteristic hypocrisy, to churchmen he spoke of the scruples of his conscience, and to the nobility he urged the necessity of a legitimate succession, fortifying his arguments with quotations from scripture; but his hypocrisy and sophistry were alike contemptible and condemned: the sympathies of the ladies of his court, and the affections of the people were all enlisted in favour of their beloved queen, whose unfeigned piety, gentle virtues, and spotless fame, were themes of universal admiration. The proceedings for the divorce were protracted to a length painful to all the parties interested. The king was vexed with unexpected obstacles and involved in inextricable difficulties. At length the impatient monarch could brook no further delay, and setting all laws, human and divine, at defiance, he was privately married to Anne Boleyn the latter part of the year 1532, without waiting for the decree of divorce, which, however, through the agency of pliant statesmen and obsequious churchmen, he was certain of obtaining, and which indeed soon afterwards followed. The only censurable part of Anne's conduct was her consenting to this premature marriage, although the divorce was placed beyond all doubt. On the Easter-even following Henry issued his proclamation for the coronation of his new queen, which took place on Whit-Sunday, the first of June, with a pageantry and ceremony unsurpassed in those days of "pomp and vanities." Clad in a robe of purple velvet, surmounted with ermine,

her hair flowing down her swan-like neck in rich luxuriance and glittering with a circlet of precious stones, she prostrated herself before the high altar in Westminster Hall, and when she arose, the Archbishop of Canterbury, after anointing her head and breast, placed the heavy crown of St. Edward on her head, the sceptre of gold in her right hand, and the rod of ivory with the dove in her left, when the loud Te Deum, bursting from the choir, announced the elevation of Anne Boleyn to the summit of earthly honours. She had now realized all her most romantic dreams of greatness; and to crown her hopes, she became, on the seventh of September following, the mother of the princess, afterwards the Queen Elizabeth. For two years she enjoyed the love and confidence of Henry, but in the course of the third she experienced the decline and loss of both.

Among the causes of his alienation may be reckoned his inconstancy, his jealousy of her popularity, particularly with the reformers, whose cause she had warmly espoused, his suspicions of her fidelity, awakened by malicious and groundless insinuations, and finally the introduction of Jane Seymour at court, whose beauty, it was hoped by her friends, would counteract the influence of Anne's ever-varying fascinations over the king. The machinations of her enemies were but too successful. Henry was induced to place spies over her conduct, among whom was found her unnatural sister-in-law, Lady Rochford, who volunteered the most diabolical perjuries for the ruin of her husband's sister. But no plausible charge could be brought against a queen who had chosen for her confidential friends her accomplished brother and his associates, the elegant Wyatt and the gifted earl of Surrey; who had attached to her person ladies of unblemished fame; and who had appointed the rigid and unsuspicious Latimer the guide of her conscience. She found, however, her innocence no protection against tyranny and corruption. While at dinner, surrounded by her ladies, she was abruptly summoned to depart to the tower, to answer a charge of infidelity to the king and of conspiring against his life. Without friends or protectors, she was conveyed in a solitary barge to her prison—to the very place where, three years before, a magnificent train of two hundred barges had escorted her in triumph. Anne could scarcely realize this sudden change in her fortunes, or believe the king serious in his charges. From her "doleful prison" she addressed him a letter, written with uncommon energy and pathos, protesting her innocence, soliciting an open and impartial trial, and supplicating pardon for the guiltless persons who, she understood, "were in strict imprisonment for her sake." But this affecting appeal does not appear to have reached the king. On the fifteenth of May, 1536, a mere mock tribunal of justice was created within the tower, and peers of England were appointed her judges. No advocate was allowed her, and though witnesses had been suborned, yet the monstrous and absurd charges against her could not be substantiated; on the contrary, she successfully repelled them in an able and eloquent speech; and her acquittal was confidently expected; but her inimical judges knew the will of their tyrannical master, and she was condemned to be burnt or beheaded. Among the peers she beheld but one sympathizing countenance, the earl of Northumberland, her early lover, who, on the plea of indisposition, and before the fatal sentence was pronounced, abruptly left the court.

"Well might his breast with anguish thrill! few years had passed,
away
"Since that fair form within his arms in love's deep fondness lay."

Anne heard her sentence unmoved, and lifting up her hands she emphatically exclaimed, "O Father! O Creator! Thou art the way and the truth and the life; thou knowest that I have not deserved this death." On the nineteenth of May, 1536, she submitted her head to the block. She intrepidly refused the bandage; and the meek and touching expression of her eyes disarmed the executioner, nor until a sudden noise withdrew her eyes from him, was he enabled to strike the fatal blow.

"Thus did she die—the young, the fair, the good, compelled to bow
"Her graceful, swan-like neck beneath the headman's heavy blow;
"Her shining locks were dabbled in the blood that flowed like rain,
"But o'er the whiteness of her soul e'en blood could leave no stain."

Ambition was Anne's ruling passion; but it was ambition tempered by a love of justice, and sanctified by daily acts of benevolence; "her eye of charity," says Wyatt, "her hand of bounty passed through the whole land." She placed herself among the leaders of the reformation, and the success of that cause may in some measure be ascribed to her active zeal. The advocates of intolerance became, of course, her inveterate enemies, and they vilely calumniated a name which must ever be remembered with gratitude by the friends of religion and civil liberty.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

NOTES BY A TRAVELLER.

Virginia—September—1830.

TRAVELLED this day on horseback—had been fortunate in obtaining a fine, high-spirited animal. He arched his neck, champed the bit, and pranced along, playing off as many airs as if he had borne some mailed knight onward to battle. There is something exciting in this species of exercise. When I vault into the saddle my thoughts are all noble. I am a hero or an emperor. * * *

This town is near the centre of the state. The road to it lies through forests, almost as undisturbed by any sign of the human race as they were in the primeval ages. They have completely filled my imagination. They reminded me of the scenery so well delineated in *Ivanhoe*, where Robin Hood and the stout friar played their merry pranks—where the black knight wandered after the tournament, and joined the besiegers in beating down the massive battlements of that amiable gentleman, Front de Boeuf. But here, alas! are no battlements, no giants, no kings in disguise, no wandering knights and lovely distressed maidens—nothing but strapping farmer-boys; or negro slaves occasionally driving along their clumsy enormous waggons, heavily laden with corn, tobacco, or cotton; and numerous societies of certain gentlemen, with four feet, who eat acorns. The roving life led by the latter has undoubtedly its own charms. They certainly enjoy in an enviable perfection that "glorious freedom" for which so many patriotic two-legged persons have nobly fought and bled; but as the acorns, on which they place their principal dependence, do not fall till the autumn is pretty well advanced, it sometimes comes to pass that they arrive at a state of tenuity altogether beyond their wishes. I mused for some time upon the attitude of one unhappy denizen of the forest, "Left and abandoned of his velvet friends."

His countenance wore an expression of such a tender and melancholy dissatisfaction with the existing state of affairs, yet softened and subdued with such patient resignation to the will of fate, that I could not withhold my sympathy. Being in a contemplative mood, the sight awakened many sage meditations upon the unequal distribution of happiness among men as well as pigs, and I had turned over in my mind the plan of a pathetic "impromptu on seeing a pig standing alone in the middle of a forest, in the western part of Virginia, without any thing to eat," when it suddenly struck me that his leanness was the most fortunate occurrence that could possibly have happened to him, for the leaner the pig the less likely to be killed. I cannot tell if the person whom I have thus handed down to posterity were himself pursuing a similar train of philosophical and consolatory reflection, but I left him more than ever convinced of the truth of the poet,

"There is a spirit of good in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out."

The extreme loneliness of this route is occasionally relieved by the miserable log huts of the negro slaves, and the scarcely more inviting domicils of their white masters. These inhabitants of the backwoods, although sometimes so poor in money as to be stinted in their meals by a short crop, are yet always attended by several slaves, whose obsequious services would better fit the indolence of a Turkish sultan. I put up last night at a dilapidated building, which resembled a neglected barn. The chimney, built as they generally are here, on the outside of the house, had nearly taken leave of the dwelling. The walls were full of apertures. The farmer, or rather planter, was stretched at full length on a sort of bed, with a giantess of a negro girl fanning him to sleep. The family were at supper. Two or three negroes attended the table; one little half-naked creature waved a brush over the grouse to guard it against the intrusion of flies, cats, musquitos, and chickens. By my bed stood a clock, which, after divers noises from within, announced the hours of the night with an energy that, in my mind, entitled it to a place in a town steeple; and a dingy looking piece of antique drapery, which passed current for a mosquito-net, was hung about my bed, with holes in it large enough to admit a flock of wild geese.

Numerous huts, desolate and deserted, meet the eye of the passenger, and every object would impress a stranger with the idea that the most wretched degree of poverty pervades the whole state; a short deviation from the main road, however, would undeceive him. The wealthy have studiously located their mansions at a distance from the highway, to avoid the importunities of benighted travellers, and enjoy the other advantages of seclusion. Here are vast plantations, where abound all the comforts of life. * * *

I inquired my road this afternoon of a negro, whose athletic and giant proportions almost startled me. His appearance

was perfectly noble. His shoulders were of an atlantean breadth—his open collar discovered a chest before which Hercules might have paused—his limbs were all powerfully formed and well-shaped—and I never beheld any thing more unequivocally black than his complexion. I was not sufficiently accustomed to a slave country to pass by without observation the sight of such a fellow, as he uncovered his head, cringing down and saluting me as "master."

A few moments afterwards I saw one of an opposite description. His beast-like and monstrous visage was deformed almost beyond any resemblance to the form of humanity. He seemed under the ban of some fiend. He was lame, half blind, and bent down with age. You wondered by what invisible agency his ragged clothes were kept together. He was crawling up a hill with a pail of brick clay upon his head, and stopped a moment to breathe at the foot of an immense and superb oak which rose above him like a giant, and sent abroad its magnificent branches with an air of haughty grandeur, as if it felt its superiority over the petty reptile at its root. Of what extraordinary extremes of hideousness and beauty the human form is capable! From this coarse, repulsive, and disgusting countenance, my mind recurred to others softly stamped by nature with the opposite extreme of intelligence, sweetness, and youthful beauty. Doubly charming from the force of so strong a contrast, or some other mystery in philosophy, they appeared to my mind with such a vivid loveliness that for a moment I closed my eyes to shut out those grim and uncouth features from the rich groupings of memory. Y.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Animalcula in snow.—In the present season, when every editor thinks it an imperative duty to say something about winter, the following extract of a letter from Dr. J. E. Mure to Dr. Silliman, may not be uninteresting to our readers. It was the theory of a late learned German philosopher, that not only air, water, &c. are filled with organized creatures, of inconceivable minuteness, but that the most solid matter, iron, rock, and wood, are composed of similar animals. Dr. Mure's experiment discovers a fact scarcely less singular.

"When the winter had made considerable progress, without much frost," says Dr. Mure, "there happened a heavy fall of snow. Apprehending that I might not have an opportunity of supplying my house with ice, I threw in snow, perhaps enough to half fill it. There was afterwards severely cold weather, and I filled the remainder with ice. About August the waste and consumption of the ice brought us down to the snow, when it was discovered that a glass of water, which was cooled with it, contained hundreds of animalcules. I then examined another glass of water, out of the same pitcher, and with the aid of a microscope, before the snow was put into it, found it perfectly clear and pure; the snow was then thrown into it, and on solution the water again exhibited the same phenomenon—hundreds of animalcules, visible to the naked eye with acute attention, and, when viewed through the microscope, resembling most diminutive shrimps, and, wholly unlike the eels discovered in the acetous acid, were seen in the full enjoyment of animated nature.

"I caused holes to be dug in several parts of the mass of snow in the ice-house, and to the centre of it, and in the most unequivocal and repeated experiments had similar results; so that my family did not again venture to introduce the snow-ice into the water they drank, which had been a favourite method, but used it as an external refrigerant for the pitcher.

"These little animals may class with the *amphibia* which have cold blood, and are generally capable, in a low temperature, of a torpid state of existence. Hence their immersion did no violence to their constitution, and the possibility of their revival by heat is well sustained by analogy; but their generation, their parentage, and their extraordinary transmigration, are to me subjects of profound astonishment."

Daily Sentinel.—We did not see the article in the *Sentinel*, alluding to the *Mirror*, till too late for notice in our last, nor can we at present comply with the request of the editors in a satisfactory manner, not being in possession of a file of their paper. We may possibly have been mistaken, although our impressions are strong to the contrary; and if, upon further examination, we find this to be the case, it will be both a duty and a pleasure to make every proper acknowledgment.

Mathematical Diary.—Mr. James Ryan, of this city, publishes a diary under the above title, containing a series of scientific questions, proposed and solved by students, to which is added evening amusements, or the beauties of the heavens displayed. Students in the mathematics would be benefited and amused by the use of this work.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.—COMPOSED BY BISHOP.

Moderato.

When Love was a child and went i - dling round, 'Mong flow - ers the whole sum-mer's

day, One morn in the val - ley a bow'r he found, So sweet it al-lured him to stay.

SECOND VERSE.

O'er head from the trees hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath;
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flow'rs up there,
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

THIRD VERSE.

But Love didn't know—(and at his weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?)
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears,
That fountain which murmur'd below.

FOURTH VERSE.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys, when impatient, will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste;
The flowers were all wet through.

FIFTH VERSE.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day,
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Skill tastes of the fountain of tears.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE following article is copied from a late number of the Caledonian Mercury:

When the introductions and notes to these novels were first announced, they were looked upon by many of the author's admirers with some apprehensions, as being likely to dispel the illusion which it is especially the romancer's interest and object to keep up, by letting the reader too much behind the curtain. As the edition has proceeded, however, these apprehensions have been banished, and by the many thousand readers of the novels, the appearance of every alternate volume is now eagerly looked forward to, as a renewal of the author's delightful gossip about himself and his works. The introduction to *Ivanhoe* is in a singularly happy tone. The notes to the second volume of that romance are not numerous, but they are most of them curious. Two of them vindicate the author's heraldry, the correctness of which had, by some squeamish critics, been called in question, because he had, in the description of the device on the shield of the "Black Knight," charged metal upon metal. We see no reason why, if it liked him, he might not take the same liberties with heraldry which he does with history; the notes, however, satisfactorily prove that he had full authority for this peculiarity. The note on the castle at Coningsburgh is interesting to the architectural antiquary, as exhibiting the author's theory of the early Saxon architecture.

The Waverley novels constitute, beyond a doubt, the most popular series of works in the English language, and the success, which has attended the present edition of them shows that the elevated rank which they have attained in our litera-

ture has not been assigned to them on slight grounds. Observing that the proprietors have recently issued prospectuses of a NEW ISSUE, we made some inquiries about it, and learned that the object of it is only to enable them to add twenty thousand more subscribers to the thirty thousand or thereabout, whom they have already enlisted.

A great deal has been said and written lately on the subject of these embellishments, and the explanations which have been elicited tend to show that the proprietors are liable to no portion of the censure which has been—we will not say altogether unjustly—lavished on many of them. When the first number came out, illustrative of *Guy Mannering*, there was but one opinion of its merits—*this will never do*—and the result was, that we have not had the affliction of criticising any more of them. The author of Waverley must pay the penalty which his great predecessors, Shakspeare and Milton and others have done before him, of having some of their noblest and most ideal conceptions embodied to our eyes, according to the conceptions of men unendowed with one particle of the genius or intelligence of the original.

These novels certainly stand at the head of that great *periodical flow*, into which so large a portion of the literature of the day has been drawn; looking at it in a politico-economical point of view, the success of the speculation must contribute materially to improve the comfortable existence of some, and to afford the means of daily bread to many, (we have heard so many as six hundred mentioned) including paper-makers, printers, painters and engravers, bookbinders, booksellers, and many others. There is *one person*, however, in whom the public is more interested than all the others, name-

ly, the illustrious author himself, who will derive, ultimately, no small portion of the benefits which it will realize. Hitherto, to his honour be it said, the produce has been entirely applied to the discharge of the heavy obligations (a large proportion not his own) which the calamities of 1826 brought upon him. These claims are in the course of liquidation, and we learn that a partial payment is on the point of being made which will reduce their amount to nearly one half. We really conscientiously believe, that one of the secrets of the unprecedented success which this edition of the novels has met with, is to be found in the sympathy which all classes of the public, great and small, entertain for one to whom they are so deeply indebted. Bright and happy, we are sure, will be the day, for the immortal proprietor of Abbotsford, when the success of his works shall have enabled him to discharge every shilling he owes, and to leave his property unincumbered to his successor. Whenever it is his fate to leave the world after that—and long may the day be distant—he will not only leave behind him a name above every other name of which the literature of his country can boast, (in times when great talent and laxity of principle are frequently combined) but a reputation of a still higher kind, which is so well summed up in the expressive line of the poet:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE DISCARDED.

"No doubt she was right in rejecting my suit,
But why did she kick me down stairs?"—*Ballad.*

I LIVE, as lives a withered bough,
Blossomless, leafless, and alone;
There is none left to love me now,
Or shed one tear when I am gone.

When I am gone—no matter where,
I dread no other world but this,
To leave it is my only prayer,
That hope my only happiness.

For I am weary of it—black
Are sun, and stars, and sky to me;
And my own thoughts are made the rack
That wrings my nerves in agony.

There's not a wretched one that lives
And loathes like me the light of day;
And I shall bless the hour that gives
My body to its kindred clay.

And yet at times, I know not why,
There comes a foolish feverish thought,
Of where these shrivelled limbs shall lie,
And where this dead cold flesh shall rot,

When the quick throbbing of my brain,
That now is maddening me, is o'er,
And the hot fire in each swollen vein,
Is quenched at last to burn no more.

And then I shudder at the tone
Of my heart's hymn, and seem to hear
The shrieking of my dying groan,
The rattling clod upon my bier;

And feel the pang which he who dies,
Welcomes—the pang which gives me rest—
Ere the lead-weights are on mine eyes,
Or the white shroud is on my breast;

When the death-foam is on my lip,
And the death-dews are in my hair,
And my clenched fingers in the grip
Of agony, are clinging there.

And then I feel how sad it is
To know there's none my fate to weep,
Print on my lip the unanswered kiss,
Or close mine eyes in their last sleep.

For all unheard the damp earth flung
Upon my coffin lid must be;
By strangers will the bell be rung,
That tolls in mockery for me.

And he who tolls will laugh the while,
And whistle his light song of mirth;
And he who digs my grave will smile
As senseless as its senseless earth.

Some dark-robed priest, perhaps, will pray
Beside my bier—because he must,
And some hoarse voices sing or say
The unfeeling adage, "dust to dust."

And if perchance I leave behind
Enough of worldly pelf to raise
A marble tomb—my name enshrined
In prodigality of praise,

May meet the passing stranger's eye,
A sculptor's monument and pride;
Telling that man was born to die,
And I—was born and lived and died.

And men will trample on my grave,
And keep the grass from growing there;
And not even one poor flower will wave
Above me in the summer air.

For there are none to plant it—none
To water it with patient tears;
My cradle watchers—they are gone—
The monitors of my young years

Are silent now—there was a time—
It is a long, long time ago—
When in a pure and holy clime
I breathed—and if the clouds of woe

Dimm'd the blue heaven of my thought,
Like summer storms they flitted by,
And when they vanish'd there were wrought
Bright rainbows in the twilight sky,

On which my wild gaze linger'd till
Their colours faded far away;
Those clouds—I feel their dampness still—
But the bright rainbows—where are they?

And she I loved? I must not think
Of her "for that way madness lies!"—
Boy, start that Champagne cork—I'll drink,
And dream no more of Mary's eyes. Nov. 1821.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

London, December 4.

AFTER the actors and audience, perhaps a few observations on the different theatres, and the description of pieces exhibited in them, for the amusement and edification of the public, may not be out of place. Drury-lane and Covent-garden are two magnificent temples for the representation of the legitimate drama. Taste and elegance are conspicuous in whatever appertains to them; and though both houses are richly ornamented, the most fastidious critic would be puzzled to point out any thing gaudy, glaring, or obtrusive. The contrast between the chaste simplicity of their common scenery, and the glittering coarseness of that of the minor theatres, is very striking. The greatest fault of both is their size; great physical powers being absolutely requisite to make the singing and acting effective in the more remote parts of the house. The interior of each being in the shape of a horse-shoe, the stage is consequently much smaller in proportion to the audience-part than that of the Park theatre, which is semi-circular. The saloons and lobbies are uncommonly spacious and splendid. The principal saloon at Drury-lane is one large mirror, the walls being entirely covered with glass. Next in reputation to these stands the Haymarket, nearly the size of the Bowery, and bearing about the same relation to Drury-lane and Covent-garden, that the Chatham in its best days did to the Park. The English Opera-house—lately burned and now rebuilding—its name sufficiently indicates the purposes to which it is appropriated. The Italian Opera-house, not yet opened for the season, but which I am given to understand is by far the largest and most splendid theatrical establishment in London. Then there is Astley's, in the quadruped line, where dramas written by asses are played by horses—where the business of the scene is transacted *en croupe*, and ladies are courted and tyrants slaughtered at a three quarter pace or a full gallop. Sadler's Wells, once famous for heroic actions and *real* water, swearing and tobacco. Here ships were nightly wrecked and long-boats overturned, and sailors continually employed in jumping overboard to save beauty and innocence, in wet white garments, from a watery grave. The performers were a species of amphibious animals, and passed half their time in fluids; and the best swimmer was, next to the Newfoundland dog, the most important personage in the establishment. Here it was that the "Courageous Coral Diver, or the Shark of the Gulf of California," had such a successful run. The "Humane Society for the recovery of drowned persons" allowed, I believe, their drag-nets, warm flannels, stomach-pumps, and other apparatus to be kept in readiness at this theatre in case of accident; but still they could not prevent the coughs, colds, catarrhs, and pulmonary complaints incident to such an otter-like state of existence—the *real* water was therefore discon-

tinued—the sea was sunk, and the ocean is now made of carpets and painted sail-cloth, as in other establishments.

Besides these, there are an infinite number of minor theatres, with the names of half of which I am unacquainted. Some of the major-minors are highly respectable, and not unfrequently have first-rate talent on their boards; but the minor-minors are, for the most part, from stage to gallery, an unmixed mass of ignorance and vulgarity. Here is performed that species of "national drama," which was wont to be enacted at the Lafayette and Mount Pitt circus before they were purified by fire, and which is still to be seen at the Park and Bowery, much to their credit, on holiday nights, where the several parties have it all their own way; and the most glorious and decisive victories are obtained by the tremendous carnage of one half of the supernumeraries, and the craven cowardice of the other; and where the enemies of valiant Englishmen and courageous Americans are humbled into the dust before them, much to the gratification of the very patriotic and enlightened audiences. Here, as on your side of the water, instances of almost incredible prowess are as common as can be; and an enemy's first-rate is frequently boarded and taken by a single midshipman, or a young officer alone cuts a detachment to pieces, except that the curtain falls amid shouts of "England for ever!" instead of "Hurrah for Jackson!" I had been so long accustomed to hear all the love and liberty and heroism and bombast proceed out of the mouths of gentlemen in blue jackets, that it at first seemed strange to hear gentlemen in red declaiming in precisely the self-same strain. However, it must be said for the Londoners, that these *direct* national puffs are not tolerated at decent theatres. The victories of his majesty's forces are almost entirely confined to places patronised for the most part by butcher's boys, dustmen, draymen, and coal-heavers.

The principal source of profit, however, to nearly all the minor theatres is the "supernatural business," or representation of demoniacal dramas. But here no narrow national feelings prevail—justice is equally dealt out to all; and in the last scene the devil has his due, let the culprit be what countryman he may. The mythologies of all ages and nations have been raked up, and the evil spirits with which they abound re-produced upon the stage. It is really fearful to look upon a dead wall, covered with play-bills, and read the dreadful announcements for the evening's *amusements*, rendered terribly distinct by oninous red or sombre black type of gigantic stature. Some of the managers ground their claims to public patronage and support on the immense expense they have been at in order to do justice to views of the interior of the infernal regions; and one spirited lessee has actually constructed a false or double stage, which, at the termination of the piece, sinks down with the particular fiend and victim of the evening, amid cataracts of flame spouting forth from the side-wings. The enacting of demons has become a regular branch of theatrical business; and Mr. O. Smith, a man with an unamiable countenance, and a voice horribly hoarse, is as distinguished in this line as Kean in tragedy or Liston in comedy. "The prince of darkness is a gentleman," says Shakespeare, but two-thirds of his representatives in London make him out little better than an illiterate scoundrel. It is rather too bad, on the most serious occasions, to hear the father of all evil transposing his *v's* and *w's*, and leaving out his *h's*, in the true cockney style, unable even to pronounce his own proper place of residence in a correct manner.

The public appetite for gloomy horrors is at present perfectly ravenous. I know not how to account for this, except by attributing it to the alarming increase in the consumption of pork which has taken place in the metropolis within these few years. This species of animal nutriment is the favourite food of the lower orders, and, I am inclined to think, generates more diabolical tastes and propensities than "flesh of muttons, beeves, or goats." How is it possible that a person who banquets off pork sausages and heavy porter, and then swallows two or three drams of spirits of turpentine, miscalled gin, can have his sensibilities aroused by such slight provocatives as wit and humour? Is he a man to be tickled with a straw? What is a joke, or a scrap of sentiment, or a lively conceit to him? You might as well give a glass of delicately flavoured wine to an habitual bibber of fourth-proof brandy. Take him

to see "Much ado about Nothing," and he thinks the play well named—or "As you like it," and he likes it not. No—he pays his money and goes to witness "The Infernal Compact; or, the Fiend, the Victim, and the Murderer?"—he puts his hands in his pockets, and criticizes the vagaries of Mr. Smith, in his favourite character of the "Demon of the Valley of Skulls," (as performed by him fifty-seven successive nights, with distinguished approbation!) These monstrosities have been of gradual growth. First came "Cherrys and Fair Stars," "Visions of the Sun," and similar tales of enchantment; but these were soon found to be mere moonshine, and a class of melo-dramas were got up where "murders were done too terrible for the ear." The Newgate Calendar was regularly dramatized, and a most atrocious state of things prevailed for some time; but, as the anti-temperance man goes on regularly to increase the strength of the dose, as his acuteness of taste decreases, so the managers, after blunting the feelings and perceptions of the public, were obliged to resort to still stronger stimulants, and hence the present sulphureous state of the stage. But even this is beginning to fail. Notwithstanding the "infernal abysses," by the help of chemical substances, which throw on the stage a strong glare of red, blue, or yellow light, are rendered, as the term is, "highly effective," inasmuch, indeed, as to produce a strong impression on any person unused to such exhibitions, the cockney surveys the whole with critical coolness, until a superabundant quantity of flame elicits some such exclamation of admiration as—"I say, Bill, vot do you think of that 'are? My eyes!" delivered in a tone of voice which evidently shows that the view of the place of punishment before him has not made any impression on the mind of the speaker in regard to his own ulterior prospects. If the stage at present actually shows "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure," the millenium is much further off than many people suppose. C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton, occasioned by the publication of his lately discovered Treatise on Christian Doctrine. By William E. Channing.

THIS is a very neatly printed duodecimo volume, which has been long before the public, has run through several editions, and is so generally known and justly appreciated in Boston, and by a class of the author's friends in this and one or two neighbouring cities, that a review of it at present may at first be deemed a work of supererogation. We are however induced to offer a few remarks upon it, because, however highly, and it may be added enthusiastically, Mr. Channing may be esteemed where he is known, we have frequently been astonished at the total ignorance of his works which exists among well-educated and even literary circles, where Byron, Moore, and Scott are familiarly quoted; and where, to have neglected the perusal of Irving, or Paulding, would be noted as a want of taste or learning; yet he has probably excelled every other American in logical and convincing powers of reason, imbued with the fervour of a high and comprehensive imagination; in a rich and copious flow of thoughts; ready command of words, and charming, lucid, and graceful modes of expression. In whatever light may be considered those essays or discourses, whose object is the establishment of some point of doctrine or theory of metaphysics, by nature unsuceptible of complete demonstration, his broad and clear views of life and nature, the ingenuity with which he displays the great outline of his subject, clears away from it what is shadowy, detects and brings brightly forth its beautiful truths, and explains what seems inconsistent, gives his compositions a singularly inspiring and commanding influence. But his productions are not exclusively argumentative. There are pages of the most graphic delineations of human life. In his happiest efforts, as he proceeds in his subject, he seems to brace himself up with a consciousness of new and increasing intellectual vigour; a more glowing, fervid feeling animates his soul. His eloquence resembles a stream, which at first winds feebly from its source; but swollen with many tributary branches, flows on, broadening and deepening, till its current becomes actually irresistible. It is not our design to satisfy that portion of the public who have never examined the various offsprings of Mr. Channing's genius, so as to render the perusal of them unnecessary. We shall not, therefore, at present give any connected account of the object of this review, but we solicit the attention of our readers to a few extracts, which, although something of their force and lustre will be lost in their separation from the main body of the article, will serve as

examples of that stirring, yet chaste and eloquent style of composition, of which we have endeavoured to express our admiration.

"Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry, and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are now wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes further towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He, who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifests its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

"We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift

it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

"We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; women, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life. Our remarks in vindication of poetry have extended beyond our original design. They have had a higher aim than to assert the dignity of Milton as a poet, and that is, to endear and recommend this divine art to all who reverence and would cultivate and refine their nature."

There is a vein of moral ingenuity and faith running through these, as well as all other essays from the same pen, which constitutes them a mine of instruction to the inexperienced and wavering. By faith we do not wish to be understood the credulity built on hope and imagination, but the faith which arises from a previous conviction of the wisdom and perfection of the moral as well as the physical world, and urges and encourages the mind to a successful investigation of the causes and consequences of those events, that, at a single glance, afflict the casual observer with fear and horror. The misanthropist, the sceptic, and he whose once warm and flowing affections have been frozen in the wintry misery of life, will find a cheerfulness in his confiding views, his simple explanations, his rich and delightful delineations. An instance of his method of extracting the good from the evil things will be discovered in the course of the extract below, which we are unwilling to curtail.

"From this very imperfect view of the qualities of Milton's

poetry, we hasten to his great work, *Paradise Lost*, perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The two first books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. Hell and hell's king have a terrible harmony, and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness the longer we contemplate them. From one element, 'solid and liquid fire,' the poet has framed a world of horror and suffering, such as imagination has never traversed. But fiercer flames than those which encompass Satan, burn in his own soul. Revenge, exasperated pride, consuming wrath, ambition, though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible powers of nature. We see unutterable agony subdued by energy of soul. We have not indeed in Satan those bursts of passion, which rive the soul, as well as shatter the outward frame of Lear. But we have a depth of passion, which only an archangel could manifest. The all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, assuming so majestically hell's burning throne, and coveting the diadem, which scorches his thunder-blasted brow, is a creation requiring in its author almost the spiritual energy with which he invests the fallen seraph. Some have doubted whether the moral effect of such delineations of the storms and terrible workings of the soul is good; whether the interest felt in a spirit so transcendently evil as Satan, favours our sympathies with virtue. But our interest fastens, in this and like cases, on what is not evil. We gaze on Satan with an awe not unmixed with mysterious pleasure, as on a miraculous manifestation of the power of mind. What chains us, as with a resistless spell, in such a character, is spiritual might made visible by the racking pains which it overpowers. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind; and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents.

"Milton's description of Satan attests in various ways the power of his genius. Critics have often observed, that the great difficulty of his work was to reconcile the spiritual properties of his supernatural beings with the human modes of existence which he is obliged to ascribe to them. The difficulty is too great for any genius wholly to overcome, and we must acknowledge that our enthusiasm is in some parts of the poem checked by a feeling of incongruity between the spiritual agent, and his sphere and mode of agency. But we are visited with no such chilling doubts and misgivings in the description of Satan in hell. Imagination has here achieved its highest triumph, in imparting a character of reality and truth to its most daring creations. That world of horrors, though material, is yet so remote from our ordinary nature, that a spiritual being, exiled from heaven, finds there an appropriate home. There is, too, an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which excites without shocking the imagination, and aids us to combine in our conception of him the massiness of a real form with the vagueness of spiritual existence. To the production of this effect, much depends on the first impression given by the poet; for this is apt to follow us through the whole work; and here we think Milton eminently successful. The first glimpse of Satan's form is given us in the following lines, which, whilst too indefinite to provoke the scrutiny of the reason, fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced.

"Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood."

"Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and rolled
In billows, leave 'th midst a horrid vale."

"We have more which we would gladly say of the delineation of Satan; especially of the glimpses which are now and then given of his deep anguish and despair, and of the touches of better feeling which are skilfully thrown into the dark picture, both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which all other feelings tend to sin and pain. But there is another topic which we cannot leave untouched. From hell we flee to paradise, a region as lovely as hell is terrible, and which to those who do not know the universality of true genius, will appear doubly wonderful

when considered as the creation of the same mind, which had painted the infernal world.

"Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes, whilst it delights the imagination. Adam and Eve, just moulded by the hand and quickened by the breath of God, reflect in their countenances and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence, benignity, and happiness of their Author. Their new existence has the freshness and peacefulness of the dewy morning. Their souls, unsated and untainted, find an innocent joy in the youthful creation, which spreads and smiles around them. Their mutual love is deep, for it is the love of young, unworn, unexhausted hearts, which meet in each other the only human objects on whom to pour forth their fulness of affection; and still it is serene, for it is the love of happy beings, who know not suffering even by name, whose innocence excludes not only the tumults but the thought of jealousy and pain, who, 'imparadised in one another's arms,' scarce dream of futurity, so blessed is their present being. We will not say that we envy our first parents, for we feel that there may be higher happiness than theirs, a happiness won through struggle with inward and outward foes, the happiness of power and moral victory, the happiness of disinterested sacrifices and wide-spread love, the happiness of boundless hope, and of 'thoughts which wander through eternity.' Still there are times, when the spirit, oppressed with pain, worn with toil, tired of tumult, sick at the sight of guilt, wounded in its love, baffled in its hope, and trembling in its faith, almost longs for the 'wings of a dove, that it might fly away' and take refuge amidst the 'shady bowers,' the 'vernal airs,' the 'roses without thorns,' the quiet, the beauty, the loveliness of Eden. It is the contrast of this deep peace of paradise with the storms of life, which gives to the fourth and fifth books of this poem a charm so irresistible, that not a few would sooner relinquish the two first books, with all their sublimity, than part with these."

This article has occupied so much more room than we anticipated, that we are compelled to defer the remainder till the next impression.

Journal of the Proceedings of the Literary and Scientific Convention held in New-York, October, 1830.

What tends, in the remotest degree, to elevate the literary character of New-York, should be regarded with interest and favour. Surpassing all other cities of the Union, in the extent, the enterprise, and the general intelligence of her population, this city is still far behind several of them in reputation for letters and science. Not that she may not claim amongst her sons the very brightest names which adorn our native literature—not that she does not possess capacity and talent sufficient to advance claims to pre-eminence in every department of elegant or useful knowledge: but this capacity and talent are still latent—they are insulated, and require a field for concentrated effort, which has not yet been opened to their ambition. The direction hitherto given to mind in this thriving and commercial metropolis, has not been calculated to develop the loftier faculties of the intellect, or to cherish a love for the fine arts. In this respect, New-York particularly represents the situation of the country at large—her character is, as yet, undecided. All the elements of greatness abound in her—all the treasures of moral and mental excellence lie profusely scattered around her soil. They require only assimilation and combination to be brought into action. Her sister cities, which rival, and as yet, excel her in their literary pretensions, owe their supremacy, not to any inherent superiority on their part, or to any deficiency on hers. They are indebted for it solely to the character of their first founders, which gave a fixed and permanent direction to all their pursuits and habits; more especially to those connected with the cultivation of knowledge. Thus Philadelphia, owing her origin and establishment to the institutions of William Penn, and his humane and enlightened followers, received, and has preserved a uniformity of action, which has enabled her to make sure and decisive, if not, very rapid strides in intellectual advancement. Boston, again, the cradle of American liberties, was also, from the very day of her foundation, the abiding place of the most indefatigable and acute cultivators of all the arts and sciences connected with the moral and political improvement of the human race. Not so New-York. Frequently changing masters, and possessing unrivalled advantages for successful commercial speculations, which rendered her, at a very early period of her history, the great focus of attraction for emigration, her population has ever been variable and heterogeneous, and has wanted therefore that concert of impulse which has been the main cause of the great success of her neighbours. Hence,

she maintains pretty much the same relation to them, as the United States do to older countries; and the same circumstances are daily operating to change the nature and the bearings of both.

As new generations spring up, identified with the soil they inhabit, a local spirit will be engendered, and the extent of extraneous interference will become diminished, until it no longer will have a tendency to interrupt the general uniformity and harmony. Already do we see the dawns of this spirit unfolded, and happy shall we be, if those who are engaged in the project of founding a university here, should be actuated by its aspirations. In thus contending in favour of the establishment of a local feeling, we do not refer to that contracted jealousy and petty envy, which have disgraced some of the most distinguished writers of other cities. We desire to see a noble competition for literary pre-eminence, a generous ardor to excel by positive merit, not by paltry depreciation or affected contempt of all rival efforts. These desirable objects cannot be better attained, than by occasional assemblages of the literary and scientific men of the different sections of the country, in which contending claims may be discussed with candour and freedom, important discoveries elicited and communicated, and a liberal feeling of friendly though lively emulation, created and fostered. Such undoubtedly was the aim and end of the convention, the proceedings of which are detailed in the very neatly executed octavo whose title precedes this article. How far the distinguished individuals who participated in its deliberations, have succeeded in accomplishing this object, we shall not now stop to inquire. Cavils and objections without number have been raised against the supposed trivialness of many of the subjects proposed for discussion, and the entire failure of the convention in eliciting any profound discovery, or establishing any one important principle. But this censure, even if well founded, is wholly premature. The labour has just been commenced; the foundation-stone has alone been laid. To decide on the nature of the superstructure, or to check its rise by interposing obstacles, is unfair, is unjust. For our part, we look forward with bright anticipations to the future, and place great reliance on the zeal and on the good sense, as well as on the talent and the learning, which are engaged in the cause. Great impartiality and wisdom will be required to complete the arduous task which they have begun; great sacrifices of prejudices and opinions long cherished; and many of them identified, perhaps, with supposed immutable truths. Of these, we could point out several, which have been suggested by perusing the interesting pages before us. But we reserve our remarks for separate articles on each in future numbers. In the meantime, we shall close with expressing our best wishes for the success of the important experiments undertaken by the members, to elicit intellectual truth as connected with the great subject of the education and moral improvement of our country.

Thoughts on Penitentiaries and Prison Discipline. By M. Carey, &c. Philadelphia, 1830.

Our indefatigable philanthropist, Matthew Carey, is not idle. The rigid frost of winter, instead of benumbing his active faculties, seems verily to call them the more vividly into play. And the same active intelligence, and zeal to promote the public good, still animate all his efforts and recommend them to the unanimous and prompt attention of his fellow-citizens. The subject of the present pamphlet is connected with some of the vital interests of society, and is treated in the author's usual ingenuous and plain style. Our limits forbid us to notice it further at the present time.

The Young Reader. By the Rev. John Pierpont. Boston: Richardson, Lord, and Holbrook, 1830.

This work, as its name purports, is intended to furnish reading exercises for pupils in academies. It is one of a series which consists of four volumes. The design of selecting from the large and varied stock which the press has already sent forth, a certain class of compositions adapted to the capacity and taste of the youthful mind, and yet calculated to expand and elevate it, has been frequently adopted by others; but few have been so completely successful as the Rev. John Pierpont, the editor of the "Introduction," the "National Reader," the "First Class Book," and that which is the subject of these remarks. No individual is more generally known as possessing all the qualifications necessary for the task. The "Young Reader" is the best of the series.

We have read with much attention the second volume of Moore's *Life of Byron*, but must defer a notice of it until a future number.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

THE MALAPROPOS.

THERE are some people who have a most unhappy knack at doing and saying things out of time and place. The more they try to avoid this, the more they run their heads into the fire; just as persons with an impediment in their speech stutter the more from their anxiety to pronounce some particular word correctly.

Frank Henley was one of these. He was the best natured fellow in the world, yet was continually wounding the feelings of others unintentionally. His life was one infinite series of blunders of this kind. It began at school, and ended only with the last act of his life. The schoolmaster was a little hump-backed man, and consequently as irritable as a crab. One day, being called upon for a definition of deformity, Frank, after considerable cogitation, pronounced it to be a hump on the back. This raised a laugh among the rest of the scholars. The pedagogue was convinced in his own little mind that our hero meant to insult him, and the consequence was, that Frank became the residuary legatee of all the unclaimed transgressions of the school. The poor lad, who saw from the laugh of the scholars where his definition of deformity had lighted, was so anxious ever after to avoid a similar offence, that he never came to that word without involuntarily raising his eyes, and looking fearfully at the hump on the schoolmaster's back. This cost him much tribulation and many a flogging. By some mysterious operation of sympathy, originating in his almost perpetual horror of giving offence to the little man's hump, his own back actually began to exhibit a protuberance somewhat similar to that of the schoolmaster, who observing it, thought to himself that Frank was making a mockery of him for flogging him so often without reason, whereupon he was exceedingly wroth, and flogged him more than ever.

At last Frank took the opportunity of a holiday to complain to his guardian of the tyranny of this little hump-backed pedagogue. He thought he would philosophize a little on the occasion.

"He is very cross," said he to the worthy old gentleman, his guardian, "he's very cross; but I suppose he can't help it, for it is observed by several learned philosophers that all deformed people are more or less irritable and capricious."

His guardian happened to have one leg shorter than the other—"It is, is it?" said he, in answer to Master Frank's wise observation; "then pray go back to school again, and don't let me hear any more of your foolish complaints. Irritable and capricious, indeed!" Frank got no spending-money this time. So much for his philosophy.

Suffering thus from the instrumentality of the hump, it at length became inseparably connected in his mind with the sense of his sufferings, and continually occupied his imagination. He could not keep clear of it for the life of him, and ran foul of it in some way or other ten times a day. As his offences increased so did the floggings. Frank could stand it no longer.

He complained to the wife of his guardian, a lady somewhat stricken in years, but fond of dress; and still remembering, with great tenacity, that she had been a great beauty some twenty years ago.

"He is the most testy, cross-grained little man I ever saw," said Frank; "he's as irritable as—as an old belle who has outlived her beauty, and yet expects to be admired as much as ever."

"He is, is he?" quoth the good lady; "then all I have to say is, that you may as well make the best of it, for I promise you I shan't interfere. An old belle, indeed—marry-come-up!"

Master Frank got none of the good things of the closet this time. So much for his comparison.

But all things must have an end. "'Tis a very long lane that never has a turning." It was time to send Frank to college, and to college he went. One of the leading professors was a great mathematician, and as proud as Lucifer of his talent. He held all sciences in profound contempt except the exact sciences, and especially undervalued the fine arts and the belles-lettres. The forte of our hero lay in these latter.

"A picture, a statue, or a sublime description proves nothing," said the professor of mathematics.

This was too capital an opportunity for a touch of the malapropos to escape our hero, who answered with all the simplicity of a child,

"Very true, Mr. Rectangle; but I have frequently heard it remarked, that men who believe in nothing but demonstrations are apt to have a confused understanding of every thing except that two and two make four."

"You have, have you?" said the professor of mathematics; and from that time he laid such a load of demonstrations on the back of our hero, that he pretty nearly converted him into a segment of a circle, he so crouched under the weight he carried. In short he became gradually so befuddled with calculations, that he at length demonstrated himself to the tail of the class.

"You are a blockhead and no mathematician," said the professor.

"A man may know nothing of mathematics, and a great deal of other things; and he may be a great mathematician, and yet ignorant of every thing else."

This was said by our hero, without the remotest preconception that he was striking the professor of mathematics right on the head. It was the very perfection of the malapropos, and he was rewarded accordingly by tasks that would have puzzled a Bowditch or a Hassler.

"How could you talk so?" said the professor of humanity, who had taken a great liking to Frank ever since he heard that he preferred classical literature to mathematics.

"But never mind what that old calculator says; languages, languages, and classical literature, are the only studies for a gentleman."

"I think I have heard it observed by a very wise man," said Frank, "that to talk in a different language was nothing more than serving up the same old sauces in a new dish."

"*Procul O! procul esto profani!*" said the professor of humanity turning his back for ever on our unfortunate hero. Thus he got between two fires, and what with the exact sciences and humanity, had a tolerably pretty time of it.

"Another malapropos!" said Frank, in despair.

In this way he managed with most consummate good fortune, to make an enemy of almost every man, woman, or student with whom he came in contact. If they had any special fault, foible, or deformity, he was sure to run a pin into it, and make them wince. He was perpetually led by his devotion to the malapropos into a succession of quarrels with his fellow-students, and suffered divers ily oppressions from the professors. He left college with an indifferent reputation in his studies, though one of the best scholars in his class; and with the character of a malignant cynic, who delighted in hurting the feelings of others, when we pledge our word he was one of the very best-natured young fellows in the world.

"This malapropos will be the ruin of me!" said our unfortunate hero, as he turned his face towards home, as he was accustomed to call the house of his guardian.

That worthy gentleman and his lady had neither of them got over the recollection of his wise observations concerning the irritability of deformed people, and elderly belles who are not so much admired as they ought to be. They did exactly as people generally do in similar cases: they resolved to prove the truth of his observations, by being as cross as possible, instead of proving him wrong by kindness and forbearance. Our unlucky youth in the meantime took special care not to run against any of their weak points, and the consequence was, that he became ten times more malapropos than ever. He swore to himself he would never, while in the presence of his guardian or his lady, make the remotest allusion either to deformed irritable people, or ill-natured superannuated beauties. Possibly he might have kept his resolution had he not chanced to meet with a caricature of a man, having two very dissimilar legs, with "paired not matched," for the motto. He was so tickled with the humour of this, that he could not for the life of him resist the inclination to purchase, and carry it home as a peace-offering to his guardian.

"He'll be delighted with it," quoth friend Frank.

"I understand you, sir," cried the old gentleman in a towering passion, "I understand you, sir; you have been caricaturing me; you have got me stuck up in the print-shops—you've made me the laughing-stock of the town. Quit my house, sir, and never let me see your face again. 'Paired not matched,' indeed!" and he looked down at his legs, and became more angry than ever.

Frank assured him solemnly that the caricature was not intended for him, nor like him, nor ascribed to him by any human being. The old gentleman at last recalled his sentence of banishment; but whether in virtue of our hero's protestations, or prompted by his recollecting that if he turned Frank out of doors he would be obliged to settle his accounts, and pay over his fortune, is doubtful. Frank threw the caricature into the fire, and his peace was made.

That very day his lady guardianship received a number of visitors.

"How I hate a pug nose!" exclaimed our hero, on the disappearance of one of the female visitors, who had an appendage of that sort.

This was said in the presence of his guardian's wife, who had a nose nearly allied to the family of the pugs, and it turned blue on the occasion. She had not the least doubt but that Frank intended to mortify her.

"Ungrateful brute!" she exclaimed, as she flung out of the room, "like Niobe, all tears."

The old gentleman was fifteen years on the wrong side of the lady, and consequently completely under her influence. The order of wisdom is entirely reversed in matrimony, where the youngest is always considered the wisest, and probably with some reason. A young lady, who marries a rich, old husband, has generally the more discretion of the two.

The lady took a violent dislike to Frank, and managed so adroitly, by continually entrapping him in the malapropos, that she at length got the better of her husband's antipathy to settling accounts and paying over balances. Accordingly, the guardian parted with Frank on very ill terms, and thus our hero was set adrift in the world, because he disliked a pug nose, and had not the discretion to keep his opinion to himself.

He had now the world before, behind, and all around him. The first thing a young fellow, with money, thinks of is spending it, which is the easiest and most pleasing affair imaginable. He went to town, and became a great beau among the ladies. Being rich and well looking, he might have become a favourite, and revelled in the smiles of beauty, had it not been for his old enemy, the malapropos, which beset him at every step.

He got acquainted with Miss Terentia Tattle, a distinguished azure, who paid him particular attention, partly because he paid such particular attention to what she said. One fatal morning, however, he forgot himself, and took occasion, in the presence of the lady, to express his disgust at a female pedant. The learned Terentia never paid him any attentions afterwards, and told every body he was an ill-natured, superficial young man.

He accompanied Miss Caperton to the assembly—Miss Caperton, the famous dancer, who delighted in waltzing, and made a man dizzy to look at her. She had the most beautiful foot and ankle, and where is the use of hiding one's candle under a bushel?

"Don't you think the waltz a most graceful and elegant dance?" asked she, after finishing one of those "circulars," in a style that would have done honour to Madame Ronzi de Vestris.

"Graceful and elegant!" replied Frank, who was so full of the subject that he forgot whom he was addressing—"Graceful and elegant! Vulgar and indecent, would suit it better, in my opinion. The very country bumpkins, in their wildest frolics, don't take such liberties with the girls, as a fine gentleman takes with a fine lady in a waltz. I wonder any delicate, respectable female, will thus degrade herself by submitting in public to the embraces of a stranger."

Miss Caperton had been to Paris, and had nothing to show for it but new dresses and a most approved style of waltzing. She blushed celestial rosy red, but it was a blush of indignant anger—modesty was out of the question with a waltzing lady. When Frank reminded her of an engagement for the next dance, she had forgotten it; and the next time he met her, she had forgotten him!

"What can be the matter with little Caperton?" said Frank to himself. "It must be my old old enemy, the malapropos," and he recollected his fine speech about waltzing, and called himself a great blockhead.

He was introduced at Mrs. Tetotum's, one of the most fashionable houses in town, where he saw a profusion of mirrors, candelabras, gilded furniture, &c. The lady was delighted at being visited by a person who had never beheld all this finery, and expected to see him gaze about in unutterable admiration. He took the first opportunity to descant on the beauties of an elegant simplicity in dress, equipage, furniture, and behaviour. He pronounced it vulgar to encumber a drawing-room with trumpery till it looked like a furnishing warehouse. Mrs. Tetotum was all affection; and her establishment answered the description of our wise hero exactly.

"He means me, the vulgar ill-natured creature!" thought Mrs. Tetotum, and marked him out for proscscription.

"John," said she to the servant, almost before he had shut the door on our hero, "John, shall you know that man when you see him?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, then never let me see his face in this house again."

Before the expiration of the first winter Frank was deeply in love with Miss Cornelia Spicebird, a very pretty and graceful little creature as ever was seen. Her form was perfect,

her complexion beautiful, but she had a large mole on her neck, which contrasted disagreeably with its snowy whiteness. She was pleased with Frank, and her parents liked his fortune, so there was every reason to believe it would be a match ere long. One evening, in a little circle of belles and beaux, they were talking of the fanciful theories concerning these spots and marks as indicating the temper, habits, and future fortunes of people. Frank, as usual, got so deep in the subject that he forgot every thing else.

"Nathaniel Wanley—I think it is he," quoth our hero, "says that a mole on the neck just under the right ear, is a sure sign of a backbiting disposition."

This was precisely the situation of the mole on the snowy neck of the lady of his love; and though he had his eye fixed on the very spot, he had no more idea of any personal application in his speech than the man in the moon. But though he had not, every one else had, and particularly the lady.

"Nathaniel Wanley is a great fool," said she in a passion.

"He's dead," said Frank.

"So much the better," quoth the lady.

"Why so?"

"Because—because he can't tell any more lies about me for you to repeat before my face."

"Heavens!" aspirated our hero, as the whole affair stared him full in the mind's eye; "I've made a pretty piece of business of it. The malapropos has ruined me again!"

His anticipations were soon realized. Miss Spicebird took an early opportunity of apprising him that as she presumed he could have little regard for a "backbiting lady," she begged that in future he would spare himself the trouble of pretending to it.

Shortly after this affair of the mole, Frank fell in company with a young officer of great merit and accomplishments, high-spirited and brave, but of a low parentage. It was generally understood that he was a foundling; certain it is he was particularly sensitive on that point. They were at a dinner party, and some how or other the evil genius of our hero pricked him on to touch the subject he of all others ought to have avoided. We don't recollect exactly how it happened, but so it was; he expressed his astonishment at some lady having married a man similarly circumstanced with the young officer. The rest of the company tried what virtue there was in winks, warnings of the finger, and joggings of the elbows, but the malapropos had got him in its toils. He went on more energetically than before, and finally became, in the opinion of all present, directly personal to the officer, who got up and quietly left the table. There was a dead portentous pause as he retired, and all present anticipated what would follow, except Frank, who wondered at his abrupt departure.

That very evening a gentleman called on him with an invitation to Hoboken, bright and early next morning.

"For what?" asked our hero.

"For insulting him publicly with the misfortune of his birth," said the other.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Frank, "I never thought of him all the time I was talking."

"You will find it difficult to make him or the company believe it. You were highly personal."

"But if I assure him I was not so?"

"He and all the rest will consider it an evasion, and call you a coward."

"O, very well," and he immediately signified his acceptance of the polite invitation which was signed "your most obedient and very humble servant."

The morning was bright and beautiful, and the river reflected in its placid bosom all the charms of heaven and of earth as they glided over to Weehawk, and landed under that awful cliff which has so often been stained with the blood of generous mistaken spirits.

As the parties received their weapons, Frank addressed his antagonist—

"I regret exceedingly, sir—"

"Hush!" whispered his second, who, like most other seconds, was an amateur of fighting, in the second person.

"Hush, it is too late now for apology or explanation."

"O, if that's the case," replied our hero.

The first fire both missed.

"Cannot I explain now?" asked Frank, who had behaved with the most perfect self-possession.

"By no means—you would be disgraced," said the second, who was very zealous for the honour of his friend.

They fired again.

"Alas!" thought poor Frank, as he lay weltering in his blood. "Alas! that a man should die of the malapropos!"

And thus ended the chapter of his blunders.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

SKETCHES OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Addressed to a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

ARRIVING between the fortress and winter-palace, the broad river divides into the great and little Neva, which, after circling the shores of the Vasili-Ostrov, on either side, for a distance of three or four miles, unite in the gulf below. Not more than a third part of this island, however, is as yet compactly built up, and that part is principally along the right bank of the Great Neva. It consequently faces a long line of the continental quarters of the town, and, with its numerous splendid public buildings, presents a front scarcely inferior, upon the whole, to the court and English quays. The streets here are sufficiently spacious, and run in direct lines from river to river, and from the gulf upwards, intersecting at right angles. Shade trees abound on this side the Neva quite as much as on the other, and a highly rural aspect is found in the Bolshoe, or Great Perspective. Here a wide embankment rises several feet in the middle of the broad street, and a double row of shade trees crown its whole length, making a most grateful and refreshing promenade during the hot days of summer, and leaving sufficient width on both sides for the paved carriage-ways and foot-walks. The houses along this line recede from the street, and are almost hid from view by the thick foliage of their garden-trees and shrubbery, while the box-plant skirts the gravel-walks, and numerous flowers bloom in hillocks raised on the green patches—altogether reminding one of the best parts of Moscow previous to its dreadful conflagration upon being occupied by Napoleon. The private dwellings are not generally as high nor as showy as on the other side of the water; indeed you will see in the rear of the two first ranges along the river some entire squares of wooden tenements of a neat brown colour that were erected as long ago as the time of Peter the Great. Many of the public buildings, however, are equally magnificent, and that to which I shall first direct your attention is the Exchange.

To reach this you will cross the Isaac-bridge, thrown from the square of the same name to the Vasili-Ostrov, and ascending the river to where the two branches separate, you find it occupying the south-east point of the island. A spacious semi-circular area opens in front, bounded by both the Nevas, and on their magnificent granite quays two enormous columns, placed at some distance from each other, rise to a great height, having their circumference adorned with huge sphinxes and other monsters, and surmounted by lanterns that, in case of any alarm in town, are lighted up to give a more rapid intimation of the threatening danger to the citizens. The Exchange was erected at the expense of, and made a present by the emperor to the merchants of the city, and is alike creditable to the taste and liberal feelings of the munificent donor. It is unnecessary for me to describe its architecture, it being in exact imitation of, though probably not as magnificent as, the one in Paris, views of which you have often seen. On either side of this stand the Custom-house and numerous rows of government warehouses, encircling spacious court-yards and vaulted round in the eastern style. With the exception of hemp, flax, tallow, and potash, (which have separate and distinct quarters for their reception and shipment,) all foreign and domestic importations must be stored here till disposed of for exportation or interior consumption. The merchants, therefore, not being allowed the direct care and supervision of their goods, the necessity of private warehouses, as with us, is done away, and each individual holds his counting-room at his own dwelling, no matter how distant the quarter of the city may be in which it happens to be located.

The hours of change are from half-past three till five, and, as most of the bargains and negotiations are then concluded, you will see the open area in front thronged with carriages of every description, from a splendid coach-and-four down to the humble public droshky, and the great hall, occupying nearly the whole interior of the building, equally well crowded by representatives from the four quarters of the globe. This is the only truly busy scene that St. Petersburg presents, or that is at all capable of conveying to the stranger an adequate idea of the extensive commerce she carries on; and it is really cheering to pass from her dull streets and silent chambers into this lively and animated throng. The pasha of Egypt has his agents here, and you will see every shade of countenance and variety of costume assembled, from Chinese Tartary, on the east, across the wide Atlantic to North America, on the west. The great bankers and merchants of the first guild have each their particular

stands at the head of some one of the double rows of seats that are placed at convenient distances over the floor, for the accommodation of those who are weary of standing. Here the principal remains bolt-upright, with his junior partners or confidential clerks on the right and left, giving first one ear and then the other, and sometimes both, to the numerous brokers that dexterously and rapidly thread their way through the dense crowd from stand to stand, addressing a short query, and nodding an affirmative to one or shaking a negative to another, while the great mass of individuals are moving more leisurely to and fro, like the waves of a subsiding sea, and discussing their affairs in their own, or some one of the foreign languages they may have acquired for their interest and convenience.

The produce of the empire comes down the Neva in flats and arks, similar to those you have seen on our western waters; with the difference of their being roofed in by slanting poles, covered by mats woven from the bark of the linden tree. The master and his servants, and not unfrequently his wife and family, are to be found on board, subsisting on their own provisions, and the milk of a cow or two brought down with them. The produce disposed of, the arks are sold, and broken up for fire-wood; the females, if any, placed upon horses that have accompanied them, and the males, like the backwoods-men of America, before the genius of Fulton had triumphed over her mighty waters, find their way back to their distant homes on foot. I shall not be more particular about business, the details of which are already perfectly familiar to you, but wish you were now here with me for a short half hour, to cross over to a small island in the Little Neva, exclusively occupied by the flax and hemp warehouses. When the flax is completely prepared for market, it is transported from one building up an ascent to another, and here I found two or three hundred government slaves actively engaged, and forming such a scene as I never yet beheld. Each individual was returning for a new load, or staggering along with a huge bundle on his brawny shoulders, and half naked, with long shaggy hair and beard of every different shade, his eyes and features obscured by dust, and covered from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet with locks of tow; every one, too, vociferating in an uncouth jargon at the top of his lungs, so that it seemed as if an assembly of demons had made a tumultuous sortie from the lower regions, and as if Milton's yelping progeny of sin had been in effect let loose upon the world. I was absolutely startled at first, and mingled among these savage figures with a dread of being devoured alive; I, however, found them a very harmless set of mortals, faithfully performing their tasks, and more disposed to caress than injure the visitant, and that their loud vociferations were none other than a call to "give way," "take care," or perhaps a friendly salutation, or cutting joke and repartee.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 103.

"Who is there without faults? You are constituted frail, and liable to deception. You should expect in all something to censure, which, if you cannot correct, you should endeavour to yield to and endure. But how are your faults to be corrected, since you are continually falling into trifling errors and bad habits, glaring to every eye but your own? True, you have friends; but few are so sincerely and entirely inspired with pure and disinterested feelings of affection as to venture upon such a delicate and dangerous operation, or else they do not possess a discrimination and tenderness of manner sufficiently nice, skilful, and soothing, to inflict what must be a wound, without creating distant coolness, perhaps anger and dislike. No greater proof of fine good sense, and genuine ingenuity and intelligence can be offered than the successful accomplishment of such a task; and when undertaken from pure motives, no higher and more flattering evidence should be required by you of a confidence in the excellence of your heart, and the soundness of your understanding, combined with an affectionate and unalloyed interest in your happiness."

The Genius said these words in a sweet voice, and bade me look in the mirror.

A princely mansion stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Hudson. It was overshadowed by large oaks. A grassy lawn inclined gradually towards the shore. The garden in front of the house was in the full luxuriance of summer, and betrayed all the lovely and lavish profusion of nature, arranged by the skill and taste of the wealthy owner, so as to enhance

its beauties. It was a bright, still, rich morning. Two persons were seen passing over the level gravelled walk, which led down to a charming road along the river. They had issued forth to participate in the general gladness of the loveliest of seasons, and to rove through a scene enchantingly picturesque. The sun had just arisen. The sky glowed with a thousand radiant colourings; the dew was sparkling upon the grass and bushes, and hung in trembling drops from the trees; and although a cool and refreshing fragrance made every breath of the balmy morning air invigorating, not a breeze shook the still branches, or ruffled the peaceful bosom of the stream. The water seemed a mirror, the land but the painting of some potent artist, such a quiet character of loveliness overspread it. It was an hour when the better feelings unfold themselves; when the chilling, corrupting influences of life fling neither shadow nor restraint over the operations of the heart. The youth was noble in his personal appearance. A girl, young, lovely, all expression in features, elegance in motion, all enthusiasm and purity in feeling, hung on his arm. Who could not discover what deep joy they found in each other's society?

"I know," she said, "I am unworthy your love. My faults are many and great. I am thoughtless, quick in anger, and impetuous in action; and I fear there are other defects in my disposition, of which I am not fully aware."

"Dear Fanny," said her companion, in a low voice, but with such a tone as goes to the heart of woman when breathing from such lips as his, "we have all defects in our disposition, but yours I have yet to discover."

"You will discover them," she said, "and when you do, speak to me freely. I am happy in owning a friend bold and sincere enough to correct them."

"Behold," said the Genius, "a gleam of human contentment. They have just exchanged those sentiments which enslave the young and ardent with such deep and precarious bliss. The present is all they feel. Flowers are bursting through the foliage by the wood-side, birds are warbling among the trees, scarcely a cloud varies the blue of heaven, and those which do float upon its azure tide, like the fears in the mind of the maiden, rather beautify than darken it."

Then the bright river vanished with all the sunshiny beauty and luxuriance of the morning; and the same maiden, in the midst of a fashionable party, was sitting at the piano. She ran her fingers over the keys. No one could touch the instrument with more skilful grace and effect. Murmurs of astonishment and admiration were heard. The crowd gathered around. She was the prominent object of praise and attention. Among the rest a soldier—a foreigner of rank—passed the highest encomiums on her performance. His flatteries became pointed, and what can more endanger the uniform, calm, and natural peace of mind in a beautiful girl than music, flattery, and a foreigner of rank? The companion who had walked in the garden, to whom she had pledged her affections, looked with sorrow, not unmingled with disgust, upon such a transformation in her manners. Was she the artless, affectionate, modest, and confiding being who had lately gazed up at him with moistened eyes, and listened to him as he unfolded his thoughts? She, whose voice was now so loud; whose attitudes were all strange to him; who sought to attract the gaze of the multitude; and whose eyes never rested on his, even when by accident they met? Nothing displays a female in a more repulsive manner than affectation. "I will tell her," said the youth, "for I remember her words—'you will discover my faults, and when you do, speak to me freely. I am happy in owning a friend bold and sincere enough to correct them.' They stood together in the dance. He whispered in her ear. The handsome soldier gazed on her even as she turned her beautiful head to listen to a cold lesson of wisdom, thus thrust upon her in a moment of excitement. An expression of anger flashed from her eyes, her red lip curled with an unconcealed feeling of scorn. Before the evening was over her new admirer had preferred his addresses without repulse."

"Even as the glass changes," said the Genius, "years pass away. To us spirits, all the lengthened ages which you mortals deem stupendous, and of which you behold so inconceivably small a part, vanish thus like those still and fleeting shades—but see, the proud beauty betrays the marks of years."

There sat the faded belle—the neglected, wretched wife—the haughty and still handsome face of her husband was frowning upon her; pale with the havoc of passion and irregular habits. He beckoned her sternly to depart, and as she obeyed, he took from his bosom a miniature—a sweet, new face—and pressed it to his lips.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Translated from the French for the New-York Mirror.

A DINNER IN ICELAND.

THE "Courrier des Etats-Unis" gives the following sketch of a dinner party in that remote corner of the world.

Every person invited to dine at a house for the first time is obliged by etiquette to refuse nothing that is offered him, and to continue to eat long after his appetite is satisfied. *** Some travellers, forced to dine with the mayor of the place, tell the story of their entertainment as follows:—It commenced with a soup made of sago, claret, and boiled raisins. Each guest was obliged, by strict good breeding, to devour two plates-full of this mixture. Their host next indicated to them a boiled salmon, cut in slices, swimming in melted butter and oil, and spangled with pepper. This dish was finally achieved, and the dictates of politeness were so far obeyed without causing any alarming revulsion to our travellers. But their stumbling-block was a dish of hard-boiled eggs, served up to each of them—twelve eggs on each plate. Besides there rose in the middle of the table a large dish, filled with cream and sugar, intended as a sauce to the eggs, and of which the guests were to partake plentifully, unless they chose to expose themselves to ridicule. This, it may easily be supposed, was too much, so they requested permission to leave the table and retire. The mayor observed to them, that as it was the first time they had dined with him, he trusted they would have the kindness to finish, with a good grace, the excellent hard-boiled eggs he had prepared for the occasion, giving them to understand, by way of consolation, that at the next invitation they might do as they pleased. He concluded by begging them to excuse him for not being able, on account of his age, to eat as much of all these good things as they would. Our travellers continued to swallow one hard-boiled egg after another till all were finished, which they succeeded in doing only by diluting them plentifully with cream. Next in order came the quarter of a sheep roasted, with boiled sorrel cut up and dressed with sugar—all to be eaten. Afterwards a dish of waffles, each eight inches long, by four broad. "Gentlemen," said the mayor to his guests, "I should be very much pleased to see each of you eat two of these cakes. Don't refuse me this little favour, for which I shall be grateful." After dinner coffee was dealt round, at the rate of four huge dishes per man, then two bowls of punch to each guest, finally six cups a-piece of wretched tea brought up the rear. The coffee was the only good thing in all the entertainment—but then four dishes a-piece!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

NOTES BY A TRAVELLER.

NUMBER TWO.

Georgia—September—1829.

THE characteristic of a city is formal politeness or cool and elegant impudence; that of the country, ignorance of all etiquette, and honest hospitality. This distinction is not unfavourable to the men. I can easily overlook their want of what citizens call *manners*, which generally mean nothing. If they are devoid of grace, ceremony, and fashion, you may more confidently depend upon the sincerity of what they say and do. I can admire their homespun coats, their broad brawny hands, their sun-burnt honest faces; and when gazing on one of them, a man, perchance, who will pass away from the earth absolutely unacquainted with its enervating pleasures and splendours, and free from those exciting and corrupting influences which deaden the feelings and warp the principles, I listen with respect to his homely phrases, and feel at once that we are friends. They form the "bone and muscle" of the land, for by them the national character should be estimated, and its safety and permanency guarded and ensured. The accidental distinctions of education lose their importance in my eyes, and I feel their ignorance of them is a misfortune of no very grievous nature. If they are not refined, they are hardy; if not enlightened, they are honest and kind. When I take one of these weather-beaten children of labour by the hand, my heart beats warm with friendship towards him.

During a week's rest at this retired village, I casually mentioned that I had never seen a deer hunt. A party was immediately formed, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, we set out under a perfectly cloudless sky, and through these immense woods, whose dying leaves, betraying the touch of the autumn frosts, covered the whole face of nature as with a mantle of the most brilliant and opposite

colours. Here a tree, with foliage of the brightest orange, mingled its branches with one of the deepest gory red, while among the oaks, which displayed all the various shades of the rainbow, here and there towered the erect and lofty pine, with its deep, dark, and unfading green. This tract of land was but a few years ago owned and occupied by the Indians, who, in order to facilitate their hunting by clearing the ground, were accustomed to set on fire what they term the *under brush*. The pine trees frequently suffer in the operation; and their burnt and blasted stumps are often discerned by the solitary traveller, like the frowning ghosts of that high-spirited and ruined race, lingering among the places hallowed by habit and tradition, where the ashes of their heroic fathers sleep. In the summer they contrast strangely with the bright and tender green, the delicate sweet flowers which spring up around their root, and the fresh and feminine loveliness of the vines, which sometimes cling with living tendrils to their scathed, dead trunks.

At a large and commodious dwelling, although constructed of logs, and by its appearance fully entitled to the appellation of hut, we found a good-natured, hospitable old gentleman, with horns, guns, and hounds. A dozen of the latter were assembled in the road, before the house, fully prepared to enter into the spirit of the sport. No one could comprehend what was going on more clearly than these worthy impatient gentlemen. They were fine animals, with fine names, and in their eagerness and joy frequently drew upon them the rebuke of the old man. Scarcely any brute creature expresses his sensations with more manifest meaning than a dog. Mark some timid, half-starved, and hungry wretch, stealing through the kitchen, and casting wistful looks towards the frying-pan. In a moment of solitude, when the temptation is too powerful for those virtuous principles, which all well-educated, decent dogs should practice, he steals towards some luscious fragrant morsel, his eyes dilate, and he licks his lips with a kind of timid courage,

"Ill cross it, though it blast me;"

but Dinah enters, and marks the startled cur; and if you wish to see not only expression in countenance, but in every line of the form, just look at him as he describes a circular line of retreat for certain reasons best known to himself, the cook, and the broomstick-handle. Then behold the same creature animated and fearless, when he is where he knows he has a right to be. Music seemed inspired with an irresistible feeling of joy, which fairly overflowed his soul. Azure was chasing Beauty in circles, yet with every mark of affection; Silver lay by resting his noble head upon his two fore feet, in the dignity of grave and pleasing contemplation, occasionally wagging his tail, and brightening up as his longing gaze of gratitude won a word and look from his master; while others rolled, leaped, ran, and at length gave vent to their feelings in a loud prolonged yelp of delight.

It is necessary that a hunting party should consist of at least six or seven. One or two, termed drivers, with horns, horses, and hounds, ride to the grounds frequented by the deer, and the dogs soon catch the scent. There are certain known passages of the forest through which the timid animals, when affrighted, generally attempt to escape. One individual of the party is stationed at each of these, and in such an opening I found myself, on that bright morning, alone in the midst of these hushed and pathless forests, lurking, I almost thought, like a murderer, with my loaded piece, till the defenceless flying creature should spring upon his death. The silence around me was perfectly delightful. I could hear nothing—not even the warbling of a bird—not the murmuring of a rill, for the stream by my side instead of brawling and bubbling over its channel, had spread itself out into unbroken transparency. Across its bank, and accidentally answering the purposes of a bridge, a fallen tree was lying. Sometimes a playful fish leaped up from the brook, or glistened near the surface, as it turned its silver side to the sun; and sometimes a leaf, loosened from its branch, fell, and floated slowly to the ground in silence. I was thinking how many millions of my fellow-creatures drop off even thus in the shadowy places of life, and go down to the church-yard with as little notice or interruption to the general business and joy and beauty of nature, when the barking and yelping of the hounds came faintly through the distance, then nearer and nearer, till the whole chorus swelled on the breeze, and rung through the quiet woods, breaking strangely in upon its impressive stillness with discordant sounds of riot and death. You cannot conceive, unless you have experienced a similar moment, the almost painful eagerness and anxiety with which I watched to behold the victim appear through the trees. I heard a rustling among the dried leaves, and with desperate speed, with the

the whole bloody pack close at her heels, a large doe broke from the thicket, and passed near the place where I stood. Fleet as the wind she was springing by, when I gave a low whistle; on a sudden she stopped, and the fatal ball lodged in her shoulder; another and another stretched her on the ground. She was a most lovely and feminine creature. Nothing could exceed the grace, cleanliness, and beauty of her form and limbs. The dark silky brown of her back, the snowy whiteness of her neck, throat, and chest, and the almost human intelligence of her face, struck me with a strange feeling, of which they, more familiar with the sight, could form no idea. I confess, however unmanly it may have been, that a momentary horror ran through my frame as the lids, with their long lashes, fell over those large, dark, and beautiful eyes. The swarthy huntsman, with rough grasp and merry jokes, bound together her slender tapering limbs, and one drew his long and glittering knife across her throat. These thoughts, however, are very unworldly, and when the diab of venison made its appearance, I forgot the tenderness of the beautiful eyes, and acknowledged the wisdom of that old and excellent proverb "every thing is for the best." Y.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

AFTER five months of active rehearsal, (and the manager himself alone can say how many more of passive preparation,) the opera of Cinderella was produced on Monday evening last, with the most brilliant success. It is a beautiful piece, admirably put together, with light and amusing dialogue, and containing music of most exquisite sweetness. The scenery is splendid. The landscape at the commencement, with a lake and island, (the repose and tranquillity of which form a striking contrast with the glittering troop of fairies, grouped on the stage,) seems to us one of the best; but the last scene, a noble hall, the perspective of which is very remarkable, has features of a more imposing description. The transformations are, some of them, clever, and all neat; the finest is decidedly the change of the kitchen into the view of a distant palace and gardens by moonlight, when an old rat becomes a fat, chubby, whiskered coachman, with very little trouble; and divers vermin and reptiles assume the character of bipeds and quadrupeds, adapted to a pumpkin, which is metamorphosed into a splendid car, and transports Cinderella to the mansion of her lover. These amusing incidents are of great service in relieving the piece from sameness, and would by themselves furnish an agreeable entertainment; but the music is the subject on which we feel it our duty to dilate; and, in doing so, we are spared much trouble, from the circumstance that the fairy tale is known to every body.

Mr. Lacy has opened the drama with the accidental separation of a prince from his friends during the chase, and his meeting with the queen of the fairies, who shows him the vision of a lovely female in a fountain, and promises him that if he prefer virtue and poverty to arrogance and wealth, he shall be happy. This vision is attended by a few bars of delightful melody, which the attentive auditor will observe precedes the appearance of Cinderella throughout the whole opera. The prince is then, by the power of the fairy, overcome with drowsiness, and falls asleep on a bank of flowers, where he is found by his followers. This introduces the splendid chorus *a-la-chasse*, from *Gillespie Tell*, in which the use of the wind-instruments calls forth the admiration of all professors.

The heroine and her two haughty sisters are then discovered in an apartment of their father's house, where the former is blowing the fire, seated on a low stool, the latter attitudinizing, and complimenting each other before two mirrors.

The *terzetto* is too well known to require comment. Here Cinderella sings the plaintive strain which is played in the former scene. Then follows the *chorus*, in which the two sisters give contradictory orders; and, as usual in those quarrelling Italian pieces, it ends in a general *row*, which was admirably wrought up. The prince then makes his appearance in disguise, is slighted by the baron and the two ladies, and of course falls in love with poor Cinderella. After this the fairy tale is minutely adhered to, and the *denouement* touching the glass-slipper concludes the piece.

In the first act the charming *duet* between the prince and Cinderella was given with a correctness and simultaneous effect, very superior to that produced on the Italian representation in this city, for Mr. Jones is an excellent musician, and sang admirably. Mr. Milon was no support to Madame Malibran; although a master of the science of music, he was a miserable vocalist. The *finale* to the first act was executed with astonishing precision; it is, indeed, one

of Rossini's best efforts. In the second act the *buffo duet*, "Un Segreto," lost nothing by comparison with the Italian, for Placide sang every note, and acted incomparably better than Rosich, who carried it through by *grimace* alone. In the third act Mr. Jones and Mrs. Austin had a most difficult *duet*, from *Gillespie Tell*, and it was evident that a perfect understanding existed between them as to style, which is most essential to the success of all concerted music. The famed *Tyrolienne air*, with *variations*, *glee*, and *chorus*, (also from the opera just quoted,) were brilliantly executed by Mrs. Austin, supported by Jones and Richings. A *chorus*, from *Maometto Secondo*, likewise, with a *solo*, by Jones, were very striking. The *finale* to the piece is probably the most difficult *morceau* of all, and one of the most effective.

In conclusion we have no hesitation in stating that, out of London, so perfect an opera cannot be produced in any part of the British dominions; and Mr. Simpson deserves the highest commendation for preparing such an entertainment for the American public.

The curtain fell amidst cheers from all parts of the house; and Mr. Barry waited some time before he could be heard, in announcing the opera for a repetition. We cannot close this article without bestowing well-deserved praise on the effective state of the *band*, the care and attention of the *leader*, as well as the correctness and power of the *chorus*. For the principals, Mr. Jones really acted very creditably; but, in his singing, he stands far above Mr. Pearman, and every other English vocalist we have heard. His improvement, in all respects, is very great. When we state that Cinderella, which universally attracted houses of the most fashionable description in England last season, is now laid aside, because Miss Paton demands exorbitant terms, and no one else there can fill her situation, we pass a compliment on Mrs. Austin which she fully merits. The decided success of this opera here undoubtedly must be ascribed to her. The more Mr. Placide is heard in opera, the more he rises in our estimation. Mr. Thorne was extremely useful. Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Vernon really struggled through their difficult music in a very creditable manner; and, in acting, they were all we could desire. We may add, that they are better fitted to sustain Mesdames Clarinda and Thibet than any other two ladies in America. Mr. T. Placide surprised us by his dryness and drollery, as a stupid servant, a part quite worthy of Barnes.

TANCRED, KING OF SICILY.

This tragedy, by Mr. Stone, is highly praised in the Boston papers. Having neither seen it performed nor read the manuscript, we can, of course, only echo the opinions of others. The piece appears to be in the *Metamora* style, full of dramatic incident. It is said to contain "a little bombast on a small scale," but for this the public have to thank themselves. An author writes for effect, and, in introducing occasional instances of pomposity, he obtains the species of advantage which an intelligent actor acquires by bursting forth into a boisterous passion, and ranting through some scene which true taste requires to be more quietly delineated, for the purpose of eliciting applause. When the audience begin to discriminate between chaste acting and writing and that tumid and unnatural style of declamation and pathos in composition, which are now received with acclamation, then truth and nature in author and player will be studied and practised. Mrs. Barnes has appeared in Olympia, the Greek girl, with *ecclat*. A writer in the Boston Galaxy says, "she does all for the character that Forrest does for *Metamora*, and that, in her hands, it almost monopolizes the interest of the play." Mr. Stone's tragedies elicit much approbation and censure. They deserve both; but this class of writing is so new among us that the first attempts should not be regarded with too much severity. If they be unworthy support, the best method of at once proving and correcting the error, is for some of the critics to produce better ones. Every man of sense at this day, admits that there is no want of talent among us, but only of causes by which talent is attracted to flow in this channel. As soon as play-writing becomes a profitable business, and really from Mr. Stone's experiments the period seems to have arrived, we shall not want Shiel, Knowles, and Poole, (musical names by the way,) however sparingly Shakspeares may be bestowed upon us.

ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

Tragedies are springing up every where around us. Wyoming, a tragedy by Dr. M'Henry, is advertised for performance at the Arch-street theatre, Philadelphia. It is founded on the massacre at Wyoming, and Brandt, an Indian marauder, is the principle character. Among so many dramatic productions, it is to be hoped some may prove worthy of preservation.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Newspaper poetry.—A good prose article, when original, is always preferred for the Mirror to those which have appeared in other journals. In regard to poetry a different plan is pursued. The public can get along without it, and would prefer to do so, unless they can obtain the best. Among the effusions which float about society in the shape of newspaper poetry, there are, occasionally, found verses of value, and we sometimes copy the best of them, that they may be preserved in a safer and more attractive form than the columns of journals of which few keep regular files. The following is extracted from the American. The stanzas are musical and very pretty. A gleam of true poetry pervades the whole production.

MY CHOICE.

There is a light within her eye, that fires every gaze,
And a rosy smile upon her lip that a joyous heart betrays:
And a fairy frolic in her form, that makes each motion seem
As graceful as the bounding course of a laughing mountain stream.

The long and jetty lash that hides the deep eye's blacker hue—
The rival roses in her cheek, her white brow's veins of blue,
Her gentle and her joyous laugh, and the music of her voice,
Have won my spirit unto her, and she shall be my choice.

Her spirit is all gentleness, and yet her bearing high,
And passionate thoughts sleep sweetly in the circle of her eye;
A pride as pure as delicate seems in her breast to dwell,
And breathes around her form the charm and magic of a spell.

So gentle, not a shaft of wit in malice does she dip,
And satire's self comes smiling and sweetly from her lip;
And her look and tone, whenever I meet, they make my heart rejoice,
And win my spirit unto her, and she shall be my choice.

There may be eyes as deeply dark, and brows as lofty too,
And cheeks as softly blended, and as beautiful of hue;
And gentle hearts, with gentle thoughts, and gentleness of words;
And voices like to hers, that mock the music of spring-birds.

I think there may be such, and yet I scarcely can say why
They passed by me, as in a dream they pass me idly by—
But she can wield me with a word, one tone of her soft low voice—
She hath won my proud soul unto her, and she shall be my choice.

The following, particularly the second and last verses, discover the touch of the master, and possess too much genuine poetic imagination to go down into those "deep waters," among the "dark and shapeless" images of one thousand eight hundred and thirty.

THE PARTED YEAR.

I stood upon the sunless shore
Beside oblivion's sea,
And saw its sluggish waves break o'er
The by-gone yesterday—
The last of the departed year
Join in the lapse of time's career,
The past eternity.

It was a melancholy sight
To see it part from day,
And dim among the depths of night
Fade with its dreams away;
And dark and shapeless with it go
A thousand hopes once rich in glow,
Born in its hour's decay.

A cold thrill to my feeling taught
How much there was of mine
Gone with that year of perished thought,
And ill-delayed design.
A part, too, of the vital gleam
Quenched beneath time's incessant stream,
A march towards decline.

From out those waves no palmy isle
Uphears its sunny head,
Where shipwreck hope may light her smile,
Boundless, and drear, and dread,
The billows break without a roar.
"Nameless is stamped upon the shore,"
And "death"—there all is dead.

And love turns trembling from the sight
Hiding his face with fear;
And beauty shrinks in pale affright,
And fame stands silent near,
And glory's laurels shrink and die,
Changeless alone one brow and eye,
But they are of despair.

All watch the last skirts of the year—
The wreck of minutes done,
In those deep waters disappear
For ever from the sun;
Leaving a dread tranquillity,
As when a mighty ship at sea
Has just gone wildly down.

Colley Cibber.—From the occasional perusal of the pieces published in the Philadelphia "Chronicle" under the signature of "Colley Cibber," discussing the claims of various actors to reputation, we were induced to term him in a late number "one of the best and severest of the dramatic critics in the country." In a subsequent article, however, from the same writer there are advanced various assertions, the truth of which we by no means subscribe. This is a mistake. Young Kean is a promising actor; his advantages of early education both in general subjects, possessed by very few actors, and practice will open him into extraordinary talents. One of the severest upon some one whose method of rendering dramatic characters is their principal object, to guide the public taste and instruct the actor himself touching his faults, is thereby defeated.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Slow.

The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls, As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

2d.—No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The harp of Tara swells; The chord, alone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus freedom now so seldom wakes, The only throb she gives, Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

For the New-York Mirror.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NUMBER II.

SCENIC representations were first introduced into the city of Rome, on occasion of a pestilence, by way of expiation. The performers came from Etruria, and were called *histriones*, from *hister*, which, in the Tuscan language, signifies a player. Hence the denomination of "the histrionic art." These performances were at first mere medleys, composed of a variety of parts, and it was not until the year of the city 522, that Livius Andronicus, a freedman, produced the first regular drama on the Roman stage. It was then the practice for the author to perform his own piece; but Livius having broken his voice by too much exertion, obtained leave from the audience to make use of a boy as a chanter. The boy, standing in front of the music, and keeping time with it, recited the compositions of the poet, who accompanied him with corresponding gesticulations. This practice obtained afterwards at Rome, until at length the passion of that people for gesticulation, produced the pantomime, which consisted wholly of action. Neither the Romans, nor their successors, the Italians, ever excelled in the dramatic art. Roscius, of whom so much is said, and so little known, is the only actor on record of distinguished fame. Cicero has immortalized him. Of the Roman tragedies, little can be said; and the comedies of Plautus and Terence are far below those of Aristophanes. There are but three or four good comedies in modern Italian literature; the best is by the famous Machiavel, one of the finest geniuses Italy ever produced. Goldoni, a Venetian has written many popular pieces, which, however, would not suit the taste of a refined and intellectual audience. Music has swallowed up every thing in Italy, and opera and pantomime superseded the manly legitimate drama. Alfieri has written worthy of antiquity; but his tragedies are read, not acted. The Italians would rather listen to fiddlers, and sopranos, and see opera-dancers. Can such a people expect to be free?

The worst government in the world is one which practises every species of extortion and monopoly under the mask of liberty. The corruptions of a free government are worse than the most inflexible despotism.

The best government in the world is that where the labourers receive high wages, and the public officers low salaries.

The muses were invoked throughout all Greece, but no sacrifices offered to them; as if to indicate that gifts could not conciliate them, or purchase the sacred spark of genius.

No two races on the face of the earth ever differed more than the Indians of North and South America. The former are among the most intractable of the human species; the latter, except in their sacrifice of human victims to their gods, appear to have been the most mild, indolent, and easy-tempered of all mankind. The Spanish writers, one and all, with the exception of Las Casas, represent them as the most stupid and unenlightened beings in existence, but one remove from the animals of the field. Don Antonio de Ulloa, after indulging himself in a variety of invectives against this harmless race, proceeds to give the following picture, which it will be observed exactly describes a nation of philosophers. "Nothing," he says, "disturbs the tranquillity of their souls, equally insensible to disasters and prosperity. Though half naked, they are as contented as a monarch on his splendid throne; riches do not elate them in the smallest degree, and the authority of dignities, to which they are permitted to aspire, is one so little the object of their ambition, that an Indian will receive with the same indifference the office of a judge or that of a hangman, if deprived of the former and appointed to the latter. Nothing can move or change them. Interest has no power over them; and they often refuse to perform a small service for a sum of money, pointing to their mouths and saying they are not hungry. Fear makes no impression on them, respect as little."

The practice of taking profiles originated with Philip of Macedon, who had but one eye.

Diogenes Laertius in his lives of the ancient philosophers says that Thales maintained inanimate objects possessed souls, instancing the magnet as furnishing a proof of this theory.

Men in general do not distinguish properly between dissimulation and hypocrisy. The former consists in disguising what we are, the latter in pretending to be what we are not. The first is often necessary in the common affairs of life, the latter is always contemptible and wicked.

A man was indicted for felony in stealing a book, but obtained his acquittal by pleading that it was nothing but *plagiarism*.

The happiness of mind can be nothing but knowledge.

A rogue being indicted for stealing a man's hat off his head, confessed the fact; but insisted that the hat was not the property of the person who wore it, according to the maxim *Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*—"the things above us are nothing to us."

We talk of the extravagance of modern ladies; Herodotus says that the revenues of Anthylla, in Egypt, a city of considerable magnitude, were always given to the wife of the governor for her expenses in shoes.

Gaffarel mentions a person who was born with the figure of a fish on his leg, drawn with such perfection as to resemble the work of a master. This fish, whenever the person ate any of his species, put him in terrible pain.

Augustus Cæsar was born with his body spotted with moles. Those on his breast were so disposed as exactly to represent the constellation of the great bear.

Those who maintain their disciples, will never want converts.

There were no less than three hundred different opinions among the ancient philosophers respecting what constituted the *summum bonum*, or chief good.

In Egypt a physician, according to Herodotus, never attempted the cure of but one malady. Every disease had its especial doctor, who devoted himself to that alone. What a contrast to our "universal doctors!" In China a physician receives no fee until the patient is cured. If such a rule were followed here, how many of our doctors would be out of the hospital in a few years?

One would suppose that bigamy might have escaped the lash of the law, since it is a crime that always carries its own punishment with it.

It was said of a rich miser that he died in great want—the want of more money.

In the year of Rome 695, the Roman senate decreed that Ptolemy, King of Cyprus, should be publicly sold as a slave habited in his royal robes.

Bellerophon is said to have overcome the monster Chimera by the aid of the winged horse Pegasus. Perhaps he be-rhymed him to death.

The Abbe Mariti in his travels through Egypt, Palestine, and Cyprus, gives us the origin of the phoenix. He says the palm tree, from its superior beauty and usefulness, is called the phoenix, and that when they cut down one of these they burn the stump, from the ashes of which arises a vigorous young shoot.

Mycon, a young man of Athens, was changed into a puppy by Ceres. Quere—was he the first dandy?

Next to the love of those I love, I prize
The hatred of the wretches I despise.

B.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SKETCH.

'Twas a bright moment!—Mirth play'd in the eye,
And filled each breast—and dwelt on every tongue;
For there the young and beautiful were met,
Whose gladsome hearts had never known a pang.
Fashion was there, in richest garb, and wealth;
And wit, inspired by gaiety and smiles,
Flowed sparkling forth. Pleasure triumphant reigned,
And every bosom glow'd beneath her power.

Not every bosom—no! for one was there
To which that giddy scene conveyed no joy;
The bleeding heart finds not relief in mirth,
And hers had felt a wound which could not heal.
Far from the thoughtless throng removed she sat,
Alone and friendless. The deep trace of time
And sorrow was upon her brow. Her breast
Had known the charm of summer—but, alas!
Winter had come that ne'er should have a spring.
Life has one spring—and only one—and hers
Had pass'd for ever; it had borne one hope,
The brightest—dearest—loveliest of earth;
But, almost at its birth, it died! and now
She lived to bathe its wither'd bud with tears.

Unseen I gazed upon that lonely one—
Her eye had lost its brightness—and her cheek
Was pale with grief—mirth dared not venture there.
She look'd on those around her—and if once
She caught a glance from others—she would strive
To smile, lest her sad looks might mar their joy;
But the strong effort only served to prove
How kind, yet truly wretched, was her heart.
It fail'd and left a look of such deep woe,
That in my very soul I pitied her.
She could not smile! true, smiles by no means show
The bosom happy, or the mind at ease;
Smiles may be worn when o'er the troubled mind
Brood shades and midnight in their darkest gloom;
But she could wear no mask, and no disguise,
Though oft, and long, and painfully she tried;
Her look, her slightest glance, was too, too clear,
To doubt that anguish prey'd on all within.

Once she had been like one of the gay things
That sported now before her. She had been
The pride of scenes like this—and then had won
The gaze of admiration from the throng
That crowded round her. She had seen them stand
Entranced to hear the music of her voice. Ah! then
Each youth was emulous to serve. She heard
Her praise from every tongue—and it had been
The theme of poets in their proudest songs.

'Twas not because all were so distant now
That she was sad—no, but she thought of one
Who always met her at those scenes of mirth;
His form would rise—and deathless mem'ry clung
To every action, and to every word.
In those glad moments he had spoke of love,
And she had fondly listen'd and believed.
She seem'd to be his only charm of life,
The being that he worshipp'd and adored.
Ah! had she known man more, she would have known
That love's sure spark lies in the deep heart hid,
Too deep to make a flaming outward show.
At first 'tis faint, perchance almost unseen,
And months, it may be years, must needs pass by,
Ere it be kindled so that time—nor tears—
Nor earthly power—can quench its sacred fire.
The love that lives in words but rarely speaks
The secret of the heart. She knew it not,
And gave her young affections all to him;
And each to each in sacred contract vow'd
Unfading constancy. That solemn pledge
They call'd on heaven to witness. Then he dwelt
With seeming rapture on the day that soon
Should see her his. Oh! she was happy then,
And every word was treasured in her breast.

Misfortune cross'd her path—"riches took wings;"
The pomp of wealth was hers no more—and yet
She sigh'd not—what were gaudy toys to her?
If he, her heart's first chosen, were but hers—
She wish'd no greater wealth. 'Twas paradise
Where'er he was. Winter was mild as spring—
The poorest cot a palace. This was love!
And he was hers. But ah! deluded one!
She saw him—oh how changed!—his brow was cold,
His tongue spoke not of love. He bow'd—pass'd on,
And left her. That proud glance was all she saw,
It chill'd her very heart—and froze each stream
Of joy and peace, that once flow'd sparkling there.
And yet she blamed him not; she never spoke
One word to wound him. No—for she had loved,

And even then, base ingrate as he was,
She loved him still. How could she then reproach?
She only pray'd that he might never feel
The anguish that she felt; but that his life
Might be as peaceful as her own was sad.
Ah! had it been his lot—had he been left
By fortune, e'en in poverty and shame,
She would have flown to cheer him. Woman's heart
Clings closer in distress—and when it loves,
Truly and warmly loves, it loves till death;
Ay—and if passions can survive the tomb,
If aught of earth at last may enter heaven,
Though not to pain, it must be woman's love.

She knew her life was passing fast away,
And others knew it—yet she never told
The melancholy cause. A few more pangs,
A few more secret sighs and tears—and then
She felt that she would slumber in the grave.
Oh! if there be a wound that needs relief,
Yet spurns it; if there be upon the earth
A poison'd arrow, that can pierce the soul,
'Tis that which woman feels—when left to weep
O'er buried hopes, and unrequited love.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

SKETCHES OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Addressed to a gentleman of this city:

NUMBER TWELVE.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

A LITTLE below the exchange, in the line skirting the Great Neva, stands the museum. It is a plain, lofty building, and exhibits some beautiful specimens of petrifications, corals, and minerals; but its variety of beast, bird, and fish is not to be compared in number, preservation, and arrangement to Scudder's; and there is a shameless, gross display on one side, that ought never to be permitted in a museum of natural curiosities. Among the quadrupeds I found by far the largest black bear I have ever seen. He is a monster in size. Here also are a towering elephant, with his Indian rider in costume perched upon his back, and the entire skeleton of a mammoth, discovered by Professor Adams on the shores of the icy sea. We were shown specimens of his hair, found at the same time, which could not have measured less than three-quarters of a yard in length. The figures of some Chinese, Japanese, Tartars, Laplanders, and jugglers attired in their native costumes, with their simple ingenious boats and sledges, as also a favourite servant of Peter the Great, seven feet high, and his pet zany, a diminutive dwarf, with very curious or rather no hands and feet, were attractive; but the objects of the greatest interest to us we found in the upper story, being such as related more immediately to the great monarch himself.

In one room we were shown the stuffed skin of the horse he strode at the famous battle of Poltava, apparently in full gallop, with the saddle, bridle, and accoutrements of the day exactly as they were used; and just ahead, as if starting on a chase, were the faithful dogs that attended him on his shooting excursions. Here also are numerous models of vessels and machines without number, made with his own hands, and very handsomely done too, showing Peter to have been an ingenious and skilful workman. In this and an adjoining room are preserved the telescope and nautical instruments, turning lathe, chisels, augers, hammers, hatchets, handsaws, and files, all of which he had used more or less during his active and busy life. Most of these tools bear the marks of good service. They are arranged and kept in the same state in which they were left at his death, and form an assortment sufficiently varied and complete to set up a dozen mechanics of our day in their different branches. From the second hall thus occupied a door opens to an inner room, before passing the threshold of which the soldier in attendance admonished us to take off our hats. We readily obeyed, and on entering found the wax figure of the czar sitting opposite us, in an easy chair, as if prepared for our reception. He was dressed in a kind of sky blue bombazine, of the same cut and fashion that a good citizen well to do in the world would have put on of a summer's day to see company. His skin was pallid, the face destitute of beard or the least expression, and his head covered with a great mop of hair, giving him just such an appearance from his shoulders upward as I have

often seen in a young gawky peasant. No one can accuse the artist in this case of flattery; indeed I should pronounce it a most scandalous representation of the great original. It makes quite a contrast to the portraits that are preserved of him. In these he is represented as a fine, bold-looking man; the expression of his countenance sufficiently portraying those traits of character that render him so justly celebrated. His height is here preserved, which I found to be six feet seven inches; and in a corner stood several of those cudgels, with which he so potently belaboured the shoulders of his subjects. They were handsomely turned canes enough, apparently of sound oak or hickory, and, strange to say, not one of us were willing to test a thump over the back from them, although wielded by the weak hand of one of our degenerate days. In a recess hard by hangs quite an assortment of his wardrobe. The clothes seem to have been faithfully worn, and were not a whit better than those of an old seventy-six farmer, and much in the same style. A flapped hat, with one side of the brim torn off, and the other in tatters, decorated one peg, from another was suspended a slit coat, graced with buttons nearly as large as a modern tea plate, though of a different substance; a patch was stuck on a pair of his indispensables, and the heel of a cow-hide shoe was run down, the upper-leather on one side taking the place of the sole, and nearly worn through, while his toes might have peeped out at the rip of its fellow, and made any discoveries that the wide world had to offer. But Peter's mind was above such trifles, and while other monarchs were exhausting their invention to give a new fashion to a coat, and puzzling their wits on the tie of a shoe, his powerful genius and example were exerted in civilizing and adding largely to an already powerful empire, and tracing plans that it will be the glory of his successors to their remotest generations to carry into effect.

The walls around this little room were hung with portraits, among which were czars and czarines of an early age; but the one which riveted my attention was that of the beautiful Catherine the first. You will recollect her sad early history, and her rise from the rank of a Livonian captive to that of the empress of all the Russias, her estimable disposition, and the influence she possessed to the last over her implacable lord; an influence always exerted to do good, and to shield from his vengeance those unhappy beings who had incurred his vindictive wrath. Peter could never withstand the entreaties of this adorable woman; and when resolutely determined upon carrying his bloody mandate into effect, he absented himself from the palace, and denied Catherine his presence till the execution of the fatal orders had placed the victims of his displeasure beyond the reach of the prayers and tears of this kind-hearted intercessor. Her portrait is just such a one as your imagination would paint—a figure inclining to the *en bon point*, with graceful neck and bosom, large beaming eyes, and lovely placid features, exhibiting the benignant care and expression of a Madonna.

In the rear of the museum, apart from any other building, stands a rotunda, exclusively occupied by the famous Gottorp globe. To get within it you enter a narrow door, and ascending a low flight of steps, take your seat a little below the centre, when you will find room for a dozen persons or more. A wheel immediately commences turning, and in the space of fifteen minutes you will have crossed the dreaded line, gone round the world, and again find yourself on terra firma, at the point from which you started, and thus be able through after life to tell of the wonders of the great deep, the marvellous appearance of strange lands and people, and the twinkling of innumerable stars, the complicated evolutions of the planets, the phases of the moon, and the track of the sun. How clever to sit in an easy chair, and see and learn all this in less time than an ordinary man would take in the digesting of a pinch of snuff! but, joking apart, this globe is really a great curiosity, and a half hour's inspection of it will give one a clearer and more accurate knowledge of the solar system than a month's poring over books. Something similar ought to be placed in every university throughout the land.

Directly in front of the Isaac-bridge rises an enormous building, occupied by several colleges of science and the St. Synod; and in the rear of this, and fronting the first line, is the military establishment of the noble cadets. These build-

ings and the enclosed grounds occupy a whole square, at least half a mile in length by one quarter in breadth. The sons of the nobility are alone admitted to this institution, and are obliged to enter at the early age of seven, and remain till twenty-one, when they take their degrees and join the army. The establishment is very complete, having its own church, hospital, cabinet of natural history, and riding-school. The pupils amount to several hundreds. They wear a low round cap and gray uniform, and besides rigid drilling, the military and other sciences, are taught to speak and write in French and German with fluency. An open square next presents itself in the line of the Neva, adorned with a triumphal obelisk, commemorative of the victory of Count Orloff over the Turkish fleet in the Black sea. Bounding this square, on the south-west, rises the academy of fine arts, a magnificent building, presenting its façade to the water, and forming a quadrangle of upwards of four hundred feet. Its columns are of the Doric order, a low dome surmounts the top, and above is placed the figure of Minerva. This academy was established as early as 1764, by Catherine the second, and was well endowed by her munificence, her successors confirming its revenue, and in some instances adding thereto. The pupils receive a careful education; and though they may not yet boast of a Raphael or Michael Angelo, they have displayed great taste in sculpture, painting, and architecture, and have left in this and other quarters of the empire, admirable and enduring specimens of their genius and execution.

Still bordering the Neva a considerable distance down, you come to the academy of mines, established for the express purpose of training a corps of scientific and intelligent officers to superintend the numerous mines found throughout Siberia and the Ural mountains, and to aid in the easier and fuller development of their inexhaustible treasures. The enlightened liberality of the Russian government in forming this establishment, is worthy of all praise. The sons of the most respectable citizens and even of the nobility, embrace the privilege of a free education here, in strict reference to this profession, upon finishing which they receive a lieutenant's commission in the army, and immediately repair to their stations. Their emoluments are ample, and if they distinguish themselves in the least they are rapidly promoted, and after a certain time of service are allowed, if they choose, to retire on a pension. Notwithstanding the privations and hardships they must endure before they can honourably retire to enjoy what is at first looked upon as so enviable, they generally get so attached to their profession, as to prefer continuing actively engaged in it, receiving full pay and promotion, to a more easy and indolent life. This is but one among the many establishments instituted by this keen fore-sighted government for the cultivation and development of its vast resources, and I don't know when I have been so highly gratified as in my visit to the academy of mines.

The first hall we entered was adorned with a full-length likeness of Alexander, and devoted to the instruction of the pupils. There were a great variety of models displayed here, such as hydraulic works, and machines for washing out the gold and sinking shafts. The second room is also occupied for instruction, and was set round with specimens of the different minerals, and curiosities extracted from these regions. Among other specimens we were shown a lump of gold, found (that is, fortunately dug out the day previous by one of the miners, and placed by the flattering superintendants in his way before he made the rounds,) by the emperor Alexander on his visit to the mines, weighing nearly seventeen pounds, and so pure that the professor who attended us thought it would not lose over twenty per cent in refining. A garden is attached to the rear, and within it is dug a deep circuitous passage, over-arched and made perfectly dark, for the practical demonstration of the science to the students. Here each one of our party lighted his flambeau, and boldly descended. The delusion is quite perfect, for the different strata of earth and minerals are firmly attached to the walls just as they are originally found; and as you grope your way through the damp cold passage, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to fancy yourself in a real mine of Siberia.

For the New-York Mirror.
EXCERPTS.

Black takes no spots. The characters of some men are so bad they cannot be stained.

Ungrateful persons begin by underrating the benefits bestowed upon them.

Life is a game of backgammon; there is a mixture of chance and skill in it.

An alchemist dedicated a book on making gold to Leo X. who sent him in return a cart load of empty bags to hold his money.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 104.

The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles see sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairne,
And all that thou hast done for me.—Burns.

"THERE is in some minds," said the Genius, "a fine principle of fidelity, which perpetuates the existence of impressions. In others, incidents, unless connected with their progressive plans and interests, pass lightly away, and are forgotten. Feelings of admiration or of gratitude are preserved by many, of which the object may be totally unconscious; and buried under a multiplicity of other thoughts they would go down into the oblivion of the grave, unless some accidental occurrence to which they are linked by association, call them forth from the depths of the character like a precious and beautiful relic found in the neglected corner of a modern mansion."

"But," observed I, "one animated with gratitude or love for another would always seek his society."

"Not so," replied my companion. "Many causes may arise to separate them. True, every man seems to act from his own free will, but the course of each is, nevertheless, guided by the current, gentle and invisible, perchance, but nevertheless irresistible. Thus individuals are brought in contact, and compelled to toil together through existence, totally unadapted to make each other either happy or contented, while in other instances, they whose society would be productive of mutual gratification, never meet in life's wanderings, or only meet to part. You resemble ships at sea bound to different ports, and wafted by opposing winds. It would be agreeable for you to sail together, but it would be inconsistent with the object for which you are formed. But see—the mirror has spread itself out before us. A moment's silence and you will discover my meaning."

As a ruffled stream settles again into stillness when the breeze dies away, and the shapes and colours before confusedly reflected in its waters, fall at length into the soft and living picture of surrounding nature, so the agitated mists in the mirror arranged themselves in quiet order and vivid distinctness.

A rural scene appeared, evidently situated at a distance from the elegance, fashion, and restless action of a city. A low and humble house stood at the end of a wide grassy lane. Moss was on the roof. Pleasant orchards were near, and tall elm trees. On a branch, a robin was trimming his wings, and his warble ever and anon was heard. In the distance, and softened by the haze, stood a village and a white church, whose spire was gilded with the rays of the setting sun.

I gazed a few moments in silence. I had but just left the busy streets, whitened with banks of snow, and my ears rung with the ringing of sleigh-bells and the voices of fashionable gaiety—and this tranquil summer picture struck me with a fairy contrast, and reminded me of years and years gone by when in early boyhood I had moved in such a place and at such an hour.

"You behold," said my companion, "one of those secluded dwellings where the treasures of learning are served without ostentation to the lowly youth of your happy country. Beneath that unassuming roof, and clothed in the garments of the poor, many a young heart beats with germs of genius and virtue. But the period of their thralldom is over, and the elastic mind, bent down with the labour of study, is prepared to rise again to mirth and pleasure."

As he spoke, a burst of noisy merriment told that the toils of the day were done; and, with faces of eager joy, natural enough on the occasion, the crowd burst forth to freedom sweetened by restraint. But among the joyful multitude who dispersed themselves over the green and pursued their various sports, I noted one upon whose features appeared the marks of sorrow, for many as are the deep regrets with which the scarred and worn heart of man yearns for the peace, the innocence, the ignorance of boyhood, yet its sky, even as every other, is shaken by the mimic tempest, or overshadowed with infant gloom. The boy was poor. No affluent friends waited to lead him by the hand to the high and glorious places of the world. Scarcely one kind heart was crossed by recollections of his image, sympathy with his loneliness, or interest in his welfare. A remote relation had placed him at the academy, partly from a cold sense of duty, and partly from the pomp of ostentatious charity, which so long as it shone forth conspicuously to admiring thousands, never listed whether the

object was wounded or benefited by the manner of its application. The master of the establishment was a correct and moral pedant, in whose rude and unfeeling bosom he found no refuge either from his own thoughts or the neglect of others. The same fate which had thus sent the boy adrift without friend, or money, or hope, had also cast his person in a repulsive mould, had formed his tongue awkward to express, and his understanding slow to comprehend. No beautiful face attracted to him the gaze of admiration, and of the spurious pity of which it sometimes is the foundation. His voice had no sweet tones—his mouth no expressive smile—his manner no winning grace. He was rough, ungainly, unattractive, and the tears which now came up from his very heart, did not moisten beautiful eyes or tremble upon long lashes, but rolled down his cheeks in the homely language of ordinary grief.

"Poor, little, solitary, wretched boy!" said the Genius; "although denied the outward charms of person, he has a human heart, and what heart will not bleed when wounded? The pedagogue, his tyrant, has lost his patience and beaten him, because he has not accomplished all that has been effected by those who had naturally stronger faculties and quicker perceptions."

While he was speaking, the unhappy outcast, with a book containing a lesson as opaque to the eyes of his understanding as the rock was to his physical vision, wandered away from the rest, whose happy shouts were heard, as the ball rose in the air, or the rapid top hummed itself to sleep upon the smooth and much worn ground. He sat down on a stone and turned his face towards the sky, where the sun had just gone down, and the tears were almost dried from his eyes as he gazed, and then, as a companion approached him and saluted him with an unfeeling remark or a heartless joke, the tears flowed again.

Presently a boy, gifted with all the grace of manner and beauty of person in which the other was deficient, and endowed with the superadded blessings of affectionate and wealthy parents, wit, capacity, and genius, left the play and came softly and sat down beside him, put his arm around his neck soothed him in a low tone, and persuaded him to strive again at the repulsive task, which had been so long and closely associated with misery and mortification that his very soul loathed it. He pointed out the easy parts and explained the dark, and by the aid of his kind and soothing manner the irritated mind of the dull boy was calmed, and his swelling feelings were hushed, and a light broke in upon him of knowledge, and gratitude, and happiness. Then the scene vanished.

"And now," said I, smiling through a sort of moisture which had gathered in my own eyes, for even so simple an instance of pure generous feeling and unimportant misfortune is touching, "I suppose our poor little friend is to appear a great man, and to rescue his noble patron from some awful calamity."

"No," said the Genius, "human scenes are not always performed in so dramatic a style. Though life is full of changes, you must not suppose every poor youth will rise to eminence, nor every promising one suffer ruin. Time has gone on with them in its usual routine. The rich boy grew up into a rich man. The promises of his early days have all been realized. He has lived a life of pleasure and virtue, and never again met the abandoned object of his infant pity. Genius has hallowed his name, and triumph followed his undertakings. The other never overcame the obstacles with which accident opposed his progress. Beauty never invested his form, happiness never warmed his heart. He has been always poor, always humble—but look once more in the mirror."

It was one of the gloomiest pictures of life. A crowd were assembled in a lofty apartment. They consisted of the great and powerful of the land. A lovely female, arrayed in deep mourning, was there, with two beautiful children. At one end of the chamber stood a coffin. Death's awful seal was stamped on the altered features of the tenant, but a glance told me that the sad faces, which appeared one after another, and gazed with awe-struck rivetted look, as if they could never cease gazing upon the white tranquil forehead, the closed eyes, the cold, serious, stiff features, came to take their farewell of him—the once gentle and lovely boy. Then all the thrilling ceremonials were finished—the solemn prayer was said—the wife and children had paused before the noble prostrate form with feelings too sacred and deep for the intrusion even of imagination. And one was in the act of drawing over the features the snowy gauze and closing the coffin lid, when he, the unhappy boy, the poor labourer, entered with hasty step among his superiors, and fixed his eyes on that face, which had never met him since. A paleness came over him, and a tremor was at his heart.

"True, living, faithful gratitude," said the Genius, "has ex-

isted in his bosom unchanged. The circumstances of their respective situations in life have hitherto kept them asunder. They have passed in the streets as strangers to each other. No opportunity has occurred even for the acknowledgment of the debt of kindness contracted in that quiet spot, when the sun was slowly sinking. But although unpaid, unspoken, it has not been forgotten, and it is good for you to know that these qualities belong to human nature, to see true generous feeling exhibited, although in a shape entirely unconnected with the important events of life. They afford at once a model for your own actions, and a support on which you may rest your confidence in the high nature and destiny of man."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

NOTES BY A TRAVELLER.

NUMBER THREE.

December 3, 1829.—At sea.

It is evening. Every thing is calm and tranquil. A voyage at sea has been aptly said to cut one off for a time from all plans of life. There is nothing around to awaken recollection but the stars, which strew the broad and lofty pavement of heaven with the same shapes, whether the gazer be wandering through the pleasant places of the earth, or tossed on the lonely ocean—whether he be wretched or happy, there the imperishable records of power are shining silently forever.

The ship goes along lazily through the water, creaking and rolling. The dark heavy waves are tumbling around, and their curling tops show dimly white through the shadow. Last night at the same moment I was in the full flash of merriment, light, and music. Gentle friends were around me. I shall probably never see them again. We pass through the world as we ramble along the winding paths of some forest; where bright birds light near us, or sweep by on outspread wings, but are lost among the thickening branches, even while we gaze on the richness of their plumage, or hush our breath to drink in the music of their song.

These reflections passed in my mind this morning as the ship won its way out of the offing, and I dwelt deliberately, one after another, upon the pleasant scenes which I had witnessed in the streak of blue land fast receding in the west. One gets scandalously sentimental at such a moment. A little man in a white hat called for a glass of toddy—pretty girl gone down the cabin sick—steward ringing the supper bell in the companion way. Partly from the pressure of tender recollections, and partly from the motion of the vessel, I experienced an indefinite sort of a suspicion that I was not very hungry—was soon, however, dreaming in my berth.

December 4th.—A fresh breeze. Sky overclouded—cold and rainy. Reading till dinner time. Dispatched a reasonable quantity of apple pudding. Nothing can be more grateful to the palate at sea than fruit in all the forms of its preparations. Stretched myself on a settee, and sleep and dreams came over me. I was in a large dining hall, very hungry, and consequently particularly delighted to behold some ten or a dozen aproned waiters skipping about a well-furnished table like those good and obliging genii mentioned in the Arabian Nights. There were all sorts of dishes tempting to a languid appetite, to say nothing of several large covered silver tureens, (a fine effect they have by the way upon a hungry imagination) potatoes so dry and mealy that they fell apart if you did but look at them; oysters fat and plump, the very picture of health and happiness, and a world of nameless little knick-knacks in the divine mystery of cookery—the golden custard, the luscious pie, clusters of grapes, and heaps of other delicious fruits, which, however unimportant to moralists and philosophers after dinner, may, nevertheless, by a very simple combination of circumstances, be rendered decidedly agreeable topics of reflection. Then the lordly sirloin of beef took its station at the head of the table, and a sensible looking gentleman, after having turned up the cuffs of his sleeves, introduced a fork into it—laid open several slices with the skill of a practised carver—and rested his eyes on me, on the very point of preferring a pleasing and natural interrogatory, when, with a sudden shock, I was dashed from my slumbers and found myself in the opposite side of the cabin, amidst chairs upside down, trunks rolled over, and various other symptoms of a general revolution. A heavy gale had arisen. The sea was running in mountain waves, and our good ship was pitching violently. With the aid of hands as well as feet I succeeded in crossing the floor, sometimes climbing, sometimes descending, and sometimes bringing my head in contact with divers objects with a *momentum*, not at all in accordance with my ideas of personal comfort. After having been wandering through hushed forests and re-

clining on the banks of sleepy brooks, I was desirous of beholding this same nature, that we *poetize* so much, in one of her angry moods. A total darkness soon overspread the scene—only cheered by the light in the binnacle, and the *breathing* of the heavy billows as they lifted their fiery heads high above the lofty stern. During the night the wind increased to a tremendous gale. It seemed scarcely possible for the ship to ride it out. The rolling rendered walking a perilous enterprise, and occasionally as the vessel lurched, the crockery crashed, the women screamed, chests, chairs, boots, and all the moveable articles not absolutely lashed, were rolling to and fro across the floor "as life were in them." Whatever were the thoughts of the men, they kept them to themselves, but the agreeable anticipations of the ladies were confided so freely, and in such an elevated tone to whomsoever might be pleased to listen that, although no caves-dropper, it was impossible for me to misunderstand that they were rather discontented with the prospect. Divers questions were put to the steward, both principal and deputies, as when the storm would end—did he think the ship would overset or go down—and did he ever know of such a gale before. The worthy individual, not being himself exactly satisfied with existing circumstances, afforded them but very vague and contradictory information, from which no more could be gathered than that we were undoubtedly at sea, and in a gale of wind. His natural humanity did once so nearly conquer his fears as to induce him to offer some consolation to a charming little woman, whose beauty was quite improved by her terror. He assured her, upon his honour, that the waves were subsiding, the winds abating, the moon and stars coming out as fast as possible; but he had not yet finished his veracious statements, when another lurch laid the vessel on her beam-ends—a gigantic wave swept and thundered over the deck and into the cabin—the crockery again crashed—the fair females raised their voices—and as the groaning and labouring ship righted, the gale grew more fiercely violent and blew a hurricane, screaming and whistling through the rigging, and so the steward lost his character as a man of integrity. I never heard any sounds before which I could exactly compare to the shrill, constant, *shrieking* of the whirlwind through the shrouds. After a sleepless night, varied with crying, crashing, and splashing, the trampling of rapid feet on deck, the shouts of the captain through the trumpet, the noise of the vessel rushing through the water, and the awful tumult and thundering of the wind and billows, morning at length dawned. Most of the passengers clung to their berths. No breakfast was served. The cabin was too dark to read. I resolved to see what was to be seen, and, wildly as my imagination may have exaggerated many of the pains and pleasures of life, I never conceived a scene at once so appalling and awful, yet so grand and sublime. The wild element seemed in the paroxysm of rage and madness. Its broad and mountainous billows were lifted far above the deck, and each seemed inevitably destined to overwhelm the comparatively feeble and petty fabric in whose frail bosom so many adventurous human beings had trusted themselves to its mercy. The colour of the water was entirely changed. Sometimes in the trough of the sea it assumed a deep and inky blackness—then the snow white froth curled and foamed upon the breaking waves, and presently gave way to a bright indigo blue, while far and wide the surface of the ocean *smoked*—that is, gave off the vapour exhaled in consequence of the coldness of the air. Even on the solid earth, the sight of those dark heavy masses of vapour, hiding the face of day, their lowering bosoms fraught with the principles of wreck and ruin, hushes the mind into an emotion of solemnity, if not of fear; but, tossed almost at random upon the ocean, and cut off from the world, when the springing of a plank may overwhelm you, one feels with singular force his perfect helplessness and utter abandonment. It must be with something of a similar sensation that the unarmed and solitary passenger struggles in the very embrace of some ferocious beast; although even in such a situation there is something to do, by which the attention may be in a measure diverted. But, the victim of shipwreck, in the full and dreadfully clear possession of his intellectual powers, has to sit passively and deliberately down, and amuse himself by considering whether he had better leap off at once into the boiling brine, or lash himself to the deck, and pass some fifteen or twenty days in that posture, not only without anything to eat, but with the ulterior prospect of becoming himself food for fishes. In the midst of this din of contending elements, while I was clinging to a rope to keep from being washed overboard by the waves, a beautiful little land-bird, drenched with the rain and almost frozen, came tremblingly and alighted upon the vessel's deck. In the absence of all other occupation, and perhaps a little flighty from the danger of

our situation, I desperately proceeded to compose the following rhymes, which I committed to paper when the storm died away the next night, and the pale moon sent down her struggling beams, dim and beautiful, upon the white tumbling surface of the ocean. I have taken, however, a poetic licence not warranted by the bird's real fate. The poor little creature found but a brief resting place on the ship, from which the fierce tempest soon drove him. He durst not commit himself more confidently to the mercy of man, and I suppose his troubles were soon over.

Welcome, poor, feeble, fluttering bird,
Scared by the pelting, pitiless clouds,
Though here but dreary winds are heard,
Shrill screaming through the naked shrouds.

Full oft upon the crimson rose,
Have lightly pressed those tiny feet,
Where silent leafy-woods disclose
Blue sky, clear brook, and fragrance sweet.

And many a lonely one; like thee
From scenes of joy, a wanderer driven
Adrift on sorrow's cheerless sea,
Copes with the angry storms of heaven.

But not like thee, thou trembling thing,
Do all a place of shelter find,
To rest their weary, shivering wing,
And hide them from the wintry wind.

But struggling long, with fainting soul,
At length they sink upon the deep,
Where tempests rage, and billows roll,
But break no more their dreamless sleep.

F.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

AFTER the unceasing jingle of bells for the last several weeks, through all hours of the day and night, none will be hardy enough to deny that we are emphatically a sleigh-riding community. During the prevalence of snow, the theatres were, of course, generally not well attended. The managers of the Park, however, have boldly entered into a conflict with the elements, and the struggle between Cinderella and the sleighing has been long and arduous. The opera, however, possesses a manifest advantage over the roads, from the fact, that while the latter are rapidly growing worse, the former is continually advancing towards perfection. True indeed, at the commencement, some trivial and natural occurrences did a little mar the general success. At one time, although every possible exertion was used by the enterprising and indefatigable Mr. Barry to procure a living rat for the coachman, yet, in defiance of the most ingenious and expensive display of *trained chimera*, those perverse and foolish reptiles were not sufficiently convinced of his pacific intentions to enter into any definite engagement, and the character was consequently performed by a stuffed semblance, who could not be expected to sustain it with either grace or spirit. Besides, at one representation, when the fairy, with the design of metamorphosing Cinderella's awkward servant into a magnificent nobleman, waved her magic wand with more dignity than effect, and exclaimed, "appear and disappear," the attraction of gravitation, and other obdurate principles of natural philosophy, proved rather too powerful for her influence, and, instead of shining forth immediately a gay and richly-caparisoned knight, Mr. T. Placide, from an inconvenient disposition of the slip-noose around his neck, seemed on the point of closing his theatrical career in a very ignominious and disagreeable manner, when the cord gave way, to the unequivocal gratification of himself and the sympathetic audience, with no more fatal consequence than a tumble head over heels, accompanied by an affecting exclamation of "halloo!" which was received with "unbounded applause."

But now this charming opera has completely surmounted all similar obstacles. The most incredible transformations take place with a beautiful and dream-like facility, living fairies float on the bosom of the air, above the branches of the forest, and the most heavenly music comes, sweetly softened by distance, from—no one can tell where. In truth, the light and agreeable fancies of this far-famed eastern story, so familiar to the mind of childhood, have been embodied on the stage with extraordinary effect; and while its magic wonders delight the youthful imagination, the genius of Rossini has succeeded in rendering it captivating to all. It is acknowledged that Cinderella offers an attraction superior to any thing of the kind ever before produced in the United States. It is an experiment on the taste of the community, in the course of which much labour and expense have been incurred, and in the successful result of which all lovers of good music should feel interested. If the public support warrant it, we may hope to be hereafter entertained by similar costly and delightful exhibitions, and that elephants, rope-dancers, and such refined and intellectual treats as Punch and Judy, may be hereafter banished from the stage.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

NUMBER ONE.

SIR—Permit me to thank you for the stand you made in your paper a short time since in behalf of the good old mode of paying visits and reviving friendships on new-year's day. It is a practice hallowed by time and sanctioned by its salutary consequences. It brings long estranged friends to remember and visit each other; it gives life and gaiety to a dreary inclement season; it is, in short, a social, honest, old fashioned custom, and as such I honour it, at least in others; for a habit of indolence has, I confess to my shame, prevented me from following it myself for a few years past.

And who are they that, as I have heard it ramoured in the fashionable circles of this city, are about setting their faces against a venerable usage consecrated by the example of our ancestors? Why, sir, people that have no ancestry themselves—no respect for long cherished customs, and no right to set any other example than that of a becoming humility. People without any claims to refinement but what originate in pride of wealth, and who are neither entitled by birth, education, manners, talents, or taste, to take the lead in our society, to which they have already imparted an aspect of vulgarity. Such as these have no other ideas of refinement and gentility but what they borrow from abroad, and fancy it a sufficient sanction to any folly or indecency that it is the fashion in Paris or London. They cannot conceive for a moment that real good breeding is founded on a nice sense of propriety, and depends not on the fashion of the garments or the splendour of equipages, which only throw a cruel sunshine on vulgar habits and vulgar minds.

I have long had my eye upon this knot of would-be fashionables, who seem to take it for granted that the possession of money is a patent of nobility, and that wealth is a sufficient offset against ignorance and ill-manners. But yesterday risen from the depth of obscurity and insignificance, they affect to take the lead in fashioning our manners and directing our amusements; and, as if conscious of their recent origin, they make war upon venerable customs, which appear to excite their spleen, only because they are more ancient than themselves. I would have these people take warning—become more modest in their pretensions—play the fool if they like among themselves—tickle each other's vanity in a corner, and leave the really respectable portion of the community to their ancient and long-cherished amusements. If they do not, I promise them a future harvest of ridicule that shall cure their attempts at innovation. The good city of New-York shall not be surrendered to the dictation of purse-proud arrogance, nor be overrun by ignorant pretenders to fashion without a stout resistance on my part.

In the mean time I call on all the descendants of our old independent burghers—all who reverence the usages of their ancestors—all who have any ancestry themselves—all who love to see one cheerful day at least in the year, in which the old may become young again, and the young ones laugh for joy—all that despise the petty arrogance of would-be pretension and ignorant vulgarity, I call upon them all to buckle on their armour in defence of the honest jolly new-year. For my part, I intend to bestir myself, if I live till the next birth day, and visit every body I have ever known, except the low bred people who have no respect for ancient customs. Prepare your new-year cookies and cherry bounce, Mr. Editor, for I shall certainly beat up your quarters. Your constant reader,

THE LAST OF THE COCKED HATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

NUMBER TWO.

SIR—Having been assured that the periodical press governs the world, and that in a short time we shall want neither kings, lords, commons, congress, president, mayor, or common council, I am induced to lay before you my unhappy situation, in the hope that you will either interfere in my behalf, or at least publish this letter as a warning to others.

I came to town the other day with *ma* to spend the winter, leaving *pa* at home to take care of the children. We took lodgings at a public hotel where there are plenty of boarders, so that we never want company, and every thing is delightful. I do love living at lodgings, and so does *ma*. Every thing is done to our hands; there is no trouble to take care of the house, and all that sort of vulgarity; and we have nothing to do but sit at the window and read novels, walk in Broadway, spend money, and flirt with the gentlemen. *Ma* has

got two beaux already—foreign gentlemen—one a duke, the other second cousin to a *ci-devant*, which I believe means German, or African prince, I don't exactly know which; and I—but my modesty will not permit me to tell you how many humble servants I have at the hotel, besides waiters and chambermaids.

But this is not what I intended to write to you about. You must know *pa* mortgaged his farm to our bank to raise money for our winter campaign, and gave me a hundred dollars to buy dresses with, that I might appear as became the daughter of the first judge of the county. The next day after we arrived *ma* and I went to a fashionable milliner's before breakfast, to witness the opening of a new invoice of dresses and bonnets from Paris. Well, after losing our breakfast, we were so long making up our minds, we fixed upon two most beautiful bonnets and two most elegant dresses, which the milliner assured us were of the very latest Paris fashion. Well, I could not sleep that night, for we were going the very next evening to a grand party at Mrs. Flash's, the most fashionable lady in town. Well, when we got there, would you believe it? Miss Flash, who had been in Paris only six months before, solemnly declared that our dresses had been two good years out of fashion! *Ma* fainted away, and I fell into hysterics. What shall we do, Mr. Editor? The dresses are to be sure very handsome; but we can't possibly wear them you know without disgracing the first judge of the county. *Ma* has written to *pa* to mortgage another piece of land; but you know what slow people lawyers are, and half the winter will be lost before we get another supply. *Ma* talks of running in debt for a couple of new dresses, if she can get any body to trust her. In the meanwhile we are ashamed to show ourselves any where, and I have had no other resource for these five or six days but reading the Water Witch, and wondering at the charming talent of the author at making such a long story out of nothing.

Dear Mr. Editor, do give it to the wicked milliners who impose upon the country ladies by selling them old-fashioned dresses for new. Will you, that's a nice man. Your disconsolate,

PATTY PRISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

NUMBER THREE.

FRIEND MORRIS—You editors know, or what is just the same thing, pretend to know, every thing. What shall I do? I am tired of myself, and every thing else. I have nothing to do, nothing to say, and nothing to think of. When the sun shines I walk up and down Broadway, and manage to create a little excitement by wondering at the fashion of short petticoats in cold windy weather; when it rains I go to bed. Every day I live is longer than the day before, and Sunday the longest of all. Can you tell me how to get rid of Sunday? I used to get in my gig and let my horse go just where he pleased, till one Sunday he shipwrecked me across a chain in front of one of the churches. It was rather a lucky affair though, for I sprained my ankle and was confined six weeks. You can't think how I enjoyed myself—first, in anticipating the pleasure of getting well, and secondly, in the recollection of being sick. The contrast was exquisite.

But this happiness could not last for ever. In a little time I resolved myself into myself again. I was becalmed in the boundless ocean of nothingness. The fiend envy, beset me sorely. I envied the sawyer the delights of sawing wood; I envied the porter his burthen—it was so much lighter than being a burthen to himself, as I was—and, upon the word of a miserable gentleman with nothing on the face of the earth to do, I often pined after the delights of climbing up to the top of a chimney, and crying "sweep all up! sweep all up!" to the tune of *Di tanti palpiti*.

If I could only get rid of my money, I should be happy. I should then be forced to do something. You can't conceive the pains I have been at to arrive at this happy consummation of poverty. I spent money like dirt, and had nearly got through my estate, when behold! I awoke one morning and found myself as badly off as ever. A bachelor uncle had died and left me a swamp in the outskirts of the city that was worth more than all I had spent. But I was not discouraged. I set to work again with great vigour, and flattered myself I was doing very well; but as my evil stars would have it, my swamp increased in value faster than I spent the money. For two or three years we ran against each other; but the swamp distanced me at last, and I gave up the contest in despair, though the corporation improvements assisted me out of a few thousands every year.

In the hope that fate would relent at last, I engaged in divers speculations, such as buying country bank stock, in

hopes they would break in time. But all in vain—they stood like Catakil "amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," while every other bank was crushing around them. Next I formed an intimacy with a knowing gentleman about Wall-street, whose advice I followed on all occasions in the investment of money, in the reasonable hope of being ruined at last. But my fate still followed, and every thing I touched turned to gold.

As a last resort, and in a moment of despair, I found out a man of rather doubtful character, whose affairs were in a most beautiful confusion, and who wanted to borrow an ocean of money. He was the very man for me, and I became responsible for him in all I was worth, assuring him at the same time that if he would only run away, I should be eternally grateful. But the unfeeling wretch demurred to this trifling proof of gratitude, and cruelly insisted on paying me, when shortly after two or three Indiamen, belonging to him, arrived with rich cargoes.

In short, friend Morris, I have done all that man could do to get rid of his money, and yet I grow richer every day. What shall I do? How shall I manage to make it absolutely necessary for me to do something? By the way, don't you want a printer's devil? I think I have a sort of literary turn, and if you will only try me a few weeks, I will pay more for the privilege of working than all the rest of your devils receive in a year. Pray think of it and let me hear from you soon, or I shall certainly be tempted to make away with myself in matrimony. I have a remote hope that if I can only meet with a fashionable young lady, well brought up, and *au fait* in the secret of spending a gentleman's estate, I may possibly, with her assistance, get rid of my money faster than it increases. But, upon the whole, I think the project of the printer's devil preferable. Therefore let me hear from you as soon as possible, for I should not be surprised at waking some of these mornings without the least inclination to get up and dress myself. Your trifling friend,

CYRUS DOOLITTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

NUMBER FOUR.

SIR—As I was walking alone by myself the other evening, when you know it was as dark as Jerusalem, a great strapping fellow came behind me and threw a rope with a slipping noose round my neck, exclaiming at the same time, "Ah ha! have I caught you at last, Mister Potter?" Luckily the rope would not shut close enough to choke me. I assured the man he was mistaken, my name was not Potter, and then I cried murder. The people came to my rescue, and then only think of the fellow! he protested he was a cartman and took me for his horse which had strayed away, at the same time he showed the rope, which was a halter. The people, I suppose, being all in league with him, laughed at me and my horse. I told Mr. Editor, don't you think he contemplated my ruin? Yours, &c.

TRIMBLE TIMBERSOME.

P. S. I wish you would make a little rout about the danger of females being out of evenings. It has an excellent effect in keeping the women from gadding. My wife and daughters stay home and keep me company ever since the alarm of the slipping nooses.

T. T.

The following, though not addressed to the editor, has been handed to him, with the privilege of publishing it if he think proper.

TO A RELATION IN THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER FIVE.

New-York, January 30, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I received your letter yesterday, and am delighted to hear my green-house plants have escaped the late frosts. Pray take good care of them till I come home, and I will pay you for your trouble by sending you all the news and telling you all my adventures. I am sure they will make you laugh, for they are nothing but a budget of blunders from beginning to end. I can hardly help laughing myself when I think of them.

The first blunder I made was in mistaking a servant for his master. You must know it is the fashion for the young gentlemen of *ton* to drive their own servants about town, I suppose in order to show their humility. I was walking with Fanny Flutter in Broadway when a beautiful little waggon, with a pair of beautiful little ponies passed by, with a gentleman, as I thought, loling on the back seat, in a most easy and graceful manner.

"My heavens!" exclaimed I, "what a beautiful equipage, and what a handsome gentleman in it—who is he?"

Fanny laughed louder than I thought became a lady in the street, and answered as soon as she could—

LITERARY NOTICES.

Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton, occasioned by the publication of his lately discovered Treatise on Christian Doctrine. By William E. Channing.

(Second notice.)

THE want of room in the last Mirror forced us to reserve a part of the article upon Mr. Channing's interesting essay. We did it, however, with less reluctance from the fact that it consists principally of extracts, in a great measure disconnected. There is a fine air of boldness in the following, which illustrates how entirely the author rests on his own reason; how unswayed he is by those prejudices and habits which attract the weak into beaten paths.

"From Milton's poetry we turn to his *prose*. We rejoice that the dust is beginning to be wiped from his prose writings, and that the public are now learning what the initiated have long known, that these contain passages hardly inferior to his best poetry, and that they are throughout marked with the same vigorous mind, which gave us *Paradise Lost*. The attention to these works has been discouraged by some objections, on which we shall bestow a few remarks.

"And first, it is objected to his prose writings that the style is difficult and obscure, abounding in involutions, transpositions, and Latinisms; that his protracted sentences exhaust and weary the mind, and too often yield it no better recompense than confused and indistinct perceptions. We mean not to deny that these charges have some grounds, but they seem to us much exaggerated; and when we consider that the difficulties of Milton's style have almost sealed up his prose writings, we cannot but lament the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones, such as energy and richness, and in these Milton is not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of a writer's naked thoughts; but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries farthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious constraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and it ought not to be required to part with these attributes, that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences, and in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts and images crowd upon it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves we love what is called easy reading perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation; but we love too to have our faculties tasked by master spirits. We delight in long sentences, in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is irradiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows, like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear and the soul. Such sentences are worthy and noble manifestations of a great and far-looking mind, which grasps at once vast fields of thought, just as the natural eye takes in at a moment wide prospects of grandeur and beauty. We would not indeed have all compositions of this character. Let abundant provision be made for the common intellect. Let such writers as Addison, an honoured name, 'bring down philosophy from heaven to earth.' But let inspired genius fulfil its higher function of lifting the prepared mind from earth to heaven. Impose upon it no strict laws, for it is its own best law. Let it speak in its own language, in tones which suit its own ear. Let it not lay aside its natural port, or dwarf itself that it may be comprehended by the surrounding multitude. If not understood and relished now, let it place a generous confidence in other ages, and utter oracles which futurity will expound. We are led to these remarks, not merely for Milton's justification, but because our times seem to demand them. Literature, we fear, is becoming too popular. The whole community is now turned into readers, and in this we heartily rejoice; and we rejoice too that so much talent is employed in making knowledge accessible to all. We hail the general diffusion of intelligence as the brightest feature of the present age. But good and evil are never disjoined; and one bad consequence of the multitude of readers is, that men of genius are too anxious to please the multitude, and prefer a present shout of popularity to that less tumultuous, but deeper, more thrilling note of the trump

of fame, which resounds and grows clearer and louder through all future ages."

One more extract—and although, like Sinbad, when he leaves the valley of diamonds, we regret that we can only carry away so small a part of the brilliant gems which are here so profusely scattered around, yet we trust, if not from our remarks, at least from these instances of Mr. Channing's extraordinary talent as a writer, our readers may be induced to examine more fully than we have now room to do, his claims to a more extended, though not a higher fame, than that which he has already acquired.

"We have enlarged on Milton's character, not only from the pleasure of paying that sacred debt which the mind owes to him who has quickened and delighted it, but from an apprehension that Milton has not yet reaped his due harvest of esteem and veneration. The mists which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson spread over his bright name are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. We wish not to disparage Johnson. We could find no pleasure in sacrificing one great man to the *manes* of another. But we owe it to Milton and to other illustrious names to say, that Johnson has failed of the highest end of biography, which is, to give immortality to virtue, and to call forth fervent admiration towards those who have shed splendour on past ages. We acquit Johnson, however, of intentional misrepresentation. He did not, and could not, appreciate Milton. We doubt whether two other minds, having so little in common as those of which we are now speaking, can be found in the higher walks of literature. Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was, comparatively, 'of the earth,' whilst Milton's was only inferior to that of angels. It was customary, in the day of Johnson's glory, to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty, but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep, yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature. In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming either never entered his mind but to disturb and provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be improved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter by an enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government marks his works. Hence we find so little in his writings which is electric and soul-kindling, and which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of more lofty thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. 'Reformation' was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was a fire in his aged breast. The difference between Milton and Johnson may be traced, not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempé or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton? The comparison which we have instituted has compelled us to notice Johnson's defects. But we trust we are not blind to his merits. His stately march, his pomp and power of language, his strength of thought, his reverence for virtue and religion, his vigorous logic, his practical wisdom, his insight into the springs of human action, and the solemn pathos which occasionally pervades his descriptions of life and his references to his own history, command our willing admiration. That he wanted enthusiasm and creative imagination and lofty sentiment, was not his fault. We do not blame him for not being Milton. We love intellectual power in all its forms,

"That elegant gentleman lolling on the back seat is no less a person than Mr. Barnabas Dump, who whilom used to stand behind my chair and change my plate."

"He must have had a sudden rise in the world," said I.

"Yes, he is promoted to the high honour of being young Paddle's coachman, in which capacity it pleases his master to drive him about, instead of being driven about by him."

"Why this is reversing the order of nature," said I.

"No," said she, "it is only restoring the order of nature. Fortune, by some strange blunder, has given Mr. Paddle a carriage, and fashion has placed him just where he ought to be—in the seat of the driver."

"I am so mortified at my mistake," said I.

"Why so—I assure you it is a very natural one. Few people can now distinguish between the master and man, either by their dress or their manners."

Fanny, you know, is very satirical against the beaux. She was a belle some ten years ago.

The next blunder I made was about the ladies we met in walking Broadway. I almost blush to tell you—but—but—they were dressed so fine, with feathers in their hats—only think, feathers to walk the streets in! and wore such short clothes—that—that—poor me! I actually thought they were no better than they should be! Only think of my making such a blunder! But I must say in excuse that I had read in a great many books, and heard my father say—who you know has been much abroad—that in Paris and London no respectable women are seen walking the streets dressed as if for a ball. It is only the wretched outcasts of the sex that render their misfortunes more conspicuous by this flaring, unfeminine style of dressing. Fanny laughed at first at my mistake, and laughed ten times more at my excuses.

"It is so odd and old fashioned to hear one talk so," said she when she could speak.

But the strangest blunder of all was one I committed at a great ball, where the people were dressed still finer than in the streets. I can't tell for what reason, for they were so crowded together you could see nobody. I was so near being suffocated that I hurried down stairs, where I staid in a room without fire till I caught a sore throat. Here I saw a great many young gentlemen. But first I must tell you of an odd thing I observed at this party. Almost all the gentlemen wore spectacles, as I was assured, in consequence of having spoiled their eyes by hard study. No wonder there are so many beautiful poets and romance writers among them. But it is time to tell you of my blunder—the last, at present, on my list, though I dare say it won't be the last long.

A great many of the young men carried their hats under their arms, and little black sticks in their hands, just as the slight-of-hand men used to do. Do you know, I took them for conjurors?

"Conjurors!" said Fanny, laughing; "no, no, I assure you they are no conjurors."

"But what do they want of these conjuring rods then?"

"How new you are," said Fanny. "What under heaven do you suppose these young fellows would do at parties if it were not for their moustaches, their hats, and their conjuring rods? They don't dance, they don't talk, they don't think of any thing but themselves—and if it were not for adjusting the moustache, running their fingers through the hair, and slapping their legs with the conjuring rod, what would become of the poor creatures?"

They said Fanny was jilted a good while ago by a great beau who had travelled.

Well, I've got through my list, but I dare say I shall soon run up another, of which you shall know the items all in good time. Adieu, my dear cousin, and believe me, all the young gentleman's conjuring rods can't conjure you out of my heart.

CLARA VOLANT.

P. S. Does George Raymond keep his good looks, and is he as lively as ever?

C. V.

For the New-York Mirror.

Epitaphs.

Ah! seek not, reader, worth like *his* to learn
From chiselled tablet, or from "storied urn;"
For who to senseless marble can impart
The faintest impress of an angel's heart?
The widowed hand which consecrates this stone,
Would make her love, not his perfections, known;
For all a husband, parent, friend, should be,
All heaven approves or man admires—was he.

ON A GOOD MAN.

'Twas all he wished for, all his soul's desire,
To virtue's crown by virtue to aspire.

and delight in the variety of mind. We blame him only that his passions, prejudices, and bigotry engaged him in the unworthy task of obscuring the brighter glory of one of the most gifted and virtuous of men. We would even treat what we deem the faults of Johnson with a tenderness approaching respect, for they were results to a degree which man cannot estimate, of a diseased, irritable, nervous, unhappy physical temperament, and belonged to the body more than to the mind. We only ask the friends of genius not to put their faith in Johnson's delineations of it. His biographical works are tinged with his notoriously strong prejudices, and of all his 'Lives,' we hold that of Milton to be the most apocryphal."

It may be thought that, from the recently published works of this gifted writer, selections might have been offered, more interesting to the ordinary reader, upon subjects more immediately within the range of the general observation and interest. There may be ground for such an opinion, as several contributions from his pen have appeared in the *Christian Examiner*, of a highly exalted character. We would particularly designate the eloquent and philosophical treatise called forth by the publication of Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, in which the character of the modern Alexander was most ably discussed. But although the production, which has at present elicited our remarks, also originally appeared in the same journal, yet from the indistinct knowledge and interest of the public, respecting the prose writings of Milton, it was neither so universally read nor favourably received. The dazzling and romantic career of the hero was yet fresh in their recollections. He had just streamed, like a comet or a meteor, across the political heaven, and the light of his track had not faded. All listened with eagerness to anecdotes, histories, and disquisitions respecting him. Even as his name had filled the world, so his bodily form and features every where struck the eye. Here his calm face gazed down in marble or bronze; here his form at full length, with folded arms, seemed contemplating the wonders he had wrought among nations. We could not pass the streets without beholding Napoleon crossing the Alps—freezing in Russia—triumphant in Austria—arrayed in the magnificent insignia of royalty—or musing alone on his ocean rock. Every where the successful and wonderful soldier addressed himself to the sight and kindled the fancy. Milton, on the contrary, was a hacknied theme. His prose writings were just rescued from darkness and the dust, and were found to consist of theological disputes, upon points which the wisdom of later times has settled or their liberality has disregarded. It was our wish to call attention to that power of mind, by which our author has been able to invest his uninviting subject with a fascination, attractive even to the young and thoughtless.

Journal of a Residence and Tour in England, Scotland, and France, by N. S. Wheaton, A. M. pp. 520. Hartford, 1830.

Travels of every description seem daily to meet with less indulgence from the reading community. The public are growing most unreasonably fastidious on this subject, and receive the accounts which travellers give of their appetite, their breakfasts and dinners, the price they paid for them, and such interesting details, with much less avidity than these important statements formerly awakened. For ourselves we entertain none of these vile prejudices. We think that the man who kindly undertakes to inform his fellow-men of what he has eaten in his travels, and to improve their understandings by his own comments thereon, has a most unalienable right so to do. Others, however, have as undoubted a right to animadvert upon his publication, especially when, as in this case, the preface informs us that the author is utterly indifferent as to its reception.

Mr. Wheaton, rector of Christ church, Hartford, has recently published a journal of travels in England, Scotland, and France, which we had looked for with a more than ordinary degree of expectation. His advantages as a traveller were great. The object of his mission afforded him access to many distinguished characters, and it is to the journal of such tourists that we recur with peculiar interest. It is in their power to bring before their readers statesmen, clergy, and orators of other countries, and to unlock the sentiments and feelings of foreigners toward this nation. If they are men of intelligence and observation, and other objects do not engross their attention, a rich harvest of valuable information may easily be gathered. This the public have a right to expect. Most of Mr. Wheaton's time in England, it seems, was spent in attending church. Much of the first part of this volume, therefore, is occupied in clerical details. The author has given us an account of the personal appearance, manner, emphasis, gesture, inflexions, tone, pitch, compass, and strength of voice, matter and method of every

preacher from "brother Miller up to the bishop of Durham," (together with the particular degree of edification he experienced from each,) with a fidelity and accuracy unequalled since Napier's treatise on Logarithms. But Mr. Wheaton did not go to England solely to go to church. This, though laudable, was still a collateral object of attraction. Every traveller either sets out with or soon finds some object which in a manner discloses the bent of his mind, and upon which his whole soul centres. One man discovers and points out the defects of a government, another holds converse with the *littérati* of the age, another portrays manners and customs, and in short the favourite purpose will develop itself on every page.

The leading, attracting object which characterizes our author's travels is, (so far as we can discover from its constant recurrence, from its commencing every chapter and meeting us at every turn,) to bring to light the enormous extortions of English innkeepers and waiters, and to deprecate in the strongest language the multifarious ways of filching sixpences from a man's pocket. So happily has our traveller succeeded in satirizing these transatlantic lacqueys, that we think not a soul of them can ever again look an American traveller in the face. This is undoubtedly a worthy object of research and exposure, but proceeding, as it appears to us, from rather a singular source. Should a footman, or valet, or retailer of tape, see fit to publish his travels, his lamentations on this species of abuse, or something equally lofty, would not excite surprise; but to see a man of education, a follower of the noblest profession, return from Old England's classic soil, with which every thing interesting in modern history and literature is so closely interwoven, to dole out a miserable tale of the pence that have been wrung from his unwilling gripe, verily, affords the reader a specimen of the moral sublime, equalled only by the travelled tailor, who, having arrived at Niagara's majestic fall, exclaimed, with enthusiastic rapture, "What a place to sponge a coat!" We think we hear Mr. Wheaton, as he wanders through Westminster Abbey, or lingers at Milton's tomb, or hurries through Stratford-on-Avon, exclaiming with noble excitement, "what a place to sponge a traveller!"

But to proceed with the journal. After discharging a most unreasonable bill at Dick's, and paying at another place little less than five dollars for a dinner, principally of roast beef, after giving two guineas a week for lodging, and two shillings to a rascally police-officer, after having thrown sixpence at a beggarly menial of a museum-keeper, with about the same feeling (as he expresses it) with which one would throw a bone at a snarling dog, after paying every bill, (of which he takes good care to give his readers an account, accompanied with an episode on extortion,) after being hooted at by an unmannerly scoundrel of a waiter, to whom he refused the customary fee, and a thousand other adventures of equal peril and importance, our traveller finally leaves England, and proceeds to France. Paris, he *opines*, would differ little from other large cities if divested of the palaces, gardens, and monuments. But alas, alas! he finds the French not a whit better than the English. In his touching words he says, "I find my ignorance of the language a serious evil in the article of *douceurs* and expenses." Not understanding French enough to dispute and parley with the cabriolet drivers and café-keepers, his slippery sixpences still vanish as rapidly as ever, and this is the only subject upon which he feels the want of the French language. Woe to these gentry, say we, if he had understood their dialect! But enough of this. Mr. Wheaton by interlarding every chapter with execrations and denunciations against a custom which has ever existed in England and most foreign countries, and which every gentleman expects, has rendered his journal (otherwise pleasing) distasteful, and not unfrequently disgusting. His style is sprightly, often classical; and he sometimes kindles with an emotion which, on any topic but waiters and sixpences, would reflect much credit on his sensibility. His description of the "Pomfret Statues" is a happy specimen of playful humour, while that of Oxford and the house of commons, presents a fair sample of his graver writing. We really feel much indebted to him for his minute account of orators and the style of oratory, as exhibited in the house of lords and commons, as well as other popular assemblies. His portraits of the members, and particularly Brougham, are fine. The untiring industry of that distinguished individual, which enables him "to labour in the court of king's bench all day—debate in the house of commons most of the night—be in the exchequer often—before the privy council whenever it meets—mingle much in society, and yet find time for literary pursuits," makes him an object of admiration to all; and Mr. Wheaton's brief account of the ap-

pearance and manner of this statesman is one of his happiest efforts. His remark, that nearly all the master-spirits of the British parliament have been distinguished as scholars before they became eminent statesmen, is undoubtedly correct; and his application of this fact to young men who have the misfortune to consider themselves born bright geniuses, is well worthy the attention of every aspirant after usefulness and distinction.

On the whole, much correct observation is displayed in his volume, and, but for the unaccountable mania for sixpences, and a little too much of the caviling spirit toward the clergy, his journal would have assumed a far more elevated rank among this class of productions than is at present the case. One word as to the general moral tendency of travelling, to which Englishmen and Americans are so prone, will close our already too extended remarks. We are not of that number who think that travelling changes the man—

"Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

"How many a light, empty shell of a young man," says a distinguished author, "comes home full, if not of sense, at least of something bearing the semblance of sense. How many a lout returns enlivened into a conversable being." It seems to increase and give vigour to a man's natural propensities and habits, rather than to create any new traits of character. Does he set forth with a carping, caviling, fault-finding spirit; he travels to find fault and returns to cavil. Does he leave his country with a soul which, "bounded by a nutshell, would feel itself in infinite space;" he comes home with his aspirations if possible confined to a smaller sphere. Does one of those beings of the human family cross the ocean who, as Webster defines them, dress like a doll and carry their character on their backs, (and but too many of these abuse this incalculable privilege;) it returns a more finished, superfluous puppy than it went over. Does the traveller leave his native shore with the noble ambition of scolding waiters, and disputing their demands for sixpence; this lofty trait is more fully developed, and his twopenny controversial talents reach their highest perfection. On the contrary, does a man of true greatness appreciate the full advantage of observing mankind and manners; he returns from his travels with his mind expanded, his views elevated and enlarged, and frequently becomes an object of respect and admiration.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE proprietor of this journal respectfully announces to his readers that THEODORE S. FAY, Esq. will hereafter be associated with him in the editorial labours of the New-York Mirror. Mr. Fay is so favourably known as the author of the communications under the initial F., that we feel confident this arrangement will afford general satisfaction. The proprietorship remains unchanged.

February in New-York.—This month derives its name from the Latin *februius*, alluding to the expiatory sacrifices which were offered up at this season by the ancient Romans, for the purifying of the people. By the Saxons it was called Colewort, or Wortspring, because that species of plant first sprouted in this month. In the year 1812, being leap-year, February was distinguished by five Saturdays, beginning and ending on that day. "For forty years before," says Shallust, "the same day of the month had not corresponded with the same day of the week; and a considerable majority of the millions who at present inhabit the earth will not witness the circumstance of five Saturdays occurring in February."

In all countries this month, like every other, is marked by phenomena, avocations, duties, and recreations peculiar to itself; varying, however, in accordance with circumstances and location. Among its phenomena may be mentioned the entrance of the sun into what was anciently called the twelfth sign of the zodiac, or *pisces*, and the circumstance of one day being added to it every four years. These signs were, by the ancient poets, not inaptly denominated *inns*, or baiting places for Sol, as he travelled the circular *turnpike* in his chariot of fire. Rail-roads and steamers were not then in fashion. This idea has been quaintly alluded to by one of our own poets, in the following lines:

"The scaly star, *pisces*, soon greeted his eye,
"His old stopping place, if the ancients don't lie,
"Who counted this inn as the last on his route,
"Is sign is so tempting—a fine salmon trout!"

With respect to the duties and recreations proper for this month, they must necessarily vary according to situation and the different callings of mankind. The husbandman devotes it to securing the safety, nourishment, and comfort of the rational and irrational beings committed to his charge,

and in making preparations for the approaching seed-time; the merchant is anxiously awaiting his expected stock of spring goods; the tailor is equally impatient for the new fashions for spring suits; while the lawyer gravely pockets the fees for his winter suits. Balls and sleigh-rides furnish the requisite "excitements" for the rural lasses, while soirees, assemblies, routes, little Rosciuses, and big elephants, attract our city belles.

But the present February is, and is to be, distinguished by new and extraordinary circumstances. In the first place, and for the first time in several years, it made its entrance amid the "tinkling of sleigh-bells," and beheld a bridge of ice uniting the ancient city of New-Amsterdam with Communipaw in the Jerseys. In the next, it is to present us with the grand phenomenon of a nearly annular and almost total solar eclipse! The saucy moon is about to interpose her little form right between our goodly earth and its parent sun; and which of us will be so ungallant to her ladyship as to imitate the ancient philosopher, when he bade the conqueror of the world to stand out of his light? This eclipse must portend something, "if philosophy could find it out;" and we advise the ladies not only to guard their necks from slip-nooses, and their feet from snow-water, but also their hearts from still more dangerous snares. The late unusual fall of snow didn't come for nothing—and many soft things may be whispered in ears that are protected from the weather by a buffalo-skin, in spite of the envious jingle of a collar of bells, or the deafening shouts of some modern Jehu in a box-coat and fur-cap.

But "February in New-York" was to be the subject of this article, for here it is distinguished by one ancient custom which the rest of mankind, in no section of the globe, have ever thought fit to emulate. But it is unnecessary to describe in humble prose what has already been painted to our hand in "tuneful measure," in the following extract from Woodworth's poem of "Quarter-day":

"While yet Aquarius, from his ponderous jar,
With liberal hand, on winter's frosty shrine,
His gelid offering pours, libations rude
Of noxious vapours, sleet, and hail, and rain;
While yet the town in desolation lies,
The streets delightless, save the tuneful hum
Of tinkling sleigh-bells; and while yet the clock
Of annual tenure strikes three-quarters past,
With 'note of preparation,' now the search
For tenements begins. Now rents increase,
And half our population, or for that,
Or business, or for fashion, must remove,
And with bright May begin another year.
'Tis the strange mania that disclaims a cure,
Though its impolicy great Franklin urged,
And sad experience demonstrates the fact:
Now on the poetic and lintels of our doors
Appear the mystic scrolls, uncouthly traced,
Putting to blush orthography and sense;
But plain enough to let the passer know
Their vast import—'a house, or rooms to let.'"

Education.—It is gratifying to perceive that the subject of education in this country is annually gaining higher importance. Men of acknowledged talents and education are frequently engaged in compiling and composing volumes, to be used in institutions of learning, and for the general advantage of the rising generation. We are not among those enthusiastic advocates of modern improvements, who believe that the art of writing may be taught in six lessons, or that any short cut has been, or can be discovered, to the steep and arduous summit of the hill of science; but we are fully impressed with the conviction that much yet remains to be accomplished in simplifying school-books, in placing more select and better adapted models before the youth, and especially in elevating the profession of the teacher to that respectability and rank which as well as any other, it should hold in the public estimation.

The emoluments of a school-master should equal if not exceed those of any other citizen, and he should stand so high in society as to render the station, not only tolerable, but enviable to those individuals who, in other occupations, reap both pecuniary reward and reputation.

He should be in every respect a gentleman, as well as a scholar; and no parent should commit his child to the superintendence of any individual whom he would not be willing to receive freely upon equal terms as his friend and associate. How far this desirable and rational state of society differs from that which actually prevails, it is not our present intention to discuss, but only to congratulate our fellow-citizens upon the evident impulse given to the public mind in relation to a subject so influential upon the prosperity and happiness of the nation. The late Governor Clinton, amid the multifarious duties of his political situation, never relaxed his exertions to increase the number, and improve the character, of schools; to provide every possible facility for diffusing knowledge, in its simplest and cheapest form, throughout the remotest parts of the state; and his unremitting and success-

ful efforts to promote every internal branch of physical improvement, entitle him less to the gratitude and admiration of his country than the zeal with which he toiled to multiply the sources of information among the people; and to encourage, and exalt the standing of those in any way connected with her literary establishments. We do not hope that the system of universal education will work the miraculous consequences which many philanthropists so confidently anticipate. The clashing interests and passions inherent in human nature will still create the various forms of crime and misery, which the experience of past generations proves incidental to the mortal state; but improvements may be certainly wrought, sufficiently valuable to encourage every effort in the cause. Our republic, perhaps more than any other government at present in existence, is dependent upon the intelligence of the great body of the people. The late important and startling collision between the highest branch of our national power and one of the members of our confederation, and which almost sanctions the melancholy opinion that the revolutionary convulsions of the old continent are felt in the foundations of our own, affords a practical illustration of the truth which we would advance.

In case these events should assume a more alarming aspect, and individuals in authority should lose their distinct comprehension of, and pure interest in, the general welfare, amid the temptations of highly excited and personal passions, an appeal to the good sense and enlightened intelligence of the nation could alone ensure our political existence.

A new custom.—There is at present, on a visit to this city, a painter of much celebrity, who, in the good old days of Knickerbocker and Salmagundi, was often "wont to set the table in a roar." Among numerous instances of his facetiousness, preserved by fame, we hope there are not many readers too splenetic to laugh at the following, which, with a little aid from the imagination, is irresistible. One day observing a Spaniard, just landed, of colossal stature and genuine grave and Spanish dignity, stalking through Broadway with a box of cigars under his arm, he slyly took his station immediately behind him, at the same time imitating his strut and demeanor. He then, by signs and motions, directed every acquaintance he met to follow his example, and, as he was almost universally known, by his own exertions and the combined and geometrically increasing endeavours of his companions, the unsuspecting foreigner was soon heading a procession of some hundred or two of individuals, all mimicking the haughty strides of their leader. His surprise and indignation, expressed in broken English, when, on turning down Courtland-street, the extraordinary and unaccountable length of his train burst suddenly upon him, must have been not the less amusing from the seriousness with which our wag replied to his numerous inquiries "that it was a custom, in New-York, for the citizens to attend foreigners of distinction home, and smoke a cigar with them on the first day of their arrival!"

Charitable institutions.—However philanthropic may be the object of the various plans, conceived by the benevolent portion of society, for the relief of the poor and wretched, the greatest degree of caution and prudence is necessary to prevent their producing consequences unexpectedly evil. It is generally acknowledged that unregulated and gratuitous donations, except to the sick or aged, have a tendency to confirm habits of indolence, and to attract, from other quarters, crowds of the idle and destitute. Similar institutions should be under the superintendence of officers appointed by government. They should be constructed upon principles advanced by the wise and learned, on due deliberation, and their endeavours should be as powerfully directed towards the prevention of evil as its correction. Among the objects calculated to excite sympathy, but which, in the multifarious concerns of a great and populous city, are in danger of being overlooked, there is one possessing strong claims upon our attention, although associated with guilt. We allude to the desolate situation of the convicts released from prison. Many of them have suffered years of confinement for crimes perpetrated in early youth, into which they may have been led, more from the fatal influence of bad example and pernicious company, than from any inherent vicious propensity. A boy, committed at the age of twelve or sixteen, for a term perhaps of fourteen years, finds himself at twenty-six or thirty cast out upon society, with a curse branded on his forehead. No matter what moral effect so protracted a confinement may have wrought upon him, no matter how deeply he regrets the thoughtless error of his boyhood, and how earnestly he is desirous of performing, honestly and industriously, the duties of a citizen, he is shunned as a pestilence. They of whom he seeks labour find contamination in

his touch. He is necessarily thrown among associates of the worst description, until absolute want and desperation prove too powerful for his principles, and drive him once more to violate the laws. This might be obviated by an institution in some way connected with the state-prison, established for the purpose of affording employment for those released from confinement, many of whom are excellent tradesmen, and need only encouragement, and means of applying their skill as artisans, to become good citizens and honest men.

Connecticut Mirror.—We perceive, with much pleasure, that this journal has been placed under the editorial charge of Lewis G. Clarke, Esq. The selection of this gentleman to fill a station but recently occupied by Mr. Dwight, of the Daily advertiser, Mr. Stone, of the New-York Commercial, and the late gifted Brainerd, is a flattering testimonial of the light in which his character and literary attainments are regarded. We know him to be a gentleman, a scholar, and, moreover, a fine writer, whose application and talents cannot fail to sustain the extended reputation which this gazette has already acquired from the exertions of his predecessors.

Buried alive.—The papers state that a Miss Jane Darley has been recently liberated from the four courts' marshalsea, Dublin, after having been imprisoned during a period of thirty-four years. The original debt for which a human being was thus incarcerated alive in a sepulchre, reared by the hands of civilized men, in the midst of a splendid city, was eleven pounds! During the last seventeen years she was confined for the fees and rent due to the marshal!

New-York University.—The council of the new university met on Monday last. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers:—Albert Gallatin, president; Morgan Lewis, vice-president; John Delafield, secretary; Samuel Ward, treasurer; and James M. Mathews, chancellor. The preliminary arrangements necessary to the establishment of this institution are rapidly progressing, and its success may now be confidently anticipated. If properly directed, it will form a very important feature in the character of our city.

Portrait of Bishop Hobart.—A fine engraving, and we are happy to add, a striking likeness, of this deeply-lamented prelate, will accompany the forthcoming "Memorial of Bishop Hobart," now in the press of the Messrs. Swords of this city.

The Vesper Bell.—At the request of numerous subscribers, this popular piece of music has been placed on the last page. Our next numbers will, successively, contain several choice selections from the opera of Cinderella, copied from the original score, and never before, we believe, published in this country.

The Daily Sentinel.—The editor of this paper has convinced us that we had mistaken the purport of the remarks of their Paris correspondent. We find the passage before alluded to will not bear the construction which we too hastily gave it. In closing this controversy, we are pleased to say, that unlike the great majority of editorial bickerings, it has been conducted by the Sentinel with courtesy and moderation—always excepting the misapplication to us of the word *aristocrat*.

Dr. Drake.—We copy the following posthumous effusions of this fine poet from the New-York American. We are almost tempted, after the example of our contemporary, to publish some exquisite stanzas, by the same writer, from a manuscript in our possession, and are only prevented by the hope that a revised and corrected edition of the works of Dr. Drake will, ere long, be given to the world. The extracts, it will be perceived, are from three different pieces.

See through the clouds that roll in wrath,
Yon little star benignant peep,
To light along their trackless path
The wanderers of the stormy deep.

And thus, oh, Hope! thy lively form
In sorrow's gloomy night, shall be
The star that looks through cloud and storm,
Upon a dark and moonless sea.

When heaven is all serene and fair,
Full many a brighter gem we meet;
'Tis when the tempest hovers there,
Thy beam is most divinely sweet.

The rainbow, with the sun's decline,
Like faithless friends, will disappear;
Thy lights, dear star, more brightly shine,
When all is wail and sorrow here.

And though Aurora's stealing gleam,
May wake a morning of delight,
'Tis only thy enchanting beam,
Will smile amid affliction's night.

Unveil her mind, but hide her face,
And love will want no fuel;
Alas! that such an ugly case
Should hide so rich a jewel.

The heart that revels in passion's dream,
But feasts on its own decay;
As the snow-wreath welcomes the sun's warm beam,
And smiles while it melts away.

THE VESPER BELL.

SUNG BY MISS PATON—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. A. WADE.

Andantino.

The ves - per bell now sweet - ly rings, The ves - per bird now sweet - ly
sings, It is th' ap - point - ed hour to rove; Come! come, dear - est, come to
her you love. I hear the flow'rs up - braid - ing The sun - light's ear - ly fad - ing; And now I re - mem - ber,
I - chi - ded thee, When here at morn we part - ed, When I was bro - ken heart - ed, Wouldst thou for that,
love, Stay thus from me? No, no, no, no, no, No, no, no, no, no.
The night dews now with gladness weep,
To see the moon her promise keep;
How dif - ferent love, our tear - drops flow,
Thine for joy, but mine for wo.
The hour of meetings o'er,
Where art thou faithless lover?
But, hark! did I hear thee?—No, 'twas a bird:
Oh! come, and ne'er again, love,
Shall I to thee complain, love,
Never upbraid thee—no, not a word.

SECOND VERSE.

The night dews now with gladness weep,
To see the moon her promise keep;
How dif - ferent love, our tear - drops flow,
Thine for joy, but mine for wo.
The hour of meetings o'er,
Where art thou faithless lover?
But, hark! did I hear thee?—No, 'twas a bird:
Oh! come, and ne'er again, love,
Shall I to thee complain, love,
Never upbraid thee—no, not a word.

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A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ALTHOUGH the following sketch makes no pretension to the studied and stately style of composition so much in vogue at the present time, yet it is characterized by a pleasing grace and lightness, which cannot but prove acceptable to the admirers of easy and natural writing. It inculcates a useful moral, which, it is to be regretted, in the fugitive pieces of modern poets, so seldom forms a leading object.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE TEAZINGS OF IMAGINATION.

THE muse has tried to teach me, but, alas!
I'm dull and so unapt to learn; and yet
Unskilled, as I confess I am, I love
Her swift winged thoughts to aim at—though I scarce
By any chance can hit—they fly so fast.
But, as I said, attempting is a pleasure;
And though, in some slight hope of praise, I write,
My end is chiefly to amuse myself.
Indulge my humour then, I pray you, friend,
And, if my words offend you, turn your head.
My theme is jealousy: he I write of
Was a Spaniard—named Ancisco.
In Florida his home was, near St. Pierre.
No house was ever prettier set;
'Twas in a valley of an oval form;
Spacious in size, but of proportion just—
A carpet, of soft sod, light green, was spread,
Embossed with ornamental orange trees;
And round were placed high serviceable hills,
Which screened in winter from cold rushing air,
And in the summer by their shade refreshed.
Outside the valley and the entrance through,
You saw a river and boats gliding by,
Whence oft was heard the cheerful boatman's laugh,
Or wildest music (to the north unknown)
From a rude instrument—a wooden trumpet.
Reader, you smile, but by some Orpheus breathed,
When nothing moves, and silence reigns around,
And languid on the shady earth you lie,
Breathing the fresh air of a summer night
Beneath the lofty glittering dome of heaven,
In love, perhaps, and much to musing prone,
Its mellow rustic notes would force from thee
A tear—it hath such soul-awakening power.
But I am loitering sadly—let us on.
'Twas in the morning, in July, and, pleased,
Out on a cool and shady balcony,
Ancisco and his wife, young Nora, sat:
A curious contrast—youth in all its bloom,
And withered, withered age, just fit to fall.
But Nora was the prettiest blossom!
The choicest one you'd name her—never hues
More exquisite than those were on her cheeks,
Nor softness that invited mischief more;
You longed to touch them lightly—merely once
To feel how soft they were—and risk a stain.
And from her little throat—such notes—so full
Of love and melody! how strange, amidst
The many throats now framed, so few like hers!
But she was heaven's master-piece I think,
And gave new glory to her Maker's name.
Admiring her was then but pleasing him;
It surely was an act of piety.
How pious old Ancisco was, you now
Shall hear.
We left them in the balcony. 'Twas warm,
And in warm climes one should not dress too much.
Ye gods! a bust like hers you never saw—
Not though you've been at Florence. How the old
Man smiled to think the Venus was his own!
But, as he thought and smiled, he raised his head,
And saw a stranger near and loitering—
Long gazing, passing on, and turning still
Backward to gaze on Nora; a fair youth
With ruby lip, and restless glittering eyes,
Unlike to common dull reality—
Resembling more creations of the mind—
He looked like young Adonis, whom the queen
Of beauty loved to such excess. Alas!
It is no wonder the old man should fear.
He feared indeed—you would have pitied him.
Fled were his smiles; with hurried hands he hid
Her shoulders with her shawl, and her fair cheeks,
With juggling quickness, drew a veil before.
He shall not see her, thought he, for most men,
Will want, like children, what they see—and loth
Were I this stripling's tempted blood to trust.
"The flies are troublesome, my love, let's in."
He led her to her room—then closed the blinds.

"I fear the sun will be too warm," he said.
She kindly thanked him—"mimicked well," thought he.
It sadly chanced that day ('twas sad indeed)
He'd named an hour to receive some scrolls
Of paper—pressed by graven copperplates—
In short, bank bills; he'd sold a cotton crop,
And had a vision of new rustling notes.
His wife he loved, but loved his money too.
'Twas some way off—but yet he needs must go.
The time was near—he left her—closed the door,
And then he stood in doubt to turn the key.
Distrusting is but urging on to ruin:
He rightly deemed it foolish policy.
He scarce had left the valley, ere the pains,
The torturing anguish of his soul began:
'Twas rather rash—I would she were not there.
This fellow may be honest; but the young
Become corrupt in this lascivious land.
I saw a smile, too, in that fellow's face,
Where threat'ning mischief tried to hide itself!"
Sudden as light Ancisco homeward turned,
And in his rising madness wildly swore,
Were all the east to heap her treasures up,
They should not tempt him onward at that hour.
(Now such an oath from one like old Ancisco,
Who loved his money as he loved his life,
Showed what a state his shattered wits were in.)
In furious haste he hurried back, and loud
In quick breathed anguish, cried, "Stay, Nora! stay!
Oh! torture not thy old Ancisco thus!
An erring, but a kind old man to thee,
Whose fault, suspicion, has from fondness sprung.
O! do not, by one thoughtless act of thine
Bring him to sorrow, and ere long to death,
For he can never live for men to smile
And spurn him as they would a wretch diseased!"
"Ancisco! 'twas a luckless day to thee,
Thy wedding day; it might be thought that thou
Hadst seen enough of life's companionship,
To warn thee what this matrimony was.
But should it be, as I too surely know,
I never more can live in this dull world—
Its charms are lost if she be false to me.
Of these few friends I still have left, I'll take
My leave, nor shall a tear be seen to tell
My suffering—nay more, I'll force a smile,
And sound the very notes of cheerfulness,
Although my aching heart be like to break,
And I will say we'll shortly meet once more—
I would not give their blessed spirits pain,
And yet, without one parting look, I could
Not leave the few I cherish here.
"But no! the boasting dastard shall not live!
Though endless flames I writhe in for the dead,
I'll strike a poinard to my rival's heart!"
Furious his haste—his arm upraised, he seemed
A spirit of destruction on the earth.
One overwhelming theme now bore along
The soul from all it else might linger near;
It seemed beyond the sense's power to dwell
On aught beside; unheeded was the light
That, passing through the thin and silken clouds,
The eye undazzled loves to look upon.
To him the partial grove no fragrance sent,
Nor music from its gay musicians;
He saw not—heard not in his rapid course.
Impatient of delay, he did not knock
At Nora's door, but, with a maniac's strength,
Struck one rude blow, and broke in twain its bolts
With insolent profanity—and glanced
Around with madman's gaze—but Nora was
Not there! (alas, he sought her but in vain.)
"I cannot find her," said he, in dismay,
And then in each apartment quickly searched.
"I left her in her chamber. Can it be
That all her fondness has been woman's guile?"
Dubious he stood, (for hope was lingering still)
And questioned now was every ink slave.
"Unseen, perchance, she yet may have been there;"
And then he searched the rooms again, but found
Her not. "Help! help!" he cried; "he among you
Who finds his mistress is that moment free;
His master shall his endless debtor live,
And whatsoever he name, I grant the boon.
At home—abroad—seek every haunt around.
Sure are ye all you have not seen her go?"
Not one had seen her on that morning pass.
"Perhaps she's walked unto the river's side—
She sometimes strolls that way. But feed not thus,
Thy soul with hope, old man, thy Nora ne'er
Shall come to thee again—thy Nora, who
Thy love—thy pride—thy fairest treasure was—
Why am I blasted with this curse, O heaven?"

He paused. "She is not there—but still to know
Is better than to doubt our misery."
He went despondent toward the river's bank,
(The pretty stream I mentioned—that ran near;)
Beneath a beach, whose thick-leaved branches leest
One hallowed spot with coolness and with shade,
A lady sat, the smooth stream sketching, and
The lazy boats, that silent moved along.
"Can it then be? 'tis she! by heaven, 'tis she!"
He cried, and smiled in ecstasy. It was
His Nora. Midst her harmless task disturbed,
She rose and listened, like a timid fawn;
But, when her eyes Ancisco's met, a ray
Of joy brought out their brilliancy—
No gems such sparkling lustre ever had.
With tones of heaven's own love and purity,
She calmly asked him if he thought her lost?
And thus, it seems, imagination's jest
Had been to tease this self-tormenting dolt
With visions false—her own creation all.
The youth had looked, 'tis true—but never thought
Of robbing one who never him had harmed—
And Nora had not even seen him pass.
I thank thee, reader, if thou'st read my verse;
And, if approved, why then I thank thee more;
If neither, stand we as we did before.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Original Sketches of Distinguished Characters.

TASSO IN PRISON.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.—Byron.

WE translate, from the "Courrier des Etats Unis," the sub-
joined sketch of a visit to the author of "Jerusalem Delivered"
in prison. We cannot introduce it to our readers more ap-
propriately than by a short history of the life of this ardent,
impassioned, unhappy child of song.

The life of the man of genius is seldom one of true enjoy-
ment. "He does not love the world, nor the world him." He
is not fit for that sharp and anxious strife, that jar and din of
clashing interests in which it is his fate to move. Most men of
genius are of that temperament known as the *nervous*—all
are subject to that morbidly excited state of feeling, too strong
to be regulated by the sufferer's reason, too dear to his affec-
tions to be avoided even while it is destroying his mind and
body. They dream away their lives in visions they never
expect to see realized, which, pure and bright and beauti-
ful as they are, are yet painful from their contrast with
every-day experience, and which wear away to no pur-
pose the strength and substance of the soul. In the pursuit
of their favourite objects they "lose and neglect the creeping
hours of time," and waste lives given them as a season of
trial and probation in sickly vanity, in melancholy musings in
visionary triumphs. This is the price they pay for the late
fame that descends on their sepulchres—this is the price that
was paid for the "Jerusalem Delivered." Such a character
as we have tried to describe, was Tasso—a man, if ever there
was one, "of imagination all compact;" helpless as a child
in the business of life, with a mind too fine and fragile to bear
the rude encounter of the world, and too weak to guard reason
on her throne when the frenzy of love, fear, or hate shook
her empire. He was of the vain, sensitive, irritable tempera-
ment of Rousseau, a constitution which, from the false views
it took of the world, the obstinacy with which it clung to its
delusions, and the extreme acuteness of emotion it indulged to
the destruction of every healthy feeling, trembled on the very
brink of madness. But Tasso's, unlike his, was always a
pure and gentle spirit, a celestial inhabitant condemned to
live out of its sphere, like Ariel imprisoned in the pine, un-
able either to alter or to endure its fate.

Tasso was born in 1544, at Sorrento, near Naples. At the
age of nineteen he composed his *Rinaldo*, a romantic poem,
dedicated to Luigi D'Este, brother of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara.
He gained great reputation by this, his first work. Alfonso
invited him to his palace, where he entertained him for a while
with ostentatious generosity. Literary patronage was heredi-
tary in this family; but in Alfonso it was selfish and degrading
rather than liberal, and he encouraged Tasso's rising genius
only for the sake of the reputation he knew he himself would
earn by his munificence.

We have spoken of Tasso's unhappy temper. When he

came to mix in the gay and busy life of a court, he felt himself out of his place; he was awkward and confused, and became irritable, morose, and petulant. He conceived a violent passion for the duke's sister, Leonora D'Este, which he wanted prudence to conceal, or to express with caution. This was a crime sufficient in itself to draw down the vengeance of a haughty Italian prince, and pretexts for gratifying it were easily found. Tasso is said, among other things, to have drawn a knife on a servant of the duke's in his palace, an offence, as we know, severely punished at that day in most courts. Dreading the consequences of this fault, which his busy imagination magnified tenfold, he fled in terror throughout Italy, presented himself without money, without attendants, without a passport, at the gate of Turin, where he was for a long time refused admittance. He was kindly entertained by the duke of Savoy, but fled from his court in vague fear of treachery. His love led him back to Ferrara, where he was thrown into confinement. Some say that he was thus punished for having one day, in a transport of ungovernable passion, kissed Leonora before the whole court. Whatever be the cause, it is certain that Alfonso shut him up for seven years in the hospital of St. Anne.

In this confinement Tasso's ever active brain became overwrought. At one time he fancied himself poisoned, at another the victim of magic; he saw a thousand horrible undefined shapes of terror haunting his pillow and fitting round his dungeon. Many memorials of his captivity are preserved, some the ravings of madness, others the more plaintive notes of a suffering and broken spirit. Of the latter kind is the following fragment, said to have been written on his prison wall.

"O, traveller, that to Pindus takest thy way,
Where hangs my harp upon a cypress tree,
Salute it in my name and say,
That I am old in years and misery."

While he was yet in prison, the "Jerusalem Delivered" was published, without his consent and from an imperfect copy. It excited great applause, and still more violent contests among the Italian critics. In these disputes, enfeebled as his mind was, Tasso took an active part; he roused himself from his sick bed to alter, not indeed to improve his poem, for the new version, called "Gerusalemme Conquistata," with four additional cantos, was every way unworthy of him. After a time he was restored to liberty and the world, though never again to hope and pleasure. The Medici, the rivals of the house of Este in literary glory, interfered to rescue him, and all Italy interposed in his behalf. After seven years' confinement he was liberated, but his lofty aspirations were checked, his high hopes crushed, the spring of his spirit was broken, and he never afterwards attempted to soar on the "seraph wings" of inspiration. Such were some of the trials which wounded unto death the "thrilling frame," and crushed the "eagle spirit" of this child of song, and which darkened his life, though they could throw no cloud over the brightness of his genius.

THE MADMAN.

Two strangers of distinction just arrived at Ferrara were visiting the hospital, or rather prison of St. Anne, wherein are confined those whom misfortune has deprived of reason. The head of the elder traveller was completely bald, and his countenance presented an union of naiveté and acuteness, good nature and dignity. * * * The cavalier who accompanied him seemed his junior by some years. His perfumed locks hung in curls under a cap glittering with jewels. A short cloak of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered, was gracefully arranged on his shoulders, showing, however, a doublet faced with ermine, and the large and brilliant rings of a costly chain of gold. His hand, covered with a silken glove, rested on the pommel of a sword suspended round his neck by a satin scarf, and the clang of his silver spurs disturbed the silence of the long corridors he traversed.

"Etienne de la Boetie," said his companion to him in French, "this jailer seems to me as stupid as he is hideous; certainly he cannot give us any information as to what we see here. I am sorry for it, for my curiosity is greatly excited by the strange appearance of this place."

At these words a young Italian, who was walking in the gallery, approached them, and addressing them in French, offered to be their guide in their visit to the hospital.

"I can explain to you," said he, "the nature of the complaint of all the unhappy wretches who are confined here."

"The offer is so courteous that the Seigneur de Montaigne and myself hasten to accept it," answered Boetie.

Their new guide, Strozzi, conducted Montaigne and his friend through a long passage formed by narrow dungeons, before each of which he paused to explain with much ability the peculiar species of insanity under which its tenant laboured.

His just reflections, and the agreeable form in which he clothed them, charmed the two strangers, and woke in their hearts a crowd of thoughts which sometimes overflowed in tears.

The poet and Montaigne were about pursuing the sad train of their reflections, when they were suddenly interrupted by a voice from a dungeon, the door of which creaked on its huge hinges as it opened. A man, covered with rags and bowed down by suffering rather than age, issued from it cautiously, casting around him looks of anxious inquiry. His hair and beard were in disorder, but his pallid and withered features were still noble and imposing.

He advanced mysteriously towards the strangers, and taking a letter from his breast, "As you are christian men," said he, in a low and earnest tone, "carry this letter to the princess Leonora D'Este."

Boetie exchanged a smile with Montaigne and Strozzi, and, not to irritate the delusion of the unhappy being who addressed him, took the letter.

"You think me mad," said he, "and do not distinguish me from the degraded beings among whom I have been thrown! Alas! I hardly know myself how I have preserved my reason among the odious torments to which I am subjected. Hurried away from the midst of a brilliant court to breathe the poisoned air of a dungeon, torn from the sweet dreams of glory, friendship, and love, to groan for seven years in solitude, or among madmen and tortures, and to curse the fatal gift of genius and the glory of my name—who could long bear such a life? In the name of the mother of God," cried he, embracing the knees of Montaigne, and bathing them with his tears, "in mercy put an end to my misery! Tell Leonora in what a horrid abode I languish, and she herself will come to rescue me. But you hesitate, you fear her brother—well may you fear him, for his vengeance is terrible, insatiable. Well, then, tell Conza, tell the prince of Mantua, tell Cardinal Cinthio, the friend of my childhood, that here, here, under another name—"

The harsh voice of the jailer was suddenly heard, and the echoes of the dungeon repeated the sound of his heavy and hurried steps. The poor prisoner shuddered, was silent, and ran in terror to hide himself in his dungeon, which the brutal jailer closed upon him without interrupting the *canzonetta* he was humming to himself.

"The disorder of this madman," said the young Italian to the sympathizing travellers, "is to fancy himself beloved by a lady of distinction. Sometimes he waters with his tears letters which he fancies he has received from her; sometimes he speaks in the accents of despair of festivals, tourneys, and triumphs. Sometimes he sings verses, and traces them on his prison wall whenever a little light is granted him as a favour, for there is nothing furious in his insanity. His is a deep melancholy, a gloomy, unalterable sadness. His verses are always addressed to the imaginary object of his passion, and the letter he has given you is, I doubt not, filled with expressions of tenderness."

"Tis even so," said Montaigne, who had been reading it. "He writes to the princess of Ferrara as though the august Leonora returned all his ardent affection! He reminds her of their nightly meetings, and doubts not but that she will hasten hither to deliver him, as soon as she knows his captivity. Poor human nature," added he, with a sigh, "all that I have seen here is a weighty argument in favour of that bold saying of Pliny, that 'there is nothing more contemptible or more haughty than man.'"

Soon after a vague, confused noise was heard in the hospital, and the Cardinal Cinthio, whom Montaigne had seen at court the evening before, entered hastily, followed by the prior Antonio Mosti. His features expressed the most intense emotion, and a spot of angry red glowed on his visage. The prior took his enormous bundle of keys from the jailer, and opened himself the massive door which had just been closed on the unhappy captive, who still occupied the minds of the strangers.

Cinthio threw himself in tears into the arms of the wretched prisoner, who eyed him with a sort of gloomy and stupid joy.

"O, my friend!" exclaimed the cardinal, as soon as his sobs would permit him to speak, "was I to find thee thus!" Then turning to the spectators of this touching scene, "Strangers," said he, "see how the duke of Ferrara rewards genius! Tell your countrymen, tell the universe that Torquato Tasso has groaned seven years in this den of infamy while all were lamenting his death. Come, my noble friend," added he, "fly this accursed spot, Rome has palms and triumphs in store for thee."

After their departure, Montaigne, a little confused at his mistake, was silent. Finally, taking leave of Strozzi, he

thanked him warmly for the politeness with which he had acted as their guide.

"How is this," asked the latter, gravely, "are you going to leave me without worshipping me?" Montaigne looked at him with astonishment. "Dull mortal!" continued the young Italian, "has not my sublime genius which has caused your admiration, has not the gift of tongues which I possess revealed to you my mysterious divinity? Down on your knees," he shouted the next moment in fury, seizing Montaigne by the throat, "down on your knees, profane wretch, or I'll strangle you!"

Boetie and the jailer rescued Montaigne from the hands of the madman, and as he was dragged off to his cell, "My friend," said Montaigne, adjusting his robe, "verily we have no cause to hold up our heads proudly and boast of the perfection of our reason, since we have admired the talents of a madman, and taken the greatest genius of Italy for a lunatic. Of a truth Socrates was in the right when he professed that he knew but this one thing, that he knew nothing; Pliny was right when he wrote 'there is nothing certain but uncertainty,' and I am right in repeating after them, what do I know?"

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 105.

THE thirsty feeling of revenge has ever been a stranger to my bosom. I have seen it infuse into the young, the wise, and the noble, the savage recklessness of a ferocious beast; but I could not comprehend how one familiar with the passions, frailties, and temptations of human nature, could suffer such a feeling for one of his fellow-creatures to agitate his bosom. It might, I thought, spring up unwarily in his heart; but all the kindlier elements of his disposition and reason, would prompt him to crush it in its bud, or tear it up by the roots, long before it could reach maturity, and exercise its powerful influence over his actions.

The Genius showed me a man in a dimly lighted apartment, sleeping on an ottoman. The moon shone through the high arched casement, and painted its form on the rich carpet. I was awed by the solemnity of night.

"It is enough," I said, "to put all the unruly passions of the world to sleep."

"Behold," said my companion, "how it acts upon others."

As he spoke, the door opened softly, and admitted a tall form, wrapped in a mantle. The cowl fell from his face, and I beheld a countenance which betrayed the ravages of satanic feelings. Pale and ghastly, the intruder cast his sunken eyes around, till they rested upon the sleeper; then a light passed over his features, and he drew up his commanding form with the dignity with which intense passion sometimes invests the most ordinary child of nature. With a half-stifled, sardonic laugh, he grasped a glittering dagger, plunged it, with dreadful force, thrice in his victim's bosom, uttered a deep groan, and covered his face with blood-streaming hands.

"The base villain!" broke from my lips; "the cowardly, craven, assassin. How could nature create a monster so hideous?"

"It is true," said the Genius, "that, in consummating his vengeance, he has violated the laws of heaven and earth, but you are ignorant of the inducements which have driven him to this fatal deed."

"No inducement," I exclaimed, shuddering, "could be sufficiently strong to excuse, for a moment, such murderous hatred; only a heart deformed by nature could prompt it."

The dreadful scene vanished, and the Genius also disappeared. I mourned over the iniquity of others, and, rejoicing in my own humility and wisdom, went forth among my fellow-men.

From some accidental cause, I made an individual, whom I had once loved, my deadly enemy. His bitter denunciations excited my pity and horror. My offers of explanation were received with haughty scorn.

To one unused to the actual pressure and struggle of the world, whose hours have rolled on in silence and solitude, destitute of hardihood of mind and bodily strength to sustain him in the broils of men, and who, amid the still places of nature, has imbibed a nervous fear of inflicting an injury, and a horror of suffering an insult, there is a perfect wretchedness in the conviction, that his image and character are associated in the mind of another with contempt, hatred, and revenge. Wild dreams startled me from my midnight slumber into a wakefulness, clear, and dreadful, and the flashing eyes of my unrelenting foe, as I had last beheld them, seemed to glare upon me, and the thought of his hate filled my mind, as if there were no other object to think on. In all my subsequent plans he crossed me with a marked design of effect-

ing my ruin. The few friends, in whose society I seek relaxation and pleasure, were poisoned against me; and at length my burning cheek and throbbing pulse betrayed my full capacity for angry passion.

We met again. It was in a scene of mirth, fashion, and pleasure. Again those scornful eyes flashed upon me, and the curling lip breathed defiance.

Now my whole character was changed. I no more pitied his error, and sedulously endeavoured to sooth his irritation. The calmness of philosophy, the lofty pride of virtue, the cool superiority of wisdom, were gone. Hitherto my mind had slept like the tranquil summer sea. Now it swelled like the same element, when the spirit of the tempest heaves and darkens its turgid billows. A witty sarcasm cut me to the soul. The laugh of ridicule rung, hideous, in my ears. I attempted to speak, but my parched lips were glued together. A gentle girl hung on my arm. I had been half bewildered in the dreamy happiness of her gaze, when this intruding fiend struck me with the curse of demoniac passions. To make his insult to me more broad, open, and intolerable, he passed his hand roughly through her ringlets. An electric fire ran through my frame; and, reckless of consequences, I aimed a blow at his temple. His superior skill and strength easily baffled my efforts, and the next moment I was prostrated and trampled on. My giddy brain retained no other impression. Shame had stung me like an adder—nay, with a thousand times the reptile's deadly venom; for the fang which had wounded me could not be withdrawn, but clung, deep and rankling, in my bosom. The burning, unquenchable thirst for revenge had gone into the depths of my soul. It not only mastered my mind, it absorbed it. I had no other design—no other hope. The innumerable charms of nature, which once thrilled me with perceptions of exquisite beauty, the flashing midnight stars, and orient moon—the green light of woods—the voice of birds and waters, no longer brought tranquility to my troubled soul. I trampled on the gentle flowers, over which I once bent in admiration. I turned away, sickened, from the pencilled colourings of the early day; and, though I moved in crowds silently, and seemed calm, my forced mirth resembled verdure on the side of a volcano, while the discordant elements of destruction are burning in its bosom.

One turbulent night I left my pillow, and rushed through the tempest with uncovered head, reckless whither my hasty steps led me. I reached the ocean beach. The blackness of the grave was over all nature. Furious billows shook the shore, streaks of lightning rent the vault of heaven, and crashes of deep thunder threatened universal ruin.

"Storms are around me," I said, "and in me; wherefore should one be more unlawful than the other? If one bestows upon me a kindness, I never forget it; why should I not remember injury and insult. There is a lesson in these crashing clouds. Children of the same nature which has roused the conflict in my own heart, peal on, and be a fitting knell for the fate of my mortal foe. A joy, like the swift and fierce lightning, announced my bloody resolution. I rushed, as in a dream, to his dwelling. I felt not the earth on which I trod. It seemed as if evil demons had lent their invisible wings, had cleared away every obstacle, and placed me over my enemy. He was reposing, like the other, in a dimly-lighted chamber. A beautiful boy with golden hair rested his rosy cheek upon his, as if a honey-kiss had ushered in their gentle dreams of love. The sight of an innocent and beautiful child is, of all others in creation, most strongly contrasted with wickedness and wild passion, and appeals most sweetly and forcibly to the heart. A feeling of tenderness crept into my bosom. It was but for a moment. I remembered the degradation I had suffered, and tearing the lovely infant from its resting-place, I raised my dagger, when a strain of the softest and most delicious music ever heard by mortal arrested my mind. My arm remained uplifted in the air, held by some superior power. I struggled in vain to speak, to move, to breathe, when, as I uttered a groan of anguish, the whole scene disappeared. I found myself alone in my apartment. The fire gave a cheerful light, and the Little Genius stood before me.

"Beware," he said, "how you repose too much confidence in your own wisdom. If heaven has blessed you with a peaceful life, be grateful, not proud. Crimes should be punished, but criminals pitied. Many a man, after a life of pleasure, lays his aged head in an honoured grave, whom accidental circumstances might have sacrificed on the scaffold. Observe with moderation, the wonderful and varying consequences of evil passions in others; but remember that you are not so much elevated above your fellow-creatures as to be free from their temptations, and sheltered from their dangers." F.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

AN OCCASIONAL DISSERTATION ON BACHELORS.

WHEN I was young—which means when I was fourteen—I regarded all manner of old bachelors with utter detestation; and, for once in a way, the prejudice of boyhood was founded upon reason. The efficacy of those reasons is demonstrated by their result: their propriety I have no leisure to discuss. They are, good or bad, briefly these: I. My ancestors, to a man, committed matrimony in the very bud of their various existences; as a natural consequence, I inherited the family propensity, and abhorred an opposite creed. II. As I said, my forefathers, to a man, were early wedded; but it so happened that a woman—one dear, affectionate maiden aunt, whom heaven assail!—did, nevertheless, retain both her hand and heart in her own good keeping; and I, coming under her especial charge at an age when the mind is most susceptible of impressions, and the "young idea is taught how to shoot," had the full benefit of her particular opinions on the aforesaid subject of bachelorship. The precise tenor of those opinions I cannot, in good faith, divulge: suffice, what nature had implanted, she was careful not to blight; and, in the very frenzy of mutual exasperation, we breathed many an anathema on those malignant recluses, who,

"With nought to love them, and with nought to love,
Do stand upon the desert earth alone."

These, however, were the prepossessions of childhood; I am now "turned of twenty," and entertain very different views: not that I yet tolerate old bachelors, but I date my proscription something beyond their thirtieth birthday. Moreover, my devout abhorrence of them is much qualified; for, a personal inspection of the merits of the case has convinced me of the fallibility of early impressions, and that the sin of singleness does not originate exclusively with the objects of its contumely. On this score the ladies have much to answer for. Caprice and coquetry are the proximate causes of much misanthropic solitude. A proud man, once refused, shuns the risk of repeated refusal by a systematic caution, with which love acknowledges no sympathy and desires no alliance; and any man, once jilted, lights his cigars with love-letters, and denounces the sex indiscriminately. Another cause is more universally influential than either: the present fashionable reserve on the part of a lady until she discovers a gentleman's intentions. That this custom was superinduced by the occasional coquetry of our own sex, I cannot deny; but this joke, like every minion of fashion, is carried entirely too far. The disappointed man and the modest one, (for there yet are modest ones) are both palsied by it. The one will not commit himself on an uncertainty; the other waits for proper encouragement until he grows gray in the service: consequently their declaration never comes, or comes too late.

Now, so far as these causes and effects exist, so far are bachelors exculpated from the disgrace which by-gone ages have heaped on their fraternity. Doubtless there are cases of wilful and unprovoked celibacy—and with such fellows I would people a state prison—but my deliberate opinion is, that the majority of bachelors, at the present day, owe their single wretchedness to the causes here specified, and I would therefore recommend, in this age of revolutions, a radical change in matrimonial tactics.

As it is neither my province nor desire to suggest a reform in these matters, I shall not enlighten my readers with a series of possibilities calculated to produce it. My only intention is to defend a calumniated portion of my fellow-men; and to proclaim that bachelors, as such, are not necessarily deserving of the popular odium. That they are a distinct class of beings, universally disagreeable and contemptible, I positively deny: that there are, among them, occasional instances of such repellent qualities, I as freely admit; but, at the same time, I contend they are by no means confined to unmarried men. Many a pest of society may be found in the bands of wedlock; many a scoundrel has an affectionate wife to blush for his villanies, and many a convict leaves a family of children to inherit his disgrace. The good and bad of this world are the production of no one sect or denomination; they abound in all; there is many a bachelor, as I trust, in heaven; and many a married man on earth of whom the earth is not worthy.

It cannot be denied that bachelors enjoy less of the sweets of life than other men. Their pleasures and pains lack the charms of participation and sympathy, and their affections eventually degenerate into selfishness. But, assuming, as I have done, that they are not usually the authors of their own unhappiness, they rather deserve commiseration than persecution; and in reply to female reproaches they may at least say with the poet,

"I am a wretch, but who hath made me so?"

In brief, then, if bachelors are wretched because (or not) ladies have flinty hearts, why, their fate is condemnation enough; pray let them suffer in peace. Let them hug their "liberty" and make the most of it. I would never molest an inoffensive man, nor insult an unhappy one; nor will I ever hear these proscribed (and in my opinion, much wronged) mortals calumniated without asseverating that, for the most part, they are very endurable chaps, and at least as valuable to society as certain persons who shall be nameless. CASSIO.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE latest attraction here, has been the opera of Cinderella; and certainly nothing but a piece eminently attractive, could have overcome the natural obstacles which oppose the drama at this inclement season. The toils of five months have been most judiciously and happily applied by Mr. Simpson to the production of Cinderella at this time, and the event has proved that perseverance and enterprise are the surest roads to the favour of a discerning public. On Monday, Mrs. Austin announced this opera (being the sixth night of its representation) for her benefit, and with it the burlesque of Midas. The house presented a *coup d'œil* of beauty and fashion; and although a facility of locomotion, and a choice of seats, be to us frequently a consolation for the absence of our worthy fellow-citizens at the performance of an interesting drama, yet we did not regret on this occasion that we were compelled to become tenants of the last bench of a box in tier No. 2, as it furnished evidence both that the exertions of our *prima donna* and those of the manager, were duly appreciated. The piece went off with its usual *célar*. On the fall of the curtain, Mrs. Austin's re-engagement was announced for three nights, to continue the representation of Cinderella, much to our satisfaction, and (if shouts and exclamations be any proof) to the manifest satisfaction of the persons assembled.

We have already stated that, out of London, no theatre in the British dominions could secure to an opera a cast as efficient as that of the present piece at the Park theatre. A Boston paper has quoted our article on Cinderella, at length; and, without ascribing it to its proper source, has manifested great acerbity at our assuming for New-York the lead in this branch of theatricals. We are not aware in what points our theatrical establishments are inferior to those of other cities in the United States; but as regards opera, we are very confident that Boston is no more to New-York than Manchester is to London. In short, any competition on this point, at present, we can show to be useless. It must be allowed that we have the best *prima donna* in the United States, in Mrs. Austin. The admirable singing of Mr. Jones has been lauded throughout the Boston journals. Mr. Placide is the best *buffo* singer in America; and even in England, only two persons can be named, Mr. Penson and Mr. Russell, whom critics venture to compare with this gentleman. Mr. Thorne, who supports another strong *buffo* part, has obtained a reputation for this line of business in London. Mr. Richings, always perfect in his text, and often very happy in his representations, is consequently most important in a drama of this description. In addition to which, we have Mesdames Blake and Vernon, who both sing their difficult music respectably, and than whom two better comic actresses are rarely to be met with. Lastly, we have young Placide, who is playing, with tolerable success, the part of Barnes, because Barnes is performing a star-engagement at Boston. The chorus at the Park is by far the strongest in America; and we may likewise add, that the band is more numerous than any other, excepting that of the French company, and is in the constant habit of accompanying first-rate singers in first-rate music. Our position then is unassailable. At the same time, if we think proper to invade the territories of those opposed to us, we might ask, what operas have been brought out in Boston, which have not previously appeared in New-York? and even then, what has been their success? Can any manager in any town in the United States, venture to engage an operatic corps of the strength of that which is constantly supported at the Park theatre, without certain failure? In New-York, the manager can be successful only by keeping up that operatic force. Let any candid person draw the inference.

A new drama, called the Carnival of Naples, has recently been produced, in which Mrs. Sharpe sustains the principal part. This lady is a favourite of the New-York public, and should be attached to the Park. Her various qualities as a useful actress, have been and would continue to be better estimated during a permanent engagement than they can possibly be in her brief visits, as a *star*, into the hemispheres of our neighbours.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE BELDAME'S AUGURY.

LAUGH on, gay boy, I love to look
Upon a face like thine,
Where I can read, as from a book,
Thy fate in every line.
Laugh on! laugh on! while yet ye may!
Enjoy the sunlight of thy day,
While yet its sun doth shine.
Life hath its seasons like the years—
Thine is the spring without its tears.
Laugh on! although thy brow reveal
No furrowed marks of care.
Though now thy brain in gladness reel,
Madness will soon be there.
The blight, the lightning, and the scath,
Full soon will o'er it sweep in wrath,
And on thy brow, despair
Will write, in language clear, the woe
Which thou and thine were born to know.
Ay, list thy doom. Thou art to be
A wanderer of the earth;
From shore to shore—from sea to sea—
Exiled from home and hearth.
Thy babes will learn to curse thy name;
Their mother turn from thee in shame;
And she who gave thee birth
Will leave thee to the foul disgrace
Thou wilt have brought upon her race.
Yes, there's a fate hangs over thee,
And all that are with thee entwined.
Fear, shame, remorse, and guilt, will be
The genii of thy stricken mind.
Peace will forsake—love fly thy door,
Nor ever ask admittance more;
And thou wilt seek to find
A balm to soothe thy grief in vain—
Joy ne'er will smile on thee again.

X.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Albany, February, 1831.

GENTLEMEN—Having been much disappointed in the perusal of some of the later works of the author of the *Spy*, the idea occurred to me of reading them over again with some little attention, in order to mark their beauties and defects, and satisfy myself whether I had reason to be disappointed or not. Having finished the task, I thought it might be neither useless nor impertinent to embody my impressions in the form of a general and brief notice of his productions. I have done so, and have charged my friend **** with delivering the manuscript into your hands. If you think it worth while, you are at liberty to publish it, with such corrections as may occur to you.

THE WORKS OF THE AUTHOR OF THE SPY.

We take occasion on the appearance of a new work from this distinguished writer, to say something generally on the character of his genius, and the grounds of his great popularity, both here and in Europe. It is after the reputation of an author is established—at least *pro tem.*—so far as to render him, in a great degree, independent of future praise and elaborate puffing, that the critic feels himself at full liberty to enter into a free discussion of his beauties and defects. While he is toiling up the steep of fame it seems ungenerous to impede or embarrass his exertions; but, once on the summit, we have a right to inquire how he got there, and what are his claims to keep possession.

The first attempt of our author in that species of writing in which he has gained so high a reputation, was a work entitled "Precaution." The scene was laid abroad, and the style, as well as the conduct of the story, exhibit all the faults, and few of the beauties of his subsequent productions. He was delineating scenes and manners which he only knew from hearsay or description, and he does not possess that creative power of the imagination, which enables some men to supply the absence of experience and observation by the mere force of abstract conceptions. "Precaution" excited, we believe, little attention, and was soon forgotten. But as the prosperity of one individual of a family often reflects light upon the more obscure branches, so has the success of the author's subsequent writings rescued his earliest offspring from oblivion.

The failure of this work most probably discouraged him for a time, as a considerable interval elapsed before he again appealed to the public in a manner which deservedly brought him into notice. The *Spy* laid the foundation of his fame. It was a domestic tale, of very decided merit; and it appeared at a fortunate period, when the vast success of the *ci-devant* "great unknown" had, as it were, ennobled a species of composition which had fallen somewhat into contempt, by being principally in the hands of inferior writers.

Public attention had likewise been drawn to American literature by the successful attempts of two or three young writers; it began to be seriously believed possible that American scenery, history, and manners might be made susceptible of beauty and interest; and that by some miraculous dispensation, American genius might possibly be capable of illustrating and embellishing them. Our countrymen were no longer frightened from being pleased with a domestic production; and even our critics had the unparalleled gallantry to be civil towards an humble aspirant after domestic toleration.

The fortunate incident of residing in a foreign land, has also often operated beneficially towards American writers. There is not the least doubt in the minds of a large portion of readers, that the human intellect is stunted, or, as Mr. Jefferson has it, "belittled" in this country; and that the only possible way of restoring it to anything like an equality with that of the people of Europe, especially of Paris, London, and Edinburgh, is to go and live among them; inhale the pure intellectual atmosphere of these great metropolitan mammoths; and, if not to associate with, at least to have now and then a peep at the giants of literature, who are "as plenty as blackberries," at the academies, and at tea-parties. We have heard this mode of getting endorsed by strangers on the other side of the Atlantic objected to, as carrying with it a sort of left-handed compliment to our friends. It seems, say these writers, like telling our "belittled" countrymen that their opinions are not worth consulting; that they are not qualified to judge of the merits of a book, but must receive their cue from their betters abroad. They add, that there is no excuse for an author publishing his works in a foreign clime, or appealing to a foreign tribunal, except that of feeling himself neglected or unjustly treated by his own countrymen. But doubtless this is the ignorant ebullition of minds not properly stretched to a comprehension of the sublime in puffing, and we record such vulgarisms only to mark them with our decided and eternal reprobation.

Since the appearance of the *Spy* our author has produced a work pretty regularly once a year, until they now amount to ten or a dozen; all but one, belonging to the same class of literature. These, with the exception alluded to, may be divided into tales of the land and tales of the sea. We shall proceed to offer our frank opinions on these, without feeling any solicitude whether they correspond with the decisions heretofore pronounced abroad, because we cannot bring ourselves to believe for a moment that the critics of Paris, or of London, or of Edinburgh, are as well qualified to judge of the truth of delineations of American customs and scenery as the Americans themselves. Of the Indian character, which occupies so large a share in the productions at present under consideration, and the sketches of which have been so highly lauded, they know little or nothing, except from these works. They must, therefore, necessarily found their decisions as to the skill in delineating it, solely on their ignorance of every thing but what is there told them. Those who have seen and been conversant with the Indians, in their primitive condition, are certainly much better able to judge respecting that singular race than the most erudite critic who has never been out of Europe.

On the authority of our own individual experience, we begin by saying, that our author's Indians are sophisticated, and not genuine aborigines. They may do in Paris or London, but they will not stand the test of actual experience and observation. They talk too much, and do too little. Now the Indian is by habit and situation a silent being; he despises a garrulous man, and never makes long speeches, except to his great father, or his great father's agents. He is much alone, and a man loses the habit of talking in solitude; he is a smoking, ruminating animal; and to represent him always talking in metaphors and figures, is to substitute the habit of our author himself, who is a great lover of long talks, at least in his works, for that of the Indian, who talks only when specially excited.

We have the same authority for saying that his Indians think and act as little like Indians as they talk like Indians. It is not the substitution of "he," or "the Indian," for "I," in speaking of himself; nor the perpetual repetition of "whiteman," and "redman," "Manitou," and "Great Spirit," that makes an Indian. The writer who wishes to delineate his character and peculiarities truly and forcibly, must identify himself with the situation of the savage, and draw from men, not books. The mere following of "a trail" through fifty or a hundred pages, and talking all the way, enables the reader to form but a bare and meagre idea of the rough, cunning, malignant, impracticable man of the woods. We think Miss Sedgwick has been more suc-

cessful in this respect. Her Indians have something besides the red skin to designate them.

The *Spy* was succeeded by the *Pioneers*, to our taste one of the most pleasing of all the productions of our author. The subjects undertaken to be described in this work are evidently such as he had been familiar with in that period of life when the deepest impressions are received; and he has delineated them with a truth and nature seldom surpassed. The sketches of rural scenery, rural manners, and rural sports, the changes of our seasons, and every object and incident characteristic of our early settlements, are, for the most part, admirable. There is also a rich variety in this work. Natty Bumpo is an original, "not to be found in any of the books," and, with one exception, a faultless original—he talks too much and too long. The story is, however, marvellously lame; and the hero, as well as the heroine, somewhat uninteresting. There is a childish mystery in the conduct of this tale, of which the author seems to be enamoured, since he has incorporated others, if possible, still more flimsy, into his subsequent productions. Take it, however, all in all, we think it a charming performance, in spite of numerous blemishes, which would have been fatal to its reputation, had they not been redeemed by equal beauties.

The *Prairie* has the same faults in full, and the same beauties in a lesser degree. It is evidently written to follow up the success of the *Pioneers*; a dangerous experiment, since an author seldom if ever succeeds a second time in introducing a favourite character. The cream is generally skimmed the first time, and either the scum or sediment is served up at the second table. Our old acquaintance, Natty Bumpo, verifies this observation. He appears again in the *Prairie*, but with increased garrulity, and becomes heavy and tedious by repetition. Of this the writer seems to have been aware, for he kills him by a natural death at the conclusion of the story, apparently apprehensive that he might be tempted to murder him by inches in a future work. One of the faults of our author in fact, is a habit of copying himself, of giving his readers a second edition of the same characters. Nothing, for instance, can be more alike than the Red Rover and the Skimmer of the Seas. It is impossible not to perceive that one is a mere transcript of the other; and every reader must recognise their identity, notwithstanding they differ in size, and in the colour of their hair. The *Water Witch* is the same wonderful vessel we see in the Red Rover, and there is the same disguised damsel, acting pretty much the same equivocal part in each. The captain of the *Coquette* fills the same subordinate station to the Skimmer that young Master Harry does to the Red Rover. The Laird of Kinderhook is, however, we believe, without a parallel in any of these productions for stupidity. He has not the least agency in the plot. He does nothing, and says a vast deal to no purpose; and the only act of his life, that of jumping headlong on board the *Water Witch*, is entirely out of keeping. He is a mighty fungus growing out of a decayed tree, and adding nothing to its beauty, dignity, or fruitfulness.

Lionel Lincoln, we believe, was the least successful of all these novels, with the exception of *Precaution*. We have understood the bookseller suffered a great loss in its publication. It was an exceedingly improbable tale, the scene of which was not sufficiently remote, and the time of action too near, to afford the obscurity necessary to so bold a fiction. Next came, if we are not mistaken in the order of succession, the *Last of the Mohicans*, the *Pilot*, the *Red Rover*, the *Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, and lastly the *Water Witch*, just published.

The *Last of the Mohicans* and the *Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, are what may be termed Indian tales, and the characters and actions of the Indians constitute the principal features of both. We have already frankly expressed our opinion of these, let it go for what it is worth; it is unnecessary to repeat, or enlarge upon it. Our author does not excel in painting civilized men and manners; and, least of all, civilized women. His young ladies are deficient in vivacity and sentiment; and his gentlemen, at least those of a tolerably decent reputation for morals, want spirit and character. His rovers and bucaniers are somewhat more piquant.

Our author, like the whale and other great fishes, is supposed to be much more active and powerful on the water than on the land. His professional experience enables him to describe the various appearances of the ocean and the tactics of a ship, with all the accuracy of a log-book, though not with the same brevity. In delineating the humours of those amphibious animals, called sailors, he has in one instance, and we think in one only, been remarkably successful. Tom Coffin is an exceedingly well drawn character, and indeed our author seems to have concentrated all his experience of

this kind upon this single man. There is, we think, not another tar in all his subsequent works that can claim to be rated on a ship's books as more than an "ordinary seaman." As to those excessively odd, alias mysterious creatures, the "Red Rover," and the "Skimmer," we cannot allow them to be called sailors. The only classification we know of that will suit them is, that of "half horse half alligator," applied to the Mississippi boatmen before the invention of steam-boats gradually annihilated that class of oddities. We must withhold our testimony of admiration from such heroes, either on land or water. We are inclined to think, that if works of fiction have any influence on manners and morals—and if they have not, what are they good for?—such examples, held up as they are to the admiration of the reader, must give a wrong direction to the imagination of young people. The class of light-fingered gentry, who make free with the rights and property of others, we think cut but a poor figure in society, every where else but in a modern romance, where they seldom fail to carry away all the honours. If an honest gentleman, of good morals, and happy disposition towards the rights of others, happen to be introduced into this sort of tales, it is only to tire the reader with his dulness; to be placed on all occasions in situations quite ridiculous; and to act as a sort of foil to the splendid success of the knight of the post. Indeed, it seems quite indispensable to the full glories of a popular work of imagination, that the hero should be a pirate, a highwayman, or a pickpocket; and unite in himself the utmost sensibility of feeling with the most consummate hardness of heart. It is earnestly to be hoped that none of our romantic young ladies will, in their idolatry of this species of errant knights, take it into their heads or hearts to elope with some of the irresistible heroes of the quarter-sessions.

The original of this sort of heroes is, we believe, to be found in the Newgate Calendar. From thence they were adopted into Sir Walter Scott's tale of the Pirate, the hero of which is, if we recollect right, an exceedingly sentimental freebooter, who is capable at the same time of two very opposite feelings—a disinterested love for a lady, and a disinterested craving for the property of other people. We believe that no such character ever existed; nor has it ever occurred to us, in the experience of a long life, passed in various scenes and occupations, to meet with a man who combined with the vices of a villain the capacity of feeling a pure and honourable affection for a virtuous woman. Such a character is the creation of bad taste, or bad feeling, or wantonness, sporting with the morals and credulity of inexperience, and aiming at a preposterous originality, by bringing together such moral incongruities as are presented for our admiration in the Corsairs, the Paul Cliffords, and the Skimmers of the Sea. This custom of concentrating all the interest of a work of fiction upon these knights of the post, seems gradually gaining upon the public favour, so that we should not be greatly surprised in a few years to find the reading ladies turning their backs upon every hero, who had the least respect for the laws of the land or the precepts of morality.

For a long chace or a long story our author is almost without a rival. Witness the never-ending manœuvres of the mysterious vessel in the Red Rover, whose "tracery appears upon the clouds," through nearly two whole volumes, and whose vague, unpurposed evolutions can be compared to nothing but a kitten running round after her tail. Witness, too, the extraordinary mystifications, inexplicable "hide and seek," and incomprehensible escapes of the Water Witch, and her incomprehensible commander, who, through the greater part of these volumes, appears to have no other object in running his vessel into difficulties, than to show how easily he can get out of them, and make a fool of honest Captain Ludlow of the Coquette, who indeed seems to be introduced on purpose to be made a fool of by all parties.

In the power of delaying a catastrophe, which seems every moment inevitable, and lengthening a tale that appears obstinately determined to come to an end, he is also peculiarly distinguished. He travels with a drag-chain to his wheel; and contrives by the most studious, provoking delays, to excite a fidgety impatience to get on, which doubtless many readers mistake for an intense interest in the story. Like travellers on a deep and miry road, we are half mad to arrive at the end, not so much on account of any anticipated pleasure, as from the intolerable fatigue of the journey.

The main causes of the slow progress of the narrative, and the paucity of incidents in the story, are a love of talking, and a habit of unfeeling minuteness in his descriptions, that, if not soon corrected, will undermine and eventually destroy his popularity. Natty Bumpo, who is represent-

ed as enamoured of solitude, is incessantly making long speeches; his Indians talk like members of congress, or city aldermen at a meeting of the common council; men, women, and children, black, white, and copper-coloured, all talk, while the story either makes *lee-way*, as we sailors say, or stands stock still. This is perpetually occurring at moments when the crisis of the narration demands that it should proceed rapidly, without looking either to the right or to the left. Three-fourths of the "Water Witch," consist of this eternal verbiage; this idle talk, which we must be allowed to say is not redeemed by either sufficient humour, wit, or vivacity to afford apology for its impertinent intrusions on the progress of the story.

The talent of our author for description is superior to his talent for conversation. What he has seen he describes with great truth; we almost feel inclined to say, with too much truth. Monsieur Voltaire observes, with strict justice, that "the secret of being dull, is to say all that can be said on a subject." To our taste there is too much of excessive minuteness, too much of enumeration, of uninteresting and insignificant particulars in almost all his descriptions of land, water, ships, men, women, dress, &c.; in short, of every material object. He seems to dwell on every thing that comes in his way, after the manner of people who talk for hours upon one single topic, however uninteresting, simply because they don't know what to talk about next.

In order to exemplify our censures, we will give an extract or two, taken at random, from the Water Witch. The first comprises a special catalogue of the hero's wearing apparel, when he makes his first appearance in the ferry-boat; pushes people about without ceremony; deprives the coxswain of the helm; quizzes an alderman; takes command of the vessel; and finally tumbles a countryman from a bench, lies down in his place, and snores lustily, after the manner of men who pay little attention to the comfort and feelings of others, and a vast deal to their own.

"The dress of the stranger was quite as remarkable as his person. He wore a short pea-jacket, cut light and tastefully; a little, low, rakish cap; and full, bell-mouthed trowsers, all of a spotlessly white duck; a material well adapted to the season and the climate. The first was made without buttons, affording an apology for a rich India shawl that belted his body, and kept the garment tight to his frame. Faultlessly clean linen appeared throughout the opening above, and a collar of the same material fell over the gay bandanna, which was thrown with a single, careless turn around his throat. The latter was a manufacture then little known in Europe, and its use was almost entirely confined to seamen of the long voyage. One of its ends was suffered to blow about in the winds, but the other was brought down with care over the chest, where it was confined by springing the blade of a small knife with an ivory handle in a manner to confine the silk to the linen; a sort of breast-pin that is even now used by mariners. If we add, that light canvass slippers, with foul-anchors worked in worsted upon their insteps, covered his feet, we shall say all that is necessary of his attire."

Genius of Dutch painters and man-milliners! dost thou not turn pale with envy at being thus outdone in thine art? The only parallel of this list of a gentleman's wearing apparel which occurs to our recollection, is in the anecdote of a careful wife, who, previous to her good-man's commencing a journey, gave him a memorandum of his clothes, to which she discreetly added at the bottom, "and one man with one eye," lest he should forget himself some time or other.

The next specimen we shall offer the reader will illustrate the author's predisposition to long talks, as well as his total neglect of nature and probability, in placing such a speech in the mouth of a Dutch alderman of the last century, addressed to his negro slave:

"Thrift, Mr. Euclid, thrift is your true philosopher's stone;" commenced or rather continued in a rich, full mouthed Dutch, the proprietor of the dwelling, who had evidently been giving a leave-taking charge to his principal slave before quitting the house; 'thrift hath made many a man rich, but it never brought any one to want. It is thrift which hath built up the credit of my house, and, though it is said by myself, a broader back and firmer base belongs to no merchant in the colonies. You are but the reflection of your master's prosperity, you rogue, and so much the greater need you look to his interests. If the substance is wasted, what will become of the shadow? When I get delicate you will sicken, when I am hungry you will be famished, when I die you may be—where—Euclid. I leave thee in charge of goods and chattels, home and stables, with my character in the neighbourhood. I am going to Lust in Rust, for a mouthful of better air. Plague and fevers! I be-

lieve the people will continue to come into this crowded town until it gets to be as pestilent as Rotterdam in the dog-days. You have now come to years when a man obtains his reflection, boy, and I expect suitable care and discretion about the premises while my back is turned. Now, harkee, sirrah! I am not entirely pleased with the character of thy company. It is not altogether as respectable as becomes the confidential servant of a man of a certain station in the world. There are thy two cousins, Brosa and Cobus, who are no better than a couple of blackguards; and as for the English negro, Diomed, he is a devil's imp," &c. &c. &c.

And so the worthy alderman goes on for a page and a half. We are bound to believe the learned Euclid listened with profound attention, though we doubt if the reader will pay him a similar compliment.

It is in this way, by incessant interruptions of minute description and tedious dialogue, that about one-fourth of the first volume of the "Water Witch," is filled with a conversation held in crossing the ferry from Broad-street to Staten Island. The introduction of Lord Cornbury in two separate instances, each of which occupies several pages, can be referred, we conceive, to no other motive than a desire to swell the book, and disguise its real poverty of incident and invention. "The Green Lady of the Sea," who makes her responses in most marvellously obscure quotations from Shakspeare, is another "weak invention," to create a little meagre mystery, and consume time. To us she seems fraught with childish ridicule. In this and other queer mysteries by which all his works are disfigured, this novelist has probably paid tribute to the public taste rather than followed his own. Yet we cannot but think, that with his popularity and influence, he might have ventured to reject this paltry expedient of common-place writers. He ought to aspire to setting the example of a good taste, rather than follow a bad one. We forbear a smile at a little foppery, in occasionally giving his readers, not one in ten of whom, probably, understands the language, a specimen of his improvement in French since he went abroad. At the same time, we protest against this interlarding a book with scraps of a foreign tongue, except it be in quotations from classical authors. It is bad breeding in a man to speak in company in a language which not one in ten understands, unless he can speak no other; and it is, we think, little better to puzzle one's readers in the same manner.

Our author certainly can write English, though his style wants simplicity as well as brevity. There is a mannerism about it which savours of affectation, and produces stiffness. He seldom goes directly towards his object, but *purrs* round, and round, and round, seemingly afraid he will catch it, and peradventure burn his fingers. He approaches it in circles, and is a long time getting to the centre. It is not that he stops to indulge his feelings, exercise his imagination, or give a momentary sport to his humour and vivacity. These are delightful interruptions of a story; they embellish its incidents; and we hold a man cheap who does not sometimes exhibit them in his writings. But the delays here alluded to are not of this sort; they are the embarrassments of long dialogues and minute descriptions, given in a style redundant with words, neither happily disposed nor very expressive. This fault is particularly conspicuous in his last work, which, in a great degree, consists of immeasurable dialogues between the Alderman, Captain Ludlow, La Belle Barberie, the redoubtable Skimmer, Lord Cornbury, Black Euclid, Lame Bonnice, Blind Cupid, and divers gentlemen of colour, whose gibberish is quite equal to the exquisite slang of Paul Clifford and his worthy associates. To us it is inconceivable that an author of genius should fancy himself delighting the world by filling page after page with words which not one of his readers, unless they belong to the same caste, can either pronounce or understand.

With the same frankness with which we have pointed out the faults of this writer, and with far more pleasure to ourselves, we will now proceed to state where, in our opinion, his chief strength lies. No one that we are acquainted with, has described the peculiar features of American character and scenery, so far as he has gone, with more truth and exactness. Within certain limits he is a man of keen discrimination, of sagacious observation. Setting aside the fault of excessive minuteness and eternal repetition, his descriptions are admirable. Deficient as he is in the conception and conduct of a story, he excels in particular scenes, where he concentrates his recollections and experience upon one single object, and one single moment. He winds up a storm, a sea-fight, a chase, or a shipwreck, with great spirit and effect, in spite of occasional delays, to indulge in the inveterate habit of prosing. The whole of the chase through Hell-gate, the subsequent

battle, the attack of the boats, the conflagration and explosion of the *Coquette*, and the terrible suspense of the party on the raft, are of a high order of description, and almost repay the reader for wading through the preceding pages. Yet even these fine details are disfigured by the introduction of the puerile mystery of the "Green Lady," the horrible and gratuitous incident of the shark, and the intrusion of our old enemy, in the shape of a long talk. On the other element, our good mother earth, our author is not so successful in concentrating the interest of his story. He has not the aid of the same vast machinery, the same combination of sublime materials; and if he had, he would not be able to use them with the same power and skill. It is in comparing the two that we are struck with the important aid he receives from the excellence of his ready-made materials. His tales of the sea would be tame and uninteresting, were it not for the grand phenomena which he is enabled to summon to his assistance; and many a reader mistakes his admiration of the works of the Creator, for wonder at the talent of the mere mortal, who has shadowed them to his imagination. It is these single, isolated descriptions, of which there is seldom more than one in each of these tales, which constitute their chief, if not their only merit. There is not another faculty exhibited in all or any of them of sufficient power to sustain their popularity.

In thus pointing out what we conceive to be the faults of our author, we have been influenced principally by a hope that he will condescend to mend them, as well he can, we do not doubt. He owes it to his country, of whose literary reputation abroad and at home he is one of the pillars, to do all in his power to maintain his station, and even to rise still higher. If he only give himself time, and take ordinary pains, we have no doubt but he will be able, being an excellent navigator, to steer clear of those really exemplary blemishes, which have made it sometimes a matter of wonder to us, that he has escaped condign punishment in the courts of criticism. The talent of describing professional scenes is certainly a very desirable one; but, though a powerful ingredient in the composition of a tale of fiction, something more than this is required to constitute a claim to stand almost at the head of the writers of his country, and close by one of the most successful authors the world ever saw—we mean Sir Walter Scott. To constitute a great writer in the walks of fiction, he must unite, with the knack of describing what he has seen, the power to invent; the faculty of judgment to arrange; and the combination of all the constituents of a consummate intellect, in bringing about, by striking and natural means, a striking yet natural catastrophe. Hitherto we think our author has been much overrated. It remains to be seen whether, by any future efforts, he will be able to make good a lasting title to the elevated rank which has been conferred upon him.

That he will do so, we feel considerably assured; but, if our anticipations are to be finally realized, it must be by his forgetting his popularity for a season, and writing as if he had a reputation to gain as well as to lose. In short, he must forget that a good-natured public is for the present, perhaps, willing to take just what he gives. All that he requires to make him worthy of the situation to which he has been raised—not indeed by foreign bayonets, but by foreign pens—is to discipline his style into something like brief simplicity; to cut down his dialogues one-half, and infuse a little humour and vivacity into the remainder; to mingle somewhat more variety in his scenery and characters; to indulge occasionally in something besides mere talking and description; and finally, to collect and arrange the principal materials of his story before he commences it. We have heard it boasted by some of his indiscreet admirers, that he composes his works by piecemeal, writing a chapter here and a chapter there, without order or connection, trusting to Providence for cementing them afterwards together into something like order and consistency. If this be true, we admire his faith, but make somewhat light of his discretion. In that case, we can readily account for the glaring defects of his stories, and the vast disproportion of idle and extraneous matter which, we presume, is put in to fill up the chinks, as we sometimes see old hats and petticoats stuck in broken windows. Such playing with the public will answer perhaps for a time, and so long as it is ready to submit to a willing deception. But *non omnibus dormio*—the public don't sleep for every body, nor for ever. It is high time for our author to be prepared for the waking. S.

REPORT OF DEATHS.

The total number of deaths in this city last year was five thousand five hundred and thirty-seven.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—We young ladies don't mind blabbing every thing to you editors, because we know you can't keep it to yourselves, and nobody tells their own secrets without wishing to have them repeated again. My secret is, that I have an inclination to be married, provided I can get a husband to suit me. I don't approve of advertising in the newspapers, as is the fashion just now; and yet I should like the gentlemen to know what sort of a young woman I am, and what sort of a husband I shall expect. Now, Messrs. Editors, if you will only promise to be silent about my name, I'll tell you all, and you may put it in the *Mirror*, for the information of those concerned. I wish you, at the same time, to take particular care to caution the public against a certain class of young women, who, though they don't belong to good society at all, manage to get husbands, nobody knows how. There is hardly an old maid to be found among the plebeians, which is a thing I can't understand.

I am very handsome, in the first place. My waist, by the aid of my maid and the coachman, is capable of being compressed into a circle of four inches diameter. My hair is luxuriant, and curls delightfully. I bought it of—but I won't tell where, for fear every body should get just like it. My papa says I have almost ruined him in dress, so I leave you to judge whether I have a taste or not. I have a beautiful set of teeth. It's nobody's business where they came from; and when I have been in the country two or three months in the summer, I get quite a colour. In winter it is apt to go away; but this is the case with all young ladies in good society, and so that makes no difference. I have a sweet, pretty little foot, &c. which, in these times of reform and curtailment, is no small matter.

My education has been particularly attended to, and I do flatter myself it is no flattery to say, it is quite perfect. I can waltz so gracefully, the men say it makes them dizzy to look at me. I play the piano like Mr. Metz, and sing Italian in such a perfect style that people can't tell it from English. I have read all Lord Byron's works, and all his lives, besides the *Roué*, Paul Clifford, Moore's poetry, and every thing that has come out lately worth reading. I can pass a whole morning sitting at my window and doing nothing, without getting tired or out of humour, which I think is a proof that I have both temper and patience. I never spoil my thumb and fingers by sewing, or any thing of that sort, though I think I do remember—it's like a dream though, it's so long ago—I think I did once hem a pocket-handkerchief at boarding-school. My father lives in style, keeps his carriage, gives parties, &c.; but I must be candid, and confess, that as he failed only last year, he can't be very rich, unless he has become so by breaking. I have no fortune myself, but I defy any body to excel me in spending one. Finally, I delight above all things, in living at great hotels, where there is no trouble in house-keeping; and ladies have nothing to do but look out, and walk out, and improve their energies so as to keep up with the spirit of the age.

And now I will tell you what sort of a man I should like for a husband. As to his age, I don't much mind how old he is, provided he is over sixty—the more years the merrier after that. As to his character, that is a matter of indifference. As to his talents—people of talents, Mr. Moore says, always make bad husbands, and so I would, upon the whole, prefer a fool. He must live in a three-story house, with sliding doors, and marble mantel-pieces, either in Broadway, Hudson-square, Park-place, or some such genteel street. He must, of course, keep a barouche, a coachman with a gold-laced hat, plenty of servants, and an experienced house-keeper; for he can't expect me to know any thing about such vulgar matters. Finally, he must have no will of his own, except when he makes his will, and leaves me all he has in the world.

I don't think I am unreasonable in my expectations—do you, Messrs. Editors? A fashionable education now costs a fortune, and it would be very mean if gentlemen were to expect a fortune besides. I write this under a feigned name, but if you should hear of any one that answers the description of the man I could love, inquiring about me, I give you permission to furnish him with a clue to his happiness. Remember, to all others my name is ARAMINTA GAZELLE.

P. S. Don't you think it is a pretty signature?

P. S. For heaven's sake don't betray my real name to the town.

P. S. I beseech you not to believe for a moment I am one of those impudent vulgar things that advertise for husbands.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—In the times of the old heathens, it was the custom for men who felt themselves aggrieved, to appeal to posterity and the immortal gods; but now we appeal to the present age, and the editors of public journals, who are a sort of knights errant, armed with quills, and going about righting wrongs, and putting every tub on its own bottom. I shall follow the mode in the present instance, and solicit permission to complain to you of a grievance which I meet with almost every night of my life, and which makes such fearful inroads upon my enjoyments, that I am sometimes almost tempted to make away with myself.

You are to know that my favourite amusement is the theatre, where I am to be found almost every night, in the same seat of the same box, the manager having politely accorded me this privilege at all times. It is of little consequence to me what is the play or who plays; the force of habit supplies the place of every other excitement. I get through the evening comfortably, which, to an old bachelor without a home, is no small matter, I assure you.

I sometimes write a bit of a criticism, under a signature which shall be nameless, and have one now in preparation, which I flatter myself will make some noise. It is a parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, between the Princess of Siam and Master Burke.

Having told you what I am, I will proceed to detail the grievances, against which I wish you to put your gray goose-quill in rest, and run a tilt. The women! the pestilent, fashionable women, Messrs. Editors, are determined to be my bane, notwithstanding I have managed to keep out of some of their toils. They come to the theatre with hats on their heads big enough to overshadow a little German principality. Nobody that has the misfortune to sit behind one of these, need ever expect to see the stage, or indeed any thing else but feathers, and bows, and unpronounceable fripperies. If they would only keep this prodigious concatenation of incongruous matter still, it would be something; one might occasionally get a peep by moving from side to side, or dodging under the disk of the prodigious luminary. But this seems quite impossible—the majestic object is perpetually in motion—shaking, and nodding, and nodding this way and that, so that all attempts to avoid it are as a futile as those of some unfortunate mariner trying to get round Cape Hatteras in a gale. I have had such trials of skill with these hats as would amaze you, but all in vain. They form a perpetual screen between me and the stage, of which I have not had a full view since the invention of these unbecoming, unladylike appendages. The other night I begged of one of these hats, as a particular favour, to let me climb up to the top of one of its feathers, that, like little *Zaccheus*, I might see what was going forward; but it did not take the hint, for I heard it whisper it's neighbour something about "crazy man."

To these annoyances let me add the conduct of certain young gentlemen, I suppose we must call them so, by virtue of their fashionable coats, who are perpetually putting on their hats in the boxes, getting up, and straddling over the benches, and discomposing the company, nobody knows for what; or standing in the door-way, gaping about, and keeping it open, to the discomfort of every body. I never saw such ill-bred cubs. They should be sent to some bear-garden to learn manners.

When I was in Paris—"think of that, Master Brook!"—when I was in Paris, a lady, let her rank be what it might, who appeared at the theatre in such a hat, or a young fellow who behaved in the manner I mention, would have soon been taught a lesson of propriety and decorum, by the hisses of the audience, which equally presides over the actors and the spectators. Nothing can be in worse taste than these ill-shaped, ill-decorated, and disproportioned hats, any where; but at a theatre they are offensive to good manners, because they interfere with the enjoyments of others, by depriving them of their just share in the amusements of the evening. I wish the pit would take them in hand. If something is not soon done to relieve me from these annoyances, I shall be obliged to forsake the theatre and commit matrimony, for want of some better way of passing my time. I am your discontented friend, LAURENCE LONESOME.

ENGLAND.

The British parliament are discussing the propriety of sending a travelling committee to the East-Indies, to examine the state of that country. The subject excited much mirth among the learned gentlemen, but a distinct and accurate knowledge respecting that remote and important portion of their dominions must, nevertheless, be considered very necessary to its proper government.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

New-Year Day.—The innovation contemplated, touching the custom of visiting on this holiday, has sounded an alarm through the ranks of the merry and hospitable inhabitants of Manhatta. Several well-written communications upon the subject have been received. One correspondent attributes it to a wish, on the part of those who have recently "emerged from obscurity, to dispense with the impertinent visits of their former companions." This, however, is a mistake. In our community, there is no occasion to draw lines of distinction between families "just emerged from obscurity," and those whom wealth, or office, or the talent of some ancestor, has elevated to influence and importance. In a society organized upon aristocratical principles, where a certain class, termed the nobility, throng around the person of an hereditary king, while the honest, labouring part of the population find their progress to rank and equality with the rest opposed by insurmountable barriers, it is well enough to talk about families "emerged from obscurity," and others entitled to respect, from the fact that they have been fortunate enough to hold certain advantages for many generations. But we dwell in a republic. We acknowledge no "nobility" but such as have earned the title themselves, by industry, integrity, perseverance, education, or talents. He who, through a youth of embarrassment, toils successfully and honestly for the acquisition of wealth and respectability, in this country, stands, and ought to stand, upon an equality with any one, if his manners, and mental and moral qualities be such as to offer no interruption to the general harmony of social enjoyment. We cannot bear too strongly and continually in mind the fact, that we are, or ought to be, not only in form of government, and the character of our institutions, but in manners, customs, and feelings, a plain republican people. We have nothing to do with the stars, titles, and distinctions of Europe. We differ from every other nation on the face of the globe, and must adopt no foreign standard by which to measure our opinions. It seems as if the preading genius of freedom had pointed out this mighty continent to the immortal adventurer, that amidst its deep forests, and totally cut off from all the prejudices, passions, interests, perplexities and dangers, which entangle and overshadow the old world, we might lay a broad foundation, on which to rear the superstructure of a government, where human reason might operate freely, and the important experiment be tried, whether man is capable of governing himself. Notwithstanding the inveterate habit of self-congratulation upon this subject, which, not without justice, has been charged against Americans, this experiment has not yet been fairly tested. Fifty or a hundred years form but a brief period for the consequences of great political events and institutions to develop themselves. It remains for our children's children to judge whether we can effectually exclude from the confine of these states, the narrow and corrupting prejudices, the selfish and bigoted passions, the pride of ancestry, and the pomp of wealth, which form such prominent and absurd features in the history of former ages. There is among us (and peaceful be his ashes who first proposed it) a very obvious reason why there can be here no such monopoly of riches and influence, as have suffered the families of European kingdoms to enjoy such accumulated privileges. Our laws respecting primogeniture are based on such rational principles, that instead of pouring with all its augmenting abundance into one channel, on the demise of the head of the family, the fortune is distributed among the children, and thence flows down by innumerable streams, to enliven the great body of society, as the branches of a river irrigate and refresh the plains. Besides the great advantages universally gained by the free and rapid circulation of capital, the industrious are afforded new encouragements to persevere, and the idle have no opportunity of indulging indolence. Hence, the lapse of a few years produces striking revolutions in the pecuniary affairs of the city. Families are continually (as our correspondent has it) "emerging from obscurity," but others are descending, with something like the appearance of regular succession. Family pride may be a high and a noble feeling; but it should be cherished in secret, or appear only in endeavours to deserve, by personal demeanour, the reputation which, if justly earned, must have originated from the same cause. There is no disgrace in obscurity, unless associated with guilt; and no honour in affluence, unless accompanied by intelligence and virtue. No apology, therefore, will be deemed necessary, by our correspondent, for overrating men by their character, talents, and acquirements, rather than by the accidental advantages which may be gained and preserved alike by the deserving and by the unworthy. To return, however, to new-year day, from a di-

gression which has unintentionally been extended to so great a length, we have no fears respecting the continuance of all its light and pleasant ceremonies; and, perhaps, there is no surer method of establishing them more firmly, than that pursued by the caprice of a few who have certainly a right to close their doors against their friends, whenever they find their society irksome, and their visits intrusive.

Chirography.—To look over the advertisements in the newspapers, one would suppose that the art of chirography had attained the summit of perfection. We learn from those voracious productions, that by some magical secret yet to be revealed, a neat running hand may be acquired in six lessons; and the most crabbed style of penmanship be immediately invested with grace and legibility. The truth of these statements seems rather inconsistent with the appearance of the manuscripts with which we are frequently favoured. Many of them leave the Chinese puzzle altogether in the shade. Articles of great value occasionally come to us, locked up in the most profound mystery, except in such sentences where (as if all the varieties of combination of which black marks on paper are susceptible, had been exhausted) the writer has accidentally adopted certain characters, bearing a remote resemblance to those in use among common people. Authors tell us, that the "glow of composition" will not allow them leisure to attend to their hooks and hangers; but they should remember the glow of reading is not quite so powerful an influence, and affords a tired editor but an imperfect clue through the intricate and fanciful mazes of their manuscripts. It is not, however, the editor alone who suffers, (although the antiquary's task in studying out the inscriptions of a long-buried monument or broken coin, is scarcely more laborious than his) but the additional time requisite for the compositor to decipher the hieroglyphic page, is a serious diminution of the profits of his daily labour, and must consign many a good communication to oblivion.

Moveable houses.—There are probably few places in the world, where the art of moving of every description, but especially houses, has been carried to a greater degree of perfection, than in this city. The successful manner in which numerous operations of this nature have here been effected, has excited much notice. Certainly those by whom the buildings were erected, never dreamed but that their work would stand till fire, revolution, or the slower hand of time, levelled them with the ground. By the following, however, we find a proposition to construct moveable houses, and a hint that they may be "employed in African expeditions!" We may yet live to see a prosperous city "moving" from its old site to some more agreeable climate, or richer soil; but we do not feel sufficiently acquainted with the subject to venture an opinion as to the practicability of Mr. Bloun's plan.

"A French engineer, of the name of Bloun, lately presented a memoir to the academy on the construction of moveable houses. Similar edifices have long been used in Sweden; but the mason as well as the carpenter has been employed in their construction. Those invented by M. Bloun, on the contrary, are entirely of wood, can be erected in a very short time, so as to be perfectly habitable, and can be transported with facility. One of these houses has been eight times taken down in the course of eight years, and has travelled over a space of a hundred and fifty miles. M. Bloun thinks that this kind of building may be usefully employed in African expeditions. The committee of the academy to whom his memoir was referred, are of a different opinion: they say that the extreme heat of the climate would soon warp the wood, and render the adjustment of the parts impossible."

The Vine.—The successful cultivation of the wine grape is so very desirable an object in the United States, that we are not astonished to find it has excited much attention. The moral effect which the introduction of light and cheap wines, as substitutes for the pernicious spirituous liquors so generally in use, on the body of the nation, would form a powerful auxiliary to the various methods by which the benevolent have attempted to reform the alarming evils of intemperance. It cannot be denied that the awful consequences of this vice, expressed in clear and strong language, and sanctioned by learned and influential members of the community, may awaken a few wavering profligates to a temporary sense of danger, and stimulate them to a weak resolution of amendment; but the disease has taken too deep a hold to be either written or talked away. Moral apothegms alone oppose but a feeble barrier to the mind already enervated by dissipated habits, and urged by immediate temptations; and the wretched victims need not only instruction but assistance respecting the method by which the remedy is to be wrought. We are, therefore, interested in the efforts now making in various

parts of the country to promote this branch of agriculture. The papers inform us that a grape, of a very large and delicious kind, is now growing on the banks of the Ohio. It is a heavy and sure bearer, and flourishes luxuriantly on several farms, and, it is said, the cultivators expect, in a few years, to reap a profitable harvest, and to devote much time and care to the manufacture of wine.

Lectures on Literature.—We observe with much pleasure, that Samuel L. Knapp proposes to deliver a course of lectures (five in number) on English literature. They will comprise notices of standard works, from the early down to the late authors, embracing remarks on American writers, and also on the progress of letters in this country. The course is to commence at Clinton-hall, as soon as his historical lectures close. The encouragement of this species of exhibition is a very desirable object in a community abounding in amusements, of which few have equally strong claims on the notice, particularly of the young. If tolerable patronage were extended to them, (and female influence would operate powerfully in their favour) they would, no doubt, be much increased. All who have attended Mr. Knapp's previous lectures, will acknowledge how interesting similar subjects may be rendered in the hands of intelligent men.

Certificates.—The custom of giving certificates, at the request of every adventurer, by which attention and patronage may be attracted towards any particular thing or person, is nothing more nor less than a fraud upon the public. It is, however, a kindness to individuals, sometimes much in need of assistance, which few have the firmness to refuse; and very unequivocal falsehoods are often circulated under the sanction of this general practice. The most meretricious articles are thus frequently palmed off upon the unsuspecting and credulous, while others of genuine worth are disregarded by those more familiar with the manner in which these matters are conducted. A gentleman of this city lately furnished an example which might be adopted in similar cases. A company associated together, for the purpose of introducing, on speculation, a certain kind of coal, not particularly remarkable for inflammability, applied to him for a certificate of its good qualities. After some solicitation, he complied with their request, stating that "he had made various experiments with the coal in question; that he understood the state whence it was brought contained large quantities of the same; and he was, therefore, decidedly of opinion, that, at the general conflagration, it would be the last spot of the earth consumed, if it did not entirely escape ignition!"

A damper.—The learned compiler of a work upon Junius, in which an attempt was made to identify that shadowy and much-talked-of personage with Horne Tooke, from the striking similarity in their hand-writing, sent *fac similes* of the two gentlemen's penmanship to an engraver, requesting his opinion, in the form of an affidavit, respecting the singular resemblance upon which the theory was founded. The artist went before a commissioner and duly made oath, that "he had given the specimens the most careful examination, and could not detect any remote resemblance between them, except divers *z's* undotted, and *l's* uncrossed, and certain fanciful and irregular flourishes, meant for words, which appeared common to the manuscripts of all great geniuses."

Flattering compliment.—One of our fellow citizens, a very estimable gentleman, by-the-by, but an author of more than ordinary dullness, sent his book to a distinguished literary friend, and was highly gratified with the following reply: "I have perused your production, and beg leave to assure you it has not in the least changed my previous opinion of its author." The reader will remember the gallant's exclamation to a lady:

"Sweet is the veil, where in no sense resides."

A Comet.—One of these wandering heavenly bodies is distinctly to be seen in the south-east, from its rising at about four o'clock in the morning till day-light. It is said to be of a mild and gentle aspect. Not many years ago so extraordinary a visitor, at such a revolutionary period, would have been regarded as a very important sign of the times.

Stories of American Life.—A London paper, after eulogizing Miss Mitford's "Stories of American Life," enumerates, among her happiest efforts, tales and essays, several of which were written by gentlemen of this city!

Rightly served.—The Worcester Spy mentions that three young men have been fined twenty-five dollars each and costs, at Buffalo, for singing and using improper language in a stage, by which two respectable females were compelled to leave the coach. The names of these profligates should also have been published.

ARIA.

SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN, IN THE CHARACTER OF CINDERELLA.—MUSIC BY ROSSINI.

[The following beautiful and plaintive melody is from the opera of Cinderella. They who have attended its representation at the Park theatre, may remember that the same strain is played previous to the appearance of Angelina in a vision to the prince. It is there impressed on his memory, and as it is introduced whenever she appears afterwards, it affects him visibly. There is nothing more exquisite throughout the opera than this little connecting chain of melody. It is first sung in the chamber of Mesdames Clarinda and Thibet, where they are adorning their persons before two mirrors, while Angelina, or Cinderella, as they nickname her, is sitting pensively by a fire. Rossini has charmingly contrasted the feelings of the two elder sisters with those of the younger. Their music is full of stirring vivacity in a bold major, hers replete with melancholy in a subdued minor mood. We find Angelina again chanting her old song, when she accidentally crosses her lover in the hall of her father. It is also introduced when she descends from her car as a princess and guest at the ball, and it attends her for the last time, when, in humble guise, she presents herself to try on the glass slipper.] B.

Andantino.

Once a King there chanced to be, Who to mar-ry, who to mar-ry, had a mind; So he sought a wife to find, And he'd his choice of fair ones three! Thus 'tis said, Scorn-ing wealth and charms a-lone, Vir-tue's call his heart o-bey'd, And he chose, he chose a love-ly maid To share his love and throne! La la la la, Li li li li, La la la la!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NUMBER III.

AUTHORITY.—I seldom resort to authorities in support of my opinions, not because I think myself wiser than others, but I never met with a writer who did not, in the course of his reasonings, furnish arguments in support of two entirely opposite systems.

LEGISLATION.—The multiplication of unnecessary laws is the worst and most vexatious species of tyranny. Despotism is nothing but restraints, and where these exist without just cause, there can be no true liberty.

DELAYS.—Inexperienced persons think when great plans only stand still, they must be going backwards. The truth is, however, that wise men are never in a hurry to force events. They know that patience works more wonders than activity.

ANACHEONISM.—Egmont, in his travels through Egypt and the Holy Land, says that a monk of the monastery of Mount Sinai told him there was in one of their cellars a cannon deposited in the time of the Emperor Justinian.

DANIEL BOONE.—In the summer of 1770 Daniel Boone was the only white man in Kentucky. In 1810 Kentucky contained upwards of four hundred thousand white inhabitants.

CUSTOM-HOUSE.—The first custom-house was established by the Athenians, at Scutari, formerly Chrysopolis, for levying imposts on the commerce of the Black Sea.

A SELFISH FELLOW.—He was so selfish that he could not bring himself to share even his thoughts with another.

AMERICA.—America was discovered by a blunder, christened by a fraud, and peopled by murder.

AN INDIFFERENT CHARACTER.—He never had generosity to acquire a friend, nor courage to provoke an enemy.

PITY.—Nothing is more common than to throw away our pity on persons much happier than ourselves.

VAUCLUSE.—The fountain of Vaucluse is converted to the ignominious use of turning a paper-mill.

STATESMEN.—Our American statesmen, at least too many of them, do not comprehend the dignity of silence.

SELF-RESPECT.—When a man is particularly pleased with himself, it is ten to one nobody else is.

A HARD JOURNEY.—The Russians assert that St. Anthony made a voyage from Rome to Novorogrod on a millstone.

PRECEDENTS.—Men who cannot reason resort to precedents, as if there were not more bad precedents than good ones!

THE GRAVE.—In the grave all are kings.

ASTRONOMY.—The science of astronomy probably originated in an idea universal in the east, that, by the assistance of the stars a knowledge of future events might be obtained.

DISCRETION OF JUDGES.—The discretionary power of judges is very often little better than the caprice of a tyrant.

A BLOCKHEAD.—A fellow who has not sagacity enough to sound the depth of his own mind and detect its shallowness.

POOR RATES.—Money given without charity, and received without gratitude.

A WEAK MAN.—Obstinate in trifles; unsteady in affairs of the greatest moment.

A SCOUNDREL.

Among mankind he occupies the place
That serpents do amongst the reptile race;
In bright disguise his deadly poison brings,
Coils him unseen, and silent creeps and stings.

EPITAPH ON AN UNLUCKY AUTHOR.

Here lies John Muir,
Killed by a reviewer.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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VOLUME VIII.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE RETURN.

I LEFT her in the glow of youth, a fair and gentle thing,
Whose griefs, if griefs she had, were like the fleeting clouds of spring.
The very sun seemed brighter yet when'er its yellow glow
Tinged the dark locks that clustering hung around her brow of snow.
Her eye was stranger yet to tears, save those by pity shed,
And virtue gave her holiest wreath to deck the maiden's head.
Such was she when adventure shaped my wandering course afar,
To where the starry banner streamed above the ranks of war.
I past to foreign climes, and years on noiseless wing went by,
Like shapes that haunt the slumberer's dream—like shadows from
And dark regrets came sadly to my solitary breast, (the sky,
For many a friend by death struck down—the loveliest and the best.
Once more along the dark blue sea my bounding vessel flew;
Once more upon the pilgrim's sight his native mountains grew;
And as he saw their rugged cliffs fling back the ocean's foam,
He felt, though all were strangers round, he yet retained a home.
I stood again within the walls where Emily had smiled,
A rose with leaves half folded yet—a young and laughing child;
I stood beside the antique hearth, where she had knelt in prayer,
Her hands within her mother's clasped, but what a change was there!
It seemed as though the spoiler's wing had rudely swept away,
Far, far into the gulf of time, the forms of yesterday,
So fresh appeared to memory's eye the well-remembered scene,
Though years, in all their dim array, like spectres stood between.
Ah! how my hoding spirit wept as each familiar spot
Recalled some image of the past mid busier scenes forgot;
The open door, the ready hand stretched out to cheer and bless—
The heart that never stay'd to ask the merits of distress,
Nor coldly spoke of errors past, but made the wretch its care,
Till misery half forgot her want and frailty her despair.
How fades the lustre of the eye, the glowing cheek how chill,
When flashes on the shrinking soul the certainty of ill!
The star of hope burns on awhile, and sheds a wavering beam,
A faithless and uncertain light, upon the wretch's dream;
While fell despair but waits to see the lingering rays depart,
To cast his cheerless dusky gloom around the human heart.
I gazed on the forsaken scene, where once the village throng
Had mingled in the merry dance, or breathed the rustic song;
Where age his brow relaxed, and like a summer eve serene,
Smiled at the living picture of what once himself had been.
Now all was silent save the autumn's melancholy blast,
That shook the sear-leaf from the bough as carelessly it past;
The weeds around the lonely steps in rank luxuriance grew,
The moss was on the broken seats beneath the spreading yew,
Wildly the honeysuckle clung around the latticed gate,
The garden all neglected spoke a language desolate,
The jasmine o'er the grass-grown path its snowy blossoms strewed,
The rose-bower seemed a mockery in such a solitude;
The shutter, by a single hinge, hung loosely on the wall,
And not a voice the silence broke of that deserted hall.
Beshrew the reckless spoiler, who—but why the tale repeat
Of virtue trampled in the dust, beneath the tempter's feet,
When lured by beauty's fatal charms and clothed with specious art,
The human fiend approached to prey upon the guiltless heart?
"Come rest thee in thy mother's arms," the wretched parent said,
As o'er the daughter's faded form she bent her aged head;
"From want and from unkindness thou wilt find a shelter there,
"And all the world's relentless scorn, if not from thy despair."
"Oh! might I bear thy brand of guilt, thine agony of shame—
"Pd bless the sneer that writhed my soul, and blackened o'er my name.
"The loud and heartless calumny—the whispered taunt should be
"As welcome as the balmy breath of summer wind to me.
"How would my spirit bound to meet accumulating ill,
"To see these lovely as thou wert, and know these spotless still,
"To hush these bursting sobs and tears—this beating tumult wild—
"Here, in my bosom hide thy face—my broken-hearted child." A.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

SKETCHES OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Addressed to a gentleman of this city.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

St. Petersburg, 1830.

THE fortress is a hexagon, constructed in the most approved style of modern defence, enclosing the extensive area of the south end of the Petrovskoe Ostrof, and consequently facing the whole line of palaces along the Court-quay, on the opposite side of the Neva. It was originally possessed by the Russians to protect their frontier against the Swedish inroads; but is now no longer held as a position of defence to the town, as an enemy could approach and possess himself of it from any point on the land side, and the whole city must be demolished before a gun from the fortress could disturb his ranks. As an approach to it from either of the bridges would be circuitous, we shall cross in an open boat from the Admiralty-quay, and land at one of the front ramparts. You will find the granite walls very strong and thick, and mounting a numerous battery of artillery, surrounded on the land side by a wide, deep fosse, and defended in addition by a line of thick bastions. The mint coins the whole metallic circulation of the empire, and does its work in a perfect manner, and altogether by steam-engines, under the superintendence of an Englishman. The cathedral is situated in about the centre of the fortress, and is the burial-place of the sovereigns of Russia from the time of Peter the Great. The tombs are placed on each side of the altar, at the head of the church. They

are perfectly plain in appearance, with the golden initials on the front, of the particular emperor or empress they may enclose, and covered with embroidered palls. Crystal chandeliers are suspended from the roof, and the walls are decorated with stands of colours, marshal's batons, keys of cities and fortresses, taken by the Russians since the foundation of St. Petersburg. We were shown several relics, and rather a curious one of Peter the Great, termed an *ex voto*, which simply consists of a billet of thanks he wrote, signed, and enclosed in an ivory ball turned by his own hand, and offered up at the altar of Almighty God for his relief from a severe malady at the waters of Olonetz, on the fourteenth of March, 1724. There is nothing particularly worthy of note in the architecture of this cathedral. Its spire is covered with an inferior gold or gilt copper, and rises with the cross to the height of three hundred and thirty feet. They still exhibit a boat, in a tolerable state of preservation, constructed by Peter; and as you pass from the fortress up the Neva, you are shown the hut he for some time inhabited, on first coming to lay the foundations of St. Petersburg. It is built of hewn logs, the interstices filled with clay, and has three apartments. In the first he held his levees; the second was his chapel, still adorned with the sainted image to which he paid his adorations, and the officiating robes of the priest; and the third was his bed-chamber. A little garden, fourteen paces by six, and just as he left it, runs down to the water's edge. For the better preservation of the hut, another building has been thrown over it.

The road for several miles into the country on this side is paved, and deals are laid down, which makes it a very agreeable carriage ride. The two branches of the river, the Nevka and Little Neva, divide in their course to the gulf into many rivulets, unite again and separate, thus forming innumerable islands, adorned with no less than three elegant palaces, belonging to the imperial family, and with the country residences of the nobility and citizens. The grounds are generally laid out in English style, and display meandering gravel-walks, fish-ponds, and quite a variety of flowers and shrubbery. Here also are public gardens and promenades, that are crowded to overflowing on a Sunday afternoon. On what is called the Apothecary island is the botanical garden, inferior only to that of Paris, and under the superintendence of one of the first botanists of the age. The number of plants in it is estimated at eighty-seven thousand. They are in a fine state of growth and preservation, and constantly augmenting.

Considerable difficulty is experienced in raising melons and other esculent plants in the gardens, and in order to succeed they are obliged to resort more or less to glass covers; for, notwithstanding the extreme length of the summer days, the gardeners assure me they may expect sufficient frost every month, July excepted, to kill their vines, and seriously injure all but the hardiest vegetables. The heat here at mid-day is almost as oppressive as in America, but the nights are quite the reverse, being invariably damp and cool. Much of the scenery about these islands is lovely and beautiful; the broader sheets of water arched with elegant bridges, and bearing the low gondola or streaming yacht over their clear, pellucid bosom, skirted with intervening forest scenery, and cultivated shores, adorned by splendid palaces and charming villas. The night at this season is no more than two or three hours of soft twilight; and maugre the annoyance of mosquitoes, I have not unfrequently spent the better half of it in wandering about, enjoying the quiet beauty of the scenery, and listening to the song of the nightingale. I had heard and read so much of the charm and variety of tone of this much extolled bird, that I naturally expected something wonderfully enchanting in its song; but I must confess that I was doomed (as one will often find himself when he goes abroad and hears and sees the reality) to great disappointment. The poets and naturalists who have so enthusiastically described them, cannot have visited our side of the water. For variety of tone and compass of voice, the nightingale is far inferior to the American mocking-bird; his high notes are loud, and to my ears somewhat shrill, and the middle and lower tones yield to the sweet song of the thrush, and the plaintive evening chants of the blue-bird and robin. Indeed, as a songster I should hardly rank him above the elegant, though (for what reason I could never divine) much slandered and abused cat-bird.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 106.

No one can conceive what a source of delight I have found in this Little Genius of mine. Accident flung me among the charming, merry, and enlightened inhabitants of this great and busy metropolis an isolated, obscure, and unattractive student; of personal appearance so ordinary, that no woman's eyes ever cared to gaze on me twice, and destitute of the powers which nature has bestowed upon her more favourite children, and by which ugliness is sometimes hallowed in its association with intellectual greatness. The efforts of this enchanting being have cheered my solitude, and afforded me a method of linking myself, although remotely, with my fellow-creatures. To the tenant of a dungeon the blue sky and silver moon are not more welcome.

Yet I am informed there are many who declare this kind friend to be a fictitious creature—a mere child of my own idle fancy.

While I was musing on the inconsistency of the town, in sometimes swallowing with eager credulity the most monstrous impossibilities relative to other matters, and in refusing to receive as truth the simple accounts with which I have, with much diffidence, afforded them of the power and benevolence of the Little Genius, the sparkles which had announced his first visit again shone out brilliantly from the fire, and he once more appeared.

"Oh, ho! my friend student," he said, "so the sleigh-riding, music-loving, party-giving, pleasure-seeking inhabitants of this wonderful town of yours think you have created me out of the materials of your own imagination! Beshrew their unbelieving spirits! It is I who have lifted you from oblivion, and given you leave to reveal the secrets of my skill; and, if I pleased, I would afford them such incontestable proof not only of my existence, but of my familiar acquaintance with the minutest details, which they vainly think buried in utter oblivion, as to leave no further room for discussing the question of my reality. I could disclose many a hidden event, and correct many a droll error. You shall see one this moment, and we will amuse ourselves with the gravity with which these sage personages accuse their friends of being mistaken, while they themselves are running blindfold into the most grotesque excesses. There is no cause for wonder in my disclosures to you. Do not you fall into the blunder to believe that you alone are honoured with the acquaintance of superior beings. There are more little genii than one haunting the steps of the many ladies and gentlemen who read your hasty sketches, and disregard the high source whence they come. Not all like me appear in their proper person, nor do all advocate the cause of benevolence and virtue. Bad spirits, master student, pestilent, malicious, dark wanderers from scenes of gloomy woe are abroad, thwarting our honest plans; and let me tell you, that however rare the better sort break through the ordinary routine of nature for good purposes, there are few who have not received the visits of supernatural enemies in disguise. Should they come avowedly appertaining to a higher order of existencies, accompanied by all the magic paraphernalia of their mysterious power, their victims would take the alarm, and shake off their corrupting influence with horror. It is the prerogative of the good only to delight in appearing what they are, and to meet, without shrinking, the severest examination. But the wicked assume cunning disguises, that they may not arouse suspicion and provoke scrutiny. I will show you one of these evil genii, even as he passes unnoticed through society."

The glass discovered meadows, with boys at play.

"Mark yonder lad," said my companion; "nature has made him generous, sensible, and noble; but among his mates observe that tall, bold-looking boy, who treads amid the rest as if he were their master. Those two are friends; mark their actions."

The timid lad first pointed out to me, had just received a basket of fruit as a present. Beautiful grapes were clustering together; the rich peach, crimson, as if it blushed to be gazed on by so many eager eyes. The boy seized a hand-

ful of the tempting treasures, and was about distributing them among his companions, when the other, by a silent look, and unobserved shake of the head, induced him to pause.

"Fool," he said in a low voice, "keep it yourself, or you will repent it to-morrow."

The selfish feeling prevailed, and he swallowed his fruit in a corner.

Again he became embroiled in a quarrel with a companion, neither so old nor so strong as himself. His antagonist was a timid, friendless, unhappy orphan, whom physical weakness rendered impotent in his resentment, while it frequently subjected him to the insult of the brutal. The most benevolent in principle are sometimes goaded on to cruelties by passion, and he, first alluded to, in a moment of rage, struck his helpless opponent, and stung him with the coarsest reproaches; but when, after vain endeavours to retaliate, the orphan boy, with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears; the proud, angry heart of the bully was touched; a thought of pity, even of love, came over him; his own eyes were moistened; he stretched out his hand, and was on the point of acknowledging his cruel impetuosity, and soliciting pardon, when the bold haughty friend, who had before volunteered his counsel, stood beside him, with a sneer upon his lip, and a scornful expression in his eyes, as he fixed their dark orbs upon him, and whispered—"coward." It was enough—the relenting boy blushed at his own momentary weakness, and derided his wretched foe with bitter invective.

He next appeared in manhood. It was a time of high political excitement. At first he had embarked in politics with the purest motives. He deemed the country needed the active assistance of every honest man. He scorned personal interest when opposed to the public good; and the fashionable words patriotism, freedom, and other lofty phrases, came often from his lips; but, as time rolled on, his views of life began to change, and the circle of his benevolent desires to contract. The reform of the human race appeared no such easy matter. He could not waste his precious time any more for the vague and remote consequences which might arise therefrom; and his narrowing schemes of political wisdom at length embraced only the near and dear among his own relations. Although the object of his labours had thus gradually undergone a total revolution, his exertions were not intermitted. He continued attached to a certain party; and, even while invoking the spirit of independence, he suffered himself to be bound to them, like a slave chained to some conqueror's chariot-wheels. He had gone so far with no reward, but now visions of office danced brightly in his imagination, and he almost grasped the wreath of fame and wealth, when it became necessary to put down an individual of the opposite party, whose really disinterested toils had ever been exercised for the national happiness, lest he should gain the reward which his philanthropy and wisdom merited. The custom of ruining an honest citizen did not die away with Aristides. It became the duty of our friend to advocate a measure which he perfectly well knew was inconsistent with the prosperity of his country; and to slander a man whom he knew to be all that was pure and noble.

He was sitting in his chamber—the pen was in his hand—but, after musing a moment, he threw it down. The freshness of youthful feeling came up in his heart—a sudden impulse, which made him blush at his systematic, habitual, licentious baseness.

"There is a contamination," he said, "in this worldly prudence. It makes me a party tool—a vile slave, to perpetrate filthy actions."

As he spoke his early friend stood by his side.

"They are talking of you in Washington," he said; "you are to be appointed—." The sentence was finished in a whisper. The politician's eyes brightened, he seized his pen, and taxed his imagination to invent falsehoods, and misrepresent truths, to deceive the people, and ruin their advocate.

Even while the hireling calumniator was thus perpetrating his slanders against truth, virtue, and nature, I noted that the form of his bold adviser underwent a sudden transformation. His audacious but handsome countenance became dark, grim, and hideous. Cloven feet grew out of his boots; wings, like those of a vulture, spread out from his shoulders, and as he vanished in a little clap of thunder, (all of which the learned politician was too busy to observe,) I perceived the friendly expression of his face change to a scowl of fierce hatred, and sullen triumph.

"You see," said the Little Genius, "how the world goes. Beware of demons in the disguise of friends, and tell your incredulous readers to look to their own families, and take care lest some evil spirit has them even now under his influence. F.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Sketches from the Diary of an Editor.

THE REVIEWER.

A NUMBER of well written articles have lately appeared in the public journals, as sketches from the diary of a physician. The idea is a good one. However interesting may be the descriptive essays of any general observer, it is impossible for them to compete with those furnished by an author of equal talents, upon a subject directly and continually within his view. Although he who practises the medical profession is, more than any other, brought into the most striking scenes, yet the follower of every profession might collect a store of simple facts, which, related in clear and strong language, would form valuable pictures of human life beheld in extraordinary situations. Among the rest, the calling of an editor affords much valuable material. He, too, possesses opportunities of witnessing character in new lights, of discovering the secret springs which act on the community, and of marking the striking contrasts between the tastes and feelings of different individuals.

It is scarcely possible to satisfy even an individual in all his moods of mind. His tastes will differ from yours in many instances; and when they are alike, the same subject, viewed from different positions, whence one sees the existence of much which the other does not suspect, will produce an infinite variety of opinions. How difficult, then, is the task of catering for the huge, capricious creature called the public. A monster with despotic power—responsible to no one—guided by no law—constructed of heterogeneous materials—gifted with desires and appetites inconsistent with each other—demanding to-day what he will loathe to-morrow—with power to blight with a glance, yet so thoughtless and destitute of that sort of prudence which an individual applies to the proper administration of his own affairs, that the weakest hand may sometimes lead him astray, for he has a great propensity to plunge into excesses. In truth the poor editor has a dire time of it, whose business it is to wait on this mighty monster, to soothe his rage, to please his variable taste, to put him softly on the back, and put him in a good humour with himself.

It is not, however, the public alone with whom the editor has to deal. There is a vast variety of under-machinery, against which he must work his way.

I was sitting in my elbow-chair, profoundly engaged in the duties of my avocation, surrounded with various new publications and piles of newspapers. Several splendid volumes were lying on the table, belonging to the class of *Annals*, *Souvenirs*, *Tokens*, &c. &c. of which the press has within a few years sent forth so great a variety. I was interrupted by a timid knock at the door, which presently opened to admit a tall, gaunt gentleman, with spectacles and a cane. Although apparently young, he moved with a staid air of wisdom. His face was lean and intellectual, and he entered upon my acquaintance with the formality of one on excellent terms with himself.

"Sir, I have taken the liberty to call on you. I am connected with the *Cahawba Democrat*, and wish to hand you a short review of Mr. Thompson's travels in *Kamschatka*. I think myself that it is one of my happiest efforts. Your paper is well established, and I believe has a pretty wide circulation, so I concluded to let you have it."

"Sir," said I, gradually unbending the expression of severity with which I had at first received him as an intruder, "you are very welcome, sir. Pray take a seat. I am happy to make your acquaintance."

"You are very good, sir," he replied, placing the manuscript in my hands; "I have read your journal with much interest, and should be happy to be considered as one of your contributors."

"Sir, you are very kind. It would give me pleasure, sir, to publish your communications. I suppose, if I should wish, in overlooking the article, if I should wish—wish to retouch—to revise—to—"

"Oh, sir, any alteration you are perfectly welcome to make which your experience dictates."

"I have no idea that any will be necessary."

"Whatever you please, sir. The piece is so so—no great things—but I think it will make some talk. Do not let me interrupt you, sir, you appear to be engaged. I wish you good morning, sir."

"Good morning, sir," said I, fairly rising out of my capacious elbow-chair, a thing which I never do except on very particular occasions, "good morning, sir."

He gathered up his cloak, adjusted his spectacles, suffered

a slight disposition towards the angular to intrude upon the elegant perpendicularity of his person, and made his exit.

"A very agreeable, well-behaved, intelligent, young man, I declare," said I, "very much of a gentleman. I am fortunate this morning."

I looked slightly through the piece, which grew in my estimation.

"'Delightful delineations of life and manners'—'discovers the finest natural taste, highly cultivated by study'—'would bear a comparison with the highest flights of genius among the ancients'—'bids fair to become the most extraordinary writer of this age.'"

Fine sentences these—fair, clear hand—excellent grammar. Here, Peter—tell Mr. MacNiven to leave out the "important statements respecting a young and unprotected female," and I shall have a review, under the head of polite literature."

"The men are waiting for copy," said Peter; "they've got the unprotected female almost set up."

"Can't help it, Peter. I must look over this manuscript and point it. The deuce take the people! They don't know a comma from a note of interrogation. Here's an essay on the importance of instilling virtuous principles into the young—very short—and let me see. 'The importance of virtuous principles—comma—instilled into youth—comma—future happiness—welfare in life;' it's all pointed. Take it up. I'll just look over this review, and have it ready in ten minutes."

And at it I went. The article I found to be tolerably well written; but the praise awarded to Mr. Thompson's travels became so fulsome, and his production was placed so far above every other publication of this or any other century, that I found it necessary to strike out, alter, and moderate, with considerable freedom.

It was then put in the hands of the compositor, and in the afternoon, I had just spread out a clean proof upon the table, when the erudite reviewer again made his appearance, as lean, perpendicular, and intellectual as ever.

"Good evening to you, sir," he exclaimed. "As I was casually passing this way, it struck me that I would ask the favour of a proof of my review."

"Certainly, sir. This is it. You will perceive, however, that I have availed myself of your polite permission to—to—that is—to—"

"To what?" asked perpendicular, with a stare of surprise and expectation.

I perceived his face darken a little, and a pair of very reasonably large greenish-looking eyes peered at me above the spectacles. I am a modest man, and can never summon up energy even to vindicate, with any degree of success, my own rights, unless I get slightly warmed in the argument. His stare and sententiousness combined, rather embarrassed me.

"Why, the fact is, my dear sir, you are—that is, you must be—indeed, it is impossible but that you should be—aware that—the greatest authors—the most renowned—and—so forth—in the hurry of writing—in the—"

"The glow of composition," he gravely interrupted.

"Exactly so, sir—in the glow of composition, they sometimes—"

"Oh yes, I understand—some trivial error in grammar—I hope you have carefully corrected any thing of that kind."

"Why, the truth is, my dear sir, your article is really—but—in one or two trivial instances I thought that you a little overdid the matter, and—"

"Sir?"

The crisis had arrived—I had got along so far tolerably well, so I buttoned my coat, took a pinch of snuff, looked cool and indifferent, inhaled a long breath, and was preparing to go at it again; when the learned reviewer, who had been looking over the proof, exclaimed, with an expression something similar to that of Hamlet, when he perceived the ghost of the old gentleman,

"Why, thunder and lightning, sir! what's all this? why, you've ruined the article for ever! the very best passages, those I had set my heart on, are cut out!"

"I am sorry, sir, that you are dissatisfied with—"

"Dissatisfied, sir? I am dissatisfied, sir! I am offended, sir! I am insulted, sir! You have put words in my mouth which I never used. I won't have this published so. I will withdraw the copy. I'll publish it in the *Cahawba Democrat*."

"It's too late. The paper is nearly ready for press."

"I wish it was ready to go to the devil, sir! Let me tell you, you overstep the limits of your right, sir, and the decency of a gentleman, and the modesty of nature, in thus presuming to—"

"Stop, sir," said I, once more rising from my elbow-chair,

for the impudence of the fellow made me mad; and when any one takes advantage of the natural civility and diffidence of my manner, to probe me too far, I fling modesty where the rascal wished my paper. I hate a quarrel as a very troublesome, undignified, stupid piece of business; but a bully is a yet greater object of contempt.

"I regret, sir," I said, "that any difference of this nature should have arisen between us. You told me to alter your piece, and I have done so. I am responsible for what appears in my columns. I will not afford you—nay, sir, hear me out—any medium for the circulation of opinions which may be false. The book which you praise so enthusiastically, I never saw nor heard of. I have, therefore, cut out some of the most extravagant encomiums. Who your friend Mr. Thompson is, I know not; but I shrewdly suspect his book is unworthy such unlimited praise."

"You are unfit, sir, to conduct a public journal," said my companion, "and let me tell you—"

"Let me tell you, sir," said I, "there is the door. If you do not walk out of it, I shall afford you a shorter passage through the window."

The scene was rapidly approaching its *denouement*, when a third person, my worthy friend Mr. Smith, entered. He greeted my antagonist with a familiar nod, but received in return a salutation rather confused, which was no sooner given, than the elegant critic, after a fierce glance at me, withdrew.

"Who is that agreeable young man?" asked I, when he had disappeared.

"That—why, that's Thompson—Mr. Obadiah Thompson, the author of *Travels to Kamschatka*, who may, without any flattery on his own part, boast of having written one of the dullest productions that ever came from the press."

THE FINE ARTS.

LACY'S VERSION OF CINDERELLA, AND THE LYRICAL DRAMA.

ON the production and great success of this fine opera we cannot refrain from offering a few observations, from which we will endeavour to exclude the terms "critical or analytical," and other lofty technical phrases, as indulged in by more learned scribes, that we may exemplify our opinions in language comprehensible to all. That species of grandiloquence which delights in mystification, and an ostentatious display of which would scarcely interest the reader, even were he able to understand it, is too much in vogue among those who set out with the resolution of enlightening the world upon the various branches of the fine arts. The names of numerous composers might be easily procured—learned men, whose works enjoy a dignified repose in European libraries, although they are seldom intruded upon the notice of the public. But we will not "make the judicious grieve" by any unnecessary enumerations. They do not care to learn that some great musician entertained a high opinion of Mr. Rophino Lacy, and lived in the same city with him, and that consequently the said Lacy must be a man of ability—that the *ino* at the end of *Roph* has had a most happy effect on his translation of Rossini's operas—nor to be told that because Mr. Lacy used to lead the ballet, and play a first violin at the Italian theatre in London, and has actually sat in the same orchestra with Rossini, his success has been consequently extraordinary; and yet these circumstances, as things go, are sufficient to make him cut a most redoubtable figure in some musical biography. They are about as much to the purpose as the apposite reply—"Pray, sir, were you ever in Germany?" "No, sir, but my brother plays exceedingly well on the German flute."

Mr. Lacy's success must, therefore, be traced to some other cause. The opera of *Cinderella* is a close translation of the original works from which it is selected; in every *morceau* the exact sentiment is maintained, the situations are unaltered, and the dialogue is agreeable, and leads admirably to the introduction of the music. We thus attribute to Mr. Lacy ability of no mean order; and when we add that, out of three translations of Rossini's works, two have been highly successful, we think we have done enough for him in the way of eulogy. His first attempt was an adaptation of *Il Turco in Italia*, at Drury-lane, which failed, after two or three nights, because the drama was inefficient. His second essay was the French opera called *Ivanhoe*, the music by Rossini, which had a brilliant run at Covent-garden, under the title of the "Maid of Judah." His third, *Cinderella*, also came out at the latter theatre, and is now before the

American public, and its success in both countries is the best comment on its merits.

The production of such works as the "Maid of Judah," the full score of which we have had an opportunity of perusing, and the success of *Cinderella*, are of first-rate value to the English lyrical drama. Indeed the last fifteen years have witnessed greater progress to perfection in it, than the previous century can boast. Since the death of Dr. Arne until the days of Bishop, opera actually stood still, and no work of any consequence appeared. The Beggar's Opera by Gay, Love in a Village by Bickerstaff, the Lord of the Manor by Burgoyne, the Castle of Andalusia by Arnold, with a few other light dramas with pretty music, were the only compositions destined to assist the splendid opera of Artaxerxes, the Mask of Comus, the dramatic works of Purcell, with the solitary effort of Locke, *quoad* Macbeth, in maintaining the pretensions of our lyrical drama; while at the same time our sacred music reared a tower of strength and fame, and the national melodies of Great Britain proved that a taste for music is our inheritance. Bishop was the grand reformist. To him we are indebted, in addition to his own masterly compositions, for cultivating the national taste, and opening our ears to the beauties of foreign authors. Through his exertions Mozart, Boieldieu, and Rossini were ingrafted on the stock of our drama, and introduced within the walls of our theatres with triumphant success. Emulation was the consequence. Weber and Winter, with divers works of Boieldieu, and those of Auber, succeeded; but, since the adaptation of *Der Freischütz*, which produced the composition of Oberon, expressly for Covent-garden theatre, Mr. Lacy has succeeded better than any other translator. This is no "*stat pro ratione voluntas*" on our part, but an opinion warranted and admitted by the public of New-York, which city alone, on this continent, has now the advantage of witnessing the various operas in routine as they are produced in London, and therefore her inhabitants are competent judges of the question. Rossini is now generally admitted to be the first dramatic composer of the Italian school, and of the age. Even the Germans, obstinate in their national prejudices, and justly proud of their great musicians, nevertheless prefer the operas of Rossini to all others, their own school excepted. This assertion is easily established by an examination of the monthly report of foreign music, as found in the London Harmonicon, which will prove that of Italian masters Rossini's operas are performed in Germany at least ten times for one of any other composer. The highly dramatic effects which this great master has so successfully studied, the beauty of his melodies, the richness of his accompaniments, in which no author of the same school can approach him, render his compositions irresistible even to those who admire Mozart and Weber. To the latter authors it has been customary to render praise for modulation of the most refined description, and their admirers claim for them in that respect superiority over Rossini. We are not prepared to dispute the point, as borne out by a general comparison of their works; but this we will venture to say, that Rossini can modulate, when the bent of his genius points that way, equal to either of them; to prove which, let the most obstinate sceptic examine the score of *Guillaume Tell*; nay let him take the English version of *Cinderella*, and we can there point out to him modulation not excelled by any composer. As for distribution of subject among the wind instruments, Mozart is deservedly esteemed; and Weber has been even said to have improved on Mozart's ideas; but Rossini, it must be allowed, has a playfulness and an originality in his introduction of fanciful imitations, which prove that he has studied that branch of instrumentation deeply, and with the greatest success. He has also found out the secret of writing to please the untaught ear; and, at the same time, of satisfying the most pedantic *quid nunc*, who has ability enough to understand fine composition, and candour enough to admit its worth. In short Rossini, by the novelty of his effects in instrumentation, of which a whole herd of imitators have arisen, and by a daring innovation on the hitherto undisputed rights of singers, has established a kind of school of his own. To make this clear to our readers, it will be obvious to them that our vocalists embellish music according to their respective tastes, and that one half of the graces introduced were never contemplated by the author; at the same time, certain passages are invariably marked *ad libitum*, or with a pause, where vocalists are expected to embellish the subject as they please. Rossini has completely taken this opportunity for display of talent away from the vocalist, and with the most scrupulous exactitude he has written such passages, or *rolata*, as he has considered calculated to embellish the composition; and he is said to be remarkably tenacious that singers should obey

his mandates, and confine themselves to the text. We cannot give a stronger proof of the eminence to which this extraordinary musician has arrived, than by quoting the above well-known fact, for vocalists have generally ruled composers, and an endeavour by another to overturn their sway would have been hopeless. Indeed neither Weber nor Mozart have attempted it. We cannot close this article without complimenting the band of the Park theatre for their general precision, and for the *ensemble* which they manifest throughout the performance of this opera; nor can we point out any fault for amendment, unless it be that the trumpet occasionally brays forth notes which were never written, in place of those which ought to adorn his copy. This gentleman positively should learn to be more certain, or his place should be supplied by some person that is so. In the march which precedes the *finale* to the opera, he has distressed our ears more than once with most unseemly noises. The *bassoon* and *trombone* are both first-rate, and the quality of the *first horn* is delightful. The *flute* and *clarionets* begin to play well together, which, at the commencement of the season, we despaired of. Practice, and a vigilant leader, will do every thing for an orchestra. We would suggest to Mr. De Luce, that in beating time in certain places with his bow, though quite indispensable, it would be preferable to select the cover of a book, as the sharp sound of the wood of his desk is occasionally too distinct.

The song which we have selected for the present number is from the above opera, and is sung by Mr. Jones with great taste and expression. Although Rossini's airs abound in their own peculiar graces, yet the present one will immediately strike our musical readers, as differing materially from those compositions which have become the greatest favourites with the public: there is less brilliancy, and more of quiet, flowing melody; the more meritorious, because it has less of pretension. The accompaniment and symphonies alone are florid. It may not call down thunders from the gods, and cheers from the groundlings; but it sinks into the memory, and floats calmly in the imagination, mingled with the ideas of sylphs, fairies, and all that train of fanciful creations with which the scene abounds, and of which the words contain a description.

B.

OBITUARY NOTICE.—We perceive, with regret, the death of Thomas Wills, Esq. a member of the New-York bar. He expired on his passage to Havana. We deviate from our usual practice in giving the following communication a place. The gentleman, whose premature decease has called it forth, was well known to us as deserving the praise which our correspondent has bestowed.

To those who knew the late Thomas Wills, Esq. eulogium is unnecessary. But to the many with whom he was not familiarly acquainted, and to those particularly whose business he was called on to transact, some slight testimonial of his industry and talents, may prove acceptable.

Dependent in early life on his own resources, he succeeded in struggling through every difficulty in procuring public confidence. While yet a youth, he attracted the attention of a gentleman, who aided and assisted him in obtaining a situation in the law office of one of our most estimable citizens. It was his first introduction to a life and society, of which at a later period he was destined to be a distinguished ornament. Here his attention and assiduity to business commanded the notice of numerous acquaintances, and here he studied, until subsequently he became competent to commence the practice of the law on his own account.

A faithful son—an affectionate brother—he felt it necessary to strain every nerve in order that he might rise in his profession. Ambitious and untiring, he applied himself in the most zealous manner, until his appointment to an important station in the court of chancery, brought him more prominently before the world, and opened to him new prospects of independence and honour.

It was now becoming evident to his numerous friends, that disease, the unfailing concomitant of overstrained exertion, was fast seizing upon him, and he was convinced of the necessity of a change of climate. The claims of others first, however, demanded his attention, until, by neglecting himself, he became his own victim.

"'Twas thine own labours gave the final blow,
"And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
"So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
"No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
"View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
"And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
"He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel,
"While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
"Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

For the New-York Mirror.

BYRON AT ROME.

BY W. G. CLARK.

"What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples—ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay."

He stood by Tiber's yellow tide,
And marked the scenes around,
Where glorious temples, side by side,
Their sure decay had found;
Far, through the twilight's gathering haze,
The coliseum's wall,
The high—the proud of other days—
Seemed tottering to its fall.

And through the crush'd arch dimly swept
The bat's beclouded wing,
While lizards through the long grass crept,
Mid ruin's vanishing;
The ivy, with its clasping fold,
O'er frescoed chambers ran;
O'er trophied gates and shrines of old,
Wrecks of the dreamer—man!

And, from the wide Campagna's waste
The autumn's solemn wind
Came, o'er pale tombs, and piles defaced,
Wakening the thoughtful mind:
And as the musing *Harold* stood,
With sadness in his eye,
Old Tiber rolled his sounding flood
In hollow murmurs by.

And there, among the spoils of yore,
The dreams of wasted hours
Came, like bright clouds, his spirit o'er,
Or spring-winds over flowers;
Till sickening memories rushed along
Each pictured scene to shade;
And thoughts—a melancholy throng—
Their dark impression made.

There, with vast desolation near,
A lonely heart beat high;
A mighty heart—unknown to fear,
That sought the boon—to die;
For o'er its finest chords the tide
Of deepening woes had flowed,
Checking the joyance and the pride
That earlier years bestowed.

Yet 'twas his lot, the final sigh,
The parting word to pour,
Beneath a proud and sacred sky,
On Hella's classic shore.
Peace be to that triumphant heart!
The world hath own'd its thrill;
Its chords were of his lyre a part—
Peace to that heart!—'tis still!

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

THE HISTORY OF UNCLE SAM AND HIS BOYS.

A TALE FOR POLITICIANS.

ONCE upon a time there lived, and lives still, in a country lying far to the west, a famous squire, rich in lands and paper money. Report made him out to be the son of John Bull, who every one knows has children in all parts of the world. But, if the truth were known, I believe he had a great many fathers, though his mother was a very honest woman, for he looked like as many people as there were hairs on his chin. But old Squire Bull had the credit of being his father, and truly there was a great likeness between them. Like Bull he was somewhat given to boasting, tippling, fighting, and sailing boats; and was apt to hold his neighbours in contempt, dubbing them a pack of snivelling, pitiful rascals, that did not dare to call their souls their own, or look their king in the face, as every cat had a right to do. He took after his father in another respect, that is to say, nobody could tell which he was most fond of, making money like a horse, or spending it like an ass. But for all this he did not so much favour John Bull, but that you could now and then catch an expression in his face that put you in mind of every body you had ever seen in the world.

John Bull had christened this son of his by the name of Jonathan; but by and by, when he became a man grown, being a good hearty fellow, about half horse half alligator, his friends and neighbours gave him the nickname of Uncle Sam; a sure sign that they liked him, for I never knew a respectable nickname given to a scurvy fellow in my life. Be this as it may, his family and all his neighbours at last came to call him nothing else but Uncle Sam; and all his beef, pork, and flour, in fact every thing that belonged to him, was marked with a huge U. S., six inches long. As I have a great respect for universal example, I shall give him this name in the sequel of

my history, which I hereby commend to the special attention of all wise men, more especially the wise men of the east. As to the fools, every body knows they are so scarce now-a-days, that I hereby snap my fingers and defy them.

I flatter myself no man living is better qualified for this piece of biography. Uncle Sam and I have been hand and glove these fifty years. Many are the bouts we have had together when boys; many the frolics we have kicked up among the buxom young hussies, who are now all honest sober mothers of families; and many the bottles we have cracked together at sundry times and on divers occasions, during the good old days when if a man did not choose to be merry sometimes himself, he did not cry out against those who did. Uncle Sam was a sad fellow at raccoon hunting, and a barbecue was his delight until it got to be the custom to talk politics and make long speeches at them.

Uncle Sam, in early life, gave some offence to his father about going to the meeting-house instead of the church. One word brought on another until John Bull at length took to beating the poor fellow into conformity with his notions. He was a lad of spirit that would put up with this from no man, not even his father; and accordingly, without saying a word to anybody, he packed up his all, and little enough it was, and marched off into the wide world to seek his fortune.

You may suppose Uncle Sam had but little to begin with; but he was a stirring blade, who did not mind trouble at first, if he could only see his way clear to something better in the end. He set himself to the business of clearing and selling new lands. As fast as he became pretty comfortable in one farm, he sold out at a profit and set off for another, so that he was seldom or ever more than two or three years in the same place. But for all this he never lost sight of the main chance; for there was nothing on the face of the earth he loved so dearly as a bargain or a profitable speculation. By good management and good luck he at last got to have a vast property in lands, which he was every day adding to by buying out the Indians, or taking farms for debts that were owing him. In short, he prospered in all his undertakings, and became, in process of time, a great man among his neighbours. But to my mind he was not above half as clever a fellow as when he was poor. Then he was a jolly, careless, high-minded dog—generous as a prince, and hospitable as a Turk. He would swear a little at times, but he never meant any harm by it. But as he got rich he set himself to be mighty genteel; aped the manners of all the would-be fashionable stragglers that came that way; never invited any body to his house except to show off his new finery, and left off all his honest old habits by little and little.

The fact is, and I don't care who knows it, he took to canting, and turned the embroidered side of his jacket outwards, as a Turk does when he goes to court. Many people doubted whether he was anything the better for this; and, if I must speak my mind, I think he lost more than he gained; for, as respects myself, I had rather a man should swear and drink punch a little than pick my pocket while he is canting about brotherly love and good will to all men. If Uncle Sam is angry at this, let him scratch his back and get pleased again.

As Uncle Sam got rich, and withal stout and hearty as a young giant, the neighbouring gentry, who called him an upstart and looked askance at his prosperity, would shake their heads very wisely and cry out, "Ah! poor man, to be sure he looks well and hearty; but any body can see with half an eye he is not long for this world." And then they would sigh and take a pinch of snuff to the success of their prognostications. But it happened somehow or other that every attack he had, and every rub he met with, only served to show the strength of his constitution, and make it still stronger, until at last these false prophets began to say to themselves, "The rogue will certainly last forever."

Now I don't pretend to say this would have been the case, seeing there is an end of all things; but I verily believe he would have lived to a happy and green old age had it not been for the undutiful behaviour of his children, which made his latter days one scene of trouble and turmoil.

You must know that as soon as Uncle Sam thought himself able to maintain a family comfortably, he got him a wife, who proved an excellent housekeeper, and in the course of twice as many years his children amounted to four and twenty; all jolly, strapping, roystering blades, with the exception of two or three that were rather stunted in the growth, or as Uncle Sam used to say in joke, "shrunk in the boiling." These last were rather conceited and jealous, as most little people I believe are.

As fast as these lads grew up, Uncle Sam portioned them off on his farms, which they were to pay for when they were

able, at very low prices. They all turned out pretty clever industrious fellows, with the exception of here and there one who was rather lazy, and got all his work done by negroes. They all differed in some respects; but there was a family likeness among them—all took after the mother, who was a pretty considerable particular talker. One was a famous fellow for cod fishing; another a great hand at splitting shingles; a third was an amateur of-road making and ditching; a fourth was mighty fond of barbecues, taking after his father in that particular; a fifth dealt largely in wooden bowls and onions; a sixth was a great cultivator of rice and cotton; a seventh was a pretty high-handed fellow, fond of a good horse, and of an independent, open-handed spirit; and so on. They all lived together like loving brothers, having a rich father who could do what he pleased with his money—that is to say, they were as jealous of each other as two cocks running in the same yard.

If Uncle Sam made a christmas present to one, or conferred a particular kindness on another, there was the deuce to pay among the rest. They accused the old man of being more partial to one than the other, and never gave him any rest till he put them all on a level; which he had no sooner done than they, one and all, began to grumble and find fault, saying the poor man was in his dotage, only because he had not given each one a preference over his brother. Uncle Sam sometimes said to himself, "Happy is the man who has nothing to give away, for his children won't quarrel about his estate."

But this was not the worst of it. The old Harry got into them about improving their farms, which they all swore was Uncle Sam's business; he was devouring all the money they could rake and scrape together to pay for the lands he had sold them. They said it was a sin and a shame for him to make them pay every thing, seeing they were his natural born children, entitled to bed, board, education, and an outfit. Besides, the old man was now become so rich he did not know what to do with his money, and it was actually a kindness to rid him of its management in his old age.

Thus these cunning varlets agreed in the propriety of sharing Uncle Sam's money, but they fell out about the manner of dividing it, like a parcel of undutiful rogues as they were. The big fellows argued that they ought to share according to weight, and insisted they should all go down to the mill and be weighed. But the little fellows who had been "shrunk in the boiling" demurred to this, and swore it was all in my eye, Betty Martin. They were as much the lawful sons of Uncle Sam as the best and biggest of them, and were determined to have their share at the point of the bayonet. There was one little fellow particularly, who lived on an island about as big as my thumb-nail, who talked like a giant, and threatened to dissolve the family union and set up for himself if they did not treat him like a full-grown man. They had a great many hard bouts at words, and some of the neighbours feared they would come together by the ears. But though they quarrelled like so many old women, like old women they seldom came to blows. They had a sort of sneaking kindness for one another at the bottom, which always prevented their proceeding to extremities.

But for all this they were forever falling out about nothing, or some trifle next to nothing, and never gave each other a good word except when they all put their heads together, as they often did, to diddle Uncle Sam out of a few thousands for the improvement of their farms. Fortunately, however, for the old man's pocket, it was seldom they could agree about the division of the spoils, or it would not have been long before he was as poor as a rat.

Be this as it may, the good man had no peace of his life, and was several times on the point of making over all his property to build meeting-houses, and educate the children of other people. Certain it is, he had good reason to do so, for these undutiful boys left him no rest day or night on account of his money. Not being able to agree to the plan of dividing Uncle Sam's surplus income according to weight, it was proposed to do it by measure; but here again the little fellows that were "shrunk in the boiling" made a most infernal rout, and opposed it tooth and nail. They swore they were as good as the big fellows any day in the week, and as much the sons of Uncle Sam as the others, and they insisted that the apportionment should be made according to merit, not weight or size. They all agreed to this, and the matter was just on the point of being amicably settled, had it not been for a trifling difficulty which occurred in adjusting the scale of merit. The roystering barbecue fellow swore he was equal to any man you could throw a stick at; the splitter of shingles maintained the superiority of his art; the young squire who was fond of riding a fine horse and doing nothing, declared he con-

sidered himself the most of a gentleman; the raisers of rice and cotton claimed precedence on the score of administering both to the back and stomach; and the little fellow that lived on his island put in his claim on the score of morality. This would not do, and so the old man escaped being plundered this time.

But these fine boys had another iron in the fire, which they heated till it was red hot. Quoth one of the cunning varlets, I believe it was the barbecue chap, "Let us set about improving our farms, and make the old boy pay the piper"—upon which they all agreed, and set up a hurrah about internal improvement, which used in old times to be considered improvement of mind and morals, but now means digging ditches, pulling up snags, and making roads through the desert.

Upon this one of them went and set up a loom in his back building, as he said, for the encouragement of domestic industry, and hired other people to come and tend it. When he had done this he went to Uncle Sam and insisted he should give him a handful or two of money to encourage him in such patriotic and praise-worthy undertakings.

"Stop there, my little fellow," cried the biggest brother of all, who had a fist like a sledge hammer; "stop, if you please, I have set up my looms at my own expense; and I'll be switch'd if the old man is going to pay you for doing what I have done for myself."

Then another chap of the family set up a blacksmith-shop for making hob nails, and made the same claim to touch a few thousands of the old gentleman's money for the encouragement of domestic industry, which about this time began to be very low-spirited, and wanted a little patting.

"Avast there, you land lubber," exclaimed one of the brothers, a bold, hearty Jack tar, who had sailed round and round the world, and was a mighty navigator. "Avast there, none of your fresh water gabble. I should like to know the reason why you should be paid for making hob nails any more than I am for building ships. Avast there, I say, you lubber, or I'll be foul of your dead lights."

Next came another brother who was a great hand at raising sheep, which he called being a wool-grower, to demand that as people could not exist without clothes, Uncle Sam should shell out a few dollars to reward him for being a great public benefactor.

"Fudge!" exclaimed the cotton growing brother, "where one man is clothed in wool a thousand wear cotton. Why not encourage me, then, instead of this woolly fellow? Away with your bleating, or I'll be into your mutton before you can say Jack Robinson."

Next came a sober, sedate, economical brother who had set up a shoe-shop, and wanted Uncle Sam's protection—that is to say, some of his money.

"Rot your sole," cried the high-handed gentleman who despised hard work, and had rather ride a blood horse than make his own shoes a thousand times. "What are you talking about there? It's mighty natural to be sure that you should be asking encouragement for making shoes. If it were horse-shoes now, I'd talk to you." So saying, he mounted his horse, and challenged Uncle Sam to run a race for a thousand dollars.

After this, for there was no end of their persecution of the poor old man; after this came another brother, a great mechanical genius, who had invented a machine for peeling apples, and wanted encouragement of Uncle Sam for the great saving of time and labour in making apple pies.

"Whoo! whoo! whoop!" cried the wild, harem-scarem, barbecue boy, one of Uncle Sam's youngest sons, who had just settled a town away off west, and had not yet thrown off his moccasins; "whoop! Mister, mind which way you point your rifle there—I can turn a flip-flap somerset, grease your head with bear's meat, and swallow you whole without a pang. You'd better take 'keer how you steer your steam-boat, or you'll run foul of a snag."

By and by came another of this hopeful family, with a long story of the great advantage Uncle Sam would derive from clearing out a ditch, at his own expense, for the benefit of other people.

Here the great big fellow mentioned before, who was the richest of the brothers, put in his car, and cried out—

"None of that fun, Brother Jonathan! I've done all my own ditching myself, and I'll be totally ramswished if I am going to let daddy pay you for what I did all myself. Dig your own ditches, my boy, as I have done."

Then came a fine fellow, one of the young fry, who wanted to persuade Uncle Sam to pony up for a lane he was about making from his barn to his bog meadow, which he assured the old man would be a vast public improvement; for that whereas his carts stuck in the mud, now they would be able

to get along like a streak of lightning as soon as the improvement was made.

"Thunder and blarney!" exclaimed three or four of the elder brothers all at once, "haven't we made our own roads at our own cost, and without asking daddy for a cent; and do you think, you snivelling blockhead, we'll stand by and see the old man cheated out of what belongs to us?"

"Goody gracious!" at length cried Uncle Sam, throwing up his eyes, "goody gracious! what can be the matter with these boys? I believe they mean to eat me up alive! I wish—I wish I was as poor as Job's turkey."

Now all that was required for Uncle Sam to be just as he wished, was to let the boys have all his money, as they wanted to do. But what is very remarkable, he never thought of this, and continued wishing himself poor, without once hitting on the best possible way of becoming so.

Things went on, getting worse and worse for some time afterwards. Uncle Sam was almost every day pestered for money to pay for some improvement or other in the boys' farms. He kept an account of these, and the amount they would cost, and found that it would take all he was worth in the world, and more besides, to get through with half of them. So one day he put his hands in his breeches pockets, and swore roundly they were a brood of ungrateful rogues, that wanted to get him on the parish, and not another penny would he pony up for man or beast.

This raised a terrible hue and cry among the boys, who threatened to disinherit the old man, and set up for themselves. But he was a pretty stiff old fellow when his pluck was up, and he thought himself in the right. You might as well try to move a mountain as Uncle Sam, when he put his foot down and toed the mark. He told the boys he had honest debts to pay, and meant to pay every penny he owed in the world before he began to talk about laying out money in improvements.

These graceless young rogues were a little stumped at the stand Uncle Sam had taken, and began to plot together to turn the old man out of house and home, and take possession of all his estate, as soon as they could bring matters to bear. Accordingly they went about among their neighbours and people, insinuating that the old man was in his dotage, and could not manage his affairs any longer. It was high time, they said, that he should give up his estates into their hands, and set about preparing for a better world. They raised all sorts of stories against him, as how he did not care any more about the law or the gospel than a pagan; how he tucked up people, just for the pleasure of seeing them kick their heels in the air; and how he threatened to cut off the ears of a member of congress, only because he told stories about him.

In this way these roystering boys raised a great clamour against Uncle Sam, which emboldened them at last to hatch a diabolical plan for taking away all his lands at one blow. They were not content with getting them by degrees, to pay for the schooling of their children, building school-houses, teaching dumb people philosophy, and a thousand other ways, but they now determined to make one business of it, and strip the old gentleman as bare as my hand.

Not finding any law for this, they determined to get one passed for the purpose; accordingly they went among the people, and told them a hundred cock and bull stories about this, that, and the other thing. They swore the land of right belonged to them when they came of age, according to an old settlement, which declared that Uncle Sam's children should all share his estates equally after his death. But they kept the last part to themselves, as you may suppose, and pretended that they had a right to take the old man's property while he was alive. Besides, they would say, the poor old gentleman don't know what to do with so much land; half of it lies waste for want of proper attention, and if we only had it, we would make it ten times more valuable, and pay the taxes, which he is exempted from, by virtue of an old charter.

The notion of getting money by taxation is a bait which generally takes with people whose business is law making, not tax paying, as I have always heard. So the legislature which governed where Uncle Sam's property lay, rubbed their hands, and were mightily tickled with the notion of being able to squeeze a little money from Uncle Sam's new lands. Perceiving this argument told, the boys hatched another notion, about Uncle Sam receiving all the money for the lands he sold, and then forcing those who bought them to work their fingers to the bone to make themselves whole again, as if this were not the way all over the world.

Uncle Sam defended his bacon to the last, like a stout old hero as he was; but by degrees the influence of these ungrateful rogues prevailed, and a law was passed taking away all his property, dividing it equally among the boys, so that those

who were "shrunk in the boiling" got the same portion as the big roystering blades, who, rather than not come in for a slice, consented at last to share and share equally. They were all specially enjoined to take care of Uncle Sam, and see that he wanted for nothing; but the poor old man fared pretty much as people generally do who make over all their property to their children in their life-time. At first they treated him pretty well, for decency's sake, but by degrees they began to deprive him of all his usual comforts. First they took away his pipe, because the young madams the sons had married could not bear tobacco-smoke. Then the eldest boy took possession of his arm-chair, and his seat in the chimney-corner. Next they took the blankets from his bed, because, they said it would injure his health to lie too warm; and next they all but starved him to death, for fear he should die of apoplexy. Finally, losing all respect for the ties of blood, and all recollection of the early benefits they had derived from the good old man, they fairly turned him out of doors. The last I heard of Uncle Sam he was in the poor-house. B.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

New-York, January 25, 1831.

MESSES. EDITORS—I will not say that, like honest Rip Van Winkle, I have been sleeping for the last twenty years; nor can I affirm that I have been wandering in any other shades than those of my native forest, but I have certainly been quite out of the world until every thing is new to me, except the old jail and bridewell, which I perceive still stand their ground, looking more grim than ever, a terror to evil doers, and an excellent subject for the corporation to talk about when they have nothing else to say.

Whether from being tired of the country, or a desire to visit some of my old haunts—whether to make money, or to spend it—to get away from one wife, or to get another—whether any or all of these occasioned the resolution to come to town, is a secret I shall keep to myself. It is enough for my present purpose to tell you that I am, and intend to continue, a lounge—an idle man, with no particular business of his own to mind, and of course feeling a great interest in the affairs of the public. I go every where, see every body, criticize every thing—partly to pass away time, and partly from a feeling of public spirit, which pricks me on to be of all the service I can to my fellow-creatures. I like to give praise where it is due; but I confess that censure is my forte, and I do love to find fault a little sometimes, if it be only to show myself wiser than my neighbours. But I have not a spark of ill-nature about me, as you will perceive on further acquaintance. It is my purpose to communicate the results of my experience in the new world, to which I have just returned, through the medium of your paper, provided it suits your views to afford me a corner now and then. I am not one of those churlish people who are such niggards of their thoughts that they cannot bring themselves to share them with the rest of the world. These are the very worst of misers, who lock up their wisdom, as it were, in an iron chest and throw the key away.

One of my favourite occupations, for two or three hours of a morning, is lounging into book-stores and reading-rooms, where I look over all the newspapers, in order that I may find out what is doing in the world, and make up my mind whether we are to have peace or war. I confess I am often puzzled to decide on these occasions, as it is seldom any two agree exactly in their statements of the past, or their prognostics of the future. I find the same difficulty in forming my estimate of the characters of great men and great public measures, both of which are described and commented upon in the different gazettes, in a manner so diametrically opposite that I am utterly at a loss to perceive whether we are governed by sages and patriots, or ninnyhammers and traitors.

Men, however, will differ on these points, and I have no fault to find with these editors, except that they do not in general differ like gentlemen, but like very devils—I mean printer's devils. An honest difference of opinion is no just foundation for abuse or ribaldry. While they are asserting the liberty of the press for themselves, they should accord the same liberty to their opponents. The freedom of the press, say they, is the palladium of our liberties—and then they fire away gall and brimstone against those who differ with them, as if the freedom of the press consisted only in the freedom of publishing their own individual opinions. Such is the extent to which this abuse of the press is carried, that I have heard a gentleman of great experience, who has resided in various foreign countries, assert there was, in reality, less

freedom in the expression of opinion here than in any part of the world he was acquainted with.

No man who has preserved the delicacy of his feelings, and who values his repose or dignity, will venture upon the publication of what he believes to be the truth, but which he knows will clash with the opinions of a great many of these champions of the liberty of the press. He will be pretty sure of being singled out, abused, hunted, and run down under the patriotic cry of "liberty of the press forever!" his character, not his opinions, will be torn to pieces, and his feelings and those of his family lacerated and insulted.

This want of courtesy towards opposing opinions is particularly observable in the daily contests of editors with each other. Instead of cool, firm, and vigorous reasoning, we have, for the most part, gross personalities. In the room of wit we have ribaldry, and in the place of facts, assertions without proof, put forth in language without decency. I do not involve all indiscriminately in this charge; but there are so many of this class, that they give a character to the species and degrade a profession in itself highly dignified and responsible. These exceptions are certainly the more honourable from their being so rare.

At the same time that these conservators of public decency, decorum, and morals are committing daily offences against them all, they continue to challenge the public respect and confidence, and lay claim to the character of upright censors. Nay, they assume a dignity superior to legislators and rulers, and almost arrogate to themselves the right of directing their conduct and dictating their laws. It cannot, I think, be denied that the censorship and authority of an able and virtuous press, exercised with moderation and dignity, constitute one of the great safeguards of the people against the oppressions of power. But to be any thing but worse than nothing, it must be able and virtuous. It must be temperate as well as firm—it must not think that to publish falsehood is the way to advocate truth; it must not suppose for a moment that it can aid the cause of liberty by making the just exercise of a free opinion in others a subject of abuse; nor dream that the respect and confidence of a rational enlightened people can be gained by disrespect to themselves and each other. If they wish to preserve their influence with the people of the United States they must respect the people, and show them they do so by a strict regard to propriety and decency in the conduct of the press. It requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that a perseverance in this course will in no distant period destroy the confidence of the nation in its oracles, and convert a noble instrument of freedom, intelligence, and morals into the miserable tool of demagogues, who call themselves statesmen. No man will regret this more than myself. A well-conducted press is a blessing to mankind—a corrupt, indecent, and flagitious one a disgrace and a curse.

Do the conductors of these sorts of free presses suppose for a moment that the people who see them abusing each other day after day—exercising all their talents and malignity in making themselves equally ridiculous and contemptible—and mutually bandying charges that if true render them alike unworthy of being the monitors of a free people—do they dream for a moment, I say, that they are not rendering each other suspected, and gradually forfeiting the nation's confidence? The purest temple will be defaced in time by the perpetual application of filth, and the brightest name be disfigured by daily repeated slanders.

While on the subject, I will notice another custom, "more honoured in the breach than the observance," which the "censors of public manners, morals, taste, and opinions" are, some of them, mortally given to. I allude to the habit of *stealing* from each other; that is to say, inserting articles borrowed from other papers in their own, *without acknowledgment*. This certainly amounts to a niggardly appropriation of the property of another, unworthy of a gentleman. It savours of the bridewell or quarter sessions. I cannot say whether it be actionable, because of a vast many of these "felonious conversions," it may be said, as Iago says of his purse—"Who steals my purse, or prose, steals trash—'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands." But still, Messrs. Editors, the original publisher of an original article is entitled to the credit or disgrace of it; and to fill column after column with the products of the labours of others, without acknowledgment, is an offence against courtesy, to say the least of it. In running over the daily and weekly papers, I have noticed a number of pieces from time to time, which were first published in the Mirror, and are evidently on the face of them original. Many of the country papers especially swarm with these; their columns are half filled with them, and yet hardly one, if I recollect right, has given your paper credit for

either or any of them. This is both unjust and ungenerous. It is an old and true saying, that a benefit is worth thanking for—and certainly every piece of this sort, which merits transplanting, must confer some value on your paper as well as theirs. Such being the case, I cannot but think the simple words "From the New-York Mirror," in small letters, either at the head or foot of these transplantings, would be a very proper appendage. You shall hear from me again—as soon as my ink and my fingers are a little thawed. Till then I am, &c.

SIMON OLDRENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have just been so pushed about by the unmannerly beaux in Broadway that I am out of breath and out of patience. I am determined to write to you, in the hope some of them will see my letter and take the hint in future. You know a lady in a fashionable dress is not the easiest affair to steer through Broadway in a hard wind. First, she has got her sleeves to take care of, which occupy half the walk—and then she has her hat to hold fast for fear it should blow away, and that takes up almost the other half of the walk.

Such being the case, I only ask you, Messrs. Editors, if you don't think the young fellows ought to be on the look out so as not to interfere with us when we are, as sailors say, staggering under a hard gale, with as much sail as we can carry? Instead of this, the minute they lay eyes upon us they lock their arms together, crowd us against the walls or off the walks, and push us into a snow bank. Not above half an hour ago, as I was trying to weather a hard flaw, which got into my sleeves and puffed them out like balloons, in passing a trio of these arm-in-arm gentlemen, one of the frogs—I don't mean bull frogs—caught my right sleeve and carried it quite away. There was I, with only one sleeve—and there was he with the other, which some how got over his head and slipped down, so that he looked as if he was in a night gown. But this was not the worst. While I stood screaming for my sleeve, there came a squall of wind and carried off my hat, feathers and all. It went up like a balloon and stuck fast in a poplar tree. Only think what a condition! But this was not all. My *boa constrictor* fell off while I was screaming for my hat and sleeve, and was snatched up by a great butcher's dog, which every body said mistook it for a red cow's tail. I was so provoked I could have cried. But this was not the worst. The cold weather made my arm look as red and as coarse as a piece of raw meat, and there was my hair exposed to full view, put up in papers for a ball at Mrs. Tetotum's. They were pieces of an old newspaper, and the people began to read, "this house to let, and possession given immediately," "to be seen, a female royal tiger," "first night of Mademoiselle D'Jack's appearance," and all sorts of odd things, which made them shout with laughing.

O, I never was in such a condition! and then to crown all, a young gentleman I particularly wish to stand well with, passed at the moment and looked hard at my red elbow. I thought I should have fainted away on the spot, but I didn't. I have not since seen the young man whose frog ran away with my sleeve. He was very thin, and they say was carried off by the same puff that took away my bonnet before he could disencumber himself. My hat was got down from the tree by a little boy, who climbed up for sixpence, and my *boa constrictor* was brought to me very much damaged by the butcher's dog.

I wish you would quiz these young men, who don't seem to know their right hand from their left, and are continually taking the wrong side of the walk. They had better tie a ribbon round the right arm, and then they would not be so puzzled. Give it to them, Messrs. Editors, and I'll get papa to subscribe to your paper. Your constant admirer,

ISABELLA BOBBINET.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I was glad to observe in a former number of the Mirror, a communication relative to the late attempt to do away the good old custom of calling upon our fair friends on the first day of the year. Imagine my surprise at finding that those very persons, who wish to influence the society of this place by their example, are such as base their pretended superiority only upon a tolerable collection of dollars, and whose talents and education give them no title to distinction! A really sensible female certainly could have no desire to dispense with an established custom, which is at once so innocent and agreeable, provided it be not marked with excesses of any kind. It serves, as we all know, to renew acquaintance that has been neglected in the course of the preceding year from a want of time or other causes; and it gives us an

opportunity of assuring our friends that the perplexities of business and the engrossing cares of life, have not eradicated every thought of them from our memories. It has met with the ready acquiescence of foreigners, thousands of whom have entered into it with spirit, and expressed in high terms their opinions of the pleasure and benefit which it produces. I do not pretend to any acquaintance with the individuals who have rendered themselves so conspicuously ridiculous; but I know something of their origin, and of their claims to so prominent a place in the public eye.

One anecdote, the truth of which is well known to some of our citizens, will serve to show upon what these claims are grounded.

Miss —, at a large party in — street, appeared with all the magnificence that her father's liberality could afford; and, with the *hasteur* natural to opulent vulgarity, she reigned *la belle* of the assembly. She would occasionally deign to smile upon some shrivelled puppy who was dazzled by her splendid fortune, and who, in consideration of her expected shekels, hoped some day to merit her delicate hand. She was led to the dance by one of these whiskered gentry, when lo! a young lady, modest and unassuming in her manners, plainly, but becomingly attired, whose flowing locks, however, were destitute of the brilliant insignia of fashion, was perceived by our duchess. She immediately drew out her quizzing-glass, and with the glance of a basilisk, and a significant toss of her brainless pate, inquired the name and ancestry of the *thing* who stood before her! The young lady, perceiving herself the object of such severe scrutiny, retired from the circle, and on the following day addressed a note to our heroine to this effect:

"Understanding that Miss — desires to know who I am, I take the liberty to inform her that I am the daughter of Colonel —, who commanded the American troops at the battle of —, at which time her father was a drummer in the regiment." X.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HEIRESS OF BRUGES.—We have just accomplished the task of reading this new novel, or rather romance. Now, let not our readers suppose, from that word *task*, that we are going to "cut up" Mr. Grattan; on the contrary, we are tenderly disposed towards his work, and have found much pleasure in its pages. But it is a task to read almost any book with the appalling consciousness that it is to be noticed; and the agony is not at all diminished by the necessity of praise. There is no great difficulty in slashing a new book, even a good one; but to praise neatly and without commonplace, is altogether another matter. Mr. Grattan's Heiress, however, deserves commendation; and, as we suppose, must have it; let us proceed then *secundum artem*.

The scene is laid in the Low Countries; the most important events taking place in the towns of Bruges and Brussels; the time, the year 1600; and the principal historical personages, Prince Maurice of Nassau, Albert and Isabella of Spain, the archdukes, as they were somewhat singularly called, Martin Schenck, the celebrated partizan, and some few others of less importance. The most prominent fictitious characters are Theresa the Heiress, her father, Siged the rich gold-beater, and a pair of very mysterious personages, who appear and disappear at very strange times, and in the most unaccountable modes, and are designated Lambert Boonen and Iron de Bassenvelt. The historical incidents, referring chiefly to the efforts of the bold Netherlanders to shake off the Spanish yoke, are described with much graphic power and with a very satisfactory rapidity; and the love passages and other necessary filling-up matter, are accomplished so as to give great comfort to the reader. The chief merit of the work, is the nice discrimination and clear description of character; in this respect approaching, and at no very alarming distance, the masterpieces of Scott. The style is unambitious and easy, and is entitled to the praise of originality, or, at least, to that of being no intentional imitation. The characters are interesting enough to gain the good or ill will of the reader, according as they are themselves good or evil, and the events in which they are made partakers or sufferers, are stirring enough to make him anxious to see them through. External objects are depicted with a practised, and not unskilful or unpoetic pen; and thoughts and feelings are described and accounted for with considerable force and ingenuity.

The principal faults, are the too great crowding of the incidents, and the unnecessary and unreasonable multiplication of mysteries. But these are merits rather than blemishes to the practised reader of romances, and interfere but little with

the enjoyment of the mere critic; while on the other hand, the stirring pictures of ambition, and passion, and conflict; the "hair-breadth 'scapes," and "imminent perils," through which they are conducted, and the exciting developments to which they are constantly made parties, keep up the interest of both, and assure to them no small share of gratification in return for the trouble of perusal.

DR. BECK'S INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.—This discourse was delivered at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city. It is a lucid illustration of the great importance of the medical profession, an examination of the various causes which render diseases complicated and remedy uncertain, and a refutation of arguments which have, at various times, been advanced against the healing art. The style is smooth and unembarrassed with technical phraseology, and his view of the subject ingenious and interesting. The lecture will be relished by the intelligent reader.

WILLIAMS'S NEW-YORK ANNUAL REGISTER.—The volume of this work, for 1831, is to be published and delivered to subscribers next week. No man of business should be without it. It contains a great quantity of valuable information, compiled with great care, and to be obtained nowhere else in a collection. In a hasty glance through its pages we observe, among other contents, an almanac and astronomical information, statistics, viz., new census, colleges, academies, female seminaries, civil and military list, attorneys at law, and clergy of the State of New-York. The work is neatly executed and embellished with several engravings, yet so cheap as to be within the reach of all. We are told the last volume did not compensate the editor for his time, although the work was universally acknowledged to be not only valuable, but absolutely necessary to those engaged in professional or mercantile affairs.

IN PRESS.—We are happy to perceive that the brothers Harper have in press a new novel, entitled the "Dutchman's Fireside," by the author of "John Bull in America," "Letters from the South," &c. &c. This is one of our most deservedly popular writers. His works are bought up with general avidity. They are sprightly and full of humour. He is happy in satire, and his sketches of Dutch life and manners are irresistibly ludicrous.

These industrious publishers are also about supplying the public with the "Romance of the History of France," by Leigh Ritchie, and the "Siamese Twins," a satirical tale, by the author of *Pelham*, &c. Mr. Bulwer seems resolved to win a name in every description of writing. Late advices from England have informed us that he has enrolled himself among the contributors to the Edinburgh Review, and intends to shine in criticism. His first production was a series of patriotic poems, which, by the way, will probably be republished here. He has but to accomplish a treatise upon law and a volume of theology, and the circle of his productions will be complete. The forthcoming work will, it is said, prove not unworthy of his fame. Satire is his forte; and if the subjects of his ridicule be well chosen, we may reasonably expect something racy and original.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Death of Bolivar.—There is something painful in the reflection, that this hero has been taken from his country and the world. His name has been so long identified with South American freedom, that we cannot avoid the conviction that he will leave behind him a void difficult to fill. It is not easy to form any satisfactory conclusion respecting the true character and motives of this celebrated soldier, beheld, as his actions have been, through so dense a medium of obscurity and error; but so far as a slight view of his history may be made subservient to the endeavour, we can see no justice in the indiscriminating abuse which has attached itself to his name. He has been branded, not only as a selfish tyrant, whose uncontrolled ambition was dangerous, but as a traitor, ready to sell his country for objects of personal aggrandizement. But we have not been able to trace these reports to any authentic source, and are inclined to deem them nothing more than the senseless ravings of political malice; opinions scattered among the people—seeds sown by those who would reap the harvest of discord and ruin. It seems probable that Bolivar has made several attempts to exercise a power almost despotic; but, on the other hand, it may be said that he found himself called upon to preside over the destinies of a nation composed of the most incongruous materials, and agitated by the wildest passions. They who reprobate the hero of South America, and triumphantly compare his political course with that of Washington, forget the great dissimilarity of their situations, of

the character of the people, and the resources of the two countries. The mild, moral influence of Washington, would be as impotently exercised over the tempest of discordant passions, over the deadly malice of religious bigots, and the blind rage of prejudice, ignorance, and the chaotic anarchy incidental to the protracted period of warfare in South America, as if his precepts were delivered in an unknown tongue. It would be the voice of Canute commanding the billows of the deep. The mere force of reason could not quell their wild tumults, restrain their crimes, or allure them into the path of peace, freedom, knowledge, and virtue. We believe that the present happiness of the southern republics could be effected only by some gifted being, who combined the wisdom of a statesman with the boldness and success of a despotic soldier, and the purity of a patriot; one who, with unshaken integrity, and the noble disregard of ambition, and all other personal passions and feelings peculiar to Washington, could unite the vivid brilliancy of Napoleon's energy, his wonderful and intuitive powers of rapid conception and rapid execution; that while, like him, he seized with iron grasp the reins of government, triumphant over every obstacle and every foe, he might be inspired with the spirit of our immortal warrior-statesman, to guide its wheels towards the temple of peace and liberty.

Perhaps the destruction of Bolivar has sprung from his attempts to accomplish a similar enterprise, the success of which would require not only that it should be undertaken by the most extraordinary of men, but that he should be supported by a very extraordinary combination of accidental circumstances, as was the case with the emperor of France. Whatever may have been the motives which actuated the latter deeds of Bolivar's life, the cause of liberty owes much to him. His name can never be "written on the rolls of common men;" and, for the honour of human nature, we hope the mists of prejudice and error may clear away, and leave his fame unsullied.

The Eclipse.—Notwithstanding the bad state of the roads, the eclipse did actually take place at thirty minutes after eleven, on the twelfth instant, without any postponement or delay. Thousands of our citizens were seen with "upturned, wondering eyes," gazing at the progress of the phenomenon. Vague reports were previously circulated among our promiscuous population by knowing editors, and other of the literary sages of the town. Some thought that the moon would whisk across the sun's disc, like a moth through a candle. Some deemed that we were to be enveloped in midnight darkness; and others were of the opinion, that extraordinary events were clearly portended; that the world was getting intolerably wicked; and that it was high time for the people to cast their eyes about, and be prepared for the worst. These latter enlightened personages will doubtless find their theory confirmed by circumstances; and the innocent sun and moon will have to bear the blame for divers fires, deaths, broken crockery, and other accidents. Luckily, however, their shoulders are broad, and the animadversions of their earthy critics, as sometimes happens in other cases, will have but feeble influence upon the future destiny of the objects of their spleen. The stars of heaven were expected to come forth, honoured with the society of a fiery-tailed comet, which has paid us a flying visit. Several learned old ladies, with the foresight natural to age, had their lamps duly trimmed and filled; and it is even rumoured, that a scientific office-holder in the city-hall, who, in his youth, had devoted himself to the study of astronomy with unparalleled success, did arrange on his table a row of the best sperm candles, for the accommodation of such desperate transactors of business as might possibly keep an eye upon their sublunary affairs, at such a sublime period.

When the obscuration of daylight became apparent, the streets presented a singular spectacle. Lawyers, doctors, and merchants came forth to examine if the much-talked-of event were actually taking place. Editors, with pens stuck behind their learned ears, left unfinished paragraphs, planted themselves on the steps with clerks, printers, and devils, all looking through smoked glass with one eye shut. The cartman stopped his horse, and satisfied himself of the fact that the sun was actually behind something which, rather than "argue the topic," he was willing should pass for the moon. The chimney-sweep slung down his brush, and indulged in his own reflections upon the subject; and juvenile delinquents, who, ten chances to one, had played truant from school, gathered together in groups in the middle of the streets, and interchanged pretty deep observations upon the popular branches of astronomy. There were not, however, wanting ill-disposed persons, who went about openly expressing feelings of dissatisfaction. They protested against the whole affair, as neither more nor less than an imposition—a mere hoax,

palpably got up to effect some political or other private purpose. It was, they said, just such another piece of quackery as the elephant, which they had been led to expect would take up the supernumeraries by dozens, and fling them about in the air, like so many foot-balls, whereas no such desirable feat was exhibited, and the beast was nothing more than a mere natural animal. Little boys stationed themselves in several streets with lighted candles and pieces of broken glass, and saluted passengers with the frequent salutation of "See the eclipse to-day, sir? Only two pence!" At the same time presenting the glass; but few deemed themselves warranted by the importance of the exhibition in incurring such an unnecessary and heavy expense.

We are told that the enterprising proprietor of one of the museums, who had made extensive preparations for a grand illumination, and had advertised it to be the interest of all the world to come and behold his magnificent building brilliantly illuminated at noon-day, as one of the sublimest spectacles which could engage the human mind, was induced to utter some very improper expressions when it became apparent that the world would not need his disinterested services. He declared it was one of the most ridiculous things he had ever seen in the whole course of his life. The truth is, however, to speak seriously, the interest with which we gaze upon this phenomenon is unlike that excited by physical wonders in general. A lofty mountain, its summit piercing through the clouds, a volcano spouting out fire, a cataract pouring its world of waters in thunder down the broken rocks, or any other object of curiosity, even those which continually pass by us unregarded, the sun's rising and setting, the break of day, the varying shapes and appearances of the moon, as the clouds change "the expression of the sky," are all intrinsically more beautiful. But the importance of an occurrence, similar to that which has just taken place, consists not so much in the delight it affords the eye, as the illustration it offers to the mind, of the perfect accuracy with which the great principles of nature operate, and the height to which human science has soared, in thus exercising over the broad universal regions of space, the same accurate observations with which it fathoms the depths of a stream, or determines the shape of an island. When regarded in its connection with the cheering and elevating hopes of religion, from a subject of idle curiosity, it rises into a theme of wonder, and assumes an importance almost approaching sublimity. It is a palpable and undoubted proof to those whose understandings cannot reach the conclusion through the mazes of metaphysical discussion, that the inconceivably vast plan of the universe is conducted by the control of unlimited wisdom. Nor can human reason refuse to submit its destiny to a power that sways the stupendous operations of the heavens with a regularity which time cannot disturb.

New-year day again.—We publish the anonymous letter of X. as a very fair hit at *somebody*. The lady, whoever she may be, whose demeanor has offended our correspondent, deserves his reproach, not from the fact that her worthy ancestor used to beat Yankee Doodle on "the spirit-stirring drum" for the benefit of his country, (for a drummer may have the soul of a lion, and a general sometimes turns out with no more sense and courage than a chicken,) but because she has arrogated extraordinary claims to importance in consequence of wealth. It is the duty of every individual to act with a proper sense of his station, whatever it may be; but true gentility is "familiar, but by no means vulgar." Enough of the subject however at present. We hope, when the revolving year shall bring on the first day of one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, the whole male portion of our citizens will turn out strong, every mother's son of them, and vindicate the right of a custom that hath all the force of common law; for, as far as we can judge, to use the words of the learned Sir William Blackstone, it hath prevailed "for a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Firemen's Ball.—The ball given annually by this numerous and respectable body of citizens, took place on Monday at the Bowery theatre, which was thrown open from the lobby to the rear of the stage, and highly decorated for the occasion. On entering the immense apartment, occupied by about twenty-seven hundred ladies and gentlemen, among whom was much of the beauty and fashion of the city, we were struck with the magnificence of the scene. Notwithstanding the great pressure of the throng, no accident or unpleasant incident of any kind occurred, and the dancing went on with uninterrupted hilarity. The members of the fire department perhaps participated in the pleasures of the evening with a greater zest from the recollection that they had been but recently engaged on that very spot in arresting the progress of the destroying flames which buried the splendid edifice in ruin.

MORNING ITS SWEETS IS FLINGING.

AS SUNG BY MR. JONES, IN THE COMIC OPERA OF CINDERELLA.—MUSIC BY ROSSINI.

Andante grazioso.

Morn-ing its sweets is fling - ing O - ver each bow - er and spray ; Flow - ers to life are spring - ing, To greet the

op - ning day. Soft floats a - round The wa - ter's mur - m'ring sound ! Ze - phyr is gen - tly wing -

ing Round his spor - tive way, . . . Birds on each branch are sing - ing, While Ec - ho re - peats their lay ! While

Ec - ho re - peats their lay ! While Ec - ho re - peats their lay ! While

'Tis an en - chant - ed grove, Sa - cred to peace and love !

pp *Dol.* *morendo* *pp*

tr *Ad Lib.*

P *P*

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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, TROY, N. Y.

THIS edifice was erected in 1827-8, by the Episcopal Society of Troy, and is one of the best specimens of the Gothic style of architecture in the United States. The walls are of a dark-coloured lime-stone, hammered and laid in mortar. The main body of the building is one hundred and three by seventy feet. At the west end a tower projects twelve feet, and is one hundred feet in height. The basement is nine feet high, and the walls of the main building rise thirty-eight feet above it. There are five windows on each side, and three on each end; the largest window over the altar is forty by twenty feet. The galleries and ceiling are supported by clustered columns. The wood work of the building is painted in excellent imitation of oak. The number of pews is one hundred and forty on the lower floor, and seventy in the galleries. The organ is a fine-toned and powerful instrument. The court around the church is enclosed by a handsome fence.

The church was built under the superintendence of Mr. James McFarland and Messrs. Coryell and McRae, all of Troy, and cost, including the building-lot and furniture of the church, thirty-seven thousand six hundred dollars.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 107.

"It seems to me," said I one day to the Genius, "that man may yet accomplish upon this earth some wonderful transformation, by which his character will be greatly elevated, and his capacities enlarged. He is a progressive being, and since the creation has been perpetually employed in enlarging his mind and improving his situation. He has so altered the aspect of the globe's surface—that should a spirit, who had some thousand years ago wandered over the wilds of this solitary planet, now return, he would scarcely recognise the once lifeless and bleak deserts in the cultivated tracts, peopled with swarming multitudes, and decorated with mighty cities. The principle which impels human beings onward and onward, is yet in operation. Scarcely a century elapses without revealing some valuable secret, or accomplishing some ingenious invention by which greater happiness is placed within our reach, or that, previously possessed by a few, is diffused more exclusively among the many. What unexpected obstacle can arise in man's path to perfection, and like a grisly phantom bid him forbear?"

"Dreams!" said the Genius. "Thoughts like these have filled men's imagination, and made them mad. They have led the alchemist through a life of useless labour, and tempted the ambitious soldier to arduous enterprises, marked by bloody crimes. They have driven the wretched miser over a dark and rugged path, to heap up hoards of gold, with simple hopes of indefinite power and happiness; and the artless girl, with the melting voice of her lover sweet in her ear, has cherished similar fancies, as bright and evanescent as the golden

images that revel in the radiance of the summer heaven. If your progress to durable and perfect knowledge and bliss, could be arrested only by some obstacle existing externally in some future point of your career, there would be less improbability in your unchecked anticipations. The cause, however, which must restrain you within certain bounds, dwells in the construction of your own minds and bodies. Nature has exercised as much care in defining the limits both of your bodily energies and your moral strength and power, as she has in investing you with sources of pleasure and refuges from pain, both physical and moral, within the circle. It is, therefore, as difficult for any individual to be entirely happy as entirely wretched. If thou wilt sketch, according to thine own fancy, the being best constructed for enjoyment, and then place him in circumstances most calculated to play upon all his delightful thoughts and feelings, you shall behold how far human nature is capable of complete satisfaction."

As my silent thoughts drew the scene, it became embodied in the glass.

An immense hall appeared thronged with a multitude. Upon a stage, occupying a prominent station, arose an orator. He was young and commanding in appearance. His countenance beamed with the play of mind. Manly beauty dwelt upon his lofty head, broad temples, and expressive mouth. As he came forward to speak, every agitation of the dense crowd was hushed, and all eyes turned towards him. Had the thousands who held their breath to listen been so many marble statues, there could scarcely have been deeper stillness. When he spoke, the rich tones of his voice came over them like music, and his words gradually aroused their feelings, and shook them with the shock of electric passions. He stood there in defence of a being of the better sex—a fair, youthful, timid creature, upon whose innocence had come the darkening cloud of a dreadful accusation. From the sphere of her domestic peace she had been dragged forward, ruthlessly exposed to the eyes of the inquiring crowd, all of whom deemed it just that those beautiful lips should breathe their last sigh on the scaffold. She had no friend among the thousands but him, and he now poured forth in her defence such a flood of eloquent reason; with such a gigantic grasp he dragged the accusers forth to public scorn, and tore off the mask from their repulsive features; he laid the intricacies of their dark, hidden schemes so bare and naked to the perception of the dullest; and covered with such a halo and radiance and glory the purity and beauty of the trembling and lovely girl, that the great current of public opinion changed its course. She who but lately was to have been led forth a blackened, degraded outcast, a mark and a shame, unworthy to live, and destined to perish in her helpless agony, now moved, a being to be gazed on with bended knee; and they, the bold, audacious, triumphant, and powerful recreants, whose scowls then scared the timid, and quelled the glances of the brave, were now stripped by the great hand of genius—drawn down from their pedestal, and thrust forth into their obscure haunts of wretched impotency and degradation.

As the proud lofty form of the youth decorated the stage with its presence, the aged parents, whose breaking hearts he had bound up with the silver cords of life and joy, came forward to bless him. They brought no golden vase, no costly bust, no precious gem, as pompous offerings of wealth to vanity, but they held out their labour-hardened, trembling hands, and lifted their streaming eyes; and, when they strove to speak, the fulness of gratitude swelled up from their overflowing bosoms, and choked their utterance. She herself buried her face in her mother's bosom.

"I should deem that man happy," said I.

"Look again," said my companion.

The same youth was seated in a shaded apartment, surrounded with all that could bespeak affluence. Ponderous volumes were before him. All was silent. He bent beside a lamp over a book. The solemn peal of a neighbouring clock tolled one. He cast aside his task—weariness was on his soul, and fever in his brain. His heavy lids drooped, not with the influence of gentle sleep, but sickness took away his strength, and pains shot through his system. Then his overstrained mind lost its balance, and instead of the lucid and logical thoughts which he was wont to arrange there, to asto-

nish, to convince, and delight the world, broken and disjointed images floated through his imagination—wild, bright fancies; but the power of swaying, of banishing, of recalling them at pleasure was gone. Then his vigorous frame became emaciated; the rich tones of his voice grew sepulchral, and strange to the ear that loved them most, till at length death ended at once his pains and his triumphs.

"He has paid the penalty," said the Genius, "for putting your own principles in operation. The successful display of mind which you have witnessed, resulted from good natural capacities, but aided by the most strenuous application. To be greater than other men you must labour with more unremitting perseverance; and did not the weak organization of your own minds and bodies give way, brilliant indeed might be the destinies of man; but nature interposes her hand when you overstep the line she has drawn around your sphere of science, of happiness, even of virtue. Resolve, if you please, to mount the rugged road of fame; as you advance your strength will depart, your senses be destroyed, the spring of your spirits broken. Determine, then, to be happy—gather round you every charm and luxury, but the sated appetite will pall, the languid soul sink wearily—and even ignorance, and poverty, and the passions struck out in the fierce contests of man, become objects of envy."

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

LONDON THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

FANNY KEMBLE.

THE rising hope and promise of the drama—the bud—the blossom—the half-blown "rose and expectancy" of the theatrical world—the pledge to the rising generation, that, in their time, at least, Juliet shall not lie buried in the tomb of the Capulets, or Belvidera's sorrows be entrusted entirely to regularly broken-in, thorough-paced, tragedy hacks. I am well nigh tired of the mechanical woes and shallow agonies of every-day tragedy—of picturesque and passionless attitudinizing—of storms of grief, according to the stage directions—"cross to A. H. and burst into tears;" of violent beating of the cold and insensible breast, and knocking of the clenched hand upon the empty head. I am tired of the mere pantomime of the art, without feeling or common sense—tired of vehemence and impetuosity, instead of passion; and particularly tired of hearing such easy work characterised as the "flashes and outbursts of genius." To me, gross and habitual exaggeration seems to pervade nearly all the tragic exhibitions on the stage; and if this be so, it is sufficient evidence of the absence of feeling. Genuine feeling never exaggerates. Those who are really touched by the parts they assume, may, from that very cause, be so little master of themselves as to fail in giving a finished portrait of the character they have undertaken to represent; but they never, by any chance, fall into the opposite fault of "overstepping the modesty of nature," and becoming more violent than the hero or heroine of the scene would have been in reality. There is generally, however, an instinctive propriety about true passion, which leads those under its influence to do neither more nor less than they ought to do, whilst the less easily excited feelings of others wait upon the judgment, and it becomes a matter of calculation how much grief or energy must be used on certain occasions. But it is invariably your hacknied, cold-blooded actors, without either passion or judgment, and who off the stage laugh at anything like enthusiasm in their art as ridiculous, that on it "out-herod Herod," and affect a superabundance of feeling to conceal their utter want of it, the same as ladies of questionable character make an over-parade of delicacy; or, indeed, as pretension of any and every sort seeks to conceal the absence of what it has not by an ostentatious display of the semblance of the quality it would be thought to possess.

Now Miss Kemble does not exaggerate. I have watched her closely, and have never, according to my notions of things, seen, either in look, voice, or action, the slightest attempt to impose upon the audience by extravagance—to extract, as it were, their sympathies by force, and storm them into approval. She is not yet, in some respects, so "effective" an ac-

ness as others of infinitely less ability—that is, she does not so well understand how to produce a sensation by “points” and “situations.” She has yet much to learn and something to unlearn; but she has that within her which cannot be taught, though, parrot-like, it may be imitated—genuine passion, delicacy, and feeling: and all that is necessary for her to do to become a great actress is, in acquiring the necessary business and technicalities of the stage, to preserve pure and undefiled those rare qualities. This is no easy task. Acting is an art in which the noblest results have to be effected by the most unromantic means. Bombastes Furioso itself is not so much of a burlesque as the rehearsal of a tragedy. To say nothing of Macbeths and Othellos in surtout coats and pepper-and-salt pantaloons, and Lady Macbeths and Deademonas in fitch tippets and Leghorn flats, the continual recurrence of trivial directions in the midst of agonizing speeches—“when I do so, mind you do so”—the familiar and unseasonable colloquialisms, the everlasting appeals to and from the stage-manager, the scoldings and the squabbles, are apt to fritter away all enthusiasm in people of ordinary minds, until they become a kind of speaking and attitudinizing machines—mere actors and actresses, who occasionally produce an effect by the beauty of the language they deliver, or from the situations in which they are placed; but who are, for the most part, incapable of duly appreciating either the one or the other. It is only those whose feelings lie too deep beneath the surface to be ruffled or worn away by the habits and jargon of their profession, and who, when the curtain rises, step upon the stage creatures of another element, that really become great actors. There are plenty of anecdotes of Kean afloat, weighty enough of themselves to apparently controvert this assertion; but however that wonderful creature may now have become hardened by habit, he must have been at one time terribly in earnest, and the effect which he still creates is produced by a faithful recollection and copy of the feelings which originally agitated him. It is to be hoped that Miss Kemble will become a great actress, and that the artificial education, of which she has yet much to receive, will not destroy the natural beauty and freshness of her mind. At present her personations are rather distinguished by feminine sweetness and delicacy, and quick and violent transitions of passion, than by sustained force and grandeur; but there is something occasionally in the tone of her voice—in her dark expressive eye and fine forehead, that speaks of the future Queen Katharine and wife of Macbeth. Her greatest fault is a monotonous manner of delivering speeches of any considerable length, particularly those of a declamatory character; she really appears afraid of them, and hurries them over like an irksome task. Her Juliet, with some faults, is a delightful, affectionate, warm-hearted piece of acting; and she is decidedly the least mawkish and most truly loving and lovable Belvidera I have ever seen. The closing scene of madness, where others fail, is her greatest triumph. The tones of her voice, when playfully threatening Jaffier, might almost touch the heart of a money-scrivener. She is the only Belvidera I have beheld play this scene twice. They all contrive to make it either excessively repulsive or ludicrous, and somehow or other manage to bring to the mind a very vivid picture of Tibburlina in the Critic; while their invariably going home in the midst of their distresses, and after a partial touch of insanity, to put off their black velvets and put on their white muslins to go completely mad in, because, as that lady says, “it is a rule,” by no means tends to do away with this unfortunate association of ideas. Miss Kemble is at present the sole hope of the English public in tragedy. She must not disappoint them, for, if she does, there is no one else on whom they can turn their eyes. But when it is considered that this is only her second season—that she is yet but a girl of eighteen or nineteen, it may be fairly said that she has already done sufficient to justify the most sanguine expectations. C.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

“No flowers can ever bloom upon his grave—no tear of affection fall upon the briny surge which rolls over him.”

It was a morning at sea. The sun had risen in glory and was pouring his beams, a shower of golden light, in richness over the boundless expanse of waters. Not a cloud was visible; the winds were hushed, and the surface of the ocean was unbroken by a ripple. A solitary ship was the only object in all the magnificent scene which spoke the existence of man. Her sails were hanging sluggishly from the yards. The light motionless flag, suspended at half-mast, seemed to portend that misfortune, perhaps death, had been there. And such was indeed the case. Among the party who composed her passengers on leaving port, was one whose health had been declining in the coolness of our northern winter, and who, as

the last hope of regaining it, had determined to visit the “sunny vine-hills of France,” and inhale the pure air of Italy. His friends, as they bade him adieu, believed it was their last farewell, and he himself, as his native shores faded from his sight, felt the dark dreary consciousness come over him, that he was going to die among strangers. He was young; and before disease had fastened itself upon him, had moved the beloved and admired of all. He could ill bear the thought of dying, for his hopes were high and animating—just such as an ardent, inexperienced mind delights to indulge; and he had looked forward with impatience to the time when he should become an actor in the busy world. He had talents and education fitted for any employment, and his friends confidently anticipated the period when he should share in the councils of his country, or stand pre-eminently distinguished at the bar. He had ties too of a different nature, which had given a fairy charm to existence, and bound him still closer to life—ties which were too fondly cherished—intertwined, as they were, with the very fibres of his heart—to be severed by any thing save death. No wonder that he felt it hard to die! But the victims which the grave selects, are not always those whom we value most lightly, nor who most readily sink into its shadows. How often is youth cut down when just opening into manhood, and glorying in all its bright anticipations? Such was the case with the one before us. Consumption had been silently but gradually performing its task, and the unnatural flush upon his cheek, and his glazing eye told but too faithfully that he was rapidly passing to another world. He died at last—and his death was calm and peaceful as the sleep of an infant folded in its mother’s arms. And now his manly body lay stretched on the deck, about to be committed to the world of waters—a feeble thing—but oh! the hope and happiness of how many hearts may go with it to old ocean’s silent chasms! The ship’s company were collected and stood around, gazing upon the cold, placid countenance which they were about to consign with all its beauty to the deep. No word was uttered, but memory recalled the gentle voice and sweet smile of the deceased, and fancy pictured the sorrow which his death would cast over the circle he had left. An appropriate prayer, and a few remarks suggested by the occasion, were the only religious ceremonies performed; then the body was lifted carefully, as if it could know, in its unconsciousness, that tears were in the eyes of the strangers, and tenderness in their bosoms. Then a single heavy plunge broke strangely the wide stillness of the ocean, and sent the long and circling ripples over its glassy breast. We gazed with strained eyes after the slowly sinking corse, till it grew dim and vaguely shaped in the deep green water, and then gradually disappeared. A gloomy silence succeeded. The desolation of a desert pervaded the ship.

Beneath the ocean wave,
High soul! thy rest must be;
We ask for thee no prouder grave
Than a deep eternal sea!

Light be the wind that blows
Above thy gentle head!
And noiseless be the waves that close
Around thy sea-washed bed!

No costly stone we rear—
No marble-sculptured bust;
Deep in the ocean caverns here,
“Dust shall return to dust.”

Over the heaving wave,
No mother’s tears may fall—
No sister’s hand shall deck thy grave,
Thou loved and mourned of all!

The breeze is rising now,
Our sails full proudly swell!
The white foam curls around the prow—
Farewell! a last farewell!

B. H.

A SECOND, SQUIRE WESTERN.

Billy H—, whom I once sojourned with at B—, the fine old seat of H— of B—, who signed the declaration of independence, was the Squire Western of Virginia. He was a middle-sized man, with a body too large for his legs, and though I never saw him in boots, he always appeared with spurs at his heels. His way of clearing his throat in the morning was more inspiring than the crowing of chanticleer, and tapered off with a quaver, like the hunter’s horn. It was impossible to lie abed after hearing it. He was devoted to exercise, but his prominent passion was horse-racing and hunting. In pursuing these he was wont to become so entirely absorbed as to talk to himself with a perfect unconsciousness, and to the great amusement of his friends.

At the races of P— he had bet a large sum of money on one of his favourite horses, Sir Hal, or Sir Archy, for he never bred a horse under the rank of a knight. Finding the horse falling behind by degrees, he began the following soliloquy, which was overheard by one of his associates:

“Billy H—, I believe you are a fool—yes, you certainly

are a great fool—sir, you are an infernal fool to bet on that horse.”

By and by his horse began to come up with his competitors. “Not such a fool neither,” shouted the squire. “Billy H— knows what he’s about. Huzza! I’ll bet ten to one on that horse myself.”

“Done, I’ll take the bet,” cried his friend, who had been excessively amused all this while.

“Pooh!” said H—, “can’t a man talk to himself without being interrupted by some busybody or other?”

Mr. H— was a man of great moral worth, and such was the confidence reposed in his integrity, that he was named executor to some of the largest estates in Virginia. I was very fond of him; and indeed it was almost impossible to resist his inborn hilarity and rich good humour. E.

SIMPLICITY.

The more I see of the world, the more I am satisfied that simplicity is as inseparably the companion of true genius as it is of true greatness. I never yet knew a truly great man—a man who overtopped his fellow-men, who did not possess a certain playful, almost infantine simplicity. True greatness never struts on stilts, or plays the king upon the stage. Conscious of its elevation, and knowing in what that elevation consists, it is happy to act its part like common men in the common amusements and business of mankind. It is not afraid of being undervalued for its humility. Of this class is Chief Justice Marshall, than whom a more clear and comprehensive and profound lawyer never perhaps adorned the bench of any country. In his hours of relaxation he is as playful as a child. He is fond of rural sports and exercises, which he enters upon with all the generous ardour of youth; and at sixty years old is one of the best quoit players in Virginia.

I think it was in the summer of 1820 I met him at the Saturday quoit club near Richmond, where were assembled half-a-dozen grave judges, several distinguished persons of various professions, and, though last, not least, an artist, the prince of originals and the best story-teller in existence. A match was made, and the chief justice, throwing off his coat, fell to work with as much ardour as if he were going to decide a question of neutral rights, or one involving the conflicting jurisdictions of sovereign states.

A man who is thus fearless of letting himself down to the level of his fellow-men, in the ordinary amusements and relaxations of life, whatever elevation he may have reached, must possess that innate consciousness of genius which is itself sufficient evidence of its own existence. Those who are afraid of being undervalued or despised for mixing with their fellow-creatures, are of the ordinary every-day race of men, whom chance has made great, and who, like the inmates of unfinished palaces, shut their windows lest people may come nigh enough to detect the abject poverty within. B.

ANTIQUITY.

Old countries, like old families, exist in the recollection of the past. They sit like owls hooting among ruins, stimulating their dotting vanity by the remembrance of ancient glories, and seeking in the mouldy records of time, which exaggerate every thing, oblivion of their present decay. Were they to confine themselves to this harmless indulgence of bed-ridden vanity or dotage, no one would envy or molest them in the enjoyment of these pleasures of memory. But such is not the case. They look down from the ivy mantled summit of their crumbling ruins with an imbecile contempt on those who already are, or will soon become, what they were once in the days of their vigour, and forget that their ancestors were great, only while they partook largely in the energies of a primitive race. They point to the exploits of their forefathers, and instead of blushing at what they themselves have failed to do, cherish as a source of presumptuous boasting those very actions which they are utterly incapable of imitating. They point to the armour and the sword of their ancestors, which not one of their degenerate posterity can wear or wield, and value themselves thus on their own inferiority and degradation. In the imbecility of a garrulous old age, a man may fairly lay claim to the exploits of his youth; these are his own, and time cannot divest him of the merit they merit. But for a whole people, degenerated from the glories of an illustrious ancestry, to claim a renown that belongs exclusively to the dead, and which the living are incapable of acquiring for themselves, is only to glory in what is in truth their shame. It becomes the people of the United States to laugh at these antiquated pretensions, founded, perhaps, on the production of a temple, a statue, a picture, or an epic poem some thousand of years ago, which not one of the

succeeding countless generations has been able to equal; to assume quietly, unobtrusively, yet firmly, their rank in the scale of nations, happy that their past history has furnished lessons for the older nations of the world; that their present situation is prosperous; their future prospects ominous of grand accessions to the present, and that as yet they have done nothing to disgrace themselves in a comparison with their hardy, adventurous, and virtuous ancestors. D.

SOCIETIES.

Literary and scientific societies are almost always the refuge of mediocrity, seeking by combination to attain a reputation which it cannot arrive at by any single effort of its own. Their affairs are too generally conducted by cabal and intrigue, in which the proud independence of genius disdains to participate; busybodies and interested intriguants become the leaders; and men too indolent to contribute anything but their names and their purses, are always willing to give the reins into the hands of those who are willing to do all, provided they direct all, and have the disposal of all the funds. Hence it happens, for the most part, that these institutions, although they lay claim to a vast agency in the improvement of arts, science, and literature, seldom encourage any other than second-rate artists and authors. Almost all the great masterpieces in poetry, sculpture, architecture, and painting were produced when there were none of these hotbeds, called societies, or academies. Ninety-nine times in a hundred, genius may be safely left to its own heaven-inspired and heaven-directed energies to pursue its way to immortality alone, rather than under the niggardly patronage and stinted praises of envious mediocrity. b.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

There is nothing more common than to hear a man, upon the most trifling provocation, resolve to issue an execution against his debtor. In a community, particularly like our own, involved in commercial transactions, it is but just that the creditor should be clothed with certain powers to get what has been clearly proved to be his own, and, in as much as it is a man's most sacred duty to supply the wants of his family, no one can complain if, urged by necessity, he take the shortest method of collecting his debts. But it has always grieved upon my feelings, to hear an individual in affluent circumstances, and enjoying all the abundance and luxuries of life, coolly order the sale of a poor family's furniture because they have been unable to comply with his demands. On the circle gathered around the domestic hearth, even a stranger must gaze with interest. There is something sacred in the spot where the family collect together, secluded from the roughness and bustle of the world, to enjoy each other's society, to recall the affectionate incidents through which they have already passed, to dwell upon the images which hope sketches of the future, and to unite in prayer to their eternal Father that they may be shielded from distress. Imagination recoils from painting the misery of such a group when broken up by the intrusion of some stranger, armed by law, to tear from them the little pittance which industry or accident had hitherto allowed them. E.

DELIVERERS.

When the prince of Orange landed at Portsmouth to take possession of the English throne, he harangued the people, saying, "We are come for your good, for all your goods." This blundering truth is no bad specimen of the common objects of "deliverers"—they come for our "goods." I.

TIME.

Time's both a tall-tale and a thief,
I tell with equal truth and grief.
He stole my teeth, my eyes, my hair,
And then proclaimed it every where. Q.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The History of Modern Europe, with a View of the Progress of Society, from the rise of the modern kingdom to the peace of Paris, in 1763. By William L. Russell, LL.D. And a continuation of the history to the present time. By William Jones, Esq. With Annotations by an American. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 3 vols. 8vo.

It is a quaint, but just remark, that, "he who scatters flowers in the student's path is a benefactor of the human race." In pursuing this metaphor, it might be observed that juvenile travellers have had too much reason to complain of a dry, rough, and cheerless road in their pursuit of historical knowledge. This defect has been, in a great measure, removed by the production now under consideration. To such as are unacquainted with the merits of the work, it may be proper to observe that it is divided into short and distinct portions, purporting to be a series of familiar letters, from a father to his son, written in a chaste, light, and pleasing style.

The history commences with a brief view of ancient Europe, just previous to the decline and fall of the Roman empire. The writer then proceeds to consider the moral and political causes of that great event, and its influence on the state of society; and afterwards, to trace its progress and final consummation. Next follows the system of policy and legislation established by the Barbarians, on their settlement in the provinces of the Roman empire, with a description of the feudal system. Then come the rise of the French monarchy and the history of France under the kings of the first race. From this period, the work proceeds in chronological order as respects the history of the several countries and kingdoms of Europe. France, Spain, Italy, Britain, &c. are each successively treated of, for periods of time just sufficiently protracted to preserve every link of the chain unbroken.

We have just intimated that the study of history, to young persons, has often presented a forbidding aspect, and has sometimes been abandoned in disgust. But this is not the case with the work now before us. The incidents are so striking and interesting, and the manner of relating them so easy and familiar, that we hazard little in saying that no student who has once perused a few of these letters, will willingly forego the pleasure of finishing them.

The original work, by William Russell, terminated at the peace of Paris, in 1763. Here Jones takes up the subject, and continues it through those momentous periods of the American and French revolutions, the magnificent career of Bonaparte, the late war between England and America, &c. down to the death of Alexander of Russia, and the accession of Nicholas to the imperial throne of the Czars.

Both these writers appear to have been actuated by liberal motives; and, in their details of facts, are perhaps as strictly impartial as any of their contemporaries or predecessors. Still, however, we are occasionally compelled to smile at a little "John Bullism" which seems to peep forth in despite of the disinterestedness and magnanimity of the historian. Such, for instance, as the following, where, speaking of the dispute between Great Britain and her American colonies previous to the revolutionary war, Mr. Jones says:

"It cannot be doubted that it would have been very possible to give the British empire a constitution in which its provinces should be admitted to their reasonable share of influence; in which case the freedom and power of the state would have been established on new foundations, and Great Britain would still have continued at the head of the empire, until the maturity of the new world should at length have rendered it necessary to transfer the seat of supreme power across the Atlantic."

On this subject the American annotator has the following judicious remarks:

"The idea conveyed in the concluding sentence of this paragraph must strike the American reader as romantic and Utopian. The history of past ages furnishes no testimony in its favour, and a moderate knowledge of human nature will readily detect its fallacy. The emigration of the court of Portugal to Brazil is not analogous, because that was a flight for personal safety. The relation between old governments and their prosperous colonies, like that between parents and enterprising children, must ultimately be dissolved. The period must arrive when the latter will 'set up for themselves,' and form independent establishments, 'peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must.'"

Again, in describing the battle of Bunker Hill, Mr. Jones says:

"The British ascended the hill until they came within a short distance of the Americans; and as the troops approached the works, so hot a fire was opened upon them that they were thrown into confusion, and for a short time General Howe was left almost alone. The men, however, soon rallied, and, rushing upon the American works with fixed bayonets, they forced them in every quarter."

Here the American annotator is "down upon him" again, and thus he delivers his fire: "It is a remarkable fact," says he, "that almost every British historian affects to treat the battle of Bunker Hill as a trifling skirmish, scarcely worthy of record; and yet, at the same time, they appear to approach the subject with more timidity than their brave countrymen evinced in ascending the hill in the face of the American fire." Mr. Jones, with evident reluctance, admits that the royalists were once "thrown into confusion;" but he wishes us to believe that it was merely a momentary one; for he adds, that "they soon rallied, and rushing upon the American works with fixed bayonets, they forced them in every quarter." Now it is a well-known fact, corroborated by hundreds of spectators, who could not be mistaken, that the British made three successive attempts to dislodge the Americans, and only succeed

ed when the ammunition of the latter was totally expended, leaving them no alternative but to retreat, or (as many actually did) desperately defend their ill-constructed redoubt with the butt-ends of their muskets!" After their first repulse and disorderly retreat, the British soldiers could only be rallied a second and third time, "with the utmost difficulty, their officers pushing them forward with the points of their swords!" See the histories of Morse, Willard, Warren, Thatcher, &c.

Once more—with a brevity and confusion similar to the foregoing, the author dispatches the history of our naval transactions during the late war. He just mentions the loss of the Guerriere and the Macedonian, and "an action between two sloops of war, where the advantage also was on the American side;" but says nothing of the Java, or the two British squadrons which we conquered, with inferior force, on the lakes! while the capture of the poor Chesapeake frigate, which he calls "a fine ship of forty-nine guns," (for which solitary naval victory the tower guns of London were fired!) occupies a long and pompous paragraph!

On this subject, the American annotator is "quite at home," for Brother Jonathan is very eloquent upon these things. "Let us see," says he, "how the account actually stands, arranged in chronological order." He then gives a list of American naval victories, over five frigates, five brigs of war, four sloops of war, and two squadrons on the lakes; together with the relative strength, in guns and men, of the combatants; and the number of minutes in which the victories were achieved. "The above," says he, "is a brief catalogue of the most important nautical events of the late war; and, in almost every instance, the disparity of force was in favour of the British. To recapitulate the minor successes of the United States public and private armed vessels, (adds he) would swell this note to a history."

But notwithstanding the little "sins of omission" which we have noticed above, and several others that might be added—(such as the "trifling skirmish" at New-Orleans, which the author forgets to mention)—we pronounce this work to be the best of the kind that has come under our observation; and we cannot conclude without cordially recommending it to American youth of both sexes.

Cabinet History of the Netherlands, by T. C. Grattan.

This work is doubly interesting, from its subject and its execution. The history of the Netherlands is interwoven with that of Europe. It has been the theatre of half the wars, the object of half the contests which belong to the annals of that continent. Its geographical situation gives it an importance to which its relative power and extent would not entitle it; and it has always been the cause of the jealousy and ambition of its powerful neighbours. The warlike character of its inhabitants, their ancient feuds, and their difference in descent, government, and religion have produced a series of intestine disorders, which make its annals interesting and romantic, if they are often dark and bloody. The history of Belgium is, in fact, the history of all Europe, and as we pursue the one we pass in review all the great men and great exploits of the other. The events, too, of which it has lately been the scene, render any account of it peculiarly acceptable at present. Of the work before us it is only justice to speak in terms of commendation. Mr. Grattan has shown himself capable of earning a higher reputation than that of the mere novelist; and, without disparaging his merits as such, we will freely confess that the present work has given us a higher idea of his talents than we had previously entertained. He has proved himself capable of pleasing without resorting to fancy or fiction for assistance, and of instructing without degenerating into dulness. This little duodecimo is not, to be sure, very extensive, very profound, or very philosophical; but it is a clear, able narrative of the vicissitudes of the country it treats of, and far better fitted for general perusal and general instruction than a production of more pretension would have been. It has all the interest of a novel to recommend it to the lovers of light reading; and enough of the truth, dignity, and impartiality of history to satisfy the graver student.

While on this subject, we must not omit to mention that the work is from the press of Messrs. Carey and Lea, long distinguished as judicious as well as enterprising publishers. It forms part of a series called the Cabinet Library, five numbers of which have already appeared, forming an agreeable and valuable collection.

WILLIAMS'S REGISTER.—We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Williams for the loan of the engraving on our first page. It was executed expressly for his work by Mr. King, of Troy.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE BOY'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER.

MOTHER, I gathered, while the early dew
Filled all their shining cups, these flowers for you.
I've cul'd, with care, the buds thou lovest the best;
These for thy vase—and violets for thy breast!
And roses too, which, in our happier day,
I've seen thee wear—they bloom not now so gay.
And I have made thy garden-walk so neat,
'Tis like a velvet carpet for thy feet.
And I have cleared those envious thorns away
That tease thee so, when at the close of day
Along the winding path thou lovest to go
To gaze upon the dancing rill below.
The sun was up ere half my task was done—
Now, dearest mother, smile upon thy son.
Alas! thy thoughtful eyes are sad to-day—
One little smile peep'd out, but would not stay.
Thou art not angry with thy wayward boy,
For oft thou say'st I am thy only joy,
And though I sometimes tire with fancies vain
My heart would break to think I gave thee pain.
I know that tears adown thy cheek will stray
When I am gone—and we must part to-day.
'Tis hard to part—but I must be a man,
I'll be a hero, mother, if I can!
Heroes, they say, would scorn to shed a tear—
E'en though they separate from friends so dear.
'Tis hard indeed—how lone my heart will be
When I awake at morning, missing thee;
And know, how well soe'er my tasks are done,
I shall not hear my mother bless her son;
Nor feel that dear soft hand upon my brow—
I must not weep—and, mother, weep not thou!
For I will love thee, though I'm far away—
I'll think of thee at morn, and close of day,
And treasure all thy lessons—and he still
Guided, my angel mother, by thy will.
If I no more may gather flowers for thee,
Nor keep thy garden-walk from brambles free,
Nor lead thee where the summer berries grow,
Nor in thy lap the wild grape-clusters throw,
Nor read to thee at eve, nor raise thy smiles,
And cheat thy sadness by my silly wiles,
Yet I can strive in learning's path to rise,
And mingle ever with the good and wise.
Wilt thou not smile, if, at some future day,
Thou hear'st my praise? Wilt that thy cares repay?
Then I will cast away all childish glee,
And strive, the sooner to return to thee.
And I will gather gold—and thou shalt share
All that I have—I'll tend thee with such care!
But I must leave thee ere all this be done;
Then, farewell, dearest mother—bless thy son! H.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES FROM THE DIARY OF AN EDITOR.

THE CRITIQUE.

SEVERAL months after the occurrence related in my last, I perceived, among my bundle of letters, newspapers, &c. from the post-office, a number of the Cahabaw Democrat, containing about a column of abuse against my personal character, and many contemptuous epithets bestowed upon my journal. Several of my patrons in that part of the country threatened to discontinue their subscription. The article was copied into the Catskill United States Federal Republican, the Henry Clay Observer, and the Macdonough Jacksonian. These influential gazettes, I accidentally discovered, were edited by cousins and boon companions of Mr. Obadiah Thompson; and the whole gang, thus scattered in ambush, like Kentucky riflemen, over different parts of the field, opened upon me such a discharge of small artillery, that I so far forgot my natural equanimity and editorial dignity as to wish Mr. Obadiah Thompson, his Travels in Kamchatka, the Cahabaw Democrat, and all their "kith and kin" locked up among the icebergs of the polar regions. Besides having myself read the article in question, (for the papers in which they were published were all sent me by some attentive and good-natured friend,) I was almost harassed out of my senses by the remarks and interrogations of my numerous acquaintances. One shook his head, with an air of pity, as if he looked on some fellow sentenced to be hanged, and then asked me if I had seen the United States Federal Republican? Another came in, giggling and grinning, as if he had drawn a prize in the lottery. He made several attempts to speak, but was interrupted by his laughter; and I was about to congratulate him on his spirits, when he slapped his hand on my shoulder, with amiable familiarity, and asked me if I had read the Cahabaw Democrat? He had not yet done laughing, when a hungry, lank, consumptive-looking young man, to whom I had been slightly introduced about two years before, with high cheek bones, and India-rubber over-shoes, who hangs about taverns, and chews tobacco, stepped

into my office with much solemnity, and taking out his pocket-book, fumbled about among theatre bills and tailor bills, as if he were seeking a bank bill.

Ah, ha! I thought, a subscriber, I suppose! but the paper which he handed me, instead of his four dollars in advance, proved to be one of the above mentioned paragraphs, which the young man with India-rubber over-shoes had kindly cut out for my especial gratification.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir; you are very polite," I exclaimed, as I saw by a glance the nature of the communication.

"Not in the least, sir," said he, and coolly replenished his mouth with about half a paper of Lorillard's best, and, after an operation peculiar to the tobacco-chewing tribe of young men, and by which he nearly extinguished my fire, he favoured me with a respectful bow and disappeared. So much for Mr. Obadiah Thompson.

Among the numerous perplexities to which the editor of a public print is subjected, he enjoys also certain advantages, which it would be ungrateful in me to overlook. He is a knowing one among the million. He continually sees behind the curtain how the affairs of the world are conducted. He struts about like a rooster among actors, authors, and publishers, and when he slaps his sides with his wings and crows forth his critical remarks, there is a general cackle among the literary chickens. Indeed, he can flog the whole barn-yard into confusion. Like that high-minded bird, he also looks with a suspicious and unfriendly eye upon others of the fraternity who encroach upon his premises. Two of the tribe do never encounter each other but they ruffle their feathers, move with wider strides, and exhibit a superadded dignity and loftiness of demeanor which generally end in a pretty considerable fight. Did you ever, Mr. Reader, lean your elbows on a rail fence, on some morning in spring, and behold two bantams engaged in a fierce and chivalric combat upon some abstract point of honour? Even so do the enlightened and sensible brethren of the fraternity to which I belong pass away their time—instruct the community—further the great cause of liberty and national intelligence, and gain for themselves a durable and valuable place in history.

The editor is a sort of divinity. Mortals lay gifts at his shrine. Publishers, painters, poets hover around him. Unseen hands supply him with specimens of every graceful and splendid treasure that genius or industry puts forth. The doors of places of public amusement open of themselves at his approach. His secret thoughts pass with electric speed around the world.

After having flung a fresh hickory stick upon the fire and stirred up the bed of solid burning coals, which produced a crackling blaze, I seated myself in the elbow-chair with the above reflections. I had just finished dinner. An extra glass of wine made me benevolent and happy. I deposited my legs in another chair, folded my arms, looked into the fire for ideas, and concluded to take a sleigh-ride for exercise.

Suddenly a tall form stood before me. His face was begrimed and black. He gazed solemnly on me. A pleasant dream was gone.

"The men want copy, sir," was his awful salutation.

"I thought they had copy enough for to-day," said I.

"The last communication you sent up," said the devil, "could not be read."

"How much room in this form?"

"Two columns, sir."

"I shall die if I don't take more exercise," said I.

"You must not die and leave the world no copy," quoted Peter.

I looked up—the scoundrel had made a pun at me and was grinning from ear to ear. I restrained my impulse to fling the inkstand at his head, and politely requested him to withdraw. Instead of sleigh-ride, went to business.

At that moment entered my friend Colonel Jackson. He is about six feet in height, shoulders broad, with an athletic form, rather approaching the Falstaff style of grace. He had shot three men in duels in France, and lost all his money gambling. Yet he lived along, no one knew how. Carried a bull dog frown upon his countenance, and snarled and growled at every body and every thing.

"I've come to discontinue my paper," said he. "It's too full of puffs and flummery. I want something severe and solid. I'm sick of hearing people praised. You puff books, you puff editors, you puff actors. This is the best singer and that the best player—Mr. Thingumbob astonished us in Hamlet, and Miss The-lord-knows-who excelled herself in Cordelia. Give me something slashing, sprightly. Don't send your paper to me any more. I'll settle your bill with the clerk as I go out."

He cast his eyes on me, as if he were going to eat me up, pulled his hat down over his eyebrows, and went away, giving the door a slam.

"The colonel is a bear," said I to myself; "but he speaks the truth." So I commenced, that very moment, and wrote a critique upon the theatre. It was, as Mr. Obadiah Thompson said, "one of my happiest efforts." For, while I entered into an impartial and temperate examination of the various claims of the players to excellence, and, what I deemed a philosophical analysis of their faults and merits, it contained nothing which, I believed, could be offensive to the feelings of any individual therein named.

Colonel Jackson will subscribe again, thought I, when he sees this. I felt pleased with the idea of having shown that there was at least one independent press in the country.

The day after the paper was published, I was engaged in writing "an essay on the independence of the press in the United States," wherein I had proved incontrovertibly, and perfectly to my own satisfaction, that the abuses against the press were all calumnies, and that an editor was a free agent, except inasmuch as he was controlled by public opinion, when Colonel Jackson entered once more. His hat was yet pulled down over his eyes. He stood up before me like a colossus, and flung down a note which I found to this effect:

"Sir—Your slanderous remarks respecting my personation of — the other night, are base, false, and impertinent. My friend, Colonel Jackson, will arrange the terms of this business. Time, place, and weapon as you please. If I cannot play —, I can snuff a candle with a pistol bullet at any reasonable distance. What right have you to find fault with my acting? I will teach you that you have caught a Tartar. Yours, truly, P. L."

"Caught a Tartar!" said I, looking up at the colonel. "I think I have caught a Tartar. Time, place, and weapon, fit—sooth! Why what does the fellow mean?"

"Mr. L.," said the colonel, "is my friend;" the last two words emphatic. "You will please keep guard upon your words when they relate to him. He has taken this step by my advice."

"Your advice?" exclaimed I, astonished. "Why it was by your advice I wrote the remarks he complains of."

"I advised you to cut up the actors, but I said nothing about my worthy friend Mr. L. You should censure only those who deserve it. But," waving his hand gracefully, "to the purpose. What time will you choose, what place and weapon to give my friend the satisfaction of a gentleman?"

"The satisfaction of a fool!" said I, in a passion again.

"Pray, my good sir, tell your friend, as you call him, to play better, or I shall continue my remarks with increased asperity. I do not think the occasion worth risking my life for. I should be very sorry to kill your friend, and more sorry to be killed by him; but if he offer any insult to me, though I am unwilling to injure him, I shall know how to defend myself."

To my surprise Mr. L. himself, who, it appeared, had listened at the door, now rushed in, and, with a cane of more than ordinary weight and thickness, evidently procured with a view to a desperate assault and battery, walked up to me, his face red with rage, and lifting the bludgeon was proceeding to a very unequivocal symptom of hostility, when I took from my drawer a small uncharged pocket-pistol, cocked it, and aimed it at his head. He vanished with dramatic celerity. I should think the gentleman had sunk in one of his own trap-doors.

"Now, sir," said I, addressing the colonel, who had fiercely walked towards the door. The more frightened he got, the more fierce he looked.

"Good morning, sir; good morning, sir," said he, and he also vanished.

I sat down and finished my paragraph on the independence of the press. About two months afterwards I saw the whole affair in the Cahabaw Democrat, wherein I was made to cut a sorry figure. The next morning the young man with India-rubber over-shoes came in, and laid a copy of the United States Federal Republican on my table.

I then resolved to let the theatre alone, and for several numbers was silent upon the subject, when one morning my respectable little friend, Monsieur Achille Barbierre, came into my office, took off his hat, made me three bows, and said:

"Monsieur Editor—*Je suis bien fâché* dat you say no ting of de spectacle, de comedie, in your papier. I go toujours an spectacle—dat is way I have learn your language so parfaitment bien. Now I have peruse your papier to-morrow morning before breakfast in de afternoon—you nevaire say something about de comedie. I cannot no more be your *abonné*."

Saying this, he took a pinch of snuff—made me three bows, put on his hat, and was no longer numbered among my subscribers.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—As every philanthropic person naturally wishes to ameliorate the condition of the poor in this inclement season, I take the liberty of suggesting an infallible mode of keeping one's self warm, even when the thermometer is below zero, as I have proved in my own proper person. I have been dealing with brokers and lottery-offices till I am so well fleeced, that I defy any weather this side of the south pole. Pray publish this for the information of all persons troubled with cold chills. Yours truly, N. S.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—I am a belle and a beauty, everybody says, and I take care to let everybody see me as often as possible, because I have always heard it said, out of sight out of mind. There has not been a party for the last six years I have not been at, so that, as you may suppose, I am pretty well known to every body worth knowing. Indeed, my fashionable acquaintance is universal, and I take care nobody, that is, nobody worth being remembered by, shall forget me.

You must know I have a dear bosom friend, who is reckoned as handsome as myself, but who hardly ever goes into public, though how she manages to exist at home I cannot guess, with no company but her father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and cousins, and stupid relations, and such like tiresome people. But I don't know how it is, though nobody sees her, everybody inquires after her. I am provoked to death when I go into public, with questions about my friend, whether she is well, and why don't she come to the party, and all such kinds of impertinent inquiries. Everybody seems to be thinking of her, which is what I can't account for, except they mean to affront and mortify me. What makes this the more provoking, I have ascertained that nobody asks about me, or seems to feel the least interest whether I am well, or coming to a party or not. The other night I could not help saying rather tartly to a young gentleman who thought proper to pester me with these impertinences, that I wished somebody would inquire about me. His reply was, "Ah, Miss Laura, you are always every where present to answer for yourself."

Do you think the creature meant to insult me? Yours ever, LAURA VIGOR.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—I know you hate puffing, and so do I. But it would be injuring the world to keep from it a knowledge of useful inventions, and for that reason I ask you, in the name of philanthropy, to announce to the public my newly invented pen, which, I flatter myself, will completely cut out all the self-sharpening pencils, and such like frivolous trumpery. I call it the *inspired pen*, and you will presently see that it merits that name.

In the first place, Mr. Editor, the person using it has no occasion whatever to learn to write. It takes all the labour of mechanical execution off his hands; nor is it necessary ever to have seen any one write, or any thing in the shape of writing, to produce a perfect manuscript. But the most valuable property of the inspired pen is the aid it affords to authors of every description, whereby poets may write without inspiration, and political economists and metaphysicians without understanding their subject. In short, it takes all the trouble of thinking entirely upon itself, so that a man may soar on the wings of imagination, or dive into the depths of philosophy, while his mind is entirely employed on other subjects. I am sorry for the unfortunate gentlemen who teach writing in six lessons. It is all over with them, but I can't help it. I must not forget to tell you that my pen never requires mending, and supplies itself with ink, sand, sealing-wax, &c. I don't despair of bringing it to such a degree of perfection, that it will fold a letter, and afterwards carry it to the post-office. Yours, &c. PEGASUS PENFEATHER.

P. S. I have certificates from distinguished persons, who never saw me or my pen, but whose authority cannot fail of being conclusive. P. P.

To our right worshipful cousins and counsellors, the learned pundits, Morris and Fay, greeting:

This is to apprise you that our royal highness was last night robbed of her trunk, or rather that her trunk was robbed of various valuable articles, consisting of six bottles of porter, three sirloins of beef, and other things of value. The theft was committed while our royal highness was reposeing, after receiving the salaams of the Nawabs, Moonshes,

Butcherbatché boys, and other dignitaries of this illustrious city. Whoever will restore the said articles shall be admitted to our presence six times gratis, be graciously permitted to kiss our toe, and receive the honorary dignity of lord of the bed-chamber to our highness. Witness our foot this fifth day of the moon, in the year thirty-six thousand five hundred and forty-nine.

her
By command of her highness, THE PRINCESS X OF SIAM.
The lord chamberlain Footloolohoo-boo!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Morris and Fay—I seldom read any thing but a hobgoblin story, or some exciting affair of that sort, having other much more piquant modes of killing time. The other day, however, in a moment of ennui, I happened to take up your Mirror, and the first thing that caught my attention was a letter from a young lady, complaining of the strolling gentlemen of Broadway for taking the wall of them, walking arm-in-arm, and pushing them into snow-banks.

Now you must know I spend three or four hours walking up and down Broadway every morning the weather will permit. It is a wholesome exercise, and kills time most beautifully. I think I do recollect something of getting entangled in a sleeve one day last week, and carrying it away, but I give you my honour it was not my fault. The truth is, Broadway is so full of hats, feathers, sleeves, cloaks, and razed petticoats, that it is next to impossible to keep clear of them. A fashionable woman takes up nearly as much room as a load of hay now a-days, and you can't conceive the manœuvring required to get out of her way when she is approaching under full sail, with colours flying, top-gallant royals set, and skyscrapers floating in the breeze. Then you are almost certain, in trying to avoid one before, you back, or side against two or three either behind or one side of you, for Broadway is peopled with these kinds of show-women. I wonder where they all come from, for my part.

I saw the lady who complains of the accident to her sleeve, bearing down upon me at a distance, and made the necessary preparations to give her elbow-room in time. But as the mischief would have it, just as we met, and I was about to escape under her hat, another show-woman came suddenly out of a shop, and betwixt the two, the street was actually blocked up. In attempting to avoid this latter, I came in contact with the sleeve of the other, which caught one of my frogs and was carried away, or rather carried me away with it, in the manner she has truly stated. I was taken up and landed at Flatbush, whence I returned the next day, after making a donation of the sleeve to the Orphan Asylum at that place. The matron of the establishment has politely informed me that it has provided ample material for clothing six of the little orphans.

I hate writing, if possible, more than I do reading; but I could not sit quiet under the imputation of want of gallantry to the sex. I consider that as my forte, and have since stuck fast in six snow-banks in attempting to get out of the way of the show-women. With respect to walking arm-in-arm, we only follow the example of the show-women, who don't mind taking the arm of a perfect stranger and gallanting him all over town. Yours, &c. TOM STAREMBURG.

P. S. It is a calumny that I don't know my right hand from my left. I am a captain in the militia, and learnt that long ago. T. S.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—I wish you would take up the cudgels for us young ladies against the narrow old notions and unreasonable prejudices of their fathers and mothers. You make a great rout about freedom of action and opinion among the men, but you have no idea of the domestic oppressions we unfortunate single ladies are subject to at the fireside. At this moment I am confined to the house against my will by the capricious tyranny of my father, who has taken it into his head that I shall catch cold if I go out in the wet and muddy streets without over-shoes, or fur-shoes, or cork soles, or some such abominable deformity. Did you ever hear such strange nonsense? I told him it made me look like a fright; and he answered it was better to look like a fright than like a ghost. What stuff.

After trying coaxing, crying, and every thing I could think of, he at last told me roundly, I should either put on India-rubber shoes to go out in, or stay at home. What would you male sticklers for liberty say, I wonder, if the government were to order you about in this way? I tried every art to soften the obdurate heart of my unnatural parent, and particularly pleaded the example of mamma, who goes out every

day in prunella shoes. But he said ma was her own mistress, and if she caught cold it was none of his business.

Finding I could make no impression by entreaties or arguments, I determined to be obstinate. So here I have been sitting yawning at the window a fortnight past without stirring abroad till I am almost tired to death. Papa still holds out, and I am sadly afraid I shall have to give up the contest and put on the odious India-rubbers, that make one's foot look like a chimney-sweeper's. O, I can't bear the thoughts of it! What is a little bit of a cold or a cough during the winter, to disfiguring oneself in this way, and spoiling a pretty foot? You must know my foot is very much admired.

I beseech you, Messrs. Editors, to interpose in behalf of the rights of women to wear what shoes they like, and catch cold as often as they please. Yours, SELINA STREETYARN.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—As it is becoming fashionable for young ladies to address you editors upon the subject of their grievances, I hope you will publish this letter of mine. I should like of all things to see some of my writing in print; and why not, pray? for I think I know just as well as any thing in this world, that Miss Isabella Bobbinet, whose letter was in the last Mirror, isn't a pin better than I am. I have just finished school, and this winter I come out and see company. Pa didn't want me to come out till next winter; but I begged so hard, and ma said something so sensible to him about the rich young Mr. L. that between us both pa consented. Pa always objects at first, but ma and I carry the day in the end. Well, I'll now tell what I'm going to write about. I had great trouble to fix upon a subject. First, I was going to take beauty, then spring, then I began a little love story of a young man of my acquaintance, who made love to a young woman, and won her affections, and then the young man found another young woman, who was a good deal handsomer than the first, and a good deal richer too; and so the young man married the latter; and the other young woman got very sick, and—I suppose you think she died—but that shows how much you know about it; she got married, and lived very happily, and enjoyed domestic bliss, and all that. But on the whole I concluded to wait till I fell in love with somebody, so as to tell better how it feels, for pa says nobody ought to write upon subjects they don't understand. Now between you and me, *entre nous*, as Mademoiselle D'Arlingcourt, our French teacher, used to say, I do almost believe, that is, I shouldn't wonder at all if I had got a *leelle* in love already, for there's a young man comes sometimes to our house, and looks so well—has his hair all curled, and his boots brushed—and he has such large dark hazel eyes, that he fixes on me so, and he wears an olive frock-coat, that I could sit still and let him look at me always. Then he has such a beautiful voice, and sometimes he leads me to the piano, and leans over me, and sings, "My pretty page, look out afar," or "Meet me by moonlight alone," with ever so many other songs. I declare he is the most delightful, dear, good-for-nothing fellow, and one of the greatest quizzes you ever saw. I do like a handsome young man, who is a quiz, if he can sing, and wears an olive frock-coat. I think those frock-coats are so becoming. If I were a young man, I'd wear an olive frock-coat, and I'd quiz every body to death. But bless my soul, how I'm rattling on. I was going to write about whiskers and mustachios. Those ugly, filthy, bearish-looking things. Charles' face is as smooth and beautiful as mine. Now, Messrs. Editors, I asked pa if the public authorities couldn't put a stop to this dreadful fashion. I'd put any man in the state-prison that dared to come into the presence of a respectable and handsome young lady with such piratical, impudent, abominable, ugly-looking things. There was one—I won't call him a gentleman, because gentlemen always try to please the ladies—who came in to see pa one night, just before we had lighted the candles. Pa had just gone out, so we were left all alone in the drawing-room, and I was really frightened, for I thought he was a Turk or an Algerine—but when pa came in and the candles were lighted, he spoke English as well as you could. Pa said he was an American born, and had never been abroad except to Philadelphia and Brooklyn. If he were well shaved he would be tolerably good-looking they say, but I don't believe a word of it. Pray don't you think it rather a silly piece of vanity for young Americans, who have travelled, to make themselves conspicuous on their return, as many others do, by such means as these? Would it not show more good sense in them to strive to be distinguished rather by superior information and elegance of manners; by their liberality, their civility, and their attachment to the customs of their own country, than to seek the notice of the rabble by letting hair grow on their upper

lip. Besides, I think that young gentlemen who have been fortunate enough to possess advantages of friends and fortune sufficient to enable them to see the world, would be much more excusable in sustaining the honest and manly simplicity which ought to characterize every citizen of this republic amid the luxurious splendour and capricious fashions of foreign lands, than in attempting to introduce new-fangled customs and useless innovations among their own countrymen. Any fool may wear a lock on his lip as a kind of publication to the street passengers that he has been to Europe, but surely there are more dignified means of showing they have been blessed with better opportunities of improving themselves than others possess. When our sterling philosopher, statesman, patriot, and honest man, Benjamin Franklin, was at the court of France, at some great public festival the rules of the place required that he should array himself in a suit corresponding to the magnificence of the occasion, on penalty of being excluded therefrom. He sent in a request, I believe, to the throne, stating, that his ideas of propriety and habits of life were opposed to any extraordinary alteration in his dress, and received in reply a permission to appear in his usual costume, which he did; and this is the man for whom all Paris mourned. Now suppose that instead of this he had become enamoured of foreign fashions, returned with a monstrous pair of whiskers and mustachios, don't you think it would have been a derogation from his character? I am afraid these youths who go abroad and bring nothing home but hair, will never be Dr. Franklins, any of them. Pa says you can't indict a man for trespasses on taste and decency, but only for getting other people's money, and such things; but you, Messrs. Editors, can tell them for me, that although they may think they look beautiful with these appendages, the young ladies of New-York would rather see Americans dress and act like Americans; and let dukes, counts, and Spanish grandees keep their fashions and their titled pride on the other side of the Atlantic. Your obedient servant,

MARY.

THE FINE ARTS.

REVIEW OF THE
BIOGRAPHY OF MADAME FERON.

Published in a contemporary journal, by Germanicus.

In reviewing the biography of any professional person, it seems to us that we have to direct our attention to three points. First, to the spirit in which the author has written; second, to his matter of fact; and third, to speculative opinions advanced with regard to the science on which he treats. On the first we find no fault with *Germanicus*. If he has leaned towards the bright side of the question, and adopted a tone of eulogy, we take into consideration that he is writing of a woman, and that is a sufficient apology. The correctness of his statements as to where the fair vocalist was born, where she travelled, and whom she met, we shall not question; nor shall we trouble ourselves with comparing the biographer's private opinions with those which he says many eminent musicians entertained on the same subject, for after all it is a mere matter of *on dit*. Indeed we should have passed over the whole affair in silence, well pleased at the deservedly complimentary notice of a talented singer, had not the author thought proper to draw the most extraordinary conclusions from premises founded on fallacy. Will it be credited by any professional friends or admirers of Madame Feron, who have not read the article, that it is, in the first place, assumed as a position that the effects she produces are attributable to her possessing the *portamento di voce* in perfection? We quote the author's words:

"Madame Feron appears now to most advantage in the *aria di portamento*, a term by which I mean that the voice must be strongly supported and artfully managed through the long notes, of which this air is composed, the motion of which is graver than that of any other species. Mrs. Austin, it has been said, has acquired the *portamento di voce* to great perfection, but I must differ on this point. This lady does more justice to the *aria cantabile* than to the *aria di portamento*."

"Apt terms in apt places, if you please," said Lord Brougham the other day, when he was compelled to expose a fellow peer of the British house of lords. "Apt terms in apt places" are equally necessary in an analytical, and critical, and technical, and biographical portrait, such as the author describes his present essay to be; but, if his terms be apt, all the writers of celebrity are wrong, and have ever been wrong, and they need a voyage to America for the sake of discovering *Germanicus*, and gaining new lights. As we doubt, however, whether *Germanicus* will succeed in converting the musical world to his way of thinking, we, as humble indivi-

duals, shall take the precaution of entrenching ourselves behind the opinions of some few of the most reputed writers, while we venture to assure our readers that no lady or gentleman can sing any melody composed of "long grave notes;" nor yet produce the least effect in any *aria* of the species called "*cantabile*," without being perfect in that branch of study termed "*portamento di voce*;" consequently, if Mrs. Austin, as our author avers, "may be considered a singer to the heart," and if her mode of executing "Angels ever bright and fair," render it a "delightful soothing *cantabile*," we agree with him "that it is a qualification difficult to be imitated;" but, nevertheless, we assert that it arises solely from the study and acquisition of the *portamento di voce*. It is not the writer's opinion that we complain of, it is only the blundering attempt at inference with which the essay abounds; and foremost stands the gross misunderstanding of the phrase *portamento di voce*. We call his attention to the following explanation of its meaning given by Mr. T. Cooke, member of the Philharmonic Society and Royal Academy of Music, London, and (we like to be particular) director of the music to the theatre-royal Drury-lane, and Bavarian choir at Warwick-street chapel:

"*Portamento* is the art of carrying the voice gracefully from one note to another by means of a glide. It is of considerable service in giving a flowing and continuous effect to the voice, and in lessening the difficulty attendant on singing notes which are separated from each other by distant intervals, &c. &c. The judicious regulation of this branch of singing greatly assists in giving the true effect to movements intended to express feeling and tenderness; the power of conveying the beauties of such movements is justly considered to be the highest perfection of vocal excellence." Then follows an example from Handel, "Farewell, ye limpid streams;" a *larghetto* movement of exactly the same description as "Angels ever bright and fair."

So much for the opinion of Mr. T. Cooke. Now let us examine what the celebrated Italian master, Gesualdo Lanza, says on the same subject, in his treatise on the art of singing:

"Anticipation," (in Italian, *portamento di voce*), "is a kind of flowing style of singing, which it carries gracefully from one note to another, when notes are separated by any distance; it is very often made use of in Italian singing, and is described in music by a small note after a large one of the same sound with the next note, the value is thus taken from the first note."

If the opinions of these two highly successful and eminent masters—the former of whom educated Miss Tree and Mrs. Knight, the latter Miss Stephens and Mrs. Austin, with a host of others—be not of sufficient calibre to cope with our friend *Germanicus*, let us quote from the writings of others. Sir John Hawkins thinks that *portamento di voce* means "the art of carrying the voice from note to note with a pleasant cunning;" and Dr. Burney says that "*portamento* is the glory of the Italian school; that it consists of a graceful progression from note to note, more excelled in by Madame Mara in Handel's air of 'Pious Orgies,' than by any other singer that he had ever heard."

We hope we have now established to the satisfaction of our musical readers, that either *Germanicus* has made a sad mistake touching the *portamento*, or that the works of the greatest musicians of the present and past ages need his correction. We also submit that we have proved that the *portamento di voce* is an essential ingredient in such airs as "Angels ever bright and fair," "Farewell, ye limpid streams," and "Pious Orgies," which are all of one class, and are *cantabile* movements. Let us now hear *Germanicus* contradict himself. He asserts, and, for the sake of perspicuity, we reiterate his own words:

"Madame Feron appears to most advantage in the *aria di portamento*, a term by which I mean that the voice must be strongly supported through the long notes, of which this air is composed."

Will the reader be pleased to compare the following quotation with the foregoing:

"Madame Feron finds as much difficulty in holding one note as she has facility in running an hundred!"

We really cannot do such injustice to our readers' capacity as to point out the absurdity of this contradiction. It is self-evident.

Again. We ask how can Madame Feron excel in an *aria di portamento*, and be applauded for "*pompa della voce*," (majesty of voice,) if both its firmness and tone be injured by her course of practice? and yet such are the extraordinary assertions of *Germanicus*.

Let us endeavour to designate the actual qualities in which Madame Feron does excel, and contrast her with Mrs. Austin,

in those *morceaux* which are familiar to our readers, and we think the result will prove that Madame Feron's success has invariably been greatest in those pieces in which the quality of *portamento di voce* is least necessary; on the contrary, the success of Mrs. Austin has been most marked where that quality is developed. In the opera of *Isidore de Merida*, Madame Feron pleased the London audience in the song of "Cupid, aid me," arranged to suit the brilliant parts of her voice by Mr. T. Cooke, from the score of an Italian, named Balducci; and she sang the beautiful *aria* by Storace, entitled "Peaceful slumbering," without the least applause. In the same opera Mrs. Austin made no feature of "Cupid, aid me," but succeeded in obtaining the most marked approbation for "Peaceful slumbering;" a melody, according to the examples we have quoted, demanding the *portamento di voce*, whereas the former requires none. In the Marriage of Figaro, in the duet *sul aria*, wherein *portamento* is essential, the even and flowing execution of the *cantabile* passages placed Mrs. Austin very far in advance of Madame Feron, to counteract which the latter invariably threw her whole force and power into a *rolata* at the conclusion, which had a due effect in redeeming her with a mixed audience, although not suited to the style of the music. But, as *Germanicus* states, that he never witnessed Madame Feron's performance in the theatre, let us follow him to the concert-room, and bring the two ladies before him there. We can fix upon no better occasion than the musical festival got up by Mr. Horn at Niblo's Garden; it consisted of three parts, one, of sacred, a second of Italian secular, and a third of English secular music. In the sacred music Mrs. Austin took the lead, because Mr. Horn knew her capabilities; and Madame Feron gladly relinquished the responsibility of undertaking music for which she was not qualified; but as one song was necessary, we had an opportunity of contrasting her execution of "Wise men flattering," in which no effect was produced, with the "Angels ever bright;" "The bright seraphim," &c. in which Mrs. Austin was perfectly at home; and nevertheless Madame Feron's brilliant execution in the following act placed her as high in our estimation as ever; for her "*Nel cor non piu mi, ento*," and other *morceaux*, deprived of the *portamento*, were brilliant as usual. In conclusion, for we cannot follow our author in his wanderings any further, we really must be allowed to express our astonishment at the presumptuous attack upon Italy, which he conveys in the following words:

"She, Madame Feron, has been too much abroad, and in a school where a taste prevails, to which we enter our decided protest, because it is Italian."

What school, then, in the name of all that is wonderful, would our author select for the musical education of a vocalist? Is he really ignorant that all vocal music in all civilized countries is taught upon principles originally laid down by the Italians, that every *sofleggio* is essentially Italian, and that every nation agrees in adopting Italian terms to express musical sounds. In short, we are tired of schooling *Germanicus* upon points which all musicians ought to know, and here we bid him adieu.

B.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Rents.—This is a subject of great importance to almost every member of the community. The relations of landlord and tenant are every where felt; and by some, as a burthen of no ordinary weight. Perhaps nothing shows more impressively the dispositions and propensities of people, than the power often exercised by landlords over tenants. The avaricious workings are sometimes so predominant as to be really appalling; and it is doubtful if there is another town or city in the Union, where the general scale of charges is equally heavy and grievous. We hazard nothing in saying, that on a fair average they are full one-third heavier here than in Philadelphia, and with accommodations and conveniences much less desirable and commodious. Not only are the houses in that city ordinarily much better, but their yard-room is as two to one in their favour. Add to this, an unlimited supply of excellent water for all domestic purposes, as well as for cleansing the streets and carrying off all those offensive impurities, which in our city are a never-failing topic of well-founded complaint. Our taxes too, we believe, are nearly double those of Philadelphia. At the same time we are compelled to inhale a tainted and unwholesome atmosphere, which a suppl. of good water would immediately correct, besides relieving us from a long established reproach.

It so happens that buildings situated in those parts of New-York which are adapted to large commercial transactions, command high, and sometimes indeed exorbitant rents. The

consequence is, that every person owning real estate, thinks himself justified in levying a similar contribution, no matter where it may be situated. Many have bought property of this description at a price far beyond its intrinsic value; they nevertheless suppose they ought to realize for its use, a full interest for their investment, without at all estimating the ability of a tenant to pay that amount. Not a few have made large purchases at enormous prices, even on calculations of *safety*. Men of this class ought to bear in mind, that if they choose to give two prices for an article, it does not follow that they have a right to tax a tenant accordingly, and compel him to pay twice as much for its use as it is fairly worth.

There is another point of view in which we think landlords too often commit very serious errors. They do not make sufficient difference between a tenant who has the ability and the disposition to meet his engagements punctually and honestly, and the man of doubtful pretensions and means. The distinction ought to be a wide one; and the man of true wisdom will be careful to make that distinction.

Were a little more attention paid to this rule, householders would find more fidelity and less trouble than they now experience, beside the disadvantage arising from the frequent change of tenants, and the consequent injury to the tenements. The fair criterion for estimating real estate we think should be this: *what sum can a tenant afford to pay for the use of premises, and fulfil his contract faithfully?* Property in houses without good tenants is merely nominal, and may not unaptly be compared to the useless gold found by Crusoe in his uninhabited island.

There is one other custom by which a dishonest landlord frequently succeeds in defrauding a tenant. After having occupied the premises a year, at a stipulated rent, and one which he deems quite equal to his pecuniary ability, the latter finds himself subject to an additional demand of twenty-five or fifty dollars, to which extortion he is either compelled to submit, or else incur the trouble, expense, and inconvenience of moving, which family sickness or business considerations may render almost impossible; and yet the law runs strongly in favour of the landlord; and among the general provisions applicable to voluntary assignments by a debtor imprisoned in execution in civil causes, the statute declares the right of any landlord to distrain for the last year's rent upon any property of the insolvent vested in trustees under the title above alluded to.

We believe also that it is a custom confined to the city of New-York for a landlord to demand security for rent. Is it because he is a wealthy man that he is invested with peculiar privileges to collect his debts? The tailor, the grocer, the shoemaker, the butcher, and the baker are all frequently compelled to allow long credit, and sometimes consequently suffer heavy losses in the ordinary course of business transactions; and it is certainly more consonant to both reason and justice, that they who voluntarily, and for certain anticipated profitable results to themselves, have entered into similar engagements, should bear the evil as well as the advantage accruing therefrom, than that a third person, entirely disinterested, should endure the whole risk of a transaction from which he cannot realize any possible benefit. We do not mean to impugn the reasonableness of the existing laws between landlord and tenant, but only to hope that since law and custom unite in entrenching the former behind stronger barriers against loss than those allowed to other classes of society, they may acknowledge the impropriety of abusing their power. Our remarks are not applicable to the majority of respectable men who hold real property in the city, but to those few whose manoeuvres to extort by unfair means a paltry increase of rent from good tenants, have accidentally come under our observation.

Zoological Museum.—One of the letters of our London correspondent, published a few weeks since in the Mirror, contained an interesting account of the gardens prepared by the Zoological society of that city. We find that Mr. W. I. Harrington is exerting himself to establish here an exhibition of the same kind. He has formed a plan, on a large and extensive scale, of a zoological museum of living natural history. The great and increasing population of New-York, and the number of strangers continually passing through the city, can scarcely fail of insuring a successful result to his undertaking. It is true, that exhibitions of wild beasts, as they have hitherto been conducted by the wandering and ignorant masters of menageries, have been but little patronized by the better classes of the community, and the persuasive eloquence of the man with a fiddle at the door, "walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the lion—only one shilling!" has not been as successful as the stockholders in the business

could have wished; but the reasons of their failure are too obvious to need much illustration. The fierce paintings exhibited at these haunts, are generally wilful slanders upon the patient and jaded beasts within. A wretch of a lion, most wofully inclined to tired nature's sweet restorer—a filthy ostrich—a wild cat, and a racoon—with an assemblage of monkeys, practising all the graces peculiar to that grave and elegant class of individuals; these and similar wonders were all the allurements which the unhappy tribe of zoological philosophers could hold forth, to entice unwary passengers into the most loathsome places. And since the Italian opera, and the production of Cinderella, even the Orpheus at the door wastes the sweetness of his broken fiddle upon the desert air.

But a zoological museum, located here, under the superintendence of scientific men, would indeed be an ornamental addition to the city, and in the course of time might grow to be not only a source of entertainment, but a very interesting auxiliary to the painter, and a valuable field of instruction to the youthful part of our citizens. Every admirer of nature must be interested in a plan which has for its object to rear within the limits of the city, an extensive collection of those wonders of animated nature which poetry and history have associated with the most distant climes. For ourselves, even in the petty displays of this kind which accident has hitherto placed within our reach, we have found an interest; and Mr. Harrington's scheme has already been so far successful, as to offer strong inducements to the intelligent observer. His museum contains many rare specimens of birds and beasts. No important progress, however, can be effected in his enterprise without the general co-operation of the public, which will doubtless be awarded as soon as the elevated nature of his exhibition, and its connection with a permanent plan, become generally understood.

Black Stocks.—As this seems clearly marked out by destiny as an age of revolution, reformation, eclipses, snow-storms, and other wonders, we deem it an imperative duty to venture a glance at the great innovation in the fashionable world which has lately taken place in the mode and character of the cravat. The time was when a well-bred gentleman of the Pelham-school would as soon think of jumping down the crater of a volcano as appearing at a party in a black stock. He would have sunk beneath the frowns of the Venuses, Hebes, and Junos, who adorn the drawing-rooms of the affluent in this wonderful republic; and doubtless at the next jam would have been found among the missing. The late king of England, however, the most polished gentleman in the kingdom, once appeared in public with a black stock, and such unquestionable authority was sufficient with all the little elegant Pelhams and Beau Brummels in both continents. His present majesty dispenses with much of the pompous ceremonials of royalty; and, from his early nautical tastes, may one day take it into his head to assume the habiliments dear to his youthful associations. Should that be the case, we may look to see our drawing-rooms thronged with round jackets and other marine decorations. Our young men are, however, much in need of a standard of fashionable right and wrong. They want a leader, to lay down the rules of dressing and acting. Strange that so important a science as fashion has received so little attention. We ought to establish an academy to discuss and settle the questions which agitate the circles of the gay. We might as well, in reply to queries from perplexed correspondents, once for all disclaim all assumption of any superior knowledge upon these matters; and we are, at the same time, bound to confess our ignorance of any tribunal to which their interrogatories may be successfully preferred. "Adonis" begs to be enlightened upon the state of our opinion respecting black stocks. "Mary" insists upon knowing whether she may assume the arm of a gentleman in Broadway without any breach of delicacy and propriety, and without giving the scandalous world any just reason to report her as "engaged;" and "Master Slender" modestly hints that nature has blessed him with undoubted capabilities in the whisker way, and that he cherishes a hope of being able to rear a pair of mustachios which would set criticism at defiance, but declares himself wavering in mind, and much distressed with the great variety of unsatisfactory opinions he has heard expressed upon the subject. In regard to the first, we can only say that the mutability of taste will probably soon render the question unessential, although we, being rather addicted to the refinement of epicureanism, and setting great value on ease and comfort in the little items of life, should bid farewell with regret to an article so light and neat as the one under consideration, especially if, as would probably be the case, something unnatural, cumbrous, and troublesome

should be substituted. To Mary, *sub rosa*, we would whisper, especially if she be an engaging girl, with a low and silvery voice, and a pair of speaking blue eyes, "take our arm," and let the world say what they please. As far as delicacy is concerned, we despise such mawkish, sickly sensitiveness, and pity the young and fair whom prudish affectation and unnatural romance have rendered its victims. No one more than ourselves admires the genuine modesty of woman. It is the halo of her brow. It is the fairy wand in her hand. It is the spell and the glory before which the knee bends and the heart thrills, but it never discloses itself in selfish ceremonies and awkward refinements. It does not shrink from the green earth and clustering flowers that glow around the path of youth, beauty, and happiness, as if it shunned to arouse the serpent at every tread; but it wanders carelessly on, and its unconscious confidence is its ornament and its shield. These hair-drawn distinctions are unnatural and ridiculous. Neither are they who invent them, and attempt to put them in operation, the most innocent in thought or the purest in principle. An individual, enough of a gentleman to walk with a lady in the street, or to take her hand in the dance, is sufficiently so to sustain her arm, that he may afford her such attentions as manly strength has ever offered to the sex. No English lady would dream of rejecting similar assistance; on the contrary, she would rather deem it a piece of rudeness in a gentleman to refrain from proffering it. And, if we must ape the manners of other nations, let us select those founded on reason, and leave the black stock to struggle by itself up to its proper level, unaided by the royal hand.

As for "Master Slender" and his whiskers and mustachios, notwithstanding the letter upon that subject in a previous page, we say, wear them by all means. They must melt the hearts of every fair admirer of the beauties of nature. Their general adoption would be an incalculable saving of expense and trouble. And what is all our palaver of the freedom of the people about, if a man cannot make a bear of himself just when he pleases? What a solemn and dignified assemblage the young whipper-snappers, who skip and frik about theatres, ball-rooms, and *soirees*, would make, each ornamented with a full-grown beard, like the fathers of lofty Rome. We observe the distinguished African tragedian has offered a public example, which certainly no young gentleman, with the slightest claims to distinction, can refuse to adopt.

Philadelphia Gazette.—This is one of the oldest and best papers in the city of Philadelphia, and will lose nothing of its value from the fact that it is at present under the sole editorial superintendence of Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq. We are glad to find so fine a writer and so finished a gentleman occupying a station worthy of his talents. Such individuals as he cannot but add respectability to the press. He has for several years been one of the contributors to the Mirror. His effusions have been circulated far and wide, and won the commendation of both foreign and domestic journals. It would be strange indeed if the Gazette did not assume a high rank under his auspices, and we shall hereafter look to its pages with increased interest.

Madame Malibran.—We find the following in the London Globe; but, as we know nothing about the matter, we refrain from comment: "A fracas has recently occurred in Paris, which has created a sensation in that metropolis, and deprived the Parisians for the present of the vocal talents of their great favourite, Madame Malibran. The husband of this lady has recently arrived from America, and made a demand to participate in the produce of his wife's talents. The lady indignantly refused to comply with his wishes, and what is vulgarly called a *regular row* took place between the parties at the theatre. The subject is now before the courts of law, and, until it is settled, Madame Malibran declines appearing in public."

The streets.—The dangerous and almost impassable state of many of the streets should be taken into consideration by the common council. Piles of snow and ice, in some places, block up the way; and, after the first period of warm weather, unless some precautionary movements are made, we shall probably be favoured with a supply of water sufficient to satisfy the most hypercritical upon that subject. Accidents are also continually occurring, horses falling, and carts and carriages settling quietly in the holes, chasms, &c. with which the roads are laid out in a very fanciful manner. Would it not be possible to employ a few of the able-bodied labourers who are lounging idly about for want of work, to clear them away for the benefit of the public? Perhaps, should some member of the corporation find his carriage overturned, and his own valuable neck broken, the survivors might proceed to inquire whether the evil might be remedied.

WE MET.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE BOUDOIR—SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY THOMAS H. BAYLEY.

In the course of our remarks, in a previous number, upon the success which has attended the lyrical poetry of Bayley and Moore, as opposed to similar attempts of Scott and Byron, we attributed the cause to the knowledge of musical pronunciation on the part of the two former. The perusal of every fresh publication, of which Bayley is the author, confirms this opinion, and its truth is rendered strongly apparent by the following beautiful ballad. Let the most fastidious admirer of the soft Italian language examine each syllable, and confess that Bayley has not only expressed himself in exquisite poetry, but has selected the best musical sounds which our extensive, but occasionally rough language, affords. Although the modulation speaks no extraordinary musical research, yet there is no reason to believe it may not be displayed in future efforts; and the regularity and tenderness of the melody, and the admirable clearness with which the sentiment is conveyed, prove his marked talents as a composer. This class of lyrical productions, more than any other, is sure of being generally understood and felt. From the excitement occasioned by the complicated skill and magnificent energy of Rossini or Weber, the mind will find both relief and pleasure in the quiet charm of such compositions; and, without any infringement of good taste, may enjoy the melodious simplicity of which they are the essence.

Andantino Expressivo.

We met, 'twas in a crowd, And I thought he would shun me; He

came, I could not breathe, For his eye was up - on me; He spoke, his words were cold, And his smile was un - al - ter'd; I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice fal-ter'd: I

wore my bri-dal robe, and I ri-val'd its white-ness, Bright gems were in my hair, how I ha - ted their bright-ness, He call'd me by my name, as the bride of an -

other, Oh! thou hast been the cause of this an-guish, my mo-ther.

SECOND VERSE.

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him,
He smil'd and whisper'd low, as I once used to hear him;
She leant upon his arm, once 'twas mine and mine only;
I wept, for I deserved to feel wretched and lonely.
And she will be his bride!—at the altar, he'll give her
The love that was too pure, for a heartless deceiver;
The world may think me gay, for my feelings I smother,
Oh! thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NUMBER IV.

ERROR.—People that are sincere in their errors may be set right; but I know of no means of convincing those who only affect to be wrong, except giving them offices.

ELVES AND GOBLINS.—There is somewhere a tradition that elves and goblins had their origin in the factions of the *Guelphs* and *ghibellines*, corrupted into elves and goblins.

RELIGION.—Religion ought to be left in her native simplicity, rather than hang her ears with counterfeit pearls.

A PHILANTHROPIST.—A busy body, who is always meddling in the affairs of other people and neglecting his own.

A BLOCKHEAD.—A fellow perplexed by reading a multitude of books.

TWO EVILS.—Heaven defend me from the activity of a busybody, or the energies of a blockhead.

DETHRONED KINGS.—Firebrand smoke most when out of the chimney, so kings, out of place, are apt to be very troublesome.

ACTIVE MEN.—Active men are like millstones in motion, which, if they have no grist to grind, will set one another on fire.

POPE JOAN.

Jenious, a thousand times I swore
My Joan I never would see more.
"Pshaw!" cried the jade, all doubts at end,
"Come, kiss my cheek and be my friend."
"I can't," said I: "I have an oath,
To break it would condemn us both."
Whispered the jade in silvery tone:
"Come, I'll absolve thee, I'm Pope Joan."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

TIME.

Of time the fell consumer! Time the god!
Before whose tread things animate do bend—
And things inanimate, beneath whose rod
Do crumble and decay. Of time the friend;
Whose balsam doth the broken spirit mend.
Of time the enemy; whose fleet decrees,
Like "winged messengers" of death, do send
Destruction in their course, while youthful ease
Gives way to age's pangs and mortified disease.

Rome, pride of worlds! vast city! where art thou?
Where are thy lofty palaces and towers?
Thy patriarchs and kings, where are they now?
Where are thy gardens, garlanded with flowers,
Thy marble fountains, and thine orange bowers?
Where are thy temples now? and where the hand
That rear'd their mighty structures? where the powers
That held submissive nations at command?
Alas! decay's wide arm enfolds thy fated land.
And ruin, standing on the desert mound,
Where erst thy proudest pinnacles uprose,
Points o'er the dreary stones that line the ground,
O'er mould'ring tombs, wherein have sought repose
Thy mighty ones, and where the ivy grows;
O'er crumbling sculptures thy vain glory thought
Would outlive time, now emblems of thy woes!
Thus she surveys the scene with relics fraught,
And laughs to scorn the deeds that she alone has wrought.

Thy Pantheon, honour'd by the sculptured bust
Of many a form that did thy glory please,
Yet holds its mighty fabric from the gust
Of withering time, whose dread sirocco breathes
O'er all around, nor shall a part appease
Its searching blast. The Pantheon's towering wall
It has struck lightly as a summer breeze;
But yet beneath its breath this ancient hall
Shall drop with thund'ring crash! 'Tis thus the mighty fall!

Time here, where classic Rome in grandeur lay,
Has left deep-printed his undying trace,
His ev'ry work is hast'ning to decay:
The raven croaks where once in kingly grace
Her consuls view'd the combat or the race:
Alike have felt, cottage and towering dome,
'Time's with'ring wand, that touches to deface:
Each stone and spire doth crumble to its doom;
And all alike by time are marshal'd to the tomb.

If such are marks of time's dread tracery,
If rocks do crumble 'neath his mighty shock,
If proudest towers do bow to his decree,
And things inanimate, or stone or stock,
Do each and all their gates of strength unlock,
As time, bald reaper of the harvest field,
Sweeps his keen scythe, all human strength to mock.
Shall man alone be as a fountain seal'd?
Shall man not bow his head when all around him yield?
Not surer to the earth the spears of grain,
That in their golden ripeness kiss the breeze,
'That floats from autumn skies across the plain;
Not surer fall the girdled forest-trees,
That wait the woodman's axe. The angry seas
That are uplifted by the driving blast,
Fall not more surely to their waveless ease,
'Than man—the lord of earth—creation's last
And worthiest work, shall fall—he number'd with the past.

From infancy to youth, from youth to age,
From age to death, from toothless childhood on
To toothless, sightless years. Through ev'ry stage,
From the bright cheek to visage pale and wan,
From the first lesson that we early can
To the last lesson that the dying read,
Time writes his characters of woe upon
This outward form, this carcass, form'd for bread
For slimy worms and toads, the umpires of the dead!

The monarchs of the grave! the crawling gnomes,
That feast and fatten on our noble clay,
Heroes and princes, lords of lordly domes,
Rulers and kings! the mighty of a day—
Feast they on earth, and flaunt in bright array?
'Tis well—for soon beside the common boor
In common earth their glories they must lay;
And the green worm, alike on rich and poor,
Will fatten bravely there—there play the epicure.

Oh time! thou silent searcher of the heart!
To thee the task to ope the hidden soul,
To show its workings and divulge its art,

Before thee plain and palpable doth roll
Of deep designs, and treacherous thoughts the whole.
The trembling air that shakes beneath thy wings
Blows destiny right onward to its goal;
And from the heart its hidden secret wrings,
And brings to light and shame sin's foul imaginings.

Long in the secret soul of vicious man
May fond concealment lurk, in thought secure;
Long may the heart its hidden projects plan,
To compass wisdom—with deceit to lure
The unconscious soul, and in its toils immerse
Its thoughtless prey. With visage sanctified,
With hands uplifted, and in walk demure;
Long may hypocrisy its blackness hide,
But time at last unlocks, and opens its charnel wide.

Mantling in ruby blushes, the young blood
Steals o'er the face of virgin beauty fair,
While hope adds richness to the mounting flood,
That flows beneath no wrinkle that dull care,
Prelude of woe, at last entrenches there.
How clear and sparkling those round orbs of sight!
How fresh the cheek! and far beyond compare
The cherry ripeness of those lips! How bright!
The smile, the merry laugh—how jocund, free and light!

Shall time respect these charms and wing away
His wintry flight, nor leave his impress here?
On forms less lovely work his sad decay?
To those whose days have fallen in the sere,
Will he not rather in his course draw near?
Not so. The joyous sparkle of those eyes,
Those charms of youth, but make the victim dear.
The grace of beauty, that around it lies
Like wine and fragrant oil, enhance the sacrifice.

POPULAR TALES.

EASTERN STORY-TELLERS.

THE pleasure with which the Orientalists listen to their story-tellers is inexhaustible: the repetition of the same practice day after day does not weary their patience, or abate in the smallest degree the interest they feel. This is probably one of the most primitive and ancient amusements in the world: even in the patriarchal days of the Old Testament, the love of oral narratives, in which instruction was blended with imagination, prevailed among the Jews and other eastern people. The Arabs, when halting at eve on their endless sands, delight to form a group and call on one of their companions to tell a tale, either of his own invention or from one of their celebrated poets. To a Turk, the inaction as well as routine of his life, that knows little change or excitement, render this luxury peculiarly welcome: he can command it at all times and seasons; and can pass from the bosom of his family to the favourite haunt of the story-teller in a few moments. Whether the rain falls heavily, or the snows cover the narrow streets, he wraps his robe closely about him and hastens there. It is a relief to him to listen to an ideal picture of strong affection and domestic felicity: even the man who just before, perhaps, imbrued his sabre in the blood of a Greek, will melt with sorrow at the perils and distresses of the hero of the story. As there are no public amusements in the east—no theatres, balls, or drinking parties—they repair to the scene of this loved amusement with the same feelings as the idle and luxurious in our own land take up a new and stimulating novel, or go to see a favourite actor. Old men, whose white beards hang on their breasts, and whose features prove that they have felt the real evils and trials of life, are seen to devour these fictitious narrations with as much eagerness as the youth who sits beside them. The dervise, too, is there; his wild eyes fixed on the narrator, his whole soul absorbed in the tale, after he has spent the day in absorbing the feelings of others with his own wild illusions, and drawing crowds about him with his revelations and lies. The hadg6, also, just come from Mecca, after his painful pilgrimage that has purged away the sins of his soul, and thrown a sacredness about his person even to the end of life, comes here to yield himself to the beautiful fictions of some wandering Arab, and forget the howling desert he has traversed, as well as his distant home to which he is bound.

In Damascus some of the best reciters are to be found, and the peculiar luxury and situation of its coffee-houses aid very

much the effect of their narrations. In Cairo, the want of water, the burning heat, and the dry, gloomy, and dusty streets, are great foes to the imagination, as well as the desert that spreads on every side. In Constantinople the beauty of the external scenery cannot be surpassed—the river and its enchanting shores; but the scantiness of water in the interior of the city decreases very much the luxuries of its people, who love, beyond every thing, the sight and sound of falling water in their apartments. In the capital of Syria, almost all the coffee-houses have splendid fountains, that are thrown up, some of them, to the height of six or seven feet; and it is delightful to recline on one of the soft seats near them, and listen to the ceaseless rush and fall, while the very sight of them, in so hot a clime, is like the face of a friend. The abundance of water, from the five streams that flow around the city, is incredible. The Assyrians might well complain, in their inroads into the promised land, of the scarcity of its rivers, and boast that there was nothing like their own Abana and Pharpar. In some of these houses of recreation, whose latticed windows, thrown open, admit the air, the wealthier people form dinner parties, of men only: seated in a circle on the carpet, with the various dishes on low tables before them, they eat slowly and carelessly, conversing at intervals, without any of the goit or joviality that wine inspires. Every good private dwelling in Damascus has its fountain, and this is invariably in the best apartment; it being a luxury, or rather a necessity, that few inhabitants care to do without: an Englishman would as soon live in an uncarpeted house. And round the marble basin, or in the divan just beyond it, the host at evening receives his friends; and they sit, and smoke, and calmly converse the hours away: this is the time when the wealthier families sometimes send for a celebrated story-teller to amuse the party, and when the latter knows he is to be handsomely paid, it is a more *recherché* opportunity than the public companies afford.

It is the sultry hour of noon, perhaps, when the burning rays are on 'be water, the trees, and green banks that surround the scene of indolence and indulgence; the light roof supported by the slender pillars casts a shade on the peopled floor, on which the well and variously dressed Turks recline, some in small wickered chairs, others on long and softer benches, covered and backed with carpets and cushions. These seats are placed close to the river's edge, and earth has nothing more luxurious than to sit here, in the cool of the day, or in the still hour of night, and listen to the rush of the waters, and gaze on the gleaming of the cataract; then put the amber-tipped and scented pipe to the lips, or turn to the throng of many nations around, all silently enjoying the hour.

It is sweet to such a people to have their feelings violently excited; to have the monotony of their thoughts thus broken wildly, by the vivid descriptions of the speaker. It is a pleasure so easily enjoyed also; the head need not be raised from its recumbent position, nor the eye turned from the faint twilight falling on the foaming river, nor the hand moved from its gentle grasp on the chibouque. The favourite story-teller watches his moment, and comes forward into the middle of the floor and raises his hand; the lips of the Damascene, the Cairene, the Arab, and the Persian, that were before busy, perhaps, conversing on the few themes that occupy an Oriental mind, are instantly hushed. The hands of those whose faces are turned towards the speaker are laid significantly on their flowing beards, or count their beads with unconscious and mechanical motion. The waiters, who replenish continually the often-drained coffee cups, tread stealthily over the floor. If a guest enters, his eye detects instantly the nature of the scene, and he walks with quick step to the nearest vacant seat, and signs mutely to the attendant to bring him the refreshments he desires.

Amidst the sound of the falling waters, the voice of the story-teller alone is heard; and each tone falls as distinct and clear as that of the angel who shall proclaim, at the day of account, the sins of the people. It is beautiful to see a proud and half barbarous people thus chained by the power of imagination; listening with the earnestness and simplicity of children to the fictitious narration, and melted at the tenderness of some of the passages, or their dark eyes kindling at the powerful painting of others.

The best tale that I heard was narrated by an Arab, who

had the reputation of being one of the chief in the city. The Arabs, from the liveliness of their imagination and quickness of invention, in general excel in this profession, and gain a handsome living by their talents. At every pause he made in his story, which was about once in ten minutes, an interpreter repeated faithfully what he had said; and though it may not be one of the most powerful of their tales, it appeared to me one of the most useful: it was accompanied by graceful and rapid gestures:

In a small town on the coast of Syria, that stood far apart from other towns and cities, lived a silk weaver. He had for many years been a contented and cheerful man, living with his wife and three children in great comfort; for Allah, who saw the simplicity of his heart, blessed his labours; and he, too, gave praise to the highest, and had health and peace, and those of his household loved him. But it came to pass, that one morning, as he was seated at work at his window that looked out on the sea, the love of riches entered into his heart, and then its happiness passed away like a dream. He fixed his eyes on the vessels that were passing onwards, near to where he sat, and for a long time did not cast them down again on the web of silk that he held, which dropped from his hand to the ground.

"They go," said he to himself, "they go, each to its own distant land, loaded with wealth that make families happy; or in search of rich and costly things. Oh, that one of these barks was bound for the poor home of Comrou, the silk weaver!" And so much was he moved, that the tears fell from his eyes; and his wife saw it, and said, "Why weepest thou, my soul?—what is come to thee this day?" And he said after a while, with a confused air, for he was yet ashamed of thoughts so disturbed. "I would fain see thee, my love, dressed in rich apparel, and our children also clothed like those of the merchant Taleh, where I buy our silk."

"Son of the weaver Mashil! art thou mad?" exclaimed the astonished woman, as she picked up the silk web from the ground: "pursue thy work; for such wild desires will only lead to poverty and want;" and with that she threw it towards him. He looked at her vexed and angrily, and, for the first time, thought that her face was not comely, nor her form beautiful.

When the sun rose again, he went to his work as usual; but the thoughts of his heart were like the waters that rushed loudly past his dwelling, and envy and hatred were among them.

His friend and neighbour, the baker, who lived on the other side of the street, was now often the object of his remarks. The latter, who was a devout believer in the prophet, had grown rich by care and industry; his loaves were the best and whitest in the whole town, and all rejoiced when they saw the angel of wealth enter his threshold, and dwell there—all, except the weaver Comrou, who, when he now saw his neighbour in his shop at the dawn of day, cursed him in his heart; and followed him across the street at evening to his own door, with jealous and altered looks.

"Why has Allah," he said, "favoured this man more than me? His stores are full, and his table is plentifully spread, and his friends are sometimes feasted there, while I can only keep the fiend poverty from gnashing his teeth on me." This could not last. The prayers of his youthful wife and children were unavailing to restore peace to his mind. They wept when they looked on his pale face and wasting frame; for the pining after riches is like the hand of disease.

One day, as he was at work in the chamber of his house that stood on the edge of the sea, so strongly was he moved by these consuming thoughts and desires, that in a fit of anger and discontent he broke in pieces the web of silk he held, and rushed out of the house. In the misery of his thoughts he wandered wildly along the shore; at one time looking on the sea, that was now disturbed by a strong wind—then on the numerous dwellings; at last he bent his steps to the port. As the call to prayer from the mosque was heard through the town, he quickened his steps, for the voice of the holy man seemed to pursue him, and the crowds of the faithful he met to accuse him. He saw a vessel preparing to leave the port and hastened on board, and took passage for the land to which she was bound without heeding where it might be. The vessel sailed all night, and the following day and night, for the wind was strong; and when the second morning dawned they saw the shore before them. Sick and weary of the voyage, the weaver implored to be set on shore, even in a strange land, rather than sail any farther; his request was granted, and in a short time a boat conveyed him to the beach.

He gazed sadly around, for the place was a desert; and he knew not where to lay his head when the day should have passed away. To remain where he stood, however, was what

he dared not do; so he slowly bent his steps into the interior; but far as his eye could reach, no habitation was to be seen—neither tent, nor khan, nor hamlet.

There was a high mountain before him, and he hastened to ascend it; on reaching the summit, to his infinite joy, he saw a clear and beautiful pool of water, for he was nearly dead with thirst and weariness. Looking eagerly around he espied a small stone drinking vessel, of curious form, lying useless by the side of the pool; he filled it to the brim and raised it to his lips. What was his astonishment, as he drank, to hear the sound of money rattling in his vest! He tore it open! Oh, what was his rapture to find it filled with gold chequins! Again he filled the stone vessel, and drank deep; again he heard the delicious sound and saw the gleam of the gold, dearer than the light of the eyes of his youngest born. He seized them and pressed them to his soul, convinced that he had thus found a source of endless riches, for as often as he drank, so often the money came with the draught. He stood motionless by the side of the lonely pool, and lifted up his eyes and blessed Allah aloud for his mercy, that he had regard to the desire of his soul.

It was now time to depart, for the sun was going down on land and sea—on the plain, the groves of palm, and the scattered dwellings beneath; he looked down on them no longer with envy, but exultation. The last rays were cast on a city that was not far distant, and thither he bent his steps, first placing next his heart the goblet, and tying his sash tightly over it. He soon entered the streets of the city, made his way to the public khan and hired a chamber for the night in the upper story. In the area beneath, above which rose the large and lofty dome that lighted the whole, he saw piles of merchandise lying on every side, from all parts of the east, and their owners seated carelessly beside them, conversing and taking refreshment. Such stores of wealth he had never seen till now. He joined the numerous company, and while they stared at the meanly dressed stranger, he lifted up his eyes with a look of calmness and forgiveness, for his heart was full of light and joy.

He purchased a house and hired servants in that city, and bought horses of the purest blood of Yemen; and in the close of the day he loved to walk in his garden; and afterwards, fair slaves waited on him, for he thought no more of his humble and beautiful wife and sweet children. It was pleasant, in the heat of the day, to sit beside the fountain while the loveliest women danced before him and delighted his ear with music. O Allah! what had thy paradise more than this man possessed?

The waters of Abouali flow not faster than wealth flowed into the bosom of the proud man. The great of the city looked on his state with desire and envy, and sat down at his banquets and poured flatteries into his ear; their daughters listened to the praise of his magnificence, and said, "this stranger will be a fit husband for us." But in the town on the sea shore, the widow and her children did not cease to mourn and to say, "Axrael has taken from us the light of our eyes!" And their friends also sorrowed with them.

So it happened—for nothing in this world should astonish us—that the baker, who lived on the other side of the street, was seized also with the thirst of riches. His trade was gainful, and the sun-rise and set still found him at the mouth of his oven, smilingly serving his customers, praising his bustling wife, who was ever at his side, and a joke or a gibe on his lips. But now this slow gathering of wealth no longer satisfied him; he prayed to Allah that he would increase it more rapidly.

One day he felt something hard in his hand, and on looking closer found it was a gold mahmoudie. He put it on the shelf, and wanting some meat for dinner, went to the butcher's, purchased some and received the change: what was his surprise to find the mahmoudie once more in his vest on his return! Again and again he changed it, and still he found that it ever multiplied itself, and would be to him a source of slow but never-ending affluence. He concealed his emotions even from the wife of his bosom; and though he followed his business as usual, it was evident to all that his views were elevated beyond it; his carriage was more constrained, and his words and smiles, that used to fall like the dew on the herb, were now few and cold. His secret was like a stifled fire within him; his sleep went from him by night, or if it came, was filled with tempting and glorious visions. He longed to seek a scene where he could prove these pleasures and make a better use of the gift of heaven than he could possibly do in his small native town, among neighbours who had known him from infancy, and among whom any sudden change of condition would be suspected and ridiculed. He took his resolution, and going one night to the port, without a parting word to wife or friend, took passage on board a vessel that

sailed quickly after. It so happened that this bark was bound to the same port as the one in which the weaver sailed.

After a few days the baker found his way to the same city; and he too, after a time, purchased a house and garden. Oh, how sweet to his soul was the first taste of riches! like that of the fountain of life to the lips of Sadak, when he drank thereof, and knew that all his toils were repaid. The sun called him no more to his daily labour, to prepare bread and cakes for the faithful, to endure extreme heat and look on the flame; pleasure only broke on his slumbers; strange women also came, whose looks and words were like those of the houris. Then he rose and sat in the cool of his apartment, where the fountain fell with a ceaseless murmur, and slaves knelt before him and offered luxuries to his taste. The mouth of his oven no more waited for him—the smoke and heat, the clash of gabbling tongues around—the complaints and reproaches of those whose pies were burned or neglected: he turned disgusted from the remembrance, and bade his slave bring odours and fill his goblet to the brim.

One day he went to the chief coffee-house in the city, and sat down beside the stream on whose bank it stood; it was sweet to gaze on its rapid movement as it swept foaming on. "So pass away for ever from me poverty and toil!" he said. "Instead of baking for the souls of the faithful, I will now eat the fruits of their hands; they shall minister to me." At this moment a movement was heard in the place, the people who were near him gave way, and a richly dressed man entered, attended by many slaves; he sat down, looked with a princely air around him, and addressed himself to the baker, who was much flattered by this attention. Ere long, however, looking attentively, in spite of the dyed and perfumed beard that fell, black as the raven's wing, on his bosom, he recognised his former neighbour, the silk weaver. The latter, instead of being ashamed, for he perceived the secret was safe between them, smiled graciously on the baker, congratulated him on the change in his appearance; confidence grew as they talked of their former condition, and then they told each other of the cause of their present splendour. The baker's heart fell within him at the detail, and when the other kindly invited him to come and dine with him, he had hardly strength left to reply.

His trembling steps bore him with difficulty to his dwelling; and when he came in and the door was shut, he sat down on the floor and heard the fountain fall, and the music was played before him, but he heeded them not. It was now mid-day, and the fair woman of the city whom he had married came with soft steps and bent over him, and said,

"Come, my husband, will thy soul take no rest?"

He looked sadly at her, and she saw that his features were changed, and pale as her robe, or even as one of his own white loaves that he used to bake at sunrise.

"Of what avail to me," he said at last, "are the gifts of Allah! That wretched weaver, on whom I looked down in our own town as a poor drudge, who gained just enough every day to support his wife and children, is now as the princes of the earth, and riches flow unto him as the waves of the shore, while mine are only as the drops of rain that fall on the sand and are quickly dried up."

She threw her arms around the wretched man, and her rich tresses fell on his neck, and she strove to comfort him—but it might not be: he could not hide from himself that the stone goblet of the weaver gave him a shower of wealth at one draught, whereas his mahmoudie, however often it was changed, could only multiply itself—and this slowly, lingeringly!

"O how slow!" he said; "death will come ere I am rich—my poor, miserable mahmoudie!"

When evening came, he dressed himself to go and take the repast with his friend. On entering his house, its splendour astonished him; the sun had set, and many lights, thrown from gold and silver lamps, made the chambers seem like the day; he was received by the owner, seated on a rich divan, who pressed his hand with a pleasant smile; and soon after they sat down to the banquet that consisted of all manner of luxuries. The conversation at first turned on past times.

"I find," said the baker, as he drained a cup of Shiras, "that amidst many good things the bread of this place is not good; the loaves are not to be compared to my own for lightness, and colour like that of the snow on the top of Gebel Sketch."

"Your words, baker," said his host, "are those of truth; your loaves were fit for the lips of the prophet himself, even in paradise; and for the silk, what think you of the work and texture of the robe I wear?"

"What you say, weaver," replied his guest, fixing his eyes on the splendid robe, and then glancing at his own plainer one, "cannot be gainsaid. O, Allah! Allah!" he said, in

a piercing tone, lifting his eyes to the roof, while his hand still clenched the glass; "why didst thou give the stone goblet to this man, and grant me only the poor mahmoudie?"

"My friend," replied the other, kindly, "be not unhappy; all are not the favourites of the highest; may-be thou hast never seen the precious goblet," drawing it forth from his vest; "handle it tenderly; it is not to be touched by every vile or common hand, like a mahmoudie."

The baker took it and pressed it hard in his grasp. "O my head, my eyes, my soul!" he said; "blessed source of eternal wealth!" Then changing his tone, "and yet how frail and brittle!—was I to dash it against this marble pavement, thy riches, weaver, are gone for ever." The latter uttered a loud cry, and sprung to seize the cup; his guest broke into a disdainful laugh; "take it, take it, slowly and carefully; did I not say how perishable and uncertain was thy treasure? a blow, an accident may destroy it. Thy wealth, O weaver, hangs on a hair! whereas mine"—and he drew forth his mahmoudie, and dashed it violently on the floor—"see," he said, "it is still the same; violence cannot hurt or change it; it is sure—it is unchangeable."

"Besotted man!" said the other, replacing anxiously the stone goblet within his bosom, "wilt thou compare that wretched solitary coin to my glorious gift? Ay, clasp it closely, 'tis thy only friend! behold, I will put thee to confusion." So saying, he filled the stone cup to the brim with the rich wine of Shiraz, and drank it to the bottom; then taking a handful of the coins that had fallen in his vest, he threw them towards his guest, saying, "unhappy baker, comfort thy soul!"

The fury of the other kindled, as the lightning flashes along the summit of Ararat. "Base weaver, the son of a weaver! wilt thou set thy foot thus on my neck? Hath not thy heart been lightened to enter my door at eve?—was not thy tone lowly, and were not my words of kindness sweet to thy ear?"

"Behold," said the other calmly, "if thou wouldst again begin thy trade in this city, to help thy poor mahmoudie, my household shall eat no loaves but thine, neither shall my lips taste any other; and I will recommend them also to the great men of the city, my friends."

At these words the other could no longer contain himself. He rose from the divan, and seized him by the throat: "O vile upstart! Allah grant me patience, that I do not slay thee on the spot! Am I not a better man, and of more repute than thou? Is not my name known as the first baker in the land, on whom all men smiled? whereas thou wast not cared for, more than the dog that dieth, save by thy wretched wife and children, whom thou hast forsaken."

"Thou liest," said the weaver, now wholly enraged; and tearing off the other's turban and vest: "I will make thee bare as one of thy own loaves; thy mahmoudie hath made thee mad!" With that their fury and clamour rose to such a pitch, that the whole house was filled therewith; the attendants and slaves strove to part them, but so fast was their grasp on each other's person, that they seemed more like unhappy men moved by the Afrit than those whom the prophet had so blessed with his smile. The gold-flowered robe of rare texture of the weaver hung in tatters, and the baker's face and person were more disordered than by the flames of his own oven in the day of the simoom. It so happened—for the great enemy of men always watches for their downfall—that the cadi of the city, passing by to his own house from an entertainment, heard the tumult, that grew louder every moment, and entering with his officers, demanded the cause of it. It was some time before he could obtain a hearing, or pacify in any way the fury of the rival men; from their unguarded words and mutual upbraidings, he gathered, however, an insight into their history; they were ordered to appear before him in judgment on the following day, in order that he might decide on their quarrel. They came soon after sun-rise, with several attendants: the marks of the strife were erased, as far as was possible, by copious ablutions; their apparel was fresh and tasteful, but that of the weaver much exceeded in splendour; he looked around him with a haughty and confident air. Many eminent men of the city were seated round the cadi, as, with a solemn and severe aspect, he inquired into the cause of their enmity that had thus disturbed the peace of the town and its people. It was in vain that they endeavoured to speak with calmness on the subject; their words quickly became warm; angry glances were exchanged as well as contemptuous gestures; and when the baker told, in bitter agony of soul, of the power of the stone drinking cup, the looks of the cadi were troubled. He opened his heavy eyes wildly, and a strange fire was in them; his very beard was observed to move to and fro, as he desired to behold this strange and marvellous gift; and when the weaver drew it fondly from his breast and held it solemnly in his sight, the hand of the cadi grasped it, as the drowning man

catches at a friendly plank. And then he desired to see the mahmoudie of the baker, that he might compare them together, and so decide on their several excellencies to the content of the disputants. When they were both delivered, he gazed on them in long and speechless emotion—his eye was absolutely drunk with pleasure.

"O, true believers!" he said, "there is nothing so delightful in the prophet's eye as peace! It is a lovely thing; and I should sin deeply if I allowed the causes of this strife still to exist, and thereby stir up the ashes of misery, day and night, to the destruction of your souls; therefore I will keep these things, and guard them in care and secrecy."

A sudden gloom and horror fell on the countenances of the two men: they trembled exceedingly: their lips moved in many an effort to speak, but no utterance came forth; for it is a fearful thing to see wealth and splendour passing away from us like a dream; and poverty, like an armed man, waiting for his prey. At last the baker found words: "Return me my mahmoudie, O return it to me, excellent and righteous judge!—so shall Allah bless thee above all men!"

The weaver, whose loss was tenfold greater, cried out with a wild and bitter cry, clenched his hands, and beat his breast, as if words were too small for anguish such as his; then tore his beautifully dyed beard up by the roots. The cadi was blest with a marble heart, as well as an iron hand; for even while he still grasped closely the precious things, he expostulated mildly with the men—pointed out the folly of their grief, as well as the inordinateness of their desires. They then fell on their knees, side by side, and with many and moving prayers, besought him to restore their rightful property: the weaver appealed to some of the great men near, who had feasted at his table; but the scowl of envy and disdain was on their brow. Then growing desperate, they menaced the cadi—declared they would instantly lay their complaint before the sultan, who would see justice done them, and their property restored from the spoiler. The judge in his turn gave way to wrath, or appeared so to do—ordered them instantly to prison—said that in the meantime he would himself denounce them to his master, as dealers in magical arts;—for how could such gifts as the cup and the mahmoudie be possessed otherwise?—and by the koran the punishment of magic was death.

They were instantly conveyed, without pity or sympathy from the beholders, to the prison of the city; and confined in a gloomy and massive chamber, whose dim light came through a grated window; the floor was chill, for it was below the surface of the earth. The remainder of the day was passed in sighs and groans; each in a remote part of the prison vented his grief alone; and when night came, they thought of their rich couches, and of those who shared them; of the silver lamps and many slaves; and they walked to and fro wildly, for the extremity of the change was too great to bear. The light of morn dropped through the bars on their haggard faces, that had not been composed to rest; a hollow and grating sound was heard, and the keeper entered with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water; being a zealous muselman, he gave his loud blessing on their heads and on the food, and with a solemn glance departed. A convulsive and shuddering laugh broke from the lips of the men; then softer and sweeter tones were heard: they looked, and a face of surpassing beauty was seen at the grated window; it was pale, and tears were on it; but the lips were red, and the eye was like that of one of those who in old times came down to love the children of earth—so full of angel power, blended with the deep passions of our nature. Oh, who has ever proved a strong agony, whether of soul or body, and not felt that the look and the tone of a beautiful woman were life from the dead! The unhappy men thought so, as they gazed with relieved hearts. The baker stretched out his hands wildly, while his very soul seemed to go forth in every glance; it was the wife of his bosom, Aleda, whom he had married in the city, and loved as tenderly as her he had deserted. "Art thou come," he said, "to comfort me, my glory, my treasure?"

"I have heard," she said, in a voice like music, "a confused report of the violence offered to my husband—the lord of my affections; but I know not the cause: they dare not detain you long; you will soon come to your home that is all prepared: my hands have set forth our favourite chamber, for the repast at sunset, when I will expect you."

"I shall come no more to that home," he replied, in a tone of inexpressible emotion; and then he told her, in broken accents, of his utter ruin.

"Mean, sordid, and low-born wretch!" she said; "my slaves, my rich dresses, my chambers of luxury,—are they all to flit from me?" He heard no more: he saw his fate was sealed.

At that moment a fiendish laugh was heard; he started wildly and looked up: there, at the grated window, by the side of Aleda, he beheld Calil, the meretricious beauty who had shared his splendour, and whom he believed to be sincerely devoted to him.

"Is it thou?" she began. "Are the squalid form and lowly aspect those of Comrou, who was like a prince of the earth? O, weaver! who can unfold the web of thy miseries?"

"Forsake me not," he said, in moving accents; "leave me not in my misery! Calil, my wealth was poured into thy bosom! Oh, that I could lay my head there but for a moment!"

"Never—never!" she replied. Then many voices were mingled together, of their slaves, and of some who had feasted at their board. There is nothing like exquisite misery for reconciling quarrels and laying the soul open to itself; the two ancient friends sat stupefied for some moments, tearing their garments and heaping ashes on their heads—then looking eagerly and kindly, threw themselves into each other's arms and wept.

Their enemies as well as lovers were passed away: evening came down on the silent prison; the red and slanting beams fell on the dark, damp walls; and they thought of their homes—how the sun went down in glory and peace on the wave and shore.

"O holy prophet!" exclaimed the weaver, "give me to behold once more the face of my wife and children! Baker—she was a lovely and a loving woman. My dear children, how I have deserted you!"

"Comrou, my friend," said the other, "could I but eat at this moment of one of the white loaves of my oven, it would nourish my famishing soul!"

"Even as manna," said the latter with a sigh. "My splendid robe, thou seest, is rent in twain; hast thou not worn a robe of my weaving? how my heart swelled with pride, as I heard the people admire as thou didst pass along!"

"And my faithful wife beheld it with pride," said his friend. "Comrou, I dreamt last night I was once more in my shop; it was filled with people, all waiting anxiously, and with hungry looks; and they asked one of another—where is Alib our baker? My wife stood weeping beside the oven—the wife of my youth; the flames crackled—O Allah, restore me to my home, and I will bless the hand that has humbled me!"

"Blessed be that hand!" said Comrou, in a solemn tone; we pined for riches, till our soul and body fainted with the desire:—He gave them to our prayer. Baker, did not a curse come with them? these gloomy walls and bars—these ministers of cruelty; and then, the dreadful end that hangs over us, should the cadi prevail! My wife! shall I never see you again? Azrael, the angel of death, is nigh; already I hear the rushing of his wings. The night that I fled, like a traitor, my youngest born lay on its mother's bosom; her dark and beautiful eye was lifted to the father, and then to the sleeping one; and her lips were murmuring blessings. Curse me not, forsaken one!" he added, in an agony of remorse, "curse me not, my child!"

At that moment the door of the place opened, and the cadi stood before them; a soldier with a drawn cimeter was on each side. He came—he said gloomily, and by the lamp-light they saw death in his face—he came to tell them of the mandate received from the sultan, that if they had practised magic they should die. It was clear, he said, that they had done this; but he would have mercy; therefore they might go forth from prison, and make their way to the nearest sea-port, where a vessel waited to bear them to their distant homes.

A cry of joy was the return for these words. They made no delay, no hesitation, even for a moment; it was night, yet they hastened forth from their prison walls; with the guard they passed through the streets with a hurried and eager step; travelling many hours, they came to the port, and embarked. At the end of three days, they saw their native hills appearing in view; then the minarets of the town, and the rocks, darkly breasting the wave. Day was declining in extreme beauty on the shore; the gilded top of the mosque gleamed fiercely from afar. As the vessel drew nigh, two forms were seen to stand on the beach—youthful and agitated forms; they stretched out their hands—they called on their names; in a few moments they were folded in the embraces of their wives. They made no reproach or complaint; but led them exultingly to their homes, where their friends were waiting to receive them.

As soon as the mellow broke on the hills around, they rose with a glad and eager heart to pursue their work; and never more did one murmur fall from their lips. Years passed on, and found the men still contented and happy in the lot God had given them; and the thirst of riches entered their hearts no more. Digitized by Google London Amulet.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

LONDON THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

MR. LISTON.

"Curse that incorrigible face of yours; though you never suffer a smile to mantle it, yet it is a figure of fun for all the rest of the world."

Of all the actors I have ever seen, Kean and Liston appear to me to be the greatest, and to have the least in common with others of their species. Of the two, perhaps Liston is the most original. He is the Hogarth of actors; and, like that great painter, has been more highly than justly appreciated. Not that either have been too highly thought of—"I hold the thing to be impossible"—but the broad, rich humour, which is the distinguishing characteristic of both, has, from its prominence, thrown their minor good properties into the shade. Hogarth, to the qualities peculiarly his own, added the rare merit of being a chaste and skilful colourist, (the most difficult thing to be attained in painting, considering it purely as an art,) and was, moreover—however generally such an opinion may be entertained—not the least of a caricaturist. Neither is Liston, notwithstanding it pleases certain pragmatical persons, who, I humbly apprehend, know nothing about the matter, to assert the contrary. There are now, as in the days of William Shakespeare, those who discountenance all cackinatory movements as unbecoming; regarding gravity as the only outward and visible type of that great inward accumulation of wisdom, which generally lies too deep to be ever discovered. These people think because Mr. Liston occasionally plays coarse and foolish parts in coarse and foolish farces, that Mr. Liston is, consequently, a coarse and foolish fellow, and only fit to amuse the uneducated vulgar; and as "grimace" and "buffoonery" are the two standing words used in abusing comedians, let their faults be what they may, they have not unfrequently been applied to Liston. Now if any one be free from what is meant by these two words, as set down in many dictionaries, it is this actor. The merits of his unparalleled countenance are passive, not active; and distortion would only render that countenance common-place, which in a state of blank repose is intensely ridiculous.

The great merit of Liston is his earnestness. Kean does not appear more earnest in Othello than does Liston at the loss of a pocket-handkerchief, or being overcharged a shilling in a tavern-bill. His whole soul seems to be absorbed in an affair of this kind. He does not bustle about or put himself in a passion in order to make the audience laugh at the ridiculous nature of the circumstances, as other actors do; but all the faculties of the man's mind seem concentrated to endeavour to convince or persuade, as the case may require, solely to save the said shilling, or regain the said handkerchief; and it is the contrast between the disproportion of the exertion employed and the importance of the object to be obtained—like the wars of the Lilliputians and the Blefuscutians—that is so supremely ludicrous. Fools may say that this is merely admirable foolery—it is a great deal more. It is a shrewd satire upon humanity, turning into burlesque the lofty pretensions—the power and knowledge and wit and wisdom of mankind, and presents a stronger and truer picture of the littleness of man and his pursuits than a thousand homilies. Even Heraclitus, could he look at Liston, would laugh to see the "noble reason" and "infinite faculties" of one of the "paragon of animals" utterly prostrated by the loss of an inside place in a stage-coach, and he would indeed exclaim with the poet, though in a very different sense, "what a piece of work is man!" I think I never saw or read a more forcible exemplification of the importance a man's feelings and actions are to himself, and the less than shadow of a shade they are to the rest of the world, than is to be witnessed in a farce where Liston alights from a coach-top, and is followed on to the stage by the driver for the customary gratuity. Those who have travelled in England may have remarked the manner in which the coachmen receive what the traveller may be pleased to give them. While he is getting the money from his pocket, Jehu is all attention; but the moment he has received it, his business is over—he turns upon his heel, and all traces of the giver pass from his mind for ever. Liston detains the coachman, (and you can see in his countenance the vital importance he attaches to what he is about,) in order to draw the distinction and durably impress it upon his mind that his (Liston's) giving him a sixpence was by no means a compulsory measure, but a pure and spontaneous emanation of generosity, or, to use his own phraseology, "hentirely Aoptional." A person standing on the brink of a running stream on a cold day, seriously employed in writing his name in water, would be accounted insane—the attempt to write munificence and generosity on the coach-

man's mind, is equally futile; yet how many in the world make these and similar efforts who are not accounted crazy, and whose last will and testament stands good in law.

There has been much said about the ugliness of Liston's physiognomy. I do not think it such as can be fairly termed ugly; yet it is a face that a sensitive Grecian or Italian sculptor would faint to look upon—a large mass of inanimate flesh, with only an every-day mouth, a most insignificant nose, both as to size and shape, and a pair of lack-lustre eyes to diversify the blank and extensive prospect. In his portraits of some of the heroes of Cockney-land, he manages to exclude the slightest glimmering of intelligence from his countenance, and at the same time contrives to throw into it an air of conceit and self-satisfaction, which convinces you that he is not only without an idea, but that any attempt to inoculate him with one would be altogether hopeless. His voice is as unique as his face; and the deep sepulchral croak, in which he narrates petty grievances, leaves you no choice whether to laugh or let it alone. There is a farce, entitled "Comfortable Lodgings," in which he enacts the part of a rich and hypochondriacal Englishman, travelling to get clear of an unaccountable melancholy, and to learn to enjoy himself like other people, and describes one of his peculiarities with good effect. In answer to his servant's inquiry of "Lord, sir, why can't you laugh, and do as other people do?" "Laugh!" he exclaims in a tone from the bottom of his chest, and with the bitter emphasis of a misanthrope—"laugh! I cannot laugh! I cannot do as other people do! When I look around me (looking at the pit with a dull stare) I see every one laughing and merry, (a fact,) while my face remains as immovable as a face carved on a brass knocker!" "Do as other people do?" he continues—"I can't do as other people do. Even in the packet-boat, when all the passengers were as passengers who had never been at sea before usually are, I tried to be like them; but I could not! I looked on a disappointed man!" I would not advise any one who has been sea-sick to hear Liston narrate his disappointment in not being so—it might be dangerous, particularly if they exhibit any tendency towards apoplexy. He has not yet played Paul Pry this season—it must be perfectly wonderful, and I would not miss it for anything on the stage.

Incomparable Liston! Thou hast been a benefit and a luxury unto the melancholy inhabitants of this great city for many a day! Thou hast refuted the trite axiom that "money will not purchase pleasure;" for what man in London town, for the last twenty years, who could put his hand into his breeches pocket and find therein three shillings and sixpence, but could say unto himself, "Liston plays—I will hie me unto the theatre and forget my cares—lo! I will laugh!" And if laughing promoteth (as physicians affirm) the healthy action of the biliary organs, from what floods of acrimony and ill-will hast thou cleared the livers of men! Even exquisites, as they looked at thee, have been awakened from their state of graceful torpor, and the corset-laces of fair ladies have been cracked in twain. Thou hast pleased alike the well-judging, the ill-judging, and those who take not the trouble of judging at all. As the Persian saith—"may thy shadow never be less!"

in good time discovered, to my utter dismay, that I had some of the leading symptoms of five or six mortal diseases. As I could not exactly tell which of these I was actually afflicted with, I doctored myself for all of them in turn, until my symptoms changed so frequently, that I at last became utterly confounded in their multiplicity and obscurity.

This was many years ago, when, fortunately for mankind, the honest old "Family Physician" was the only book on this mischievous subject of medicine within the reach of ordinary readers. That I survived this book, I look upon as a greater miracle than physic or physicians ever achieved. I must have had an excellent constitution, for I continued to exist in spite of the "Family Physician," although in beating about the bush to find one disorder, I found another, which answered the purpose quite as well, and a little better. It was like every thing and like nothing. It was a pain, and yet neither I nor anybody else could tell how it felt or where it was domiciliated. Sometimes I thought I had actually detected it in my head, at other times in my breast, and at others in my side. But no sooner had I caught it than it slipped through my fingers, and dodged away in some snug corner, where I could not find it at all. It was like an invisible enemy, always doing one an ill turn, but never exposing himself to retaliation. Sometimes I was really inclined to laugh at myself as a visionary; but unfortunately I happened to read in one of these mischievous books of medicine, that the worst diseases and the most difficult of cure were those which had no decided stationary location, and no distinct character. This discovery made me more unhappy than ever, and I set myself down as incurable. In despair I left off taking medicine, and the consequence was that my malady took an entire new turn. I actually imagined myself well for a time, and might have continued under this happy delusion till this moment, had I not been unluckily tempted to subscribe to three medical journals and guides to health, which the march of mind and the spirit of the age had conjured up for my destruction.

It was from one of these that I first learned the name of the monster that had formerly tormented me, and the nature of the symptoms that indicated his presence. It was *dyspepsia*! that many-headed, many-visaged tyrant, which indolence, and dissipation, and gluttony have lately engendered amongst them. I was at once certain that I had at last detected mine enemy; for unless some one invents an entire new set of diseases soon, there will not be a malady incident to mortality that may not be included in the symptoms of this multifarious disorder. I had read in some one of these mischievous books of medicine that a malady once discovered is half cured, and felicitated myself on the prospect of a speedy recovery. But I reckoned without my host, or rather without my doctor, one of the editors of one of the journals I have just mentioned, whom I had called in to my assistance, because I thought a man who could so well describe a complaint would certainly be able to cure it without the least difficulty.

But this Proteus of a disease led me and the doctor a famous dance. We went round the whole circle of the seven sciences, and at the conclusion of the journey I found myself very considerably worse than ever. The doctor was at the end of his series, and I of my patience. So we parted in mutual disgust, and I determined to have no more to do with the doctors. Again my imagination played me a trick, and for a while I fancied myself quite well. But again the habit of reading these mischievous books of medicine relieved me from this happy delirium. I lighted on a maxim somewhere to this effect, that the most fatal of all delusions was that of fancying ourselves well, when in fact we were in a very critical situation. I could get no sleep that night, and the next day took to reading the guides to health with all the faith of a saint and all the devotion of a martyr.

But the more I read the more I was confused. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety," saith the good old book; but even to this there are exceptions. Not one of my oracles agreed as to the most proper mode of preserving health, and to save the trouble of deciding wrong between these conflicting Dodonas, I determined to lump the business and follow them all. This resolution led to a most unexpected result.

In the first place, I read in one of these medical periodicals that water was without doubt the most wholesome beverage in the world. So I drank plenty of water. Then I read in another of these oracles that a moderate quantity of good wine was a very wholesome thing. So I drank a moderate quantity of good wine every day. In a third, I found high-seasoned food and rich sauces denounced, and solid, plain food recommended. So I ate very heartily of solid, plain food. In a fourth, they assured me that high-seasoned dishes and rich sauces, in reasonable quantities, were absolutely necessary to the inward man; as dyspepsia was nothing more than

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Egrecitque medendo.—*Virgil*.

GENTLEMEN—As the renowned Don Quixote lost his wits by reading mischievous books of chivalry, so have I lost my health by reading mischievous books of medicine; and as I have survived all hope of being happy in this world, I am come to a determination to be useful, if possible, by holding myself up as an example and a warning to all good people who are in tolerable health and wish to remain so.

Being somewhat of a lazy, lounging disposition, and addicted to brown studies from my youth upwards, I was always subject to occasional lowness of spirits and nervous apprehensions. I sometimes fancied myself very miserable about nothing, and at others believed myself very sick, when, as I have since learned from sad experience of the reality, I only imagined myself so. In short, I was frequently out of order, and never suspected that all my ailments proceeded from two causes alone, namely, the want of some stirring employment to take off my attention from self, and the absence of real causes of misery, to let me into the secret of what constituted substantial calamity.

This propensity to hypochondria by degrees led me to reading medical books, in order to find out, if possible, what ailed me, and the most infallible methods of cure. I dabbled a little at first in an old weather-beaten "Family Physician," and

debility of the stomach, which required to be strengthened and invigorated by stimulants and savoury condiments. I never in my life came across more convincing reasoning, so I solaced myself with good high-seasoned food and rich sauces. By St. Abernethy! thought I, but this is fine; one has only to read all the medical journals and eat and drink every thing they recommend, and a man may live like a king. Blessed be the first inventor of guides to health!

But though it was mighty agreeable and satisfactory to conform to the regimen of these pleasant oracles in eating and drinking, I did not find it the case throughout the whole series. One of them took occasion to denounce cravats, as tending to apoplexy. At that moment it occurred to me that having rather a short neck, I must be apoplectic. So I renounced cravats and tied my collar with a black ribbon, like my Lord Byron. I found I wrote poetry a great deal the better for it. I forgot to tell you I am a poet, but as the thing is so common, it is hardly worth mentioning. The muses were propitious, but Auster and Eurus and Boreas, and all the blustering gods were against me. I went that evening, when the wind blew razors, to a party, where the rooms in which the company assembled were as hot as ovens, and the rooms where the company did not assemble as cold as charity—which, by the way, is pretty warm at present. In short, I caught a violent sore throat by following the directions of one of these mischievous medical periodicals. It came nigh carrying me off; but what was very remarkable, while it lasted, I did not feel a single symptom of my old malady. It is my firm belief that a sore throat is a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia, and I am surprised none of the guides to health have recommended it to public patronage. In the very next guide to health, which, by the way, I found always the antipodes to its rival, the danger of dispensing with the cravat was pointed out in such affecting colours, that I immediately invested myself with my old neck-or-nothing friend.

It was but a few days after, I was assured by one of my guides that flannel was exceedingly pernicious, and that it predisposed people to catch cold and get the rheumatism. Some of my symptoms were so like rheumatism that my old physician had not been able to tell them from a disease of the liver, and I never could account for them before. But it was as plain as day; the mischievous flannel waistcoat was at the bottom of all; so I discarded it with contempt and indignation. It was a cold damp time of the year when I performed this feat. I caught a violent inflammatory rheumatism, which laid me up two months. But it had one happy result; it convinced me very satisfactorily that my old pains were not rheumatic. It was worth while to have the real complaint, if only to get rid of the imaginary one. When I got well I looked over some new guides to health, and discovered to my great mortification, in a rival guide, that nothing could be more pernicious than to leave off wearing flannel in cold weather. Whereupon I put on my waistcoat again.

It would be tedious to detail at length all that I did and undid from time to time in conformity with these mischievous books of medicine. All I know is, that I never could find out which was right and which was wrong, or which of the authors was the greatest blockhead. There was one thing, however, too certain; I was growing more dyspeptic, feeble, cross, and unreasonable every day. This appeared quite unaccountable, and rather discouraging. I had a great mind to leave off reading the guides to health. But I was deterred from this salutary step by encountering in one of these publications an observation that seemed to me little less than the quintessence of the inspiration of the seven sciences. It was to this effect, though not perhaps in the same words: "Patients are too apt to be discouraged and throw odium on the doctor, as well as on the science he professes, when they find themselves gradually getting worse under his hands. But how can they tell whether they might not have been quite dead long before but for his skill and advice?" Doubtless this would have been my case, thought I, and I determined to persevere even unto the death.

Accordingly, for the last five or six years I have done nothing, thought of nothing, which had not an immediate reference to myself and my health. I have taken more pains and physic to live, than a thousand years of life would repay me for, and followed up every system but the right one, until I have pretty nearly come to the conclusion it is out of the power of physic or doctors to kill me, and that, consequently, I must be immortal. But the comfort I might derive from this assurance is destroyed by the anticipation that my immortality, like that of the wandering Jew, will be destitute of every enjoyment that makes life valuable. For alas! sir, I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in comfort, and all the prospects of my future days seem to resolve themselves into the

care of keeping myself alive. But I am anticipating, and will go on with the detail of my unheard-of exertions to preserve my health.

I have pretty nearly flayed myself alive with the flesh-brush; I have converted myself into a bottle of white mustard, by the advice of one book of medicine; I have almost destroyed my teeth with masticating dyspepsia crackers, by the advice of another book of medicine; and I am now ironing myself most vigorously, by the advice of another of these books; at the same time reinforcing the discipline of the smoothing-iron, by divers thumps on the stomach, as the sage Don Quixote thumped his helmet to try its strength. But I have a presentiment all the pains I am taking will ultimately fail, and that I am destined to breathe and exist a living specimen of the sad consequences of too much care and too much physic, two very good things, of which one may certainly have a little too much in this world.

My objects in writing you this long letter are manifold. If you only knew the trouble I have to kill time you would pity me. I have actually written this partly for that purpose. Another motive was to caution your forty thousand readers against these mischievous books of medicine, which have been my bane, and made my existence an infinite series of cares, apprehensions, and gloomy forebodings. A gleam of comfort broke in upon me the other day, in a letter from a friend of mine at Paris, to whom I applied to learn the French mode of treating cases such as mine. He writes me that physic and doctors are getting quite out of fashion, and that when people have brought themselves into the society of the worshipful blue devils by a course of *Potage à la Crêci, Potage à la Conde, Potage à la Reine, Potage à la Turque, Salade de Concombres, Salade d'Anchois, Côtelette de porc frais au naturel, Côtelette de veau Saint Gara, Escalope de veau aux Champignons, Poulet à la Marengo, Poulet à la Tartare, Poulet à la Chasseur, Bécasse, Bécassine, Perdrix, Perdreaux, Salade d'Oranges, Marmalade de Pommes, Confitures de Cerises, Confitures d'abricots, Fromage de Scherter, Fromage de Parmesan, Fromage de Roquefort, Suprême de Volaille, Suprême de Volaille au Trusses*, and such like villainous luxuries, all they do is to starve themselves into good health and good spirits again. It is true, he says that some of the old regime maintain the remedy to be worse than the disease; but the fashion is gaining ground; and dyspepsia, which had grown so common as to be vulgar, as well as vapours, flatulencies, spleen, and all the pale progeny of gluttony and indolence, are fast disappearing.

In order to aid this salutary reform as much as lies in my power, I would propose, that if there can be found in this whole city or state, or even in the United States, two such eminent critics as the curate and barber of Cervantes, they be forthwith authorized and directed by the health committee to treat those mischievous books of medicine as that discreet pair did the library of the sage knight of the rueful countenance; that is to say, pile them up in the yard of the lunatic asylum, with here and there an honourable exception, and sacrifice them on the altar of Hygiea, incontinently, and without remorse. If the weather is pleasant, and my health will permit, I shall certainly come and see the bonfire. I am your dutiful and dyspeptic admirer,

ABNER POOR.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

DEAR MR. MIRROR—I wish you would touch up the milliners and mantua-makers a little. You are to know that nothing is more common than for fashionable ladies to run up a bill with these people, who always charge double in consideration of taking the chance of never getting paid. My papa is rather an old-fashioned person, who thinks he is very generous in allowing me five hundred dollars a-year for dress, and would be very angry if he knew I ever ran in debt to any body. Five hundred dollars, indeed! why it would not find me in lace! Miss Pattyn spends nearly twice as much, and her father failed in business only the year before last.

I generally have a year's credit with the milliners and jewellers, and those sort of people, so that I can always anticipate my allowance. But it unfortunately happened the other day my milliner was recalled to France, to take possession of an estate under the new king, and it became necessary to settle her affairs before she went. So she sent in her bill—it was only somewhere about four hundred and odd dollars. I sounded pa about advancing me a year's salary—but he refused point blank, and there was an end of the matter. I tried to put the payment off a few months, but the creature was inexorable, though she had received an ocean of money from me, and finally sent in the bill to pa. Whew! how the old gentleman did fume and scold! He said it was a disgrace to a lady to purchase superfluities she could not

pay for at the moment, and railed about the extravagance of the age, till I thought I should have fallen fast asleep. I did not much mind what he said, but what he did was quite unreasonable, and made me very angry. Only think, Mr. Mirror! he paid the bill and deducted it from my next year's allowance, so that I shan't have a cent to spend, and must wear all my clothes, when they will be a hundred years out of fashion. Did you ever hear any thing so provoking? Do give it to these good-for-nothing, impudent, unreasonable, ungrateful creatures, who get all our money and then want more! Your mortified reader,

CLARISSA CARELESS.

P. S. I saw in your paper the other day that the revenues of some town or other were all given to the governor's lady to buy shoes. Can you tell me if the governor is a single man?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—The object of this letter is to caution the public against laying out their money in making rail-roads, as I am just on the point of perfecting a plan which will undoubtedly supersede them altogether. My principal agent is the magnet, by the attractive power of which, when applied to machinery, I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction, that carriages may be propelled at such a rate as to give to mankind all the advantages of ubiquity, and enable them to be here, there, and everywhere at the same time. The immense benefits of this improvement must be obvious; there will no longer be any necessity for agents in the transaction of business; every man can then perform as much in a given period as ten men can do now, and the quantity of spare capital of time be increased beyond all calculation. Indeed I may truly affirm, that if my plan goes into general operation, and the duration of life is to be estimated by what can be done by man, human existence will, in effect, be lengthened far beyond the age of the patriarchs.

The only regret mingled with my anticipations of the prodigious benefits that will result from this plan, arises from the commiseration I feel for those unfortunate capitalists who have invested their funds in canals, rail-roads, steam-boats, and steam-engines. These will all be exploded, of course. But these are mere trifles, compared with the advantages of the magnetic engine; and besides, all things must, and ought, to yield to the progress of improvement, and the spirit of the age. I am your obedient servant,

COMET SKYROCKET.

P. S. If my plan succeeds, I calculate that at least one-half the present human race will be superfluous. What a vast saving of men!

C. S.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES FROM THE DIARY OF AN EDITOR.

THE TRUMPET.

THE affairs of my paper now began to go on swimmingly. Several unexpected pieces of good fortune relieved my mind of a weighty burthen. Mr. Obadiah Thompson wrote me word on the margin of the *Cahabaw Democrat*, (with the pen drawn over the writing,) that if I would publish some of his original poetry, he would not only leave off abusing me himself, and shut the flood-gates of the United States' Federal Republican, the Henry Clay Recorder, and the Macdonough Jacksonian, but he would puff me and my paper till he had puffed away the recollection of all unkind feeling. I must here stop one moment to pay a just tribute of admiration to the wonderful efficacy and consistency of the law, and at the same time explain how I came to receive communications first written on the margin of newspapers, and then erased. Although every one is pleased on receiving a letter, no one can bear to pay for it, and most people would at any time take six shillings worth of trouble to avoid eighteen pence postage. The conductors of newspapers were, therefore, wont to interchange their little familiar ideas upon matters and things by inscribing them upon their printed sheets, thus cheating the post-office department of innumerable small contributions. To avoid this, a law was enacted inflicting a penalty of fifty dollars for every similar offence. An editor from down east was soon informed against, but he proved that he had always drawn a line over his epistolary correspondence, which the court decided (although the words were not thereby rendered illegible) was sufficient to take the offence out of the statute; and so they can go on as usual, and snap their fingers under the very nose of the law.

In accordance with our new arrangement, I was soon as much bedaubed with praise as I had previously been with slander. My editorial articles were copied all over the United States, and although many papers re-printed them without

credit, and sometimes as original communications, yet on the whole I found my fame rising rapidly. My subscribers increased in such numbers that I was about making some very extensive and profitable arrangement, by which the typographical beauty of the work would be increased, and some individuals of great talent enlisted in my service.

Everything promised that I should establish myself on a higher eminence than ever editor reached before, when my flowery prospects were nearly blighted by a trumpet. In recapitulating the prominent features of my history, I am more than ever led to acquiesce in the justice of the poet,

"Great trees from little acorns grow,
"Great streams from little fountains flow;"

but to be ruined by a trumpet! I can scarcely sit still enough to write while I think of it.

One unlucky night, when wearied out with the drudgery of my business, I sought relaxation at one of the theatres. I will say nothing about the actors, thought I, lest I interfere with them professionally, as they call criticising them; but during the performance by the orchestra of a charming overture, I noticed that the combined harmony of the instruments was slightly interrupted by the sound of a trumpet, which, from some unaccountable cause, did not seem managed with its usual adroitness. I traced the discordant notes to a little fat gentleman, who blew on it till his cheeks were puffed out like a Boreas. I was reminded of Anthony Van Corlaer, the trusty and immortal trumpeter of Peter the Headstrong, mentioned in Knickerbocker's history of New-York, the only true and impartial book ever written. Like his predecessor he introduced sundry fanciful demi-semi-quavers, altogether original, which discovered the most wonderful genius for extemporaneous musical composition; but the envious and wilful persons who composed the rest of the band, regardless of his variations, did never stop to listen, nor to let others listen, but played right a-head, whereby it sometimes occurred that they had reached the end of their tune when the trumpet was flourishing gracefully about in the middle. I thought I should do the worthy musician a favour by informing him of his mistake, and therefore took the earliest opportunity of inditing a few remarks, in a most amicable tone, requesting him to keep his trumpet within bounds. The next day I had all the orchestra round to my office, to read the article, one after the other. First came the violins—pale, thin, genteel-looking gentlemen. They read it through, every word of it; all laughed—and some of them bought the number. Then came the bassoon and the trombone, and they enjoyed it mightily. The bassoon and trombone always look askew at the trumpet. Then the clarinet walked in, and shook his sides at the downfall of his neighbour; and by and by entered the bass-viol, and added his triumph to the destruction of the poor trumpet. The whole tribe, flute, horn, piano, cymbals, triangle, and kettle-drums, were seen at short intervals, in great glee, the wind instruments in particular, visiting my office, as soon as it was buzzed around that the blower of the trumpet had been blown up himself, and even some of the leading chorus voices were heard congratulating themselves that the trumpeter had at length met his just deserts. I was at first pleased, then surprised, and afterwards alarmed at the "sensation," as the phrase is, which my poor little unconscious paragraph produced. Judge of my consternation, when I accidentally discovered that this very little trumpeter was neither more nor less than a man of immense fortune, entirely without family, and who had no other occupation, business, or idea in life but playing on his trumpet. I might have written the theatre down with half the danger I incurred in meddling with this confounded trumpet. They told me also that his love of his instrument was only equalled by his love of revenge, and that it was certain he would never let me rest till he had inflicted some deep blow upon my interest.

Several weeks passed away, and I was flattering myself upon having escaped an impending calamity, when I found in one of the newspapers, whose editor I had mortally offended by praising a particular line of steam-boats, with the owners of which the worthy gentleman had quarrelled, an article recommending to the admiration of the public a magnificent periodical, about to be published, full of engravings, of a superior kind, and by far the cheapest and the best which had ever appeared in any country. In due time, the publication came forth, with nothing original in it but some insolent allusion to flimsy contemporaries. Every newspaper in the United States took up the cry, and gave each week a half column of puffs to the new publication. It was soon pompously announced that the original numbers were nearly all bought up, and that the list of subscribers was increasing so rapidly that the demand for the work could not be supplied. I could not conceive how a journal, with so little intrinsic merit should

have sprung so suddenly up, and excited such a ferment in the public. I at last traced it to the little trumpeter, who, depending on his immense wealth, had started the work, and paid its way out of his own funds.

The public has been taken in so often by high-sounding schemes, which turned out in the end to be bubbles, that I wonder he is not ashamed to show his face in the city; yet, so far from this being the case, the more he is caught the more ready and willing he seems to be so—as some little fool of a fish, after having escaped from one hook swallows the very next bait he meets. It is strange that with his hundred thousand eyes he cannot see into things more acutely, and that being such a giant in strength he allows every cunning rogue to take hold of his nose, and lead him just where he pleases. The plain truth is, he is a great, good-natured, foolish sort of animal, not troubled with any superfluity of knowledge or sense, and with no more reasoning powers than my dog Brutus, who wags his tail, and runs after a block of wood, as if it were the finest game in the world.

I have frequently heard that the quarrels of religious men, of politicians, of actors, and doctors were carried on with extraordinary bitterness. In embracing a literary life I confess I had cherished a hope that it obviated all necessity for unkind feeling. My little trumpeter taught me the extent of my error. Editors are but men, and very often men placed in situations calculated to draw out their worst passions. My rival carried on his periodical with great spirit, and left no means untried of ruining me. He gave his paper a form precisely similar to mine, but issued it at half the price, which I knew he could not do without sinking vast sums of money. He wrote to my agents, and offered them higher commissions, and finally induced many of my subscribers to discontinue. My Moscow correspondent, too, while taking supper in an oyster-cellar in Chatham-row, fell into a dispute with my resident agent in Paris, and each attempted to convince the other by hitting him on the nose, till they were both compelled to take to their beds; and the man who used to do all my sentimental poetry went over to the enemy in a most treacherous and ungrateful manner. Several of my other most valuable prose correspondents took offence, I know not wherefore. I could not steer clear through all these quicksands, when the little trumpeter injured himself one night before a fashionable audience, by attempting to execute a flourish upon his instrument, too much for the strength of mortal man. He died—his paper shared his fate—and I was left once more to stand upon my own merits.

THE FINE ARTS.

ORATORIO AT ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL,

Given by the New-York Sacred Music Society.

The first public performance of this society this season took place on Thursday evening, the twenty-fourth ultimo.

MR. HILL, leader of the band:

MR. EARLE, conductor.

MR. BLONDELL, organist.

The solo performers were

MADAME BRICHTA,	MR. FEHRMAN,	MR. HILL,
MISS MORAN,	MR. EARLE,	MR. SCHOTT,
MISS WOODWARD,	MR. TAYLOR,	MR. BLONDELL.

The music consisted of selections from Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Corelli, Mozart, Gluck, Ciachettini.

A respectable society, formed for the purpose of introducing sterling music to the notice of the citizens, and assuming the attributes of a body corporate, in order to give force to its endeavours, must prove of importance to the interests of the science; and a concert, got up under its auspices, demands at our hands every attention. It has as yet numbered but few years; and far be it from us to regard its young but praise-worthy efforts with the same severe scrutiny with which we should criticise the performances of older institutions. Besides, we regard it as an important instrument in introducing a desirable alteration in the style of our church music, which has until lately been in a great measure neglected; and we congratulate ourselves upon the advantages to be expected from the efforts of this and similar associations, in bringing before the public the admirable compositions of the best masters. Yet we do not consider that indiscriminate and fulsome panegyric, such as follows too frequently the request of directors of concerts, addressed to the various editors of papers, to do something for them, can be of any real advantage to the cause which we are always ready to advocate—that of the musical art. On the contrary, we feel convinced that to justly criticise its professors, and the compositions which they place before us, is the surest method of leading to future improve-

ment; and with an assurance that we shall do so with impartiality, we proceed to our task.

A numerous band had been collected on this occasion, the leader of which, Mr. Hill, plays firmly and with taste; and we are inclined to think that if he had an opportunity for more employment, he would rise to the highest eminence in his profession. We observed among the members of the band Mr. Taylor, who ought to have been at the flute desk; Mr. Holloway, the leader of the Bowery band; Mr. Nida, the first horn of the Park theatre, of whom we have had occasion to speak in terms of eulogy; and Chioffi, with his inimitable trombone, from the same establishment. The position of the different musicians, and the whole arrangement of the orchestra, as regards situation, was ill-contrived. The principal singers were by no means brought into a conspicuous place, and we really regretted the disadvantage under which Madame Brichta laboured when she commenced the arduous song, "Rejoice greatly," with half-a-dozen violins within four feet of the back of her head, and an enormous double bass and violincello between her and the audience. Before we conclude our remarks on the orchestral arrangements, we have to call the attention of the society to the decidedly bad effect of placing the leader of the band in close contact with the gentleman whose department was that of beating time to the chorus singers: the alternate raising and depression of the arm of either not only had an unseemly appearance, but must have confused both band and chorus. We venture to lay down one rule as worthy of attention: there should be but one conductor, from whom the time should be received both for band and chorus, and that person should be at the organ; the keys being brought forward to such a situation as would enable him to be distinctly visible to all. In the event of that being impracticable, we recommend them to take their time from the *chef d'orchestre* alone. We likewise submit to the society that in future concerts more justice might be done to the works of the best masters, by obtaining one or two principal sopranos, a principal tenor, and a principal bass; an alto should be added, and thus with a quartette or quintette of principal voices, and a chorus, the performance might be most agreeably varied, or a complete oratorio, by some eminent master, produced.

Madame Brichta was the *prima donna* of the evening. This lady is a remarkably good musician; but in sacred music she has to contend against a language with which she is but partially acquainted. The time of the song, "Rejoice greatly," was infinitely too slow. She appeared to more advantage in the *bravura* by Ciachettini, accompanied very faithfully by Mr. Hill on the violin. Miss Moran sang the song "Ye sacred priests," very prettily; she has a voice of sweetness, and, bating one or two trifling errors, we were well satisfied with her performance. We feel much interested for her; and can venture to assert that she at present would be invaluable in a choir, and, with study and practice, bids fair to become an excellent vocalist. Miss Woodward selected the most difficult song, perhaps, ever written, and one to which a Mara or a Catalani could alone give full effect. At present it has no proper representative in Europe—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mr. Fehrman has a firm bass voice, and, when he becomes better acquainted with the language, will increase in value as a singer of sacred music. So much for the principal vocalists.

The chorus from *Judas Maccabeus* was sung beautifully. The *fugue* was taken up, point after point, with fire and precision. The *Horse and his Rider*, that magnificent work of the *Briareus* Handel, was, we believe, never better executed in America, although the *alti* and *tenori* ran foul of each other in one or two passages. In Mozart's *motetto* the band played much too loud. Altogether, we have to compliment the society on this concert, and must add, that it has the credit of first giving an opportunity to Mr. Schott of displaying his skill on the *cornu di bassetto*. This circumstance alone forms a feature entitled to every praise. Mr. Schott selected Handel's beautiful melodies, "Lord remember David," and "Angels, ever bright and fair," blending them together. Of the quality of his tone and his chaste and neat execution, it is impossible to speak with too much approbation. As most of our readers are probably ignorant of the nature of this beautiful and peculiar instrument, we may as well add, that it is played by means of a reed, and possesses most of the best notes of the *clarinet*, with the middle notes of the *bassoon*, and for giving pathos and expression is probably excelled by no wind instrument.

The church presented a brilliant and numerous and fashionable auditory assembled on the occasion, who retired evidently much pleased with the performance.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

CINDERELLA.

THIS beautiful opera continues to attract increasing houses. We were present at its representation on Monday last, its thirteenth night, and the second of Mrs. Austin's re-engagement, and were delighted to find a full and fashionable audience. It is a strong proof of the good taste of the city, and an earnest to Mr. Simpson that his exertions in the cause of harmony will be repaid. Our fair vocalist has announced her benefit for Monday next, and as the public are aware that her exertions are chiefly required on such an occasion, we doubt not that they will prove that the many delightful musical *soirees* she has afforded them are fresh in their recollection. In the delicate Ariel, the plumed Princess, and characters of that description, she has no equal on the American stage. The pieces selected are Cinderella and Don Juan, the music of the latter by Mozart; the part of the coquettish Zerlina by Mrs. Austin, Leporello by Placide, and Massetto by Thorne.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

March in New-York.—The month of March, according to the kalendar, is the commencement of spring, but according to the thermometer, it is generally the continuation of winter. At any rate, a peach-orchard coal fire at this present writing has infinitely more attractions than a promenade on the Battery, or a trip to Hoboken. It is a blustering, bullying, nullifying sort of a month, and like most noisy bullies, wastes a great deal of breath to very little purpose. In fact, it derives its name from a celebrated roystering chap, who was much thought of among the ancients for the shines he cut up, and whom they even worshipped as the god of war. For ought we know to the contrary, he may at this moment have a dozen altars blazing on the continent of Europe.

Though the temples of Mars were not numerous in Greece, yet in Rome he received the most unbounded honours; and the warlike Romans were proud of paying homage to a deity whom they esteemed as the patron of their city, and the father of the first of their monarchs. His most celebrated temple at Rome was built by Augustus after the battle of Philippi, and dedicated to "Mars the avenger." This deity was generally represented by the naked figure of an old man, armed with a helmet, a pike, and a shield. Sometimes he appeared in a military dress, with a long flowing beard, but often without the latter. Whiskers and mustachios he despised, as every person of good taste does at the present day. He generally rode in a chariot drawn by furious horses, which the poets called *fight and terror*.

March is the third month in the year, and was called by our ancestors, the Saxons, *Lencten* or *Lenegan*; literally, "the lengthening month," in reference to the days becoming longer than the nights. Hence the term *lent*, as applied to the period of abstinence which precedes Easter, observed by some religious sects.

On the twenty-first day of this month the sun enters the sign of Aries, the ram:

"That ram, which had once a fair rider upon't,
And let her fall plump in the famed Hellespont;
The crooked-horn'd Aries, whose rich golden fleece
Was carried by Jason in triumph to Greece."

The story of this unfortunate Miss Helle is well known to most readers, and is just as true now as it ever was. She was sister to the celebrated Phryxus, and their father was king of Thebes, who, in selecting a second wife, unfortunately caught a tartar. Phryxus and Helle, it seems, after submitting for a while to the ill-treatment of their step-mother, at length came to the conclusion that they could no longer "put up" with her nonsense, and resolved to make themselves scarce at the court of Thebes. For this purpose they packed up their duds, (we quote from memory,) and after robbing the old man of as much treasures as they could carry, they mounted (without saddle or pillion,) on the back of a ram with a golden fleece, and pursued their journey through the air.

The great height to which they were carried made poor Helle giddy—(great and sudden elevations are apt to produce the same effect on the heads of some young ladies now-a-days)—and she fell into the sea or strait which separates Asia from Europe. Her brother descended, and gave her a decent burial on the shore of the strait where she was drowned, which he called Hellespont, in honour of her memory, which name it retains to this day. He then re-mounted the golden ram, and continued his flight to the kingdom of Ates, where he offered up the faithful animal on the altar of Mars. As such was the termination of this *szial march*, it is no wonder that the

month in which it occurred is still called *March*, and that the same word is much in use among the votaries of the god of war. What a wonderful science is this etymology! and what convenient resources are these ancient poets! One of them, for instance, in enumerating the signs of the zodiac, says:

"First stands the ram that Helle bore away,
Making the night just equal to the day;
Which carried Phryxus safe—but Helle threw
Into that sea, which, from her drowning, drew
The name of Hellespont."

But, leaving the mythological fables of the heathens, the month of March is distinguished among christians by the number of *saints* to whom it has given birth. The very first day is consecrated to St. David, of Wales, who is said to have been extravagantly fond of leeks and toasted cheese. This saint was undoubtedly the first inventor of Welch rabbits; or rather, *rare bits*, as it ought to be written. The twelfth day of March is sacred to St. Gregory; the seventeenth to St. Patrick, an Irish gentleman, who freed the Emerald isle from reptiles of every species; the twenty-first is devoted to St. Benedict, an old bachelor, who never figured in a gallopade at a fancy ball!

March is generally a season of fasting, both for man and beast; some religious sects abstain from flesh because it is *lent*; others because they cannot *borrow* the means of obtaining it. Fishermen smile, and butchers frown. The prudent husbandman begins to husband his provender, while the patient kine chew the cud of reflection, ruminate on by-gone enjoyments, and look forward to the season of green timothy and juicy clover. Cocks crow, hens cackle, and fresh eggs begin to be thought no miracle. The city boys fly their kites, frighten horses, and sigh for *pass*, or Easter. Bishop sleeves are blown up like balloons, and ladies who keep a strict lent are seen to fly through the air, without even the support of a golden fleece. Let them take care of their hearts and their complexions, for "March winds and May suns" are celebrated in verse for the mischief they have produced on a fair skin, and their contrary effects on brown holland. Above all things, let them take care of their lungs and their feet, eschew tight lacing, and prunella shoes; avoid late hours at night, and look Aurora full in the face while she is yet blushing for her own indolence, at sunrise; so shall they secure health, and beauty, and vivacity, and mental peace, and steal the heart of many a cautious Benedict before the first of May.

Spring.—We have been really revived by a few days of genuine spring weather. After our long, cold, and tempestuous winter, the citizens greet it with every evidence of welcome. It was perfectly dazzling to look into Broadway about twelve o'clock. A man's eyes, from being useful objects by which on ordinary occasions he keeps from falling down cellar-doors, or running against lamp-posts, are now so bewildered among a throng of sweet faces, graceful forms, beautiful feet, &c. that he stands every reasonable chance of getting his neck broken. It is no joke for a nervous gentleman to look up from a dreamy gaze under a pretty bonnet, and find a pair of horses almost over his head. Yet it is very much in the fashion of worldly amusements. The bland and balmy atmosphere attracts forth with an almost irresistible power, all who are not tied down by positive necessity. One feels a sad reluctance to business operations with the breath of heaven fanning his face so softly, and surrounded by such crowds who seem fluttering in the sunshine with the carelessness of butterflies among roses. The whole scene awakens the truant propensities of our boyhood, which in that season of life did sometimes lead us to wish that our worthy school-master, with his tedious nouns and pronouns, his dividends and multiplicands, had never honoured us with his acquaintance. We envied all the surrounding children of animated nature who enjoyed the inestimable privilege of absolute freedom from care, restraint, and labour. The fact is, this everlasting necessity of making money, into which the grown up portion of the human race enter with so much cordiality, gives the birds of the air and the beasts of the field a great advantage over us; and these peaceful, sunny, genial, revivifying touches of spring weather bring it home to our bosoms with peculiar force. The indolence of these wild happy creatures has in it the very essence of luxury. It is crossed by no recollection of yesterday—no care of to-morrow—no anxiety for to-day. While thousands of their superiors are tugging, toiling, watching, and harassing their souls out to gain some petty pecuniary purpose, what unalloyed and delicious independence is theirs. We have scarcely ever conquered the lurking imaginations with which in our school-going days we amused our fancy during forced marches to the respectable seminary where we daily hied to be operated upon scientifically, "and all for our own good." In winter it was well

enough—but about March, April, May, and the early part of June, our enthusiasm in the cause of learning did certainly suffer considerable abatement. We remember pausing one morning on the brow of a hill, with a satchel of interesting school-books flung over our shoulder. The last relic of hoary headed old winter seemed just then to have completely disappeared. The earth was every where tinged with bright green—the trees were in blossom—not a cloud was in the sky, nor a breeze on the earth. We leaned on the fence and looked down on the prospect of a little sunny vale and grove of trees, with a brook gurgling through, and lilac scenting the air. A herd of cows were lying idly around, chewing the cud and lashing their sleek sides with their tails. A large bird alighted near, and sung sweetly. Two little dogs were playing together. Bees were humming about the flowers, and we sat down and wished some good fairy would appear and change us into a bird, a bee, or even a cow, just till spring had passed, that we might get away for a time from grammar, geography, spelling, and the ceaseless ding-dong and bustle of our little prison, and just lie there in quiet and freedom, and breathe the fragrant, soft spring air. The bright days of a city are certainly of a different nature, but not less calculated to draw forth similar practicable wishes relative to the wonderful advantage of some people in not having any thing to do.

Ainsworth's Dictionary.—A new abridgment of Ainsworth's Dictionary, English and Latin, for the use of grammar schools, has just been published by Henry C. Sleight, of this city. Several alterations and improvements for the special purpose of facilitating the labour and increasing the knowledge of the young scholar, are introduced. This work was originally edited by John Dymock, LL. D., and the American edition contains new corrections and improvements by Charles Anthon, professor of languages, in the New-York Columbia college, and rector of the grammar school. The name of this latter gentleman is sufficient to give a character of respectability to any publication.

The Water Question.—The corporation have been for some time busily employed in discussing the best means of supplying the city with wholesome water. We hope no inconsiderate member of that body will oppose any obstruction to a measure, involving the interests of every individual in the community, and on which the opinions of the citizens are so distinctly understood. No one will have the effrontery to deny that the impurity of the water now in use is a glaring evil, and that its remedy is both possible and easy. In regard to the amount of capital requisite in order to effect it, we fear we shall be doomed to a great deal of superfluous eloquence. No necessary expense should be suffered to create delay. The enterprise can be efficiently prosecuted only with adequate means; and a narrow spirit of economy on this subject, if it has any tendency to interfere with its success, will assuredly meet with general disapprobation.

Junius.—In reply to our pugnacious friend "Junius," we have merely to remark, that we must decline noticing the *aquibs* pointed out by him. Our course is a pacific one. Had we not too much respect for our readers to intrude upon their attention the particulars of our editorial difficulties, we could diminish the little importance which these gentlemen possess, by the narrative of a few simple truths respecting the motives of their actions. For instance, one distinguished contemporary is using his press against us, because we refused to exchange; another, because he copied an article from the Mirror without giving credit; a third, because we said we liked Kean's Hamlet; a fourth, because one of our country cousins quarrelled with his brother-in-law; a fifth, because a particular friend of his failed in establishing a literary paper; and a sixth, (we assure Junius we speak in perfect gravity,) because we refused to publish a piece of original poetry—thirty-nine stanzas—written by his eldest son John, who had just come out of college—addressed to the moon, and commencing, "Oh thou!"

We believe, however, that the Mirror may be rendered sufficiently interesting without denouncing vengeance against every little fellow who, by hook or by crook, can foist an abusive paragraph into some public journal. A Boston friend of ours, whom, by the by, we never heard of before, the Daily Commercial Gazette, (we wonder which one of our country cousins, for we have an unreasonable number, he has quarrelled with,) gravely asserts, that we have bought up the National Intelligencer, and all the other gazettes in the United States, besides a few in Europe, except itself, the Communi-paw Patriot, and a waspish little literary paper printed somewhere in the vicinity of Skeneateles, whose title we do not recollect.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

FROM WALTER SCOTT'S POEM OF ROKEBY—MUSIC BY THE LATE CHARLES GILFERT.

Allegretto.

Al-len-a-Dale has no fag-got for burn-ing, Al-len-a-Dale has no fur-row for turn-ing, Al-len-a-Dale has no
fleece for the spin-nig, Yet Al-len-a-Dale has red gold for the win-nig; Al-len-a-Dale has no fleece for the spin-nig, Yet Al-len-a-Dale has red gold for the
win-nig: Come, read me my rid-dle, come, hear-ken my tale, And tell me the craft of bold Al-len-a-Dale.
Dale. Come, read me my rid-dle, come, hear-ken my tale, And tell me the craft of bold Al-len-a-Dale.

SECOND VERSE.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkendale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

THIRD VERSE.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word,
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rerecross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

FOURTH VERSE.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother she ask'd of his house and his home:
"Tho' the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth Allen-a-Dale, "shows gallanter still,
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles," said Allen-a-Dale.

FIFTH VERSE.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone.
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone:
But loud, on the morrow, their wall and their cry,
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye.
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NUMBER IV.

FALSE REPORT OF A FRIEND'S DEATH.

A lie is bad, but give this lie its due,
'Tis ten times better than if it were true.

THE POET'S WREATH.

"What shall we crown Ned's verses with, my friend?"
"With cypress wreaths, for they are near their end."

PLEASING ONE'S SELF.

"Why didst thou print this book, thou silly elf?"
"Why did I print it, sir? to please myself."
"You've gain'd your point," said I, "my honest friend,
You'll please none other, that you may depend."

TIME AND MONEY.

Fortune may give the wealth she takes away,
But can't restore you your lost yesterday.

A CAPTIOUS LADY.

Were I to praise thee now for being wise,
Before I'd done you'd make my truths all lies.

A LOVING WIFE.

Jake twitted Sal, (Jake had a jealous mind.)
She dealt her smiles about to all mankind;
"Tis all in compliment to you, my Jake,
"I only love the sex for thy dear sake."

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROMISITOR.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

THE VICTIM OF TRIFLES.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

ACCORDING to all the rules by which we estimate worldly happiness, Mr. Irby ought to have been a happy man. He had health, wealth, an amiable wife, and obedient children. His integrity gained him the respect of the good, and his wealth secured the deference of such as only bow to worldly prosperity. But the most delusive estimates of happiness are those we erect on the basis of outward appearances. From these we decide that a man ought to be happy, and set him down as such without farther inquiry. Happiness is in the disposition, not in outward circumstances, and thus mainly depends on ourselves.

The subject of our story inherited from both parents an impatience of trifles. His father had not patience to do any thing that cost him a moment's difficulty. If he turned a key the wrong way, ten to one but he broke it before he could bring himself to turn it the other. In fact, he could not do any thing that required the least management or delay, and fell into a passion ten times a day about nothing. His mother left off sewing before she grew up, because she could not endure the trouble of threading a needle.

In the nursery, young master Irby broke all his playthings because it was so much trouble to use them; at school the trouble of learning the multiplication table made him so impatient that he tore it all to pieces; and, when a young man, he never hit his foot against a stick or a stone without giving it a kick and a malediction to boot. He could not bear a crowd because he was impatient of restraint, nor solitude because he was impatient of his own company. He was often known to delay reading a favourite book merely for want of patience to cut the leaves; and thus he missed a great portion of the pleasures of enjoyment solely on the score of his detestation of the trouble of obtaining them. We recollect that one morning he was going on an excursion from which he promised himself great satisfaction, when a pair of new boots was brought home, which he wished to wear on the occasion. He was fretting with impatience to join his party. Unfortunately they did not go on as easily as a glove, and after two or three pulls, our hero got into such a passion that he swore a great oath, and threw one of the boots with such violence from him that it upset the inkstand and spoiled his carpet. This caused him to fall into a still greater passion, he fired away the other and broke his looking-glass. For these two atrocious offences, he finally threw them both out of the window with such violence that he broke the head of an honest person who happened to be passing; at the same time denouncing the physical conformation of man, who being predestined to wear boots, was accommodated with a heel, as if on purpose to prevent his putting them on. He was so affronted at all these sore afflictions, that he determined not to go on the excursion. The next day he had to pay a round sum for breaking the poor man's pate, which made him ten times more impatient than ever.

Our hero found the life of a bachelor so full of little troubles, cares, and vexations, that he resolved in a fit of impatience to marry. Accordingly he reflected at least five minutes, when he got out of patience with thinking, and determined to have no more trouble of that sort. He decided at once, sallied forth, and knocked at the door of the fair Julia, whom he intended to address instantly. The servant was so long coming that he was out of all patience, and turned away in disgust, determined to have nothing to say to the fair Julia, who kept him waiting a whole minute at the door.

He bent his course to the dwelling of another fair lady, and unluckily found the servant on the steps, shaking a rug, which raised a cloud of dust which so seriously incommoded him, that he went away in great wrath without saying a word.

From thence he proceeded to visit the pretty, sprightly, brunette Eleanor, and fortunately was neither delayed at the door nor driven away by the dust. He was ushered into the parlour, and told the lady would be down presently. He waited a quarter of a minute, and then began to drum violently on the table. He waited another quarter, and fidgeted round the room three or four times. Still the provoking damsel did not

come. "She's enough to tire the patience of a saint," quoth our hero, and stalked out of the room in a furious fit of impatience. The street-door was a spring lock, which delayed him an instant and threw him into an ecstasy of fretfulness; he slammed the door so hard that he alarmed all the old rats in the house.

Fortunately he at length found admittance into a dwelling, the door of which was open, and the young lady already in the parlour. He paid his compliments in a speech she could scarcely comprehend, for he had not patience to speak slow. The lady was rather slow in answering, and our hero was just getting out of all patience; but he restrained himself with wonderful self-command, and an agreeable conversation ensued. He was astonished to find when he went away that his visit had actually lasted fifteen minutes, during all which time he had not once got out of patience.

He went the next day, and found the old lady mother in the parlour, who pretty nearly annihilated him with an account of an attack of the rheumatism. Ye powers! how he did fidget, and stretch out his legs, and twirl his hat, and drum on the arm chair! He was just on the point of giving up the ghost when a great revolution took place. The young lady came in and the old lady departed. Mr. Irby thought the former one of the most charming of her sex, only she talked a little too slow for him. She was indeed a model of meekness, patience, and discretion. The very antipodes of our hero. It is therefore no wonder that they should fall in love. The two extremes generally come together sooner or later.

It was not long before he offered himself and was accepted; but the lady, as all delicate females should do, hesitated and blushed a little before she uttered the monosyllable which decides the fate of woman, and Mr. Irby was so out of patience that he was just about seizing his hat and bidding her adieu forever.

He was so impatient for the wedding that he could hardly wait for the wedding clothes, which we don't so much wonder at, as his bride was a charming creature. He was impatient because the clergyman was five minutes behind his time; he was still more impatient because the bride and her maids were not quite ready at the moment; and he was so out of all patience with the length of the ceremony that he answered sundry questions before they were asked. Never man was more miserable at the consummation of his happiness. It fell to his lot at supper to cut up a tough goose, and he was three or four times on the point of throwing it at the head of the old gentleman, his honoured father-in-law, for giving him such a diabolical task.

The parents saw all this; but as he was rich, they flattered themselves they had secured the happiness of their daughter; the bride saw nothing of it, as in duty bound. She was in love, and near sighted.

When Mr. Irby set up an establishment his troubles increased tenfold, and he got out of patience ten times oftener than ever. One morning, about a month or thereabouts after taking possession of his bride and his house, he rung the bell for a servant, and before the sound could reach the lower regions, repeated it with an expression of impatience at the laziness of the fellow.

"He has not had time to come," said his wife, in her mild dilatory way.

"Not time? I could have gone to the garret and back again."

"Indeed you are mistaken, my dear—have a little patience—here he comes."

Mr. Irby gave him a violent rebuke for being so long answering the bell.

"You sent me on an errand, sir," replied he.

"So you did, my dear—now I recollect," said Mrs. Irby.

Mr. Irby said nothing, but he was out of all patience, first with himself for not recollecting having sent the man away; secondly with the man for depriving him of so excellent an apology for being out of patience; and thirdly with Mrs. Irby for not being out of patience in the least.

"Upon my soul, madam, you are enough to provoke a stone."

"How so, my dear?" said she, smiling.

"You have the patience of Job."

Mrs. Irby had it just on the tip of her tongue to say she wished she could return the compliment; but we record it as a modern miracle that she resisted the temptation, and only said, making a low curtsy at the same time,

"I thank you for the compliment, my dear."

"Hem?" quoth Mr. Irby, and felt quite provoked at his wife for having so much more patience than himself.

On another occasion Mr. Irby fell into a great passion because his wife could not immediately find the key of a drawer when he wanted it.

"Zounds, madam," cried he, "you never can find anything when I want it. I believe half your life has been spent in looking for keys."

Mrs. Irby said nothing, but continued the search while her husband was fretting away his soul, and uttering irritating reflections. He was just going to break the lock when the lady all at once exclaimed,

"O, now I recollect—you have it, my dear—I gave it to you yesterday."

He denied it at first, and could not be persuaded to put his hand in his pocket to see if it was there. He was sure—positive, it was not. Mrs. Irby approached him with an irresistible smile, put her hand into his waistcoat pocket and drew out the identical key. She did not laugh, she did not give a look of triumph, but went and sat down to her employment.

"My dear," at length she said, "why don't you open the drawer, now you have the key?"

"O, it's no consequence—it will do just as well some other time."

Mrs. Irby was tempted by the evil one to tell her husband it was hardly worth while to get so out of patience about a matter of no consequence—but she was a model of discretion, and said not another word.

This was exceedingly provoking. Half the time Mr. Irby had nobody to dispute with about nothing, and it is but a dull business to be angry alone. He made divers attempts to put his wife out of patience, but all in vain, she neither joined in his anger against others, nor gave him occasion to be angry with herself.

"Zounds!" said he to himself, "I believe the devil is in the woman," and he got out of all patience because he could not put his wife out of patience. The truth is, she made him ashamed of himself, and his wayward disposition took offence at self-reproach. Instead of putting him on correcting his faults, it only made him the more testy and impatient.

Being of a domestic turn he generally staid at home almost all the day—and a man who keeps house without any business of his own, is pretty certain to interfere in the just prerogatives of his wife. Mr. Irby was always prying about, seeking causes of discontent and self-torment. If he detected a cobweb hanging from the ceiling, he got out of patience with his wife, his servants, the spiders, and himself. He could not rest till he had made an uproar in the house, and fretted himself sore about it.

By degrees he persuaded himself there was nothing done in the house as it ought to be, unless he attended to it himself. Under the dominion of this freak he set about meddling with what properly belonged to the jurisdiction of his wife. All human beings love power, and that too in proportion to the limited sphere in which they exercise it. Women are of course tenacious of their dominion within doors, the right to which they acquire by surrendering that without to their husbands. It was very vexatious to see Mr. Irby usurping the distaff. But Mrs. Irby was never known to get out of humour on these occasions, either because she was incapable of anger, or that she took warning from the example of her husband, who, with every thing in his power to be happy, daily and hourly fretted himself into a state of misery, at the same time that he made every body dependent on him as miserable as himself.

"I wish to heaven, Jane," said he one day, after having done and said enough to provoke meekness itself, "I wish you would get over that disagreeable, obstinate habit you've got."

"What obstinate habit, my dear?" replied Mrs. Irby, rather surprised at the charge.

"Why I mean that infernal provoking habit of keeping

your temper when you see me out of patience with every body and every thing. An affectionate wife ought always to sympathize with her husband. But to see you sitting perfectly unmoved when I have a hundred causes for being in a passion, is too bad. It makes one feel as if one had no reason for one's conduct. Now do, my dear Jane, get angry sometimes, won't you?"

"My dear, I don't know what it is to be out of patience or angry. I wish I could oblige you."

"What a confounded disagreeable, ignorant, insensible woman I've got for a wife," quoth Mr. Irby. "Not know how to get out of patience! I'm sure I could have taught her that, if she hadn't been an insensible block." And away he went in a passion, to look for cobwebs and scold the servants.

By degrees he began to dislike his wife because she couldn't get out of patience and sympathize with him. It showed a want of sensibility, a want of affection, a want of sense, in fact. She was a great fool, and there was an end of the matter.

A woman will pardon any thing in a husband if she is only satisfied that he loves her truly. But if to occasional unkindness he adds indifference, not Griselda herself can persevere in obedience and tenderness. The faults of Mr. Irby were gradually estranging the affections of his wife; and though she preserved her patience, there was not the same sweetness of deportment towards her husband as formerly. They were on the high road to indifference, alienation, and mutual dislike, when a series of misfortunes by degrees united them once again in the bonds of mutual sympathy.

Mr. Irby had estates in St. Domingo, of which he was suddenly deprived by the bloody revolution that converted the oppressed slave into a remorseless tyrant. The loss of these, straitened his circumstances exceedingly, and obliged him to circumscribe his establishment. He could command nothing more than the ordinary comforts of life. But what was very surprising, the news of this serious loss neither put him out of patience nor made him angry. He communicated it to his wife in a cold, solemn manner that was quite edifying.

"Well, never mind," said Mrs. Irby, who felt her old affections awakened by the touch of misfortune. "Never mind, my dear, we have our children and the means of supporting them."

Mr. Irby kissed his wife with all the warmth of first love, and received a kiss sweeter than that of a bride.

He had now something to think of besides trifles; and it was several weeks before he undertook to look for cobwebs, scold the servants, get out of patience himself, or find fault with his wife for not doing it. Old habits are, however, obstinate things. They are like spaniels, you cannot beat them from you. Mr. Irby was gradually relapsing, when the news of the failure of a man whom he had entrusted with his outdoor affairs, while he was attending to those within, again relieved him from the dominion of littleness. He received the shock with firmness—kept his temper and his patience—although he was now reduced to poverty.

"Well, my dear," said his good wife, "we must exert ourselves for the sake of our children. I cannot earn, but I can save."

Mr. Irby was inspired by the cheerfulness of his wife. "I too can do something besides getting out of patience," thought he, "and I will."

He procured, by the influence of Mrs. Irby's friends, a respectable, though laborious employment, which occupied him so completely during the day, that he had not time to get out of patience. He was so tired when he came home that he had not the least inclination to trouble himself with the affairs of his household, and had no servants to worry his soul out by not answering the bell. In short, he had occupation for his time and his thoughts, and that pettish, feverish impatience which had been the bane of his own happiness, as well as that of his wife and children, yielded entirely and forever to the dignified impression of serious calculation, assisted by the necessity for constant employment. Their loss of fortune thus became the source of permanent peace and happiness.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," thought Mrs. Irby.

"What a delightful thing it is to have something to do out of doors, instead of looking for cobwebs within," quoth Mr. Irby. "I've no patience with myself when I think how I used to get out of patience about nothing."

LOVE.

At three years old we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSEURS. EDITORS.—I am what is called a fashionable young man; that is, I am received among fashionable people, dress according to the fashion, and do as other fashionable young men do, with the exception of wearing whiskers and carrying a little bit of whalebone. But though I do all these things from habit or imitation, I am not blind to the follies, fopperies, and extravagancies of the reigning modes, and am rejoiced to find some of your correspondents making merry with them occasionally.

It is, I think, high time that those who affect to lead the fashions among us, should be taught the secret of which they appear to have as yet no comprehension, namely, that there is all the difference in the world between elegant manners and a cultivated understanding, and mere paltry affectation, apings of foreign fopperies, and second-hand imitations of bad originals. Feeling as I do, a sincere desire to see our young ladies happy and respectable, I cannot but regret their daily increasing departures from that simplicity in dress and manners, that economy so becoming in the sex, and that retiring delicacy, without which they are little calculated to fulfill their high destiny as wives and mothers; as the companion and solace of man; as the presiding deity of his household and his domestic happiness.

Every young woman of good feelings and principles, ought to exert herself to become qualified for that station which nature and the usages of civilized society have assigned her. I mean that of the wife and mother. In no other situation can they be so happy, and let me add, so respectable, as when fulfilling these high duties. It is here that God and nature have ordained that woman shall bear her high and important part in swaying the destinies of the world; and here alone that her beauty, her gentleness, and her virtues shine out with a blessed lustre that warms and enlivens all within the sphere of her domestic and social influence. Whenever they depart from this, their proper sphere, to flare about by day in the streets in gorgeous, I might almost say, indecent finery, and waste their nights in waltzes and gallopadas, a spectacle for the gloating glare of travelled sensualists, they lose their real value in society; they exchange the jewel of their souls for false and fictitious fripperies, for the disgraceful admiration of juvenile libertines and worn out rakes.

It would be well for a certain class of mistaken females to be told too, that while their habits of extravagance in dress and dissipation disqualify them to be anything but objects to look at, the inevitable effect is to deter the worthy and valuable portion of the other sex from connecting their fates with those of young females, who appear to have no taste but for finery and dissipation, no feeling but for universal admiration. The former disqualifies them for becoming the partners of our fortune; the latter makes them unworthy of our confidence. Who that thinks and reasons before he links his fate forever with, and places his happiness at the mercy of another—who will dare to embark on the troubled ocean of life with a young woman who lives but in the glare of admiration—who is the life of the streets and of parties, the dosing nightmare of the domestic fireside; who sacrifices health, happiness, and decorum to dress and dissipation, and every hour exhibits new proofs that she is as incapable of performing her domestic duties, as of enjoying or administering to domestic happiness? The answer to these questions will be found in the palpable consequences that have already resulted from this state of manners.

Young men in genteel life, with but a moderate fortune, or just entering on the career of business, with a fortune to make, are afraid to marry any but a wealthy heiress. They cannot afford the means of supplying a host of extravagant habits and desires, which consume all the fruits of their exertions in superfluities, leaving the actual wants of life to be supplied by running in debt to tradesmen, or borrowing of friends. Hence among the more fashionable class of society spinsters and bachelors are daily increasing in numbers; neither will venture to marry, without a fortune on one side or the other; the former waits till he has amassed one, and the latter prefers leading apes to being led by a man who cannot supply her craving and insatiate vanities. In the middle classes of society we see early marriages, and it rarely happens that old maids and bachelors are found among them. It is because a young woman if she brings no fortune has not been brought up as if she had a fortune to spend. Her habits are domestic, and she has not wasted her health, her usefulness, and her desire to be useful, in a long course of dissipation, which has brought on a premature old age of ill humour and decrepitude.

I could say more on this subject, but am fearful of tiring both you and your readers. I will, therefore, only add, that I am under serious apprehensions that I shall be obliged to die a bachelor. I had almost brought myself to propose for a young lady not long since, and might have been a Benedict by this time had I not accidentally picked up a piece of paper the other day in the street, purporting to be a bill for a dress, which my mistress had worn at an assembly, and which had conquered my heart outright. That very evening, before going to rest, I sat down and calculated the cost of maintaining a fine lady per annum, and found that no man with less than three hundred thousand dollars ought to commit matrimony with a New-York belle of this age of development. I intend to make one more last desperate trial. I mean to go to the grand fancy ball, of which I am one of the benefactors; and if I can find a young lady there not absolutely and irresistibly ugly, simply and neatly attired, with inexpressibles at least as low as her instep, sleeves not much larger than a two bushel bag, and not much more than half naked about the shoulders, &c.; who neither dies away in a waltz, with up-turned eye, nor commits herself to the embraces of a stranger in a gallopade; why I am determined to pursue her to the uttermost ends of the earth, and lay myself, my fashion, and my fortune at her feet. If I should not meet with such a phenomenon, I am a dead man to a certainty—that is, I am determined to live the life of a bachelor.

I wish you would publish this in time for the bachelors' fancy ball, that the young ladies may be on the look out for a capital prize, to wit, a young man, with black romantic eyes, white teeth, tall, well shaped, and wanting nothing to be an adonis but a muzzle *a-la-Bison*. Adieu. ADRIAN MELMOTH.

N. B. I have about seven thousand a year.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—People in distress always like to be pitied, and for this reason I write to you, in hopes that some of your good-natured readers will sympathize with me, for I can get no sympathy at home. If I complain in the least, my papa begins to scold, and all the comfort I get is to be told it is all my own fault. I am resolved to state the whole case, that you may decide whether papa or I is in the wrong.

You must know that some way or other, I can't tell how, I have quite lost my health and spirits, and when at home have not the heart to do any thing. I am so languid and sleepy all day that I do nothing but recline on the sofa, or lie down, till it is time to dress for an evening party. I have no appetite for breakfast or dinner, and am so thin and pale, that I sometimes think I must be going into a decline. Now, pa insists upon it, all this is owing to the life I lead, as if it was different from that of other young ladies. He says I am weak, drowsy, and out of spirits all day, because I am up four or five nights in the week at parties till one or two o'clock; and that I have no appetite for breakfast and dinner, because I eat pickled oysters, ice-cream, blanc-mange, jelly, confectionary, celery, and such trifles, at night. Did you ever hear such nonsense?

Then pa insists that the palpitations, tremblings, faintings, and all the other strange disagreeable feelings I am subject to, originate in my manner of dressing, as if all the young ladies of fashion did not wear corsets, thin shoes, short petticoats, and all that! Did you ever hear such nonsense in the whole course of your life?

Now, gentlemen, that you may have a fair view of the subject, and judge how far pa is behind the spirit of the age, I will tell you how I live and how I dress. You will see it is quite impossible that I should injure my health in this way, as pa insists I do.

All the time I am at home, which is as little as possible, I sit alone in the chimney-corner, with a Cashmere shawl about my shoulders, and keep myself as warm as I can. When I go out to walk I always put on my best, for you know it would be shocking to be seen in the street without feathers, and all that sort of thing. My hat is so large that it serves instead of an umbrella; only being made of thin gauze, it neither defends me from the sun, the wind, nor the rain. My shoes are of prunella, for you know it would be quite shocking to decency to appear in Broadway in clumsy thick-soled leather shoes, as I have seen some fashionable ladies do, that ought to know better. As for fur shoes or India rubbers—O! I can't bear them! I would rather get my feet wet every day, as I generally do. But then you know, what people do every day they soon get used to; and one may become accustomed to wet feet as well as wet hands, you know. Sometimes, when the weather is very bad, I put on my cloak; but really these cloaks make such a fright of one, that I never

wear them when I can help it; and then, you know, my corsets are so stout with whalebone, buckram, and stuffing, that there is no danger of my catching cold. Pa says they are drawn so tight they stop the circulation of the blood, and prevent the action of the lungs. Did you ever hear such stuff? Why, it only takes two women to lace them! I will tell you a secret, though: I broke my lacings the other night, by a long-drawn sigh, occasioned by a pretty speech, and still prettier look, from a young gentleman who shall be nameless. I never sigh if I can help it, nor laugh loud for fear of accidents, when I am dressed for a ball.

When I go out to a party, which I do generally six nights in the week, I confess I do take a few liberties with myself, for who can bear not to be in the fashion? If I were to cover my neck and shoulders, what a fright I should be! and if I wear any thing but a little slight silk or gauze, or, what is still more charming, lace dress, broader than it is long, I wonder who would be fool enough to waltz with me? But I assure you I always cover my shoulders with a Cashmere when I go home, and always wait five minutes to cool myself after a dance. Many of my fashionable friends laugh at me, and say I am old maidish, because I take such care of myself. So you see pa is all in the wrong here too.

I must acknowledge I sometimes eat till I am almost ashamed of myself at parties, because you know I can eat nothing by day, and must make up for this sometime or other; and then I do love pickled oysters! Then there is such a delightful excitement in dancing, and looking charming, and being told so by a charming beau, and all that sort of thing, that I do get a most monstrous appetite.

Now, gentlemen, you have heard both sides of the question, and can judge who is in the wrong, pa or I. Just publish this letter, with a little note to let me know, will you? Heigho! I'm so tired, so nervous, and have such a pain in my side, I can't tell what ails me; can you, gentlemen? Your admirer,

CECILIA LAUREL.

P. S. I won't sign my real name for fear the old gentleman may see it.

C. L.

Miss Cecilia Laurel has entirely satisfied the editors that the old gentleman is altogether in the wrong. It is impossible that a young lady of her discretion, who leads such a sober life, dresses so prudently, and takes such a reverend care of herself, should lose her health and spirits through any fault of her own. As, however, mere change is often beneficial in these cases, we would humbly insinuate to Miss Cecilia Laurel the propriety of trying what dry feet, domestic habits, a cheerful fireside, early hours, and moderate meals at home, will do for her. Who knows but they may work a miracle?—*Editors.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—I confess myself to have been powerfully struck by an article entitled "Antiquity," in a late number of the Mirror. On reading it near the hour of rest, my dreams received their character from its import. I thought I wandered out a vast distance westward from the United States, proceeding towards the great waters of the Pacific. After travelling as much as two thousand miles through uncultivated deserts, I saw signs of civilization. The animals, though extremely small, were domestic. The horse and cow, though of diminutive dimensions, were grazing beside each other. The dog was heard to bark, but it was as the whine of a yearling; the cock was heard to crow, but it was with the feeble pipe of a chicken; and the smoke of chimneys, constructed by the mason, was to be seen ascending. On entering the first village, I was met by boys and young men, of the most uncouth and stunted appearance, and nearly in a state of nudity. The women were shy and reserved, but they were all young.

"Stranger," said one of the inhabitants, "when wast thou born?"

"Faith," said I, "that question I cannot exactly answer, for our family bible was burnt some years ago."

"Very fortunate," replied he, "for you, for no man is permitted in this country to date beyond 1800. Had you carried your birth-day as far back as 1799, you would have come under our law; and," pointing to his neck, "you know what I mean. But," continued he, "where is your home?"

"In the United States."

"The United States!" exclaimed the new man, "what country is that? When was its last form of government established?"

"Why," said I, "a little over half a century."

"That is coming nearer our point of optimism, but still the distance from us is highly dangerous and censurable. What a vast number of degenerate beings your country must con-

tain! It is necessary for its happiness that no state should exist under one form of government longer than one generation, thirty years. Our last change was in 1830. All our people in that year, who were born before the commencement of the present century, perished. It is a fixed principle with us, that every thing degenerates by age. Our animals are all killed off; they do not live after a twelve month's existence. Our trees are cut down after they attain to a certain height and size, which are fixed by law. All our archives and records are carefully destroyed annually; and any literary production, written in or translated from a dead language, is burnt by the hands of the common hangman. Our school-masters teach the art of forgetting. Books we had, but they exist no longer, as they are contrary to the glorious, and primitive constitution of our community. Sleep is our great occupation. Narcotics, of all merchantable commodities, are the most costly and ready of sale."

"And," replied I, in some astonishment, "all this you think reasonable?"

"Reasonable," iterated the parvenu, raising his voice, "dost thou, or any one, doubt? Look at the tendency of all things to deteriorate. Men by age get crafty and corpulent; drawing sustenance from the national stock, and yielding none. Youth is gay and productive. The disappearance of one plant and one animal to make way for another is the universal law of nature; and, as the physicians say, we only assist nature by hastening the process a little."

"But," said I, "you allow nothing time to arrive at perfection!"

"Perfection, sayest thou? say, rather, we suffer nothing to decline. We anticipate the horrible moment, and thereby avoid it. This is the essence of wisdom; but thy miserable country—yet I will have further evidence before I finally and fully condemn. What may be the term for the administration of government by your chief magistrate?"

"Four years."

"Monstrous! What plots and machinations! What lavish and corrupt expenditure of money! What treasonable designs may not be hatched and perpetrated within that period! Know, degenerate stranger, that our chief magistrate continues in office one week, and does not live after thirty years. Thy countrymen must 'sit like owls hooting among ruins, stimulating their doting vanity by the remembrance of ancient glories, and seeking in the motley records of time, which exaggerates every thing, oblivion of their present decay.' My blood warms at such monstrous folly and heresy; and now I look in thy face and observe thy words, I am sure thou art one of the antiquity men. I must denounce thee to our assembly; and afterwards our executioner will relieve thee from thy dotage. Stay, I see him at the corner of yonder street."

On hearing this my legs began involuntarily to offer their assistance to carry me out of the new man's dominions; but the first step I took brought me upon the floor, perfectly awake from my horrible dream.

X.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE RECONCILIATION.

And did I leave her then in anger!
Resentment never touched her heart—
'Twas agitation—sorrow—anguish—
And I, a wretch! could thus depart!
Now she's in tears—her heart is broken!
And she will sigh—"he loves me not!"
He left me with a frown—sad token
That misery will be my lot!"

Have I such merciless pangs inflicted
On a fond heart that loves me so?
Have I on that sweet face depicted
The pallid portraiture of woe?

I cannot brook the thought! 'tis horror!
No—I will fly and give her peace—
Kiss from her cheek the tear of sorrow,
And cause its agonies to cease.

Emma, I come! your own Fitzharden—
Emma, look up! I love you still!
Nay—on my knees I beg your pardon;
Say you forgive me—or you kill!

She hears! she smiles! that lip of ruby
Will gently, tenderly reprove—
"Go to your business, silly booby!
Alas, what fools are men in love!"

MODERN POETRY.

A soundless voice that none can hear—
A rayless light that none can see—
A sorrowing smile—a mirthful tear—
A dismal hope—a lovely fear—
And this is modern poetry.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THIS establishment, which has with great justice been termed the Drury-lane of America, has been in a state of great activity ever since the production of *Cinderella*. This delightful opera has been frequently represented with increasing success, and the off-nights have been varied by a melo-drama, called the *Water Witch*, from Cooper's novel, and a farce, entitled *Separation and Reparation*; the former, as bad as any quantity of nonsense we have ever witnessed on the stage; the latter, a very good specimen of Morton's dramatic efforts. It is a pleasing two-act piece, abounding in light and pointed dialogue, aided by strong situation. On Monday Mrs. Austin's benefit brought a thousand dollars into the treasury. *Cinderella* and *Don Juan*, with Mozart's music, formed the attractions. The first passed with its usual eclat, but the latter requires a few observations. Don Giovanni is an adaptation of Mozart's music to a version of the drama of *Don Juan*, by Picoke. It was arranged for Covent-garden theatre by Bishop; and, without retaining all the music, that gentleman has selected for the English stage, the most prominent *morceaux* which are popular in the Italian opera. The part of *Don Juan* is entrusted to an actor; Octavio and Massetto are retained as singers, as are Leonora and Zerlina. No opera can make a brilliant hit when played as a second musical piece; and the quiet, but rich beauties of Mozart, with a mixed audience, stand no chance after the rattle and glitter of Rossini, especially in an opera containing the essence of that author, as is the case with *Cinderella*. Mrs. Austin's Zerlina, however, is one of her happiest efforts; she throws a great deal of *naïveté* into her acting, and we thought that her "*Batti batti*" and "*Vedrai carino*," were admirably given. Jones sang the music allotted to Octavio well. Nevertheless we should have preferred the opera called *Il Don Giovanni* in a more original state, and less mixed up with the melo-drama, from which Mr. Picoke has altogether taken his materials. Mr. Barton, from the English theatres, made his first appearance on Wednesday evening in the character of Hamlet. We will notice his performance in our next. M.

THE TOILET.

PRESENT LONDON FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.—A dress composed of lilac gros de Naples, the corsage made up to the throat, and to sit close to the shape. It fastens behind. The upper part of the sleeve has the usual fullness to the turn of the arm; from thence to the wrist it sits close, but is disposed in horizontal folds laid one upon another, each about an inch and a half in breadth. A light fancy silk trimming a shade or two darker than the dress, goes round the border at the knees. The mantle is green velvet, lined with white gros de Naples, and made with long loose sleeves. The cape is something longer than usual, and rounded at the ends. The collar is composed of five points of black velvet; that in the centre of the back is the deepest, those at the sides are smaller. Black velvet bonnet worn over a morning cap of English lace; the brim of a moderate size, lined with rose-coloured silk plush. The crown is decorated in a very novel manner with black velvet ornaments, edged with black blond lace, and intermixed with knots of black satin ribbon of the tulip form.—*La Belle Assemblée.*

BALL DRESS.—The hair dressed with bows and braids mingled; two or three pink gauze bows are placed high on the back of the head, and two smaller near the brow on the right side; three small paradise plumes are put on the left; a row of pearls crosses the forehead from right to left: this style of head-dress, both in the arrangement of the hair and disposal of the ornaments, is exquisite. The corsage of the dress consists of an elegant white lisse chemisette made round to the bosom, with longitudinal plaits to the waist; long sleeves of the same material. Skirt of gauze d'orient of a pale maroon-colour, trimmed at the knees with long satin points of the same colour as the dress, headed by a beautiful cord of the chryséon gold; the points are edged with a looped trimming of the same gold. A large gauze bow is fastened on the front of the row of vandykes and another just beneath it, connected together by chryséon cords. Deep points of satin fall over the shoulders, and gradually diminish to the waist. Similar points finish the wrists. Necklace, bracelets, and waist-buckle, moon-stone set in wrought gold. Black satin shoes, and white gloves.—*Ladies' Magazine.*

EVENING OR DINNER DRESS.—An elegant robe of black or purple velvet, lined with satin; the corsage is of the most chaste and simple form; (which is particularly desirable, when the materials of which the dress is made are rich); a falling collar, handsomely vandyked, and sloping from the shoulder to the bust, gives a peculiar grace to the figure, the skirts of the robe are vandyked to correspond. This robe is worn over a dress of the richest satin, and of the simplest form. A chemisette à la vierge of blond, and very full sleeves sloped to the wrist, of the same material. A handsome toque of black or purple velvet, surmounted by a bird-of-paradise feather, and looped in the centre by a gold or silver band and splendid aggrafe. The hair is parted on the forehead, and arranged in full curls on either side of the face. Ear-rings, chain, buckle, and bracelets, of highly wrought silver (now à la mode,) white silk stockings, and satin shoes.—*Royal London Magazine.*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

AMERICANS IN LONDON.

If you expect from me a "full, true, and particular account" of the sayings and doings of certain Americans here, who have made some noise in the world, and to whom I had the pleasure of presenting letters, you will be disappointed. I hope neither nature nor habit has qualified me for the task of picking up and noting down all the little off-hand, after-dinner scraps of conversation that may fall from the lips of persons of any notoriety, and then by the help of additions, exaggerations, and sage comments, manufacturing "articles" out of them. This disreputable practice has become so prevalent, that men are almost afraid to speak or move lest they should afterwards find their little trivial actions and sentences grandiloquently noticed and set forth in some future periodical as matter for history. Even the pure pages of the New-York Mirror have been defiled by this species of busy officiousness. John Howard Payne solemnly declared to me, that meeting with a number of that invaluable miscellany two or three years ago, on opening it he was horror-struck to see traced in large legible letter-press the words "Life and Character of John Howard Payne." Certainly this regular last-dying-speech manner of heading the article was enough to astound the boldest. John Inman stands chargeable for the principal part of this offence, and the colonel and editor—"he of the sword and pen"—for aiding and abetting in the commission of the same. You may perhaps retort upon me that when I undertook to write the biography of Jacob Hays I was not guiltless; but I contend that I managed that matter in a delicate, vague, and incomprehensible manner, never descending to petty detail; and I even did violence to my feelings by refraining from giving to the public a short but spirited conversation which took place between Mr. H. and myself one day in the city-hall, when he requested me to pull off my hat, and my alacrity was not great. A few general remarks and observations, therefore, such as can do no one any harm, are all that I think ought to be given. There is really no good and sufficient reason why a man who paints a good picture or writes a good book should have the penalty inflicted upon him of having his every-day actions and careless disjointed chat worked up into biography, without his knowledge or consent; and distinguished Americans are peculiarly liable to this species of persecution, in consequence of the number of their countrymen who travel and scribble—get a peep at them at a dinner-table, and then write their lives. However, I hope a few random remarks will not be deemed impertinent or offensive.

COLE.—This promising young artist is in good spirits, and much in love with his profession—two great points. He is not altogether satisfied with the taste here for literal rather than imaginative pictures, and complains that painting has become too much of an art—and that a piece is praised or blamed more for what may be termed the technical beauties or defects in the execution, than for the conception or design. He speaks with enthusiasm of English scenery, and thinks some of it perfectly beautiful, particularly portions of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire. The latter county has furnished him with a view of Newstead Abbey—the evening sun showering a flood of fading radiance upon the home of the Byrons, and throwing its parting shadows over the clear, tranquil lake in front. It was unfinished when I saw it, but will, I think, make a fine picture, and is intended for the Royal Academy. Mr. C. appears to me scarcely to estimate highly enough the vantage ground on which he stands, in being able to handle American subjects. A bold, daring view, strikingly characteristic of the scenery of the new world, would, from its novelty, attract far more attention than an English landscape of equal merit; and if it was christened with a long unpronounceable Indian name, so much the better. He had, however, some intention of selecting a subject from Irving. I took the liberty of suggesting the scene in the Highlands, where Rip Van Winkle wakens after his twenty years' nap, and he said he would think about it. I inquired the fate of "Hagar in the wilderness," which was so much admired in New-York; when he pointed to a view of a lake amid the solitudes of New-Hampshire, and informed me poor Hagar lay buried beneath. Mr. C. had unfortunately used some colours that would not stand, and so destroyed the picture, and painted the canvass afresh. He particularized Rogers the poet as one who had purchased some of his pictures, and acted in other respects in the most friendly manner towards him.

LESLIE.—No painter in England enjoys a higher reputation

than Leslie, and certainly not one of them stands a fairer chance of being remembered by posterity. His subjects, which are mostly Shakspearian, will always be of engrossing interest in England; and such is the care and extreme attention to minutiae with which they are finished, that, like the great man he has undertaken to illustrate, new beauties strike you at every fresh examination of his works. Though industrious, he is by no means prolific, resembling most of those eminent in his art in the slowness with which he paints; but when his pictures are finished, they amply repay him for the time and labour they have cost, both in fame and profit. I had the pleasure of seeing a few days ago his last, and it is thought his best production. The subject is from the "Merry Wives of Windsor." No particular point of action is selected, but the principal characters in the comedy are seated round a table, covered with refreshments, in Page's house, with "sweet Anne Page" at the head of the board. The two merry wives, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, are just entering the door in walking-dresses, apparently merry enough. Mrs. Ford's eyes are sparkling with mischievous pleasure, and Mrs. Page's pretty head is thrown back to conceal her chuckling laugh from Falstaff, who is turning round to survey them as they enter. Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym are on one side of Falstaff, and Justice Shallow, Page, and Hugh Evans at other parts of the table. What wonderful ability is required to do justice to such a subject! All who have read Shakspeare must have tried to imagine what sort of looking men Falstaff and Pistol and Bardolph and Shallow and Master Abraham Slender were, and must therefore be able to appreciate, in part, the difficulties under which a painter would labour in endeavouring to fix those strange and wondrous creations of the poet on canvass; and in giving to all characteristic forms, features, and expression, so that the spectators might exclaim, "Ay! these are they we have read and dreamt of!" That Mr. Leslie has succeeded in doing this, will, I think, be universally admitted when his picture comes to be seen, and what higher praise can be given him? Never did I in prints or paintings, or in real life, or on the stage, see a Falstaff before; yet he looks more like the Falstaff of the First Part of Henry the Fourth—the witty companion of Prince Hal, than the butt of the merry wives of Windsor. His features are those of one who has been handsome in his youth, striking and intellectual; and the mixture of arrogance, superciliousness, self-satisfaction, and sensuality depicted in his countenance, as he turns lazily round from the viands on the table to survey his two supposed innamoratas entering the door, well justifies the character given him by Ford, when he exclaims, "What a d— epicurean rascal is this!" Robert Shallow, Esq. justice and "coram," is as pompous, drivelling, and imbecile as he is described. He is the mere shell of a man, and looks as if he were hollow; and his tall, spare, gaunt form is a strong contrast to the gross, fleshy appearance of another sinner in years by his side, to wit, Bardolph, who is a most unreserved-looking personage, and a flat contradiction to the saying, that "old age is honourable." His nose glows as vividly as in Falstaff's description, and his bloated features, dull, glazed eye, and thin gray hairs, have about as anti-temperate and anti-respectable an appearance as can well be imagined. Anne Page is a piece of comely, substantial, English beauty; and the effect of her prim, demure look is much heightened by the hilarity of her buxom mother opposite. But one of the best, if not the very best character of the whole groupe is Master Abraham Slender, seated in an arm-chair, away from the table; and to the left of Anne Page, as much as to say he will keep his word good—"I faith I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as if I did." He appears conscious of his vicinity to his mistress, and looks distressingly at a loss for the book of riddles and conundrums he had lent to Alice Shortcake, in order to furnish him with a subject for conversation. He is a picture of utter helplessness and fatuity—every part about him appears unstrung; and his long nerveless hands hanging over the arm of the chair, alone tell the character of the man. Pistol is a fierce-looking bully, with curled mustachios, but almost, I think, too decent a personage in appearance for that prince of braggarts. The chamber is painted from one in an old farm-house of the time of Elizabeth, yet standing; and the furniture and utensils are such as were in use at that period. Indeed, so particular was the painter in this respect, that even the "black-jack," filled with ale, which stands on the floor, and which used formerly to be made of leather, was copied from one preserved in the Tower. Independent of its other merits, the picture is pronounced by good judges to be a fine specimen of colouring, and time will therefore only go on making what is beautiful more perfectly so. Leslie is at present engaged with a scene from the "Taming of the Shrew," for Lord Egremont, a warm admirer of his.

Those who know this gifted man intimately say that he reads very few books—scarcely any modern ones, not even Cooper's novels; but such authors as he does read, he studies intensely—Shakspeare and Cervantes almost constantly; and verily he has given the world lasting proofs that he has not studied them in vain.

NEWTON.—This is another pet of the public's, and almost as deservedly so as Leslie. His pictures have a warmer, richer glow about them than Leslie's, and are more celebrated for striking "effects," but they have not the mind. He is also more a painter of feeling, and delights in portraying scenes of simple pathos, in which he is eminently successful. His best effort in this way is a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," the morning after the fire, when the worthy clergyman returns with his repentant daughter Olivia to his family. The imploring look of Sophia, beseeching her mother to forgive her sister; the sullen sorrow of Moses, and the mild dignity of the vicar, form altogether a most sweet and touching picture. It has been excellently well engraved, and I suppose prints of it have ere this reached New-York.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.—Never did man appear less likely to have perpetrated a tragedy than the author of "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin." He is more than ordinarily cheerful and merry—gay and debonair, and his conversation smacketh not the least of blank verse; indeed there is not the slightest symptom of poetry or authorship about him; but, on the contrary, he is one of the most pleasant and intelligent men of the world you will meet with in a summer's day. Yet he affirmeth that he has been severely tried, and has been visited in no slight degree by the evils which inevitably follow the handling of a pen, but says he has grown callous and proof against any future visitations. If a successful dramatist talks this way, *what must be the life of an unsuccessful one?* Oh incipient drama-mongers, beware! Oh juvenile gentlemen of great promise, who have bright visions commencing with "act 1. scene 1." awake before it is too late! Oh men of moody and melancholic temperament, who are subject to fits of inspiration, eschew ten syllables per line as you value your pocket and peace of mind! Set up a tavern, license a grocery, or start a lottery-office, and earn a decent and respectable livelihood, and you will eat of turkeys and capons and ducks with canvass backs, instead of bread watered with the muse's tears—and your apparel will be unimpeachable, your comforts many, and your names be engraved on plates of brass on your doors, without fear of consequences! Lo! have not I (now that I see no prospect of getting any money by it) repented of my transgression in three acts; and I have now an oath, never to be broken until it can be done with prudence and safety, not to repeat the offence. Some people, like Macbeth, are madly bent on knowing "by the worst means the worst" that can befall them. There is one state of being worse than that of either author, actor, or black boot-black, and that is a manager. Mr. Payne asked me what sort of a speculation I thought the Chatham theatre would be, and hinted that it was not impossible but he might try the experiment. Heaven forefend! He is a fine fellow, and deserves a better fate.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—This gentleman was out of town for some time after my arrival, but on his return I took the first opportunity of waiting upon him, and found him—as I suppose all really great men and gentlemen are—easy of access, agreeable, and without any peculiarities, or affectation of peculiarities. His personal appearance is that of a middle-sized, dark, good-looking man, rather stout, and with a countenance expressive of mildness and good temper. A love of truth compels me to say that I should never have been able to recognize him from a portrait professing to be a likeness, given in days of yore in the "New-York Mirror;" but as every thing connected with that work is perfect, I suppose the fact of there being no sort of resemblance is entirely the fault of Mr. Irving. After you have conversed with him a few minutes, you forget you are talking to a great author. He seems to retain a pretty distinct recollection of New-York, but appears quite lost as regards the distinctions and principles of the innumerable parties who are at present labouring for the public good. He inquired if there were any paper that could be called "federal," and who were the editors of the Evening Post—said it was a great pity that such a man as Bryant should be in such a situation, to be "poisoned with politics;" and added, "many of his poems would pass muster in any part of the world." He asked, with a good deal of apparent interest, if all the trees were yet standing in Broadway; and said the finest view in New-York was from the head of Vesey-street, looking in a slanting direction, so as to take in the edges of the trees at the bottom of the Park. As soon as the world is informed of this, through the medium of your

paper, I expect the head of Vesey-street will be crowded with people to try the effect, much to the benefit of those anomalies in religion and politics, the Catholic-Orangemen, who congregate there for the sale of their goods. I am indebted to Mr. Irving's kindness for various New-York papers, so that I have still some idea how matters are going on in that unpretending and quiet city. As for the numerous other "Americans in London," without name or fame, I presume they go on smoking cigars and drinking mint juleps, (when they can get them,) much after the fashion of those among whom they were born and bred; though I think the high prices of both articles, and the bad quality of the latter, would be a subject of general execration, and materially tend, to use the established phrase, "to keep alive those feelings of ill-will unhappily subsisting between the two countries." C.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES FROM THE DIARY OF AN EDITOR.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

THE field was now clear, the little trumpeter dead, Colonel Jackson and his high-minded friends gave me no further trouble, I had completely appeased the wrath of the Cahawba Democrat, the Macdonough Jacksonian, and all that gang—and, as a distant relation died and left me an estate, I paid off my debts, and began to be called a "good man" in Wall-street. The president of the New-York Botanical Bank took off his hat to me in the street; and it was no sooner generally understood that my name was valuable on paper, than it was whispered about that I was a young man of talent. Now let the reader who, in the foolishness of his soul, is envying the prosperity of my affairs, tax his imagination to conceive the most extraordinary of all misfortunes that ever happened to mortal. It shows, however, what a stupid monster the public is, for whom I once cherished such profound respect. There was a time when the public was to me a monarch, gifted with the most sublime attributes. I approached him only with the deepest reverence, listened to his words as wisdom, and submitted to his decisions without presuming to dream of questioning their most unimpeachable correctness. I felt even as the lowest and most insignificant Turkish slave that ever crawled forth from the meanest abode of poverty and ignorance, when brought into the awful presence of his magnificent sovereign, whose glance could instantaneously consign him to the howling. But now I look upon him as a great, uncouth, senseless creature, who has not wit enough to see which side his bread is buttered. He is perfectly managed by a few ally rogues, who act as keepers, and bestow every exterior mark of respect upon him, bowing their heads down to the ground, and saluting him with swelling titles, but laughing all the while in their sleeves, and making merry at his expense as soon as they are fairly behind his back. He is the common butt of those who, before his face, treat him with the greatest reverence, and who derive the most profit from his friendship. The manager condemns his bad taste, and then writes his bill, "the public is respectfully informed," &c. The player, angry that his benefit is a poor one, utters an imprecation behind the scenes, smooths his brow, goes out, lays his hand upon his heart, and babbles about "eternal gratitude" and "profound respect." The publisher sends forth his book, and says, "it's wretched stuff, but it will do for him;" pockets the proceeds, and searches for more "stuff," to satisfy his craving appetites; and when something really meritorious comes before him, there is every probability that he will show his teeth, and growl at it, at the instigation of some of his keepers.

I soon surmounted the obstacles, which, in conjunction with the trumpet, had hitherto impeded my progress, and concentrated my exertions upon the paper. I excluded from its columns every thing common-place, and filled it with the best written essays upon scientific subjects. Men of education sent me complimentary notices, with requests to put down their names among my subscribers; and it was gravely pronounced by the critics, that my journal was worthy the perusal of the most learned classes, when my list of patrons began suddenly to diminish with fearful rapidity. The more praise I received, the worse the pecuniary aspect of my affairs grew. I only wanted a little more of the genuine spirit of poetry—a few just reviews of popular living authors—some impartial criticism on the theatres, and a series of essays, in the style of Addison, to ruin me beyond reparation. In a sudden attack of independence one day, I gave publicity to a critique upon pulpit oratory, wherein several ministers were handled according to their merits, and their whole congregations, with their cousins and friends, discontinued in one morning. At

another time an admirable article on landlords and tenants, which I obtained with great exertion, caused a fat gentleman with a cane to come into my office in a passion.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Editor," said he, "that I am a holder of real estate in this city. I have fourteen houses, sir; free, unincumbered property. They are mine. I've worked forty years for them like a dog, and I support my family out of the rents, and I'll do with them just what I please, in spite of you, so don't send your miserable paper to me any more."

And about sixteen other fat holders of real estate, with canes, came around, one after the other, and discontinued their subscriptions.

I began to give up my theory of the independence of the press. It can never be independent, except it be rendered so by the public support. Its independence, I once believed, consisted in its willingness and its ability to express just opinions, without reference to the local interests of any party. Soon I found, however, that it consisted in something very different. If I had gone on improving the paper much longer, I should not have had a single reader; but a short fit of sickness compelled me to neglect it for a few weeks. I was no longer enabled to pay for valuable communications; I took up with whatever came in my way; praised every body, and every thing, through thick and thin, and my prospects began to revive a little.

One of my contemporaries found something to displease him in an article which I published, and in a very coarse and insulting paragraph held it up to public scorn. In reply, I remonstrated with him very temperately, and assured him that he had given the phrase an erroneous construction. In his next paper I read the following, which I suppose I am to consider as characteristic of the independence of the press:

"Mr. —, of the —, is a base assassin. He is one of your half-horse, half-alligator, and a little of the steam-boat men. He always goes the whole hog. This polluted wretch, whom I would not take hold of without a pair of tongs, nor then, unless to give him the chastisement his impudent audacity so richly merits; this degraded outcast from all human society, who talks about our institutions and our country, is himself an Englishman; and if he possessed sufficient wit to know the name of the corrupt party, whose filthy principles he circulates like a vile tool, would be a tory. We shall horsewhip him as soon as our leisure will permit us to visit the city, which he infests with his pestilential presence. Nor must he suppose that until then he can escape the exposure his long train of cowardly falsehoods deserves. We, Thomas Jenkins, pledge ourselves to show our readers that he is a perjured scoundrel, so totally destitute of every common feeling of humanity, that the earth groans under him as he walks."

Now Mr. Thomas Jenkins may be a very decent name, but I never heard it before. I was naturally very indignant, and inwardly vowed that if I should ever meet with Mr. Thomas Jenkins I would give him some slight testimonial of my regard.

One afternoon I was waited on by a little dandy of a gentleman, with a rattle and whiskers. He was pale and consumptive looking, and had that sort of cough that reminds one of a quiet corner in a country churchyard, and makes a man inclined to moralize. Yet a long collar protruding over his chin, and the air of studied grace with which he rapped his slender instruments of perambulation with his rattle, taught the observer that while the precarious personage before him did remain on earth, it was his wish to appear to every possible advantage.

"Pray, sir," said he, taking off his hat, and looking very amiable and interesting, "have I the honour of addressing the editor of the —?"

"I am the editor," said I.

"I am very happy to know you, sir," he said. "This is my first visit to your city, and my friends have been so kind as to furnish me with letters to many of your citizens. Do me the favour to peruse this."

He handed me a letter, tapped his boots with his rattle, yawned, and cast his eyes about, with the air of a well-bred fop, while I read the following:

"DEAR SIR—This will make you acquainted with my excellent friend, Mr. Thomas Jenkins, editor of the — of this place. He is a gentleman of education, and I should esteem myself greatly obliged by any attentions you may have it in your power to render him during his stay in your city. Yours truly,

"Why, you impudent scoundrel," said I, as soon as my surprise suffered me to speak; "how dare you, sir, presume to trust your body within reach of one whom you have so deeply insulted and aggrieved?"

I laid my hand on his collar, and paused at the expres-

sion of utter astonishment which appeared in his face, as he replied—

"Insulted! aggrieved! who? I? My dear sir, I beg your pardon. Some mistake, I presume. You have mistaken the person; my name, as you will perceive by the letter which you hold in your hand—my name, sir, is—Jenkins—Mr. Jenkins—Mr. Thomas Jenkins."

I took down a file of his paper. "Are you, sir," I asked, "the editor of this infamous, coarse, brutal, disgraceful, and licentious journal?"

"Why, here's my paper, sure enough," said Mr. Thomas Jenkins. "Yes, sir, I am the editor of this journal; but, sir, upon my soul—why, you use language in reference to it, I confess—I—"

"Look here," said I, dragging Mr. Jenkins by his collar to a position where the article which I have taken the trouble to copy above stared him full in the face; "look here, sir, at its licentiousness. Did you write that article, sir? answer me that."

"What! that article? Let's see?" And he hummed over the conspicuous words—base assassin—alligator—steam-boat—goes the whole hog—chastisement—vile tool, cowardly falsehoods—ah! yes, I remember—ba, ha, ha! What! that's the way the wind blows, is it? Yes, sir, I certainly did write that; but, sir, I hope you don't remember these trifles. We editors, you know, are privileged to a little freedom of speech; but bless my soul, sir, I meant no harm. Why, there is not a single human being, I do assure you, sir," laying his hand on his heart, "whom I respect more sincerely than I do you. I always have respected you, as every man must who knows you, but—this paragraph was written in a hasty moment. Perhaps I was a little warm; but that's the way we editors do these things; they give spirit to the paper. People understand these things; they mean nothing; but, if you were offended, I beg your pardon, and assure you it was unintentional."

Although I did not admire Mr. Jenkins' style of giving spirit to his paper, I could not proceed after such an humble apology, and so we parted. Y.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT CHARACTERS.

PETRARCH.

No three men of genius, arising in the same age and country, formed on the same models, and writing the same language, could be more dissimilar than Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. The one was proud and stern, the other tender and plaintive, the third ardent and lively; the one was a dignified and severe stoic, the second a contemplative platonist, the last a gay and graceful epicurean.

The name of Francesco Petrarch is repeated in Italy with almost the same veneration which hallows that of Dante. Though of a Florentine family, he was born and died out of that city, which is now eager to claim him as one of her children. The place of his birth was Arezzo, the date 1304. The whole tenor of his life was equally honourable and useful. It was devoted, without intermission, to the great objects of the improvement of his native language, the discharge of public duties, the dissemination of knowledge, the revival of literary taste.

"He arose
To raise a language and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes;
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

Many have been equally zealous with Petrarch, when excited by fierce evil passions, but few were ever known to persevere in the dull path of patient industry, quiet literary pursuits, and solitary study with the same unwearied ardour. It is this laborious, benevolent, and useful spirit, more than the mere beauty of the works which record his poetic genius, that justifies his title of "the centre of Italian literature," and entitles him to the crown bestowed on him in the capitol. Perhaps no one was ever so great a benefactor to the republic of letters. To him principally is modern Europe indebted for those remains of the ancient classics, which have both delighted and disciplined its taste. He was the first to remove the monuments of antiquity from beneath the rubbish of ages, and to cleanse them from the rust of time and the stains of barbarism. We can now from its mutilated remains, judge of the colossal proportions and majestic beauty of the great edifice of ancient genius; without Petrarch and his fellow-labourers its very outlines might have been lost to memory. The Greek language was in his time almost unknown, and but for his efforts to introduce it and keep it alive, it might be now as completely antiquated and forgotten as the Sanscrit. To Latin literature, however, he devoted himself more parti-

cularly. He first collected the works of Cicero, for which object alone he made repeated journeys through France, Spain, and Italy. His literary pursuits did not make him neglect the brighter road of public honours; he found time to become an able, zealous, and honoured servant of the state. No man of letters, except perhaps Machiavelli, was ever entrusted with so many important charges. In him we see that full union of literary and political reputation, of which England offers few examples, except the illustrious ones of Bacon and Bolingbroke, and of which the Italians of this age are the most striking instances abroad.

Of Petrarch's voluminous writings many have fallen into oblivion. He was so passionate an admirer of antiquity, that he composed the greatest and most carefully laboured portion of his works in Latin. On these he rested his hopes of fame, not on the lighter trifles of which he made the Italian the vehicle. His preference of his Latin poems, like Milton's of *Paradise Regained*, shows how blind parental fondness can sometimes be. His studied and polished letters, in which he imitated and fancied he had equalled Cicero, are unknown by name to many of his admirers; and his huge epic, "*Africa*," has sunk into still more profound neglect. It richly deserves its fate; for, as Sismondi complains with *naïveté*, "the subject is so devoid of interest and so exceedingly dull, as absolutely to prevent the perusal of the work." It is on his Italian poems, then, and chiefly his sonnets, that his pretensions must now rest.

Lyrical poems answer better than any other to that definition which makes poetry the expression of feeling. It is the outpouring of the poet's own sad or joyful emotions, which, too powerful to be kept silent, break forth in the trumpet tones of triumph, or the low plaintive notes of sorrow. In its best forms it is the most spirited of all compositions; but when the free and graceful measures of Pindar and Horace are exchanged for the stiff constraint of the sonnet, all its life and vigour vanishes. This kind of poem is a sort of *Procrustes' bed*, and the ideas must be stretched or shortened to fit it. The rapid rushing tide of powerful thought will not be confined within such banks; it is only the dull stagnant waters of common-place reflection, or the sparkling but shallow stream of conceits, that can be thus pent up or poured out at will.

We never, for our own part, could find much beauty in Petrarch's sonnets, the very model of this class of writing. They want strength, freshness, and variety of thought. They are as frigid and lifeless as they are polished and refined; the blaze of genius, the glow of passion, are ill supplied by sparks of conceit, hammered out like fire from flint; by the glitter of fancy, as cold, though as brilliant, as that of frost-work in a winter's sun. There is a great sameness in the sentiments, and when the changes are rung through three or four hundred sonnets on lovers' hopes and lovers' complaints, no wonder that the chime is monotonous.

In fact, we doubt whether Petrarch's poems would ever have been so popular, had not the name and fame of Laura been associated with them, and had they not been consecrated by the divinity of the goddess at whose shrine they were offerings. The love of Petrarch and Laura has become one of the most familiar chapters in the history of the tender passion. It has passed current for centuries as a beautiful tale of fond and faithful love, ardent without grossness, earnest without impatience, and constant even without hope. It is only of late that the prying, doubting spirit of modern times has questioned the authenticity of this the most sacred of all the legends of love. Laura certainly was a real character. We are acquainted even with her family history. She was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, and the wife of Hugues de Sade, both of Avignon. We know the very spot, and the very day on which Petrarch first met her. His passion remained constant, at least on paper, for twenty years, during which time he seemed never weary of celebrating her beauty, and his love. He wrote within that period near three hundred sonnets; and if his writings are sufficient proof of the strength and purity of his affection, both must have been great indeed, when the good fortune of only finding his lady's glove could afford inspiration for three or four poems. We, however, judging from internal evidence alone, must doubt whether this passion, so fondly cherished, so plaintively sung, so widely celebrated, was ever deeply felt. He admired Laura probably, and chose her as a fitting theme and inspiration for amatory poetry, in the same way that a Greek would invoke a muse or a nymph to smile upon his labours; but we do not believe that he ever loved her. That sorrow could not have been very deep which exhaled for twenty years, without increase or diminution, in

"The windy suspiration of forced sighs,"
not that desire very strong which fed for the same period on

useless tears and monotonous complaints. If Petrarch ever was in love with any thing, it was with old manuscripts and classic authors; and he was much more zealous in their service than he ever was in Laura's. His poems, too, are not those of a true lover—one whose thoughts lie too deep for words—whose strong, struggling desires burn and rage in silence within; and whose words when they do break forth, "stand not upon the order of their going;" do not wait, like Petrarch's, to be marshalled into ranks, and drest in uniform. There is too much fancy to leave room for any feeling. A mind wholly engrossed by one image cannot turn aside as his does, to cull prettinesses of speech, or manufacture refinements of sentiment. A man who feels the passion within, like a vulture gnawing his vitals, is not thus anxious to "writhe with grace and groan in melody."

As a poet then we cannot allow Petrarch a very lofty rank; but as a man of letters, a public benefactor, a great teacher of the world, he deserves the very highest honours. The faults which we may censure are a subtlety of intellect, fond of refining every subject, and wire-drawing every idea, and a variety as great, but almost as pardonable as Cicero's. These are blemishes of no very deep or disgraceful dye, and they are fully redeemed by the pure, honourable feelings his whole life exhibited, the noble ends to which he always turned instinctively, as the congenial themes of his mind, and that enthusiasm of a kindred spirit, which made him love every better principle, every elevated aspiration of our nature. Δ.

For the New-York Mirror:

A TALE.

It is a tale too often told,
Of love betrayed for sordid gold—
A cloud upon his hallowed flame,
A current slander on his name!
For love to avarice never bowed;
So vile a passion cannot cloud
The lustre of his holy fire,
Or bid his quenchless light expire.
Yet 'twas a tale, that, in my youth
Was told me, with the stamp of truth;
And then I, doubting, shook my head,
And to the grave narrator said,
"Can this be love? It cannot be!
If such be love, oh, keep me free!"
I often since have heard a tale
Of broken faith and trust betrayed;
But then it made my cheek turn pale—
'Twas of a fair, young, happy maid,
Who timidly, yet fondly dreamed
Of one in fortune's favoured lot,
Yet, such his arts, the maiden deemed,
Such false distinctions were forgot.
And love, his dazzling halo threw
Round calmer reason's colder light,
And from her own fond heart she drew
Pictures of his, all pure and bright!
He spoke of truth, of holy vow,
Of journey to a distant clime,
When all who barred their union now,
Would yield to distance and to time.
He said "his race were cold and stern,
And bowed the knee at fortune's shrine,
And my true heart can never learn
To break its faith and ruin thine!
But scowling look, and hostile word,
Would ill besem our bridal hour—
Then fly with me!" The maiden heard—
Oh, love! thine is a conquering power!
She left her calm and happy home,
And fled with him across the sea.
Another year beheld him come
With a gay bride—and who was she?
Not the fair girl his arts had won—
Who fled to shun his kindred's ire—
But one on whom a southern sun
Had fiercely shed his glowing fire;
Whose boundless wealth, and spreading lands,
And gorgeous pageantry, and pride
Had torn apart the sacred bands
That bound him to an humbler bride!
And where was she? No clue was there
That lost one's hapless fate to trace;
Yet there was one, whom fierce despair
Had led to search that fatal place—
A grey-haired sire, whose tottering frame,
Bowed down with agony and years,
Bore him to find, without a name,
A grave, to water with his tears!
One told him all the harrowing tale
Of his desertion—*her despair*—
And worse—but what could now avail,
The deed was done—and she was there!
"Tis an old tale, and often told,"
Yet say not love can yield to gold!
Love lifts the soul far, far above
All baser views, or 'tis not love!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

A CHAPTER ON DOMESTIC TROUBLE.

BY A SUFFERER.

I AM a young gentleman of rather a literary turn of mind, and withal very domestic. For this latter virtue I am indebted to my dear little wife Lucy, whose amiable and affectionate disposition and engaging manners render home the pleasantest place to me in the world. It is but lately that she and I have concluded that we loved each other well enough to be united, for better or for worse; and notwithstanding the jibes and jests of people who sneer at every thing, I have ever since found the cup of my happiness filled up nearly to the brim. Our family circle is not large, consisting of ourselves, one of her sisters, whom I love almost as well as I do her, and one of mine, whose presence also contributes largely to our cheerfulness and contentment. Although we have many agreeable friends, who often spend an hour or two with us, and whose visits we return as a pleasing duty, yet we are far from being fashionable people. We never give *jams*, nor make pretensions to lead the *ton*. On new-year's day the girls received visitors without any affectation of superiority; not even requesting them to send in their cards before they could be admitted, in order to avoid the society of those whose gentility they considered equivocal. They have not yet grown so far above the ordinary civilities of life, as to refuse their arm in the street to any gentleman with whom they are accustomed to associate; they have all been educated to seek their principal amusement at home, and are each of them admirably well calculated to make it lively and attractive. You will not be surprised, therefore, that all the splendid diversions which this city affords cannot allure me from the peace and merriment of my own hearth. The girls play with great taste on the piano, and sing sweetly; and to vary the charms of music and conversation, they sometimes apply themselves to needle-work, while I read to them aloud some interesting novel, poem, or other work of fancy. I can assure you, Messrs. Editors, the evening hours pass away with delightful rapidity, in the exercise of these agreeable occupations. Yet as there is no heaven without a cloud, so there is no situation without care. I need not tell you how sincerely I love every member of my family, for that is sufficiently proven by the eagerness with which I fly to their society as soon as the toils of the day are over; but they are, the whole set of them, Lucy and all, addicted to one fault, which, although trifling, has been to me an exceeding annoyance. They are such affectionate and beautiful creatures that I cannot bear to scold, or show any other signs of dissatisfaction before them; but I apply to you, as the sovereign redressers of all that class of wrongs which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the courts of justice, that they, and all others like them, of whom I shrewdly suspect among your fair readers there is a great number, may read and take the hint.

The girls are, or pretend to be, amazingly fond of poetry; think Byron must have been a heavenly fellow; would give any thing in the world to get one peep at Washington Irving; and declare continually, and with much enthusiasm, that Walter Scott is the greatest man that ever lived, except Shakespeare. I have experienced great pleasure in reading to them in this way the *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, many of the *Waverley novels*, and other productions of merit. They seem to enjoy it very much, and are quite vociferous in their expressions of disappointment when the exigencies of my business occasionally detain me until a late hour in the evening; yet, (mark me, lovely reader, for this is my charge against the whole sex, with very few exceptions,) I scarcely ever can get through twenty pages, no matter what it may be, poetry, prose, Shakespeare, Irving, or Scott, but some one of them will exclaim aloud, make the most trivial and unnecessary observation, or enter into a brisk dialogue, aside, in a whisper, to the total disregard of the subject matter, and the destruction of the effect upon the whole circle of my hearers.

There are certain pieces of composition so refined and beautiful that it seems almost sacrilege to read them to any who are not competent to appreciate them, or who are so differently engaged as to have their attention repeatedly diverted by other objects.

The other evening one of them had found an old volume, containing the "*Essays of Howard*" upon the subject of imprisonment for debt, first printed about twenty years ago in the New-York Columbian, and said to contain the most touching and interesting pictures of human misery which ever took place within the gloomy walls of our detestable jail. The author of these charming sketches has passed away from the earth; but I retain a recollection of him sufficiently distinct to give a strong additional interest to his stories. When I recalled the

ardent and glowing enthusiasm with which he was wont to advocate the cause of humanity, his deep earnestness respecting every thing connected with the subject upon which these essays are composed, and the indignation with which he used to speak of those who behold with indifference the horrors which actually disgraced our country and human nature within those damp and wretched walls, I was more than usually impatient under any unnecessary interruption. Imagine us, if you please, now all comfortably seated around a cheerful fire; my "bonny wee wife," and her sweet sister Maria on one side, gradually giving some shapeless pieces of silk the form of a dress, while Eliza on the other was also plying her needle to the completion of some one of those nameless pieces of wearing apparel of which ladies find themselves in need. I proceeded to my pleasing task, and we shall have a specimen of the grievance complained of. The story ran as follows:

"I have had a pretty good opportunity to know something of that class of people, (debtors,) having myself been more than sixteen years a prisoner for debt! I had the misfortune to have a wild and very extravagant brother; but he was such a liberal and generous fellow, that I could not help loving him dearly. When he was in distress I gave him money; and if I could not readily raise it for him, (as my credit was good,) I lent him my notes. My brother was one of the greatest speculators that ever lived in America, and more than once made an immense fortune on paper. Several times he would really have made himself rich as Croesus, and me also, (for I always shared with him,) if it had not happened, most unluckily, that just at the moment he was about to realize all his ardent hopes, he wanted more money to perfect the scheme than could possibly be obtained. It was one of these glorious speculations that ruined my brother and me. He died of a broken heart. Heaven bless him, I say. But the usurer who bought of him my lent notes at thirty per cent. discount, by combining with others, has kept me sixteen years a prisoner in the jail of the city and county of New-York. It is a horrid place—and many a time when, through the grates of my prison window, I have watched the last rays of the setting sun, as they gilded some neighbouring spire—"

"Bless my soul!" said Maria, "where in the world did I leave my thimble?"

"You put it in my box," said Lucy.

"Here it is."

I finished the sentence, and it was a beautiful one—but no one heard me.

I soon came to another fine passage. It was the interesting account of Brown, who was cast into prison for debt.

"Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visits of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation she was able to give him sometimes soup, wine, and fruit; and every day, whether clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day the hour of one o'clock passed, and she came not. Brown was uneasy. Two—three, and four o'clock passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived. Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as he received this information, he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open, and the jailer, who had just let some one in, knocked him down with the massy iron key which he held in his hand, and—"

I looked up to catch the expression of anxiety which I presumed was glowing on every face. Eliza's countenance was indeed lighted up with the most intense interest, but her eyes were intently fixed upon a cape, which Lucy was holding up to her admiration.

"It's too long," said Lucy, softly.

"I made it so on purpose," said Eliza.

"Is that the twilled Levantine silk?" said Maria.

"No, it's Florence," said Eliza.

I laid down the book. They all begged my pardon. They looked very pretty—I said nothing, but continued the story.

It seems to me that my fair hearers always break in upon the most interesting passage with their interruptions. I accomplished a number of pages very quietly, and was becoming myself quite absorbed with the subject. The history of Danvers I thought could not fail to command their attention. I read on:

"It was winter, and as Danvers, peeping through the grate of the prison, saw his cheerful and amiable wife trudging through the snow to carry his blessing to the 'darling Eliza,' 'Now, Howard,' said he, 'by the goddess of mercy! (and I think her the best goddess in the catalogue,) I feel at this

moment that I am gay in spite of oppression. My wife there is an angel, and the daughter whose fourth birth-day now makes me so happy, is worth more in my estimation than all the wealth in the world. Dearly as I love my liberty, I would sooner remain a slave than part with this little darling of my heart. Come, Howard, here's to many happy returns of Eliza's birth-day.' So saying, he took up the cup, and was just applying it to his lips, when suddenly the door of his room flew open and in rushed his eldest child, covered with snow, her hands and face purple with cold, her eyes wild, and the tears frozen on her cheeks. It was some moments before her excessive grief would permit her to speak. At length she exclaimed—"

"Plush bonnet and gaiter boots," said Lucy, in a loud whisper to Maria.

"Yes, and book-muslin collar," interrupted Eliza.

"No," said Maria, "mull-mull."

"No," said Lucy, "bobbinet lace."

They had been talking together by signs for half an hour, until the debate grew too warm to be carried on any longer in an inaudible manner.

Now, Messrs. Editors, if I were a young lady, and any gentleman had the kindness to read to me, I should either yield him attention, or frankly request him to suspend operations until I was fully prepared to do so. I should take care to have my thimble, needles, scissors, thread, &c. &c., all ready before I commenced; and if I had any thing to say about bobbinet-lace or mull-mull collars, I would at least wait till he had reached some passage not particularly remarkable for beauty. I fear I shall have to read hereafter to myself, as I do not know any thing more calculated to vex me and make me feel like a fool, than to find, after I have been perusing with fine emphasis, some admirable passage, of pathos sufficient to bring tears into the eyes of any intelligent listener, that my auditory, instead of appreciating it, have been whispering to each other about bobbinet-lace.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The letter from England.—However cordially we subscribe to Mr. Irving's opinion, as expressed in the letter of C. in a previous page, of the great beauty of Mr. Bryant's poetic writings, we do not precisely perceive any thing to regret in his present station. His occupation as one of the editors of the Evening Post is highly respectable, and we hope lucrative; and if he were disposed to cultivate a further acquaintance with the muses, whose favours he has already wooed so successfully, we doubt whether he has participated so zealously in our political contests as to disqualify him for their society. Besides, at this very interesting period of our history, it is such men as he whom the disinterested lover of his country must wish to see imparting all their influence to the public press.

Streets again.—We do not know a body of gentlemen more independent than the corporation. They seem as regardless of the opinions of their sovereigns, the people, as our old anti-revolution governors, who were sent over from England on the appointment of the king. The whole city have called for the destruction—the annihilation, if possible, of the jail and bridewell; yet there they stand, the imperishable monuments of the despotism of the common council, and the helplessness of the people. We have been crying for a supply of water for sixty or seventy years; yet here we are, drinking from the brackish pools that poison the health of every individual; and now the streets have been all winter nearly as impassable as the Alps; many accidents have occurred, endangering the limbs and lives of the inhabitants; and the approach of warm weather finds us wading through masses of mud and filth, and inhaling contaminated air; yet our dignified rulers go on, immortalizing themselves in long speeches upon abstract subjects, turning their honest political enemies out of office, and eating grand dinners, for the benefit of the country. After, however, the winter had fairly passed away, one gentleman did propose "that it be referred to the committee on cleansing the streets, to empower them to employ men to break up the snow which still lies in the streets." The committee on cleansing the streets! In the name of wonder, who are the gentlemen who have devoted their talents to this laudable design, and what have they been doing for the last two months? Although the public journals have been hammering away upon the subject till it has become so hacknied that we are almost afraid of touching upon it again; although a petition, signed by more than one hundred cartmen, praying that the corporation would take measures to remove the snow and ice, has been presented to the mayor, yet this efficient "committee" have been surprised in

their active debates by a melting spring sun. So much more easy it is to talk than to act. Yet even this reluctant and dilatory motion to refer the subject to the "committee," was too important an innovation upon the established quiet, and business propensities of the corporation, not to meet with some enlightened opposers. A patriotic member bristled up at the startling proposal, and advanced some arguments of extraordinary solidity against the measure. The petition and resolution were, however, referred, and a motion made that the committee have powers granted them, which was negatived, and they proceeded to the more important consideration of purchasing a library for themselves. So the books will probably be bought, and the city remain as filthy as ever. To be serious, the streets are in a most disgraceful state; equally detrimental to the health and comfort of the citizens, who are unanimous in their reprobation of the neglect with which the subject has been treated.

The Savoyards' Song.—In the third number of our present volume, a charming piece of poetry appeared as original, under the above title. We have recently discovered that it was written by Mr. Charles Sprague, to accompany an engraving in the "Youth's Keepsake." The print which it was intended to illustrate, represents two or three young Savoyards, dancing before a party of ladies and children, and holding out their caps for charity. We re-publish it in a more perfect state, with an additional stanza, in order to ascribe it to its proper source. The little poetry Mr. Sprague has chosen to give to the world has been highly finished and very favourably received, and, like Mr. Halleck, he has been justly censured by the critics for the rarity of his productions.

Far away, far away,
By Geneva's blue waters in gladness we dwelt;
Kind hands there caressed us,
Sweet voices there blessed us,
As low at our vesper devotions we knelt—
Far away.

Far away, far away,
One morn' flew our father's light vessel in pride,
But the storm gathered o'er,
And his bark came no more;
Our father's bones sleep in Geneva's blue tide—
Far away.

Far away, far away,
Our heart-broken mother gazed out on the wave;
O'er her children she sighed,
For her husband she died;
On Geneva's green bank is our mother's cold grave—
Far away.

Far away, far away,
From the haunts of our childhood in scorn we were driven:
Out of kindred and home,
To a distant land we must roam,
Not to rest in you, and no trust but in heaven—
Far away.

Far away, far away,
The poor Savoyard orphans to-morrow must go;
Then pity, kind strangers,
The world's friendless rangers,
And bless with your bounty our journey of woe—
Far away.

The last words of Bolivar.—Firth and Hall have published a new elegiac song, or monody, entitled "I pity and forgive, or the last words of General Simon Bolivar," the music of which is of the very first order. The dying expressions of the liberator, as translated from a letter written on the spot to a gentleman in this city, are said to have been, "My enemies have trampled on my heart—I pity and forgive them!" This magnanimous sentiment has been wrought into an exquisite little song, by one of our best lyric poets, and the music selected from Beethoven. There is no doubt it will become extremely popular among the friends of liberty.

Legends of New-England.—We have read, with much pleasure, a volume under the above title, from the pen of Mr. Whittier, editor of the New-England Review, and will endeavour to notice it more at length in our next. In the meantime, we recommend it to general perusal.

[Communicated.]

Germanicus.—We really cannot follow Germanicus through his verbose lucubrations; when smarting under our just castigation he twists and writhes about to avoid our blows, finally attacking an individual whom he had previously eulogized; but until he can prove the facts we have stated untrue, he but wastes his time and exposes the publication which gives admission to personality instead of argument. Until he can show by some better authority than himself, that *portamento di voce* is not requisite in such an *aria* as "Angels ever bright," he merely renders himself ridiculous by keeping up a war of words, and until he can give some satisfactory cause for his assertion that *portamento di voce* is possessed in perfection by a lady who, according to his statement, has more difficulty in holding one note than in running a division on a hundred, and one whose firmness of tone is impaired, he is but as "one of the foolish in Israel."

GO THEN—'TIS VAIN.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE—COMPOSED BY BISHOP.

Mournfully.

Go, then, 'tis vain to ho-ver Thus round a hope that's

dead, At length my dream is o-ver, 'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled. Fare-well, since nought it moves thee, Such truth as mine to

see, Such truth as mine to see; Some one, who far less loves thee, Per-haps more blest will be.

2d—Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed;

Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead.

Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh;

One who, though far less tender,
May be more blest than I.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NUMBER V.

CHARITY.—The rich transgress in safety when they are told that charity covers a multitude of sins. Hence people become charitable not from motives of pity or generosity, but self-interest. With such, a gift to the poor is but a composition for a crime.

LAW.—Law has been called a bottomless pit, not so much because of its depth, as that its windings are so obscure nobody can see the end.

A BITTER MALEDICTION ON A WOMAN.—May thy face speedily become like the sea, and the wrinkles follow each other as thick, ay, and as deep too.

LOVE OF FAME.—Common men mistake that generous aversion of glory which produces emulation among great souls, for envy of each other.

COTTON MATHER.—Old Cotton Mather, addressing the aged people of his flock, told them, "You have given your flour to the devil, and now you bring your bran to the Lord."

VULGAR PREACHER.—Instead of enforcing the beauties of virtue, he frightens his hearers with exaggerated pictures of the punishment of vice.

KINGS.—Kings who are subject to the laws should bless themselves, they have not the power of oppressing mankind.

A LAUGHING FOOL.—This creature seems born for nothing but to show his teeth.

A DOCTOR.—A doctor's blunder is death.

IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION.—The world has seen most visions when it was most blind. Men are always the most superstitious in darkness.

ABSOLUTE GOVERNMENT.—One of the greatest objections to absolute power is that it involves millions in the crimes or weakness of one.

HOMER.—Paterculus says of Homer, that there was no man before him whom he could imitate, and none that came after that could imitate him.

MARRYING DAUGHTERS.—The Spaniards say, "at eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty to her equal; at thirty to anybody that will have her."

A LUCKY STATESMAN.—He got out of one blunder by making a greater.

OLD AGE.—Men ~~can~~ live long enough to become strangers in this world.

POPULARITY.—None but fools despise the opinions of the people.

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.—You christians believe well, said an old Indian to a missionary, but you live ill.

A PEDANT.—His learning extends to giving unchristian names to christian things.

DELAYS.—Some men are so long taking aim the birds see them and fly away.

IGNORANT PHYSICIAN.—He killed more in one day than he cured in all his life.

A PUZZLED BARD.
Useless it is to bite your nails, my friend,
Unless your wit were at your finger's end.

HALF CONCLUDED.

"My friend, how does your match with Julia speed?"
"Tis half concluded on," quoth he, "dear Ned."
The man this time was very right, for he
Indeed was wondrous willing, but not she.

WISE AND WISER.

Bessy would like to marry with rich Ned,
But Ned fights shy, and will not Bessy wed.
A friend, who view'd the game, exulting cries,
"Bessy is wise, but Ned is doubly wise."

THE MISER'S SUPPER.

Who sups with Gripus will have nought of meat,
But then, to make amends, his sauce is sweet.
For why? by all mankind it is confessed,
That hunger, of all sauces, is the best.

WILL AND POWER.

Young Nick wants nothing but the will
To be both chaste and civil;
Old Nick wants nothing but the power
To be a very devil.

DEATH.

"What's death?" said Jack. Will gravely shook his head.
"I'll tell you, friend, as soon as I am dead."

A GREAT ORIGINAL.

Scribbler, as his admirers say,
Draws a new blockhead every day;
They wonder where the silly elf
Can get them all? Why, from himself.

A BLIND MAN AFRAID OF DYING.

About thy death, why what a coil you keep!
Thy window's shut, 'tis time to go to sleep.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

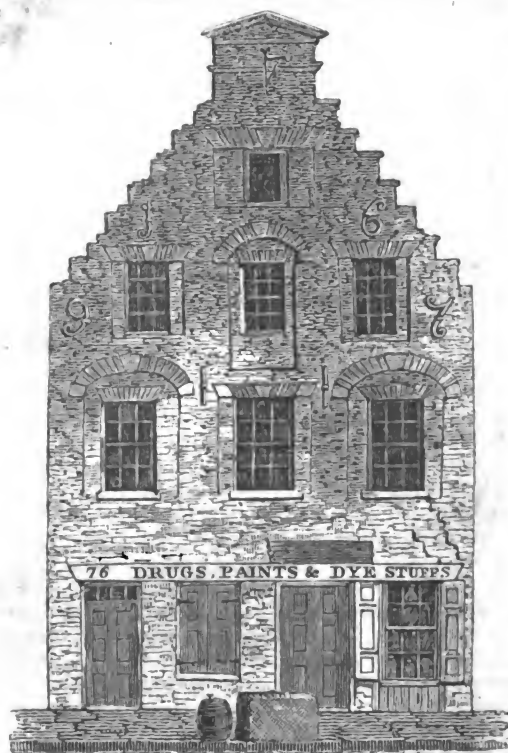
A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1891.

NUMBER 37.

DUTCH ARCHITECTURE.



OLD DUTCH HOUSE IN PEARL-STREET.
Built 1626.—Rebuilt 1697.—Demolished 1898

ORIGINAL TALES.

OLD 76.

We present to our readers a correct and striking view of the ancient Dutch house, formerly familiarly known as "old seventy-six," and which was pulled down about three years since, in compliance with that irreverence for antiquity which so grievously afflicts the good people of this city, many of whom, we are credibly informed, demolish one house just for the pleasure of building another in its place. The original edifice was probably erected soon after the first settlement of New-Amsterdam, say about 1626. It was, many years afterwards, partly destroyed by fire, and the date of 1697, it is believed, was that of the re-building.

The following curious tale relates to the family of Mynheer Van Heilig Schrift, by whom the house was erected, and who died, leaving a widow and one daughter by a former wife. It is derived from a tradition still current in the family of Wessels, of whom, Dirck Wessels, was one of the seventeen members of that assembly which met in New-York on the ninth of April, 1691. It has regularly been handed down from generation to generation to this blessed day.

THE MYSTERIOUS INTERLOPER:

Or the man that never answered a question.

It was the eve of the first day of May 1641, as I think, and the town of New-Amsterdam was in a prodigious uproar, which, for such a sober little Dutch built place, was almost miraculous. News had just arrived that the English, from the Varsche river, had overspread the eastern part of Long Island as far as Oyster bay, and taken possession of all the oysters. It was moreover currently reported that they had beaten with oyster-rakes two negroes of Mynheer Alderman Van Breuchelen, who had come thither to catch oysters, and sent them away with a cargo of shells, as it were, in derision of the dignity and authority of New-Amsterdam. In addition to this stirring news it was rumoured that the Indians about Pavinia, Haerlem heights, and Gawanus, exhibited symptoms of hostility, and had been seen prowling about near the great windmill, outside the wooden walls. During this memorable

day not a pipe was smoked by the honest burghers, nor a word spoken by their dames above their breath.

To add to these appalling circumstances, the night had set with a terrible storm from the north-east; the thunder rattled and the lightning flashed incessantly over head; the dogs howled, and the wind whistled in concert around and around the houses, and you might hear, in the momentary pauses of the storm, the waves dashing furiously against the ridge of rocks which extended along the point of the battery. Ever and anon the dismal sounds of a bell mingled in the wild concert, giving token of some new and unknown danger, and frightening the peaceful citizens with vague apprehensions of they knew not what.

The buxom rosy-checked widow of Mynheer Van Heilig Schrift was sitting with her step-daughter, Marithee, cowering in a corner with fear and trembling. Often did the disconsolate dame wish from the bottom of her heart that she had a man about the house to take care of her and her daughter and go to market; and in the bitterness of her despondency she determined to look out betimes for such a necessary ingredient in house-keeping.

It was now waxing towards the witching hour of night, and the uproar without seemed to gather new vigour every moment. There was no soul in the house but the dame, her daughter, and an old black sybil, who had her hands full every night in fighting with the witches, that came in the semblance of cats, black, brindled, and spotted, and molested her sorely. The house in which the widow sojourned was a sort of frontier post on the East river at that time. It stood close to the beach, and the waves, when the wind was high at east, sometimes threw their spray against the windows.

The clock struck—no, there was no clock in the city to strike at that time—but if there had been a clock, and it had chanced for a wonder to be right, it would have struck twelve. Our readers will marvel, perhaps, what could keep two honest, sober, well-disposed women, a widow and a maid, up at such an unreasonable hour. But the truth is, they were afraid to go to bed.

At this moment a loud knock was heard at the street door. It went to the hearts of the two forlorn women, whose heads were full of Indian plots, midnight robberies, and conflagrations. They sat trembling—neither uttering a word nor moving a step. The wind whistled louder, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed through the crevices of the windows and doors.

After a few minutes the knocking was renewed with still greater force. It seemed as if the person, whoever he was, seriously meditated beating down the door. It roused the old sinner in the kitchen, who feared nothing but the witches. She went to the door and asked in excellent low English, who was there? Some one answered:

"I guess I want to know who lives here."

"And I want to know who you are."

"Why, Lord bless your soul, who are you?"

"It's none of your business."

"None of my business! that's tarnaal likely. What do you calculate I came here for except on business?"

"You must tell me who you are first."

"Why, you won't be a bit the wiser for that as far as I know; but did you ever hear of one Philo Popsin?"

"Philo who? there's no such person in the place."

"Why, how should you know? Can't a man be drove ashore here in the dark and you know nothing at all concerning it?"

"You're no nigger, nor thief, nor any thing of that sort?"

"Did you ever see a man as white as a lily, with cheeks like a red apple?"

"Well, what if I have?"

"Aint I the very boy, I guess?"

The good widow Van Schrift listened at first to this dialogue with fear and trembling. But when her ears caught the music of the skin like the lily and cheeks like a red apple, her apprehensions at once subsided. She thought to herself there could be no possible danger in admitting such a harmless man, and accordingly forthwith caused the door to be opened unto him.

Then did there enter unto them a tall, plump youth, as wet as a drowned rat. He advanced towards the ladies with

little or no ceremony, pulled off his hat and overcoat, and sat down without an invitation. He did full justice to his description of himself, for his forehead was fair to look upon, and the pelting of the pitiless storm had caused his cheeks to assume the hue of celestial rosy red.

The heart of the widow yearned with compassion at his forlorn wet state, and she ordered a suit of the deceased worshipful Mynheer Van Schrift, her late husband, to be brought, decorously retiring with her daughter into the adjoining bed-room while the stranger was investing himself therewith. When the widow returned, she was delighted at the improvement which the person of the stranger exhibited, and little Marithee, who was then just beginning to unfold those mysterious sympathies of womanhood which wake the first sigh in the innocent, uncorrupted bosom, almost wished that "heaven had made her such a man."

The widow, as she certainly had a right to do, felt somewhat curious to know who her visitor was, and whence he came. But it seemed as if he had been born without the faculty of answering questions. He dealt altogether in the interrogative.

"I suppose you come from up Sound?" she ventured to ask.

"Was you ever up that way?" replied the mysterious visitor.

"I've been as far as Hell-gate."

After a pause the widow commenced again, while her little daughter could not keep her eyes off the stranger, whose forehead was so white and cheeks so red.

"I suppose you were driven in here by the storm?"

"Did you ever happen to see such a gale as this before?" answered Joe Bowers, for that was his name, although as yet it remained a profound secret.

"Did you come from Varsche river, or along thereabouts?"

"Did you ever hear of Old Hadley?"

"No—I can't say I did."

"Well, I didn't come from quite there. But did you ever hear of East Hadley?"

"No—not that I know of."

"Well, I didn't come from quite there neither. Maybe you've heard of South Hadley?"

"Never heard of such a place."

"I suppose you think I come exactly right off the reel from there, don't you?"

"Well," said the widow, a little impatiently, though she couldn't help admiring his red cheeks and blue eyes; "well, I don't want to know where you didn't come from, but where you did."

"A pretty considerable nice room you've got here, I cus-notcher," quoth Joe Bowers, looking around with a pretty particular knowing look.

The widow began to feel fidgety. Her curiosity waxed troublesome, and she thought to herself that she would get it all out of him on the morrow. Accordingly she questioned him no more that night, and shortly after Joe Bowers was fast asleep in the spare bed-room. As for the widow, she could not sleep all night for her curiosity, and little Marithee was not much better off, though not exactly troubled with the same inconvenience.

Next morning Joe Bowers arose betimes, and so did the widow, and so did little Marithee, who put on her best cap and high-heel shoes to make herself look tall. But her mother scolded her and made the poor girl go and put them off. Before Joe Bowers had been up half an hour, he had travelled from the garret to the cellar, and could have made an inventory of every thing in the house, without missing a tea-cup.

"A pretty considerable comfortable place," thought Joe; "and a pretty considerable clever likely-looking widow, and what a spruce little kritter of a gal!"

Joe staid all the next day at the house of the widow; that is, he made it his "hum," as he said, but he was running in and out all day long; seeing into every thing, asking questions of everybody, and answering none. The honest citizens began to wonder who he could be, for the town was at that time so small that a stranger made almost as great a sensation there as in a country village.

"Mein goot!" said Claus Ripse to Hans Elsnyck—"mein goot, if I don't believe he is an interloper or a spy from Varsche river!"

"He speered me a thousand questions," said Hans, "and never answered me one."

"Dat is very suspicious."

"Very—I tink I don't know what to tink—I shall go to Alderman Kortrecht about it."

"Stay, stay, stop a little while till we see more of him," quoth the other; and it was agreed they should have an eye on this curious stranger.

But the widow—the buxom widow! Body o'me, what a quandary she was in before this day was over. Her curiosity became insupportable. She had no peace of her life, and did nothing but drop stitches while she was knitting stockings. She tried Joe Bowers at all points, but it would not do. She might as well have let it alone; for though she got answers, they were nothing but questions.

All that day passed, and Joe seemed, by the time evening came, to be quite as much at home as the widow or little Maritchee herself, who were born and brought up in the place. He was a gay, diverting busybody of a fellow, always making himself agreeable by telling stories about other people, and guessing where everybody else was certain. Joe was never quite certain of any thing in his life; but he was sometimes pretty considerably so or thereabouts.

"I shall die if I don't find out who he is, where he came from, what brought him here, and, above all, what keeps him here," sighed the widow Van Heilig Schrift, whose husband never kept a secret from her in his life. I suppose this was the reason she was so impatient to get at the secret of Joe Bowers.

Little Maritchee sighed too, but I believe it was not actually so much from curiosity to know who he was, as from not knowing exactly what ailed her.

By the time Joe Bowers had staid three days in New-Amsterdam, the widow was bewitched, and the whole town be-devilled with curiosity. Not a soul knew any more about him than the moment he first appeared, while he had got at the bottom of all the secrets in town, not forgetting those of the widow. The most interesting of all those secrets was the secret that the widow, though neither so young nor so pretty as her daughter, was what might be called the gray mare—that is to say, she was twice as rich as little Maritchee.

The unfortunate widow Van Schrift grew worse every day. She had no peace of her life, and at night, when she did chance to fall asleep, did nothing but toss about and dream of the boy with a white skin and cheeks as red as an apple. Such are the melancholy consequences of unsatisfied curiosity in the female mind.

"Mein goot!" said Claus Ripse, after Joe Bowers had turned him inside out, and pumped him of all his affairs without answering a single question of honest Claus. "Mein goot, Hans Elsnick, but he must be a spy. It is high time to go to the governor and the scheepens about it."

"By mein zeil," quoth Hans, "and I tink so too." So away they went to report the mysterious stranger to the city authorities.

The destinies of the good city of New-Amsterdam were at this period confided to the direction of his excellency William Kieft, a most vigilant and valiant guardian, who suffered neither wrong nor encroachment without manfully defending himself by argument and scholarship. All his wars were carried on with his arch enemies, the interlopers of Varsche river, in Latin. If they took possession of his territory, he fired away a Latin manifesto; in doing which he displayed great statesmanship, seeing this was the way they at that time exorcised witches and evil demons; and as the worthy and worshipful magistrate was wont to affirm, the English about Varsche river were one-half witch the other half duyvel. "Pro agro nostro Hartfordiensi, annuo persolvent præpotentiss. D. D. Ordinibus Fœd. Provinciarum, Belgicarum," &c. &c. said Governor Kieft; but the English paid no attention to his conjuration, while they continued overrunning his oyster-beds.

These disputes, combining with the difference of language, habits, and manners, had prevented all intercourse except diplomatic, between the people of the Varsche river and the citizens of New-Amsterdam; the latter had never before seen such a specimen of a man as Joe Bowers, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that he occasioned a mighty sensation among them.

Being, in consequence of the information of Claus Ripse and Hans Elsnick, brought before the governor and his council, the former proceeded to interrogate him, through the medium of an interpreter.

"What is your name?"

"Do you think I can remember when I was christened?"

said Joe. "I say, mister, what might your name be?" continued he, addressing himself to the interpreter.

"Verdraagen den Duyvel," muttered the interpreter.

"That's a tarnaal queer name," said Joe.

"I say, what is your name?" repeated the interpreter.

"Did you ever hear of one Abishai Peabody?" quoth Joe.

"Write down Abishai Peabody," said the interpreter to the clerk. "He says his name is Abishai Peabody."

"I say, mister, what makes you think my name is Peabody?"

"Why, you said so just now, didn't you?"

"But maybe you've heard of one Zerubbabel Doolittle?"

"Write down Zerubbabel Doolittle," shouted the interpreter, "and scratch out Abishai Peabody."

"Why, plague on't, do you think I've got such an ugly name as that?" said Joe.

"By St. Van Paulus!" cried the impatient little governor, "if you don't plead guilty to some name, you shall have no name at all before long."

"Why, darnation, squire, how will you make that out?"

"By Herodes den Grooten, but I'll show you!"

"You will, will you?" answered Joe.

"Did you come here by land?"

"Why, do you cusnotcher I'm a fool to come by land when I can come down by water?"

"Then you came by water?"

"Why, d'ye think I'm such a clear fool as to come by water when I've got two such legs as these to carry me?"

"Der blindheed!" quoth Governor Kieft, "but I believe the duyvel dropt him flying."

"What brought you here?" resumed the interpreter.

"What brought me here? Do you think I couldn't get here without being brought, squire?"

"What business have you?"

"Can't you see with half an eye? Maybe, I'm a gentleman."

"So then you had no business here?"

"Do you think I'm such a gander as to come here for nothing at all?"

Thus the examination went on in the most satisfactory manner, and, at the conclusion, Joe was shut up with the constable in a back room, where he got out of him all the history of his family for ten generations. In the mean time the governor and council were listening to the clerk, who, in a sonorous voice, was reading the questions and answers he had written down with particular accuracy. Never were a set of worthy city magistrates so puzzled. They could make nothing out of Joe except a most artful and thorough-bred spy, who had come among them for the purpose of debauching the subjects of their high mightinesses from their allegiance. The little testy governor declared it was a series of the most artful evasions he ever saw, and forthwith proposed to issue a Latin proclamation, in the mean time holding this suspicious personage to bail. All which was agreed to *nem. con.*, from a clear conviction that the governor would turn every one that differed with him out of office in the twinkling of an eye.

While this was passing, the widow Van Heilig Schrift was in great tribulation of spirit, and so, for that matter, was her pretty little daughter Maritchee. Both knew that our hero was in the hands of justice, and neither for what.

By and by, after the breaking up of the council, the governor took his stick, and, as he was wont in those rustic times, walked forth smoking his pipe, joking the wealthy burghers, chucking their buxom wives under the chin, and puffing tobacco smoke into the eyes of the little urchins, wherat they were right pleased, having a sort of instinctive love for such savoury incense. In the course of his walk he came to where the widow Van Heilig Schrift was sitting disconsolate on her stoop, with her daughter, devoured by curiosity about honest Joe Bowers. His excellency had a great respect for the widow, and loved little Maritchee as if she had been his own daughter, always calling her his "leetle blumenchee," which means rosebud.

The widow inquired anxiously about the young man who had been taken away from her, and the governor was just as eager for information. Both found they were equally ignorant of the name and purposes of the mysterious stranger. The widow, who yearned to see Joe Bowers once more, in hopes of gratifying her curiosity, cunningly insinuated that if his excellency would place him under her care, she would not only be answerable for his conduct and forthcoming when required, but would engage "to get it all out of him in the course of a few days."

The governor had a great opinion of Madam Van Heilig Schrift's skill in affairs of this sort, never having himself been able to keep a secret from that worthy woman. He therefore

assented to the proposal, and accordingly Joe Bowers again gladdened the heart of the widow and little Maritchee by his agreeable presence.

The widow commenced by asking him fifteen thousand questions, which he answered by fifteen thousand questions more; so they were even thus far. Little Maritchee uttered not a word, but she looked fifteen thousand with her dark eyes.

"So, den, the widow Schrift is going to be married to dat blindheed dere dat nobody knows any ting about," quoth Claus Ripse to his wife.

"Yaw," said the good woman, "and her husband has pees teat only eleven months and thirteen days."

"Huyswife der duyvel!" muttered Claus, and soon enveloped himself in the obscurity of a great fog of his own raising.

It was even so. The curiosity of the widow had become ungovernable. It was a matter of life and death with her. She must know all about Joe Bowers or die. At last she came to a determination to marry him, having discovered with the sure instinct of an experienced widow, that Joe had no objection to such a procedure.

"If I don't get it all out of him, then," thought she, "I'm no widow. One thing is certain, I shall get at his name."

Not long after, the good people of New-Amsterdam, more especially the widows, were scandalized at the marriage of the widow Van Heilig Schrift and Joseph Bowers, Esquire, as he was pleased to denominate himself. The widow at last got at his name, but she had like to have missed it; for when the dominie came to inquire about it, he asked the good man so many questions in reply that he shut up his book in dudgeon, and was just on the point of breaking off the match. So Joe Bowers was obliged to answer one question at last.

But this was the beginning and the end of his communications. The widow never got another direct answer from him during the whole course of her life afterwards; at which she was sorely disappointed, especially as the governor called almost every day to know if she had brought her husband to confession. She took these disappointments so to heart, that she pined away and lost all her beauty. And so, indeed, did little Maritchee, though it was not on account of being disappointed in her curiosity.

"You don't love me, Josey," said the good whilome widow, coaxingly. "You don't love me, or you'd tell me all about it, Josey."

"All about what?" quoth Joe.

"Why, about who you are, how you came here, and what is your business at home, my dear. Now do tell me, won't you?"

"You've maybe heard something of Connecticut river?" said Joe.

"O, to be sure I have, my dear," said the good creature, rubbing her hands and thinking it was all coming now—"you mean the Varsche river; well?"

"Well, do you think I was such a gander as to be born there? But you've heard of the Housatonic, close by, just a great way off yonder?"

"O, yes! Well."

"Well, I suppose I wasn't born in another guess place than that?"

The whilome widow hereupon took up a broom and made such martial demonstrations towards Joe Bowers, that he vanished from her sight in the twinkling of a bed-post. She took to her bed and sent for a doctor, who said she had something on her mind, and so she had—it was curiosity.

But Joe was inexorable, or rather he could not get over the force of habit. Upon this the widow went all about town praising her first husband to the skies. But Joe was not content with keeping his own secrets; he had another pestilent habit, which at first excited the disgust, then the wonder, then the admiration, and finally the imitation of the good people of New-Amsterdam.

He was forever moving about from one house to another, and hardly ever staid six months in the same place. He was perpetually making alterations and improvements, and confounding his fellow-citizens with new plans. But the climax of his enormities was building a house with the front to the street instead of the gable end. The good people looked on at first, as I said before, with disgust and horror to see Joe Bowers buying one house, selling another, renting and abandoning, till in process of time he had lived in almost every house in the city. They inquired what could possibly set him whizzing and frisking about in this fashion, but all they got was a question, how they could bear to live all the time in one place.

I don't know how it came to pass, but so it certainly is,

there is in all living things a sympathy, which renders it next to impossible for one person to sit still when all about him is in motion. It was not many years before the next door neighbour of Joe Bowers was smitten with this habit of locomotion, and began to move from one house to another. Anon, a third, a fourth, and so on, followed his example, until at last the "duyvel," as Governor Keift said, got into the whole town, which seemed running round in a circle, as children do in the sport of the hen and chickens. They were in such a hurry to get out of one house into another, that they trod on each other's heels, and such was the confusion occasioned by this perpetual motion, that Governor Keift was fain to pass an ordinance that they should be restricted to one day in the year for playing puss in a corner. And this is the origin of that ancient and venerable custom of moving on the *first day of May*, which is peculiar to the city of New-Amsterdam.

In the mean time poor Mrs. Joe Bowers had fallen a victim to her unsatisfied curiosity. She died of what the doctor called a decline; but it was in fact nothing but a broken heart, occasioned by her unsuccessful endeavours to find out what brought Joe to town, and where he came from.

Not many years after her decease, Joe, not being able to endure the tyrannical restriction of being allowed to move only once a year, disposed of all the property of the widow and her step-daughter, little Maritchee, and departed from New-Amsterdam with that desirable maiden as his lawful wife. Report says that she actually got at his secret at last, but the story is somewhat doubtful. Joe Bowers (thus far is certain) passed the rest of his days moving to and fro, and building houses up and down Varsche river, which he sold before they were half finished, and was wont to boast till his dying day that he never directly answered but two questions in his life, and those he would have dodged could he possibly have got married without telling his name.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE;

OR WAS, IS, AND WILL BE.

A DECREPID old gentleman being once overtaken on the road by a lusty youth, they agreed to jog on together, as they were travelling the same way. The former was armed with a tremendous sword, which he could just trail along the ground; and the other with a smaller one, which he hardly seemed to feel.

As they proceeded on, the old gentleman talked a great deal of the antiquity of his family, the dignity of his ancestors, and what a strong, valiant, learned, rich, powerful man he was a great while ago. Whenever the youth ventured to make an observation, give his advice, or do any thing of his own accord, he flouted him about his being but a boy, and bade him look up to him on all occasions, follow in his footsteps, and do as he did.

One day they came to a great forest, out of which there rushed a roaring lion, who made after the old gentleman, with his mouth wide open. The good man called upon his ancestors, and invoked their bones to come and protect him. But the youth, without saying a word, drew his sword, and saved the old gentleman's life by slaying the lion.

"Pretty well, I declare," cried the old gentleman, "considering how young you are. But what a pitiful little sword you've got there. Look at mine—if I could only draw it out, and manage it afterwards, I should be invincible. But of what consequence is that? My renowned ancestor, Sir Guy of Warwick could wield it in his left hand. Did you ever hear of him? He killed a great red cow with it one day."

Passing on through the forest they met a couple of robbers, and the old gentleman, who insisted on always going before, was near being killed, because he was too weak to manage his great sword, before the other came up to his assistance; which he did, however, just in time to slay one of the robbers, and put the other to flight.

"By the glory of my illustrious ancestors!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "but you're quite a promising lad; not that I think it any great feat to kill a robber or two. My great-great-grandfather's uncle's cousin, Sir Bevis of Hampton, once slew a hundred and sixty of them before breakfast. But don't be discouraged, my good lad, you'll be able to do something clever by and by."

Proceeding onwards they came to a river, which they attempted to wade through, the old gentleman insisting, as usual, to go before. But he had not yet come to the depth of the stream before his great sword got betwixt his legs, and he

would have been carried away by the current and drowned, if the youth had not come to his assistance, and borne him safely over.

"Bravo!" said the old gentleman, his teeth chattering and his limbs trembling; "bravo! I declare you're quite a considerable swimmer. But you should have seen me when I was young. I once swam over the Hellespont and back again; but never mind, don't be discouraged, I dare say you'll make a tolerable swimmer in time."

As they emerged from the forest, they came to a great city in ruins, which the old gentleman pronounced the most glorious relic of antiquity he had ever seen.

"Heavens! what a superb place this has been in its day! I must announce my arrival to the governor. But, now I think of it, my fingers are grown so stiff, and my eyes so dim, I can't write. Do you pen a note for me."

The youth did so, and the old gentleman expressed his surprise that he wrote such a good hand, and spelled his words so correctly.

"But you should have seen what a hand some of my illustrious ancestors wrote. My great-great-great-great-aunt's second cousin by the mother's side was the best writer of his age, and composed books of philosophy, which were the admiration of the world. But never mind, boy, you'll improve in time."

The youth smiled good-naturedly, and archly replied, "What a glorious piece of work it is to have had every thing done for us by our ancestors!"

"Glorious, indeed!" cried the old gentleman; "I can neither fight, write, nor swim, but then my ancestors were prodigious hands at all these."

After travelling several days they came into a new country, just settled, where the youth had built himself a snug, comfortable house, and frankly invited the old gentlemen to stop and rest himself a while. He did so, and sojourned several days, partaking of the plenty and hospitality of the youth. When going away he said,

"Very well; upon my soul, quite respectable. I declare I'd no idea you were so comfortable. But you must go home with me, and then you'll see something worth seeing. I'll show you how people with a long line of ancestors live. But you must not be discouraged. You are getting on quite cleverly and your posterity a thousand years hence may very likely be quite decent fellows."

The youth being fond of roving and seeing sights, consented, and they departed together. It was a long way off, but at length the old gentleman exclaimed proudly,

"See! yonder is the abode of my illustrious ancestors!"

The youth raised his eyes, and saw an old ivy-crowned turret, rearing its gray head above a wood. They passed up a long avenue, shaded by decayed old trees, the straggling branches of which bore a few pining yellow leaves, and on each side were decayed old walls of bricks, half crumbled to pieces.

The old gentleman conducted the youth to the door of his castle, where sat an aged, gray-headed porter, so stiff in the joints that he could scarcely stand, and he took almost a quarter of an hour to open the door.

"Poor fellow!" said the old gentleman proudly, "his ancestor was one of the strongest and most active men in the world. He kept out a whole troop of rebels once by placing his back against the door."

The old gentleman led his guest through a long suite of unfurnished rooms, cold, gloomy, and comfortless, until at last he came into one that was hung with old tapestry, the figures and patterns of which had become so indistinct nobody could tell what they were.

"There!" cried he, with exultation, "there is one of the records of the glories of my illustrious house. That tapestry was given to an ancestor of the sixteenth generation backwards, by King Fergus, or Farragut, or—no matter what his name was—for having run down a fat buck, that had so tired the hounds of the king that his majesty was doubtful whether he should have any dinner that day. My ancestor was ennobled at the same time for this feat."

At supper there was great state and little to eat; but the old gentleman made it up by detailing an account of a grand entertainment given to king somebody by his great ancestor, earl somebody, whereat was served up six thousand hens, fifteen hundred geese, forty thousand red herrings, and as many thousand fresh eggs, and where was drank and wasted beer enough to make a Serpentine river. Upon the whole, however, the youth had a pretty uncomfortable time of it. He slept in a cold damp chamber, the curtains of which were half mouldered away, like the old tapestry, and the windows rattled and squeaked and groaned at an awful rate. His meals

were scanty and unsocial, but always seasoned by his host with long narratives of times past, and of the glories of his illustrious ancestors.

When the youth took his leave, nearly half starved, the old gentleman said, with a proud condescending courtesy, mixed with a vast portion of the overweening vanity of dotage,

"Well, you see how my illustrious ancestors lived, and what great things they performed in their time. But you must not be discouraged when you think of the vast difference between us. I dare swear you'll be a tolerably decent sort of a fellow, WHEN YOU GET TO BE AS OLD AS I AM!"

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—So much has been lately said in your amusing paper, respecting the modes and manners prevalent among the higher classes of this city, and the articles generally have been written in such a sprightly tone of ridicule, that I feel inclined to trouble you with a few remarks on the other side of the question. I belong to that portion of the children of humanity which you gentlemen are accustomed to call the fair sex, and whom every polite writer terms "lovely reader," and "dear reader," with other winning specimens of conciliating phraseology, while they seize upon our little peculiarities of dress or conversation with as much avidity as a hungry dog snaps at a piece of meat. I am willing to admit that, as we progress towards a state of wealth and luxury, and the distinctions between genteel society and mere human beings begin to arise, as insurmountable barriers, which forbid their mutual intercourse, innovations upon the old style of things will invariably creep in, which sometimes assume the shape of absurdities or abuses. It is not my intention to deny that these do exist among us, nor that they are proper themes for the satirist. His pen is more effectual than the sword of justice in frightening away paltry foibles and vices; but it is not fair for the lively and forcible writers of the day to confine themselves exclusively to those features of our manners which are unworthy approbation. They should at least allow, that only a small proportion of our young men are fops and dunces, and that all our ladies are neither coquettes nor ambitious belles. I never heard of any state of society which was entirely free from objects of derision, and whenever they appear they should be lashed till they are ashamed or afraid to show their faces. But compare the circles which at present enliven the dwellings of this city with grace, wit, and beauty, with those of other countries, and you must acknowledge that our subjects of complaint are nothing to our themes of congratulation. It is complimentary to our moral character that even the penetrating glance of irony can detect in the community no crimes more atrocious than a too eager desire for display, an increasing interest in social enjoyments, and a slight tinge of aristocracy, calculated to awaken rather merriment than indignation. Long may it be before we furnish more serious cause for the shafts of wit or the frown of wisdom, before the brilliant halls of fashion are infested with more dangerous individuals than rustling maidens, with leg of mutton sleeves, and aspiring young gentlemen with harmless mustachios. At present the moral perceptions of all classes are not undimmed; custom has not yet afflicted us with flagrant outrages upon decency and virtue. We are not compelled to endure violations of laws, human and divine, by the overbearing influence of wealth and power. In many of the old countries of Europe the fashionable villain passes triumphantly through the highest circles, glorying in the effrontery with which he tramples on every honourable principle and natural feeling; and females, studying intrigue as a science, turn innocence and modesty into derision. Praised be fortune, if there are profligates among us they are amenable to the tribunal of public opinion, which, happily combining integrity to reprobate, with authority to punish, brands the practised libertine as an object of abhorrence.

The best method, however, of guarding us from those vices which have corrupted others, is to watch their origin, and kill them before they arrive at maturity. I trust, therefore, your esteemed and talented correspondents will not lay aside the whip, but use it with an unsparing hand, against every thing calculated to interrupt our peace or profane our simplicity. Be assured, gentlemen, in the prosecution of so laudable a design, however you may be abused by those who smart under the castigation, you will be supported by the approbation of all who really belong to what some have, in derision, termed "good society."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Legends of New-England. By John G. Whittier. Hartford. Hanner and Phelps. 12mo. pp. 142. 1831.

THERE could scarcely be a more imposing title to an American public than that of the present volume. It has been generally believed that our country labours under an immense disadvantage in its inferiority to other nations in traditional lore, and in those materials of history which, imperfectly seen through the dim mist of time, are calculated to arouse the most interesting associations. This is partially true; but we have scarcely yet a right to complain, as those materials which do actually exist among us, have by no means been exhausted. Productions similar to *Yamoyden* and *Hope Leslie* are rarely given to the world; and although Irving, Paulding, Halleck, Bryant, Brainard, and a few others, have produced several graphic delineations of American scenery; and Mr. Cooper has in one or two instances endeavoured, with much success, to interweave with his narratives, characters, and incidents purely American, yet we contend that a very rich soil has yet been left for the cultivation of the future poet and novelist. It is true, that the traveller over the United States does not feel himself at every step treading upon classic ground. He cannot go forth in the shades of evening, and muse among ivy-grown castles crumbling into ruins, and swarming with the associations of history. He cannot brood over the tombs of kings and warriors, poets and philosophers, like the sojourner in "earth's proudest isle." The hallowed influence of ages is not upon our cities, our temples, or our institutions; and it would be useless to deny that we have had no Shakespeares and Miltons to hallow the spots where they have lived, and where their ashes repose; yet we are by no means destitute of themes for the writer, both curious and interesting, although they are of a different description, and the title of the volume now before us is precisely of a kind to awaken expectation. Mr. Whittier has very happily chosen his subject; but he has not availed himself to a very great extent of the advantages which it affords. Indeed in his preface he frankly declares that he has no hope but to call the attention of others to the legends upon which he has only slightly touched. We can scarcely forgive him for having shuffled off his task in so careless a manner, especially as the few trifles contained in his work are exceedingly well wrought up, are clothed in the language of a practised and able writer, and touch upon the most curious features in the history of New-England, viz. the Indian traditions, and the dark and bloody period of witchcraft. He offers no satisfactory apology for having opened the mine, without exploring more thoroughly its treasures. It betrays that absence of literary enthusiasm, for which perhaps the public is more to blame than the author; and that exclusive devotedness to the mere business transactions of life, which may create good merchants and rich men, but which will never make successful writers. He is on the spot, and probably within reach of the best sources of information at present in existence, and is hardly excusable for having used so little research in preparing the present collection. His little volume, however, will be acceptable to the public. It consists of several sketches, in prose and verse, all of which we have read with pleasure. As a poet Mr. Whittier possesses undoubted genius; and his prose efforts, although apparently thrown off without labour, are evidently the offspring of a ready pen.

We are so much pleased with the following that we extract it, notwithstanding several inaccuracies of style, which might have been easily corrected:

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

"The gaunt wolf,
Scenting the place of slaughter with his long
And most offensive howl, did ask for blood."

"The wolf—the gaunt and ferocious wolf! How many tales of wild horror are associated with its name! Tales of the deserted battle-field—where the wolf and the vulture feast together—a horrible and obscene banquet, realizing the fearful description of the Siege of Corinth, when—

"On the edge of a gulf
There sat a raven flapping a wolf,"

amidst the cold and stiffening corpses of the fallen; or of the wild Scandinavian forests, where the peasant sinks down exhausted amid the drifts of winter, and the wild wolf-howl sounds fearfully in his deafening ear, and lean forms and evil eyes gather closer and closer around him, as if impatient for the death of the doomed victim.

"The early settlers of New-England were not unfrequently greatly incommoded by the numbers and ferocity of the wolves, which prowled around their rude settlements. The hunter easily overpowered them, and with one discharge of

his musket scattered them from about his dwelling. They fled even from the timid child, in the broad glare of day—but in the thick and solitary night, far away from the dwellings of men, they were terrible, from their fiendish and ferocious appetite for blood.

"I have heard a fearful story of the wolf, from the lips of some of the old settlers of Vermont. Perhaps it may be best told in the language of one of the witnesses of the scene:

"'Twas a night of January, in the year 17—. We had been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles from our little settlement of four or five log-houses. 'Twas rather late—about twelve o'clock, I should guess—when the party broke up. There was no moon—and a dull, gray shadow or haze hung all around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly-looking stars gave us their dull light, as they shone through a dingy curtain. There were six of us in company—Harry Mason and myself, and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our next door neighbour. She was a right down handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and sweet-spoken, and so intelligent besides, that every body loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill-violet, and her lips were like a red rose-leaf in June. No wonder that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth summer.

"Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark, full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the thick darkness. The snow was deep—deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years—but the surface was frozen strongly enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the white pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a low, long howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were folded close to my own, as a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us—'The wolves—the wolves!'

"Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one of your caged, broken-down, show-animals, which are exhibited for sixpence a sight, children half price—but a fierce, half-starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling and hurrying over the barren snow, actually mad with hunger? There is no one of God's creatures which has such a frightful, fiendish look, as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

"Another, and another howl—and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us. We all turned right about, and looked in the direction of the sound.

"The devils are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line of dark, gliding bodies. And so in fact they were—a whole troop of them—howling like so many Indians in a powwow. We had no weapons of any kind; and we knew enough of the nature of the vile creatures who followed us to feel that it would be useless to contend without them. There was not a moment to lose—the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the tree—let us climb this tree!" I cried, springing forwards towards a low-boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance might be easily climbed into.

"Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree, and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us, and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold—and we soon began to shiver and shake, like so many sailors on the top-mast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs—no complaining among us—for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great, glowing eyes, staring up into the tree where we were seated. And then their yells—they were loud and long and devilish!

"I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time—when I heard a limb of the tree cracking, as if breaking down beneath the weight of some of us; and a moment after a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went plunging down through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh, God! I am gone!"

"It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrible dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not—and I stirred not—for

the whole was at that time like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remember that there were cries and shudderings around me; perhaps I joined with them—and that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath. It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood.

"When I came fully to myself—when the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sisters, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself I should have jumped down among the raging animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt at rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and weak constitution and frame, were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side, with his hands firmly clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing down upon the dark, wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around us was the thick, cold night—and below, the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

"The morning broke at last; and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of daylight, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl down from our resting-place. We were chilled through—every limb was numb with cold and terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raved wildly about the dreadful things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains all around the tree; and two or three long locks of dark hair were trampled into the snow.

"We had gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance; and my brothers have oftentimes told me that at first view we all seemed like so many crazed and brain-stricken creatures. They assisted us to reach our homes; but Harry Mason never recovered fully from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies, and his friends, and would sit alone for hours together, ever and anon muttering to himself about that horrible night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard, before age had whitened a hair of his head.

"For my own part, I confess I have never entirely overcome the terrors of the melancholy circumstance which I have endeavoured to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like my own shadow; and even now, the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced when, more than half a century ago, I passed A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES."

The following is a specimen of Mr. Whittier's abilities in the ballad style. We have no hesitation in awarding to it our most unqualified approbation, and congratulate the public upon the appearance of a writer capable of picturing, with such a vivid imagination, the old floating traditions of the country. The story is founded on a passage in the works of Cotton Mather, where that learned divine informs us, that, at the dead of the night, the "witches and prestigious spirits and demons," who persecuted, by means of their spells and incantations, the good people of Massachusetts Bay, were assembled together by the sound of a great trumpet. The place of the evil gathering was somewhere near Naumkeag, now Salem.

THE WEIRD GATHERING.

A trumpet in the darkness blown—
A peal upon the air—
The church-yard answers to its tone
With boding shriek and wail and groan—
The dead are gliding there!
It rose upon the still midnight,
A summons long and clear—
The wakeful shuddered with affright—
The dreaming sleeper sprang upright,
And pressed his stunning ear.
The Indian, where his serpent eye
Beneath the green-wood shone,
Started, and tossed his arms on high,
And answered, with his own wild cry,
The sky's unearthly tone.
The wild birds rose in startled flocks,
As the long trumpet swelled;

* Perhaps the foregoing may be deemed improbable. It is, however, an oral tradition, which is as well authenticated as any thing of the kind may well be. It is one of a series of strange legends of encounters with the wild beasts of a new country, which have descended to us from our hazy forefathers, and which are still preserved in the memories of their children.

And loudly from their old, gray rocks,
The gaunt, fierce wolf, and caverned fox
In mutual terror yelled.

There is a wild and haunted glen,
'Twixt Saugus and Naumkeag—
'Tis said of old that wizard men
And demons to that spot have been
To consecrate their league.

A fitting place for such as these—
That small and sterile plain,
So girt about with tall old trees,
Which rock and groan in every breeze,
Like spirits cursed with pain.

It was the witch's trysting place—
The wizard's chosen ground,
Where the accursed of human race
With demons gathered, face to face,
By the midnight trumpet's sound.

And there that night the trumpet rang,
And rock and hill replied,
And down the glen strange shadows sprang,
Mortal and fiend—a wizard gang—
Seen dimly side by side.

They gathered there from every land
That sleepeth in the sun—
They came with spell and charm in hand,
Waiting their master's high command—
Slaves to the evil one!

From islands of the far-off seas—
From Hecla's ice and flame—
From where the loud and savage breeze
Grows through the tall Norwegian trees,
Seer, witch, and wizard came!

And, from the sunny land of palms,
The negro hag was there—
The Greece-greek, with his Obi charms—
The Indian, with his tattooed arms,
And wild and streaming hair!

The gipsy, with her fierce dark eyes,
The worshipper of flame—
The searcher out of mysteries,
Above a human sacrifice—
All—all—together came!

* * * * *

Nay, look not down that lighted dell,
Thou startled traveller!
Thy christian eye should never dwell
On gaunt gray witch, and fiend of hell,
And evil trumpeter!

But, the traveller turned him from his way,
For he heard the revelling—
And saw the red light's wizard ray
Among the dark-leaved branches play,
Like an unholy thing.

He knelt him on the rocks, and cast
A fearful glance beneath—
Wizard and hag before him passed,
Each wilder, fiercer than the last—
His heart grew cold as death!

He saw the dark-browed trumpeter,
In human shape was he;
And witch and fiend and sorcerer,
With shriek and laugh and curses, were
Assembled at his knee.

And lo—beneath his straining glance,
A light form stole along—
Free, as if moving to the dance,
He saw her fairy steps advance
Towards the evil throng.

The light along her forehead played—
A wan, unearthly glare;
Her cheek was pale beneath the shade
The wildness of her tresses made,
Yet nought of fear was there!

Now God have mercy on thy brain,
Thou stricken traveller!
Look on thy victim once again,
Bethink thee of her wrongs and pain—
Dost thou remember her?

The traveller smote his burning brow,
For he saw the wronged one there—
He knew her by her forehead's snow,
And by her large blue eye below,
And by her wild, dark hair.

Slowly, yet firm she held her way—
The wizard's song grew still—
The sorcerer left his elvish play,
And hideous imp and beldame gray
Waited the stranger's will.

A voice came up that place of fear—
The trumpeter's hoarse tone—
"Speak—who art thou that comest here
With brow baptized and christian ear,
Unsummoned and alone?"

One moment—and a tremor shook
Her light and graceful frame—
It passed—and then her features took
A fiercer and a haughtier look,
As thus her answer came:

"Spirits of evil—
Workers of doom!
Lo—to your revel,
For vengeance I come!
Vengeance on him
Who hath blighted my fame—
Fill his cup to the brim
With a curse without name?
Let his false heart inherit
The madness of mine,
And I yield ye my spirit,
And bow at your shrine!"

A sound—a mingled laugh and yell,
Went howling fierce and far—
A redder light shone through the dell,
As if the very gates of hell
Swung suddenly ajar.

"Breathe then thy curse, thou daring one,"
A low, deep voice replied—
"Whate'er thou askest shall be done,
The burthen of thy doom upon
The false one shall abide."

The maiden stood erect—her brow
Grew dark as those around her,
As burned upon her lip that vow
Which christian ear may never know—
And the dark fetter bound her!

Ay, there she stood—the holy heaven
Was looking down on her—
An angel from her bright home driven—
A spirit lost and doomed and given
To fiend and sorcerer!

And changed—how changed!—her aspect grew
Fearful and elvish there;
The warm tinge from her cheek withdrew,
And one dark spot of blood-red hue
Burned on her forehead fair.

Wild from her eye of madness shone
The baleful fire within,
As, with a shrill and lifted tone
She made her fearful purpose known,
Before the powers of sin:

"Let my curse be upon him—
The faithless of heart!
Let the smiles that have won him
In frowning depart!
Let his last, cherished blossom
Of sympathy die,
And the hopes of his bosom
In shadows go by!
Ay, curse him—but keep
The poor boon of his breath,
'Till he sigh for the sleep,
And the quiet of death!
Let a viewless one haunt him
With whisper and jeer,
And an evil one daunt him
With phantoms of fear!
Be the fiend unforgiving
That follows his tread;
Let him walk with the living—
Yet gaze on the dead!"

She ceased.—The doomed one felt the spell
Already on his brain;
He turned him from the wizard-dell;
He prayed to heaven; he cursed at hell;
He wept—and all in vain.

The night was one of mortal fear;
The morning rose to him,
Dark as the shroudings of a bier,
As if the blessed atmosphere,
Like his own soul, was dim.

He passed among his fellow men,
With wild and dreamy air,
For, whispering in his ear again
The horrors of the midnight glen,
The demon found him there.

And, when he would have knelt and prayed,
Amidst his household band,
An unseen power his spirit stayed,
And on his moving lip was laid
A hot and burning hand!

The lost one in the solitude
Of dreams he gazed upon,
And, when the holy morning glowed,
Her dark eye shone—her wild hair flowed
Between him and the sun!

His brain grew wild—and then he died;
Yet, ere his heart grew cold,
To the gray priest, who at his side
The strength of prayer and blessing tried,
His fearful tale was told.

* * * * *

They've bound the witch with many a thong—
The holy priest is near her;
And ever as she moves along,
A murmur rises hoarse and strong
From those who hate and fear her.

She's standing up for sacrifice,
Beneath the gallows-tree;
The silent town beneath her lies,
Above her are the summer skies—
Far off—the quiet sea.

So young—so frail—so very fair—
Why should the victim die?—
Look on her brow!—the red stain there
Burns underneath her tangled hair—
And mark her fiery eye!

A thousand eyes are looking up
In scorn and hate to her;
A bony hand hath coiled the rope,
And yawns upon the green hill's slope
The witch's sepulchre!

Ha! she hath spurned both priest and book—
Her hand is tossed on high—
Her curse is loud—she will not brook
The impatient crowd's abiding look—
Hark!—how she shrieks to die!

Up—up—one struggle—all is done!
One groan—the deed is wrought.
Wo—for the wronged and fallen one!—
Her corse is blackening in the sun—
Her spirit—trace it not!

The reader will discover in the "Rattle-snake Hunter," a page of animated and beautiful description, which will impress him with an exalted opinion of the author's versatility of talent. It seemed at first difficult to decide whether he is more fluent in prose or poetry, but the "Weird Gathering" turns the scale in favour of the latter.

"Metacomb," or King Philip, or, according to the fancy of Mr. Stone the dramatist, *Metamora*, opens with a glowing and truly poetic picture of sunset, and a fine portraiture of the red hero.

"The Spectre Ship" is a poem, imbued with the spirit of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

The "Spectre Warriors," the "Human Sacrifice," the "Indian's Tale," the "Powwow," and the "Last Norridgewock," are beautiful and original Indian sketches. The rest of the volume consists of the "Midnight Attack," the "Murdered Lady," the "Unquiet Sleeper," the "Haunted House," the "White Mountains," the "Mother's Revenge," and the "Aerial Omens," all founded on some legend of New-England. Several of them are productions of superior merit; and we are sorry that the limits of this article will not permit us to notice them more at length.

We cannot conclude without a few observations respecting the tone of modern criticism, which has been so long practised by persons of all classes of information and intellect, as to render its phrases unmeaning, its censure harmless, and its praise mere puffing, without either influence or value. In considering Mr. Whittier's book we have, perhaps, in a measure checked the enthusiasm of our admiration, in order to avoid the inflated style which too universally prevails. Books, infinitely inferior to the "Legends of New-England," have been introduced to the public in terms of unlimited rapture, until all the phraseology of critical applause has been exhausted upon the most insipid and meretricious offsprings of vanity, ignorance, and dullness. The volume before us, if it is to be compared with many others with which the teeming press inundates the community, and if it is to be reviewed in the same spirit, is justly deserving of a much more exalted style of praise than it has received at our hands; for, without exaggeration, we may assert that, with only one or two exceptions, it is decidedly the most agreeable work of the kind we have read since the days of the Sketch Book. Before we opened it, from our previous knowledge of the literary abilities of the author, we anticipated much pleasure, but our expectations were more than realized; and though we will not, in the usual style, inform the public that he is equal to Scott or Irving, we can assure them that the "Legends of New-England" is no trifling addition to the stock of American literature.

Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa, from the earliest ages to the present time; with illustrations of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Zoology. By Professor Jameson, James Wilson, Esq. F.R.S.E., and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E.; with a map, plans of the route of Park, and of Denham and Clapperton; and several engravings. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 12mo. pp. 359. Family Library, No. XVI. 1831.

This is a clear and valuable epitome of the various expeditions made into the interior of Africa, and will be advantageously read in connexion with the recent work on the polar regions. It contains much that is interesting and instructive. A mass of information is conveyed in a pleasing and spirited

style, by which the utility of historical and philosophical works is combined with the charm of productions of fancy. Hundreds of persons, so actively engaged in business transactions as to be unable to devote much leisure to the study of the interesting subjects which the narrative of discovery and adventure embraces, will here find themselves, at a small expense of time, placed in possession of much to gratify their curiosity; and no intelligent youth can peruse its pages without at once feeling his thoughts exalted to manly subjects, and imbibing a partiality for useful learning. The more we see of this series of publications the more we are inclined to like it. By its means the knowledge, talents, and research of a variety of scientific and enlightened men, in different parts of the world, are concentrated within a small compass, and diffused among a multitude of persons. The volumes are issued at a moderate price, are conducted with care and industry, and in every way deserve immediate and extensive patronage.

Collection of Sermons on the death of the Right Reverend Bishop Hobart, D. D. of the Protestant Episcopal church in the state of New-York; with a Memoir of his Life and Writings. T. & J. Swords. 12mo. pp. 250. New-York. 1831.

A memoir of Bishop Hobart, by the Rev. Mr. Shroeder, is welcome to all classes of society, but particularly to that extensive portion who are attached to the episcopal church. It is in that circle that the virtues and attainments of the distinguished prelate are most justly appreciated, and where deep regret for his loss will induce the most eager avidity to become acquainted with every information relative to his life and opinions. An original sketch of our universally-lamented bishop has been already published in the Mirror, from the pen of Mr. Shroeder, which renders it unnecessary for us to dilate at length upon that which accompanies the collection of sermons, as the leading facts are the same. As a composition it is, as might have been expected from the author, a clear, chaste, and graceful production. The sermons are thirteen in number, and are well calculated to add to the established reputation of the reverend gentlemen by whom they were delivered. Upon a theme so affecting, and addressed to an auditory in whose recollections the virtues and talents of their departed pastor were so vivid, these impressive discourses could scarcely have failed to excite deep interest. The volume does much credit to the taste of the publishers as a specimen of neat typography, to which the fine engraving and accurate likeness of the esteemed subject of the memoir, engraved by W. Maine, from a painting by Paradise, adds an additional value.

Cobb's Juvenile Reader. In Three Books. Collins and Hannay. New-York. 1831.

Agessilaus, king of Sparta, when discovered by the foreign ambassadors playing with his children, asked them if they were fathers, and on being answered in the affirmative, said, "Then I have no occasion to apologise for my occupation." Mr. Lyman Cobb, like his royal prototype, needs no excuse to all fathers, mothers, schoolmasters, &c. for the present series of publications. The first book will be a valuable auxiliary to little curly-headed and rosy-cheeked gentlemen who plume themselves upon having passed through the intricate mysteries of the alphabet. It consists of short and pithy sentences upon familiar subjects: "I never saw a little dog or cat learn to read;" "When you are a large boy you shall have trowsers and a pair of little boots;" and other valuable apothegms, in the spelling-book style.

The second book is adapted to children of a more advanced age, and may be very appropriately used by those who have mastered the first. It contains several stories, written in clear language, and inculcating useful morals.

The third claims a more serious notice. In it much instruction in the elements of natural philosophy and history is conveyed to the more advanced and intelligent reader. The brief chapters on the dog, alum, cork, the horse, heat, liquorice, and light, are precisely the kind of composition to be placed in the hands of youth; and when supported by careful assiduity on the part of the teacher, in explaining in a gentle tone of voice, and in a patient and attractive manner, the proper meaning of the more difficult words and abstruse ideas, Mr. Cobb's book is really worthy the attention of parents and instructors.

New-York Annual Register for 1831.

Only the most indefatigable industry and perseverance, combined with a very general acquaintance with the subject, could have produced a volume so replete with interesting miscellaneous information, as that which Mr. Williams has just published under the above title. It is afforded at a very reasonable price, and should be promptly purchased by all men of business.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MR. BARTON.

THIS gentleman, from the Theatre-royal, Edinburgh, has appeared as Hamlet, Lear, and Werner. The first is among the most difficult parts he could have attempted. It requires brilliant declamation and marked originality to impart interest to its long speeches and melancholy adventures. Mr. Barton was, therefore, injudicious in his selection. The most prominent features were given about as correctly as they generally are; for it would be difficult for an intelligent man, and one familiar with good acting, as Mr. Barton evidently is, to go altogether wrong in the hackneyed and well-trodden pathway of such characters; but he was plainly treading in the steps of a host of celebrated predecessors. Neither should he have undertaken Lear. The wonderful powers of the elder Kean in the wretched imbecility of the "weak and despised old man," are yet altogether too fresh in the recollections of the public. Mr. Barton's personation, however, was not without good points, and, as a whole, more than respectable. He was applauded throughout. In Werner he was yet more successful. It is better adapted to his capacity than the two former. There is also something in being familiar with the style of a player, who gains confidence, and frees himself from embarrassment, as he becomes accustomed to his audience, and feels that he is appreciated. Werner displayed Mr. Barton very advantageously. He looked and read well; and, at certain periods, particularly the last scene, confirmed us in the opinion that one may make a poor business of Hamlet, Lear, &c. and yet possess fine requisites for success in a different walk of the drama. We would sum up the attainments of Mr. Barton in a few words. A gentlemanly figure and good head, experience in his profession, and intelligence sufficient to render him a favourite, in a sphere, however, less elevated than that in which he has chosen to make his first appearance in America.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

MADAME VESTRIS.

ARCH, easy, impudent, pert, sprightly, and agreeable, with a handsome face, a delicious person, a rich, musical voice, and an inexhaustible fund of self-possession, this vivacious lady has pleased, and continues to please on every stage, and in every department of the drama in which she appears. She suits all tastes. It is impossible for any one to dislike her; and just as impossible, I should think, for any to become enthusiastically fond of her acting. There is no depth, nor power, nor sensibility about her. Neither is there the aping or affectation of these things. She is, emphatically, a clever actress, which stands in about the same relation to a great actress as an epigrammatist to a poet; or a shrewd, worldly man to a wise one; and her being a more universal favourite than others of a higher order of merit, is only another proof of what has been proved some thousand times since the world began—that success is a very fallacious test of ability, for the simple reason, that the more the kind of merit is upon a level with the intellects of the majority of the judges, the more likely it is to be appreciated. The lady's talent is purely executorial, and has nothing to do with the higher province of conception—indeed the characters in which she generally appears are not conceptions but copies, or copies of copies of the ephemeral whims and vagaries of the passing hour—trifling and agreeable, and well suited to the prevailing light and superficial taste in theatrical matters; for, without cant, it is light and superficial. I have been told that she plays Rosalind. I should like to see her do so for curiosity's sake; for I cannot imagine a more pleasant and amusing performance, and at the same time more decidedly different from what it ought to be, than Madame Vestris's Rosalind. She will be the arch, lively, free-spoken, well-bred lady of the French court to the life; but any thing rather than the wild, daring, susceptible, romantic Rosalind.

Two-thirds of Madame Vestris's notoriety has arisen from the facility with which she can unsex herself, and the confident boldness with which she makes her bow to the audience in breeches. It is all very well that she does so—half measures are very perplexing and disagreeable; and if a lady makes up her mind to wear this article of apparel, either in public or private, the more decidedly and gracefully she does it the better; but still there must be some affectation in the raptures of the town at witnessing the same. To be sure,

no one buttons a coat, adjusts a cravat, wears a hat, handles a cane, or draws on a pair of gloves in the true spirit of knowing and irresistible coxcombery equal to Madame Vestris; and it is really pleasant to sit and see those manly airs and graces played off by a woman, affording, as it does, conclusive evidence that such deep-laid schemes to ensnare the admiration of the fair sex do not always escape detection; yet still the skill and observation requisite to do this may be rated too highly. But Madame Vestris has better, though perhaps weaker claims than this, on the public favour. She has the ability to make wearisome common-place passable, frivolity agreeable, and sprightliness fascinating—a never-flagging jousness of spirit, and an almost Promethean power of imparting a portion of her exuberance of life and animation to the walking, talking, mechanical blocks, by which she is occasionally surrounded. To use a striking, technical phrase, she "keeps the stage alive;" and no man readeth a play-bill while she is there. Her motions are graceful in the extreme, and like a grayhound or a thorough-bred racer, she cannot put herself in an awkward attitude. Her chambermaids have an archness inexpressible; and, if it be a merit, (a stage one it certainly is,) no one equals her in a certain quiet and unutterable mode of giving a *double entendre*. As a singer, Madame Vestris is deservedly admired. There is a hearty, sensible, straight-forwardness in her manner, and an absence of quackery and pretension in her style that is extremely agreeable. She is a good enough tactician to know exactly what she can do, and though a spoiled favourite, discreet enough seldom to attempt more than she can, with credit and safety, go through with—a rare merit. Her voice is none of your common, thin, clear, unsubstantial organs, but of a full, round, rich, satisfying quality; her manner of giving the arch, and what may be called dashing songs, she is in the habit of singing, is charming, and the effect of the whole—voice, look, and action—delightful.

There is another particular in which Vestris is unrivalled, though, from the extraordinary notions of delicacy prevalent in the western hemisphere, wherein you are located, I almost despair of making myself understood. I mean as regards the symmetry of those portions of the human frame which are situated between the knees and ankles, but which it is the custom of the country never to name by the right name, except when attached to the bodies of inferior animals, such as dogs and horses; though wherein consists the harm, even when speaking of a lady, of plainly using the monosyllable beginning with an *l* and ending with a *g*, with an intermediate vowel, I cannot say, but leave it to people much better acquainted with delicacy, metaphysics, and association of ideas than I pretend to be to determine. But this I can say, that, after having repeatedly looked upon those two unmentionable pieces of humanity belonging to Madame Vestris in the most critical manner, I think them, as far as my judgment goes, perfect in every point. Madame Vestris is also highly accomplished in other matters, being mistress both of French and Italian.

THE FINE ARTS.

MR. DUNLAP'S NEW PICTURE,

THE ATTACK ON THE LOUVRE.

THE production of an historical painting on a large scale, by an American, is an event to be regarded with peculiar pleasure. Even if the artist does not entirely satisfy the rigid severity of professed critics, there is something in the attempt which should excite the interest and claim the indulgence of the admirers of the art. Perfection is not to be expected among us, till after years of laborious practice, rewarded by judicious and liberal encouragement. The restraints which exist here upon the art, and the impediments to the progress of the artist, are numerous, and nearly insurmountable. He must struggle as he best may, through the tedious years of preliminary and unproductive study, driven by necessity into the strictest economy; for it is not the children of wealth who embark in so arduous a profession. No magnificent patron cheers him in his weary and toilsome seclusion, and it too frequently happens that the public remains careless of his merit and indifferent to his success. Among the aspirants in this lovely art Mr. Dunlap holds a conspicuous station. He has attained considerable distinction in literature, both as a poet and dramatic writer; and the offsprings of his brush have met with general applause. Among them are "Death on the Pale Horse," "Christ Rejected," "The Bearing of the Cross," and "Mount Calvary." Upon the last, the late Mr. Isaac Harby wrote for the Mirror a laudatory critique, which was widely circulated, and in the justice of

which the public acquiesced. Mr. Harby was a man of taste and genius, and placed Mr. Dunlap "among the first painters of the land."

The picture upon which he is at present engaged represents a scene in Paris during one of the famous *three days*. The subject is very happily chosen, and, at this period, will probably attract a host of visitors.

The painter has imagined himself to be posted at a point nearly opposite the toll-house of the bridge of the Louvre, and consequently nearly opposite the gate from which the royalist troops swept the bridge by discharges of artillery. The Louvre, as seen across the river, fills the distance of the painting; the soldiers of the Bourbons occupying the windows, and drawn up in front of the magnificent building, are seen obscurely through the smoke of their own fire-arms, and those of the citizens of Paris, who occupy the foreground of the picture and make the attack.

The artist has represented one of those barriers which the patriots threw up, by unpadding the streets, extending from the extreme right of his composition to the toll-house of the bridge; and behind it men, youths, and boys with guns and pistols, are repulsing an attempted charge of the royalists. The horses are in confusion, and some of the riders falling. The first figure on the right, and nearest the spectator, is a youth, without coat or waistcoat, a long sword at his side and a cartouch-box under his arm. He has a large pistol in his hand, which is prepared for action; but his attention seems called to the groups on the other side of the scene of action, and his fire is suspended. Next to this figure is a young female, who, with the assistance of a boy, is bearing off a wounded and dying brother. A group behind the last is formed of boys, some of whom are firing pistols at the cavalry and others busily loading under cover of the barricade. A soldier of the national guard is conspicuous, who is deliberately ramming down cartridge and firmly eyeing the enemy. More in front, another national-guardian is sinking under a death-wound.

The centre of the picture, in front, is filled by a group, on which the greatest light falls, and the action represented is that of the young man, who, in the agony of death, gives his arms to his friend with the injunction, "to use them for the country."

Under the cover of the toll-house is a group of citizens in the various attitudes of firing and loading their muskets. Among them is seen, as having taken shelter in a place of comparative safety, a female with an infant in her arms.

To the left of the picture, is, perhaps, the most interesting group of the whole. A wounded man is supported by two elegant females; one of whom administers drink to him, and the other endeavours to stanch the flow of blood from his wound. A rough, but compassionate man of the people, pauses to look on for the moment, and immediately behind him we see the tri-coloured flag waving, and a crowd prepared to rush upon the bridge, which is occupied by one figure, who points his sword to the Louvre with his right hand, and with his left supports the banner of the people. This figure is a youth of the polytechnic school. He may be called the hero of the piece, and must be considered as the representative of the gallant band of which he is a member.

The rush of citizens over the bridge, following the self-devoted boy, determined the combat. The royalists retreated, and France was free.

There are many actions and figures in this very large painting which we have omitted in our description. The canvass is twenty-one feet by fourteen, and every part is full of the spirit of the day. The fighting, the dead, the wounded, the dying, and their arms, accoutrements, and discarded clothing, cover the field of battle.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

To correspondents.—We have received a number of well written and spirited communications, for the unavoidable delay of which we crave indulgence. Letters from correspondents are pouring in from every quarter; many of them are fair hits, and shall appear as soon as possible. Late publications also, both foreign and domestic, have for some time been accumulating on our hands, and shall receive early attention. We promise, especially, a prompt notice of the *Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*, by Washington Irving.

New-year presents.—It is said that the French excel all other nations in the extent and costliness of their new-year gifts. The Parisian confectioners on the first day of the year, sell twenty thousand pounds sterling worth of sugar-

plums and sweetmeats alone; while the sale of jewelry and fancy articles in the first week in January is computed at one-fourth of the sale in the twelve months. An ancient English writer terms the celebration of this festival "a mere relique of paganism and idolatry;" but, if all the superstitious rites of antiquity were as conducive to cheerfulness as this, civilization has done little service to mankind in abolishing them. We think these trifling features in the manners of a people discover a social and amiable character. Even so simple an incident as a present may ripen an ordinary acquaintance into a friendship, or perpetuate the existence of an affection; and we fully agree with a London contemporary, that "nothing can be more truly christian than to usher in the new-year day with every cheerful observance that may express gratitude towards heaven, and promote a kindly and a social feeling among our friends and fellow-creatures."

The Press.—There is probably no subject upon which the Americans have felt more keenly the lash of foreign criticism than that of their claims to a literary reputation. While, with the pride and confidence natural to a young and prosperous nation, we have anticipated the appearance among us of poets and other authors, as well as brave soldiers and gallant seamen, opinions have been freely expressed abroad of our incompetency to produce writers above mediocrity; and against the few who have found favour with the world, has been arrayed the list of immortal geniuses who have adorned the history of other nations. It seems to be generally acceded, that, while the great mass of our population is as much enlightened as any other, we can boast of no brilliant circle who, like the British classical writers, have united a perfect knowledge of our language with extensive scientific attainments, or extraordinary natural talent. We cannot deny the truth of this assertion. We have had no poets like those who have devoted themselves exclusively to the art of poetry in Great Britain. None whose efforts have been deliberately made—whose faculties have been concentrated exclusively to that point—and whose productions have been matured and chastened by laborious study, and elicited by discriminating patronage. Our wealthy men do not seek honourable fame by associating their names with the treasures of genius. The public is not, or at least has not been, a literary one, and has never sought to kindle or to foster genius. Even the periodical press, through which should be derived so much instructive gratification, has not yet met with a support sufficient to establish it on an independent basis, and allow its conductors confidence and resources fully to develop the latent talent of the country. A character of fickleness fatal to literary success, has uniformly pervaded the people, and unless interwoven with the interests of a party or a sect, and for the accomplishment of some private end, a journal, whatever transient popularity it may gain, is soon abandoned for some new attraction. Individual enterprise has thus wasted itself in fruitless endeavours. Those who, backed by uniform patronage, would have succeeded in improving our literary character, have too often left the ungrateful task, as one which must end in heavy pecuniary embarrassments; and, while others have held honourable stations, and realized valuable incomes from their labours, the public press has struggled along without sufficient strength to enable it to break through the enslaving influences which render it the tool of designing men, when it should be their master and their judge.

Nothing can be more disgraceful, and in a country advancing unqualified claims to independence, more absurd, than the existence of an influential journal, pursuing plans of a private nature, and praising or condemning at the caprice of a single individual, without reference to any immutable standard of right and wrong—a press acted on successively by publishers, managers, and actors—and yet this species of control is exercised frequently and universally; and the public, who suffer by it, look on with the utmost indifference. We have few journals identified with our common interests, which have attained to any great degree of health and maturity. They are too generally sickly and feeble creatures, destitute of energy or authority; and waiting, with fear and trembling, till some new caprice wafts away their subscribers, and brings them to an end. Yet, any one who will take the trouble to examine the state of our affairs, to see how often insolent presumption wears the wreath of fame, and how often merit sickens for the want of some power to make it known and felt, will acknowledge that there is a rich field in the midst of us yet to be cultivated. If we want an independent and flourishing press, the people must strengthen it with a uniform and general support, that it may become as a common reservoir, wherein the wise and the talented may pour their gifts. Nor must we withhold patronage from all until one appears suddenly invested with the charm of merit and the force of

power. The time has past when Minervas leaped fully armed from the brain of Jove, in all the dignity of matured strength, beauty, and wisdom. In these matter of fact days, we can discover no other method of obtaining so desirable an object than by a more concentrated and uniformly rendered public support. It should not be expected that a single individual will superintend all the various and extensive operations incidental to a literary establishment, and emit from his own brain a continual and inexhaustible fund of original matter worth reading; nor can he, in addition to the heavy preliminary expenses which he must incur, immediately employ the talent lying idle around him. The public must come forward and place resources in his hands, which he will find it to be his interest to wield for their advantage. It is not that we want more papers, but those which do exist should feel that they are treading on firm ground, before they can move with a manly bearing; and until the nation be impressed with the necessity of a generous liberality on their part, they cannot have, and they should not expect, an American literary journal to be in all respects worthy their approbation. They must be contented with the cheapest stuff which accident or the vanity of juvenile ambition flings in their way.

New-York Dispensary.—The trustees of this institution have just put forth their annual report, by which document it appears that during the last year no less than *seventeen thousand* individuals have received benefit from this charity. When we consider the unostentatious and quiet manner in which the medical officers attached to it discharge their arduous and extensive duties, and calculate the amount which must necessarily be saved to the public through their efficient instrumentality, we feel called upon to bestow the meed of our warmest commendation on the founders and supporters of the dispensary. Yet, strange to say, it does not seem to be as yet a favourite object of patronage—nay, its very existence and doings are but little known. The Greeks implore aid against the Turks, and our population flock to succour them. The Cherokees send out a lamentation and wailing because of the oppression of their powerful pale brethren, and our public halls are thronged with beauty and fashion and wealth to unite in raising an appeal in their favour. Japan and "far west Ind," receive the collections of our sympathy. Yet the poor at home are scarcely considered. Is this just? The dispensary is largely in debt, and receives little support, although its claims are paramount to most of those which are daily, nay, hourly attracting generous attention. The report is drawn up by the secretary, Mr. James F. Depuyser, in a neat business-like style, and deserves perusal. The efforts making to diffuse the benefits of vaccination, and to improve the quality of this preventive against that frightful disease, the small-pox, are worthy of all praise. Nearly four thousand individuals were vaccinated during the last year by the officers of the dispensary.

Rural Repository.—The editor of this periodical, published semi-monthly at Hudson, offers a premium of twenty dollars for the best original tale, not to occupy less than two pages; and five dollars for the best poem, between forty and one hundred lines in length. The authors of the second and third best of each will be entitled to several volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound. The communications must be post-paid, directed to William Stodard, Hudson, and forwarded previous to the first day of July next. This agreeable little work comprehends a selection of many of the sprightly and popular articles of the day, and has reached its eighth volume.

Penmanship.—We are pleased to direct public attention once more to the specimens of original and improved writing exhibited by Mr. Bristow at his rooms, over Buloid's store, in Broadway. This gentleman has been highly recommended as a most successful teacher of penmanship. We are informed by a respected correspondent, that the hand-writing of his little daughter has been improved so much in fourteen lessons under the tuition of Mr. Bristow, that, although before totally ignorant of the art, she now writes beautifully. This is strong praise, and we know it to be well deserved.

Chronometer.—A splendid piece of workmanship is exhibited by Mr. Mott, at his store in Pearl-street, in the form of a full-jewelled chronometer clock of uncommon dimensions. The American Institute awarded a premium to it as being the best finished article of the kind ever seen in the United States. As an object of curiosity it is well worthy attention.

New Lamp.—A lamp has lately been invented in Lincoln, England, which, it is said, is much less expensive than those now in use, while it emits a more brilliant flame. It burns spirits of tar.

GIVE ME, MY LOVE, THE ROSEATE FLOWER.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

ANDANTE.

Give me, my love, the ro - seate
flow'r, I saw thee cull from yon - der bow'r, And with thy gift I ne'er will part, But fond-ly
wear it next my heart, But fond-ly wear it next my heart.

SECOND VERSE.
Then if perchance I feel a thorn,
'Tis but an emblem of thy scorn;
Yet not the thorn shall make us part,
Still will I wear it next my heart.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.
NUMBER VI.

LONG SPEECHES.—In the year of Rome 702 a law was passed, called *de ambitu*, limiting the pleadings in criminal cases to one day, allowing two hours to the prosecutor and three to the accused. There was some sense in this, independently of the saving of time. There can be no greater absurdity than to suppose a good cause can be benefited by pleadings, the beginning of which must be quite forgotten before they come to an end.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.—It is almost impossible for a nation long to retain its power and independence without possessing the respect of its neighbours. A good name is quite as valuable to a community as to an individual, and is equally a shield against insult or oppression. A profligate or quarrelsome nation is like a mad dog, every body makes war against it.

NICKNAMES.—The bloody animosity which subsisted for more than two centuries and a half between the *Beni Isah* and the *Beni Maad*, two tribes of Africans, was occasioned by the nickname of monkey, applied by the latter to the sheik of the former.

STUDYING A PART.—An actor in Paris, some years ago, acquired immortal honour by personating a monkey on the stage. In order to become perfect in his part he daily visited the menagerie and studied from nature.

BURKE.—Burke had a pension of three thousand pounds sterling a year. His executors two thousand five hundred—his widow twelve hundred. His son was to have been elevated to the peerage had he lived.

CONQUESTS.—The union of different nations by conquest is like a new coat which does not show the seams at first; but a good deal of wearing makes them become conspicuous, and at last break out into rents.

SELF-BLAME.—Self-blame is equally to be distrusted with self-praise. I no more believe a man when he speaks ill than when he speaks well of himself. In the former case he only does it to be contradicted.

A GOOD MAN.—A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish who lives all the time in salt-water, yet is still fresh.

A GRAND TURK.—Mahomet the second caused seven of his pages to be ripped open to find out who had eaten one of his cucumbers.

RELIGIOUS WARS.—The first war undertaken for religion was that of the Arminian christians to defend themselves against the persecution of Maximian.

WISDOM AND CUNNING.—Wisdom and cunning may often employ the same means, but wisdom stoops to them and the other cannot rise above them.

CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.—The chief justice of England has fifteen saleable offices, for which, it is said, seventy thousand guineas were once refused.

SALIQUE LAW.—It seems somewhat singular that a nation which, like the French, values itself on its gallantry, should be almost the only one to exclude women from the throne.

TEMPERANCE.—Temperance, if not the virtue of a cardinal, is at least a cardinal virtue.

HUNGER.—The stomach has no patience.

SIMPLICITY.—Simplicity is often the cloak of evil as well as the robe of virtue.

SAVAGES.—There is no nation of white savages in the world.

AFFECTATION OF GENTILITY.—Fish is good, but *fishy* is detestable.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—Too much fat puts out the candle.

SILK WORM.—The silkworm weaves its own winding-sheet before it dies.

DEATH.—There's none that die as poor as they were born.

GRIEF.—Deep grief bleeds inwardly.

A GOOD STYLE.—Proper words in proper places.

A CLIMAX.—His passions boiled from a fever to a phrensy.

UNDESERVED HONOURS.

Wear them as servants do gold lace,
Not as a badge of honour, but disgrace.

GOVERNMENT.

Mankind, like miserable frogs,
Are always king'd by stocks or logs.

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A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

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For the New-York Mirror.

TO THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY WILLIAM F. PALMER.

"The sweet south-west
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

CHILD of the glorious sun,
Born of the living splendor of his ray!
Oh, haste thee, lingering one,
From thy bright dewy chambers far away,
Where day's last gleam of rosee beauty fades
Above the evening bowers of Lerma's dark-eyed maids.

For long and lonely hours,
Hours unendeared by hope's accustomed smiles,
Amid the dearth of flowers,
And devastation of the forest aisles,
We've mourned thy hapless absence, while around
The wintry winds sent forth their wild triumphant sound.

Along thy sylvan walks,
Erst hung with curtains of the summer's green,
Stern desolation stalks,
The hoary tyrant of the faded scene,
Crushing the widowed autumn's mummied dead,
The sere unburied leaves, beneath his ruthless tread.

The blush of crimson skies
Paints the sweet dimples of the lake no more,
Beneath whose surface lies
Th' imprisoned trout, while on its naked shore
His pomp of gems the frost-king forth has thrown
O'er every bending reed, gray rock, and mossy stone.

The redbreast's peaceful nest,
That haply 'scaped the school-boy's eager look,
In downy softness drest,
Hath fall'n to ruins in its leafless nook,
And as the eye its crumbling form surveys,
We sigh to hear again its far-flown minstrel's lays.

Therefore, fond loiterer, come
To those that grateful own thy genial worth;
Forsake thy blossomed home
Of sunny islands for the lonely north,
And on the pinions of thy gentle wing,
Back to our waiting woods the summer warblers bring.

Oh linger not away
Amid the glory of the tropic bowers!
Though bright their proud array,
And ever sweet their Araby of flowers,
They cannot prize thy soft and balmy breath,
Like those that long have slept in nature's cheerless death.

The daisy's pleasant eye,
That 'neath the chilling snow-wreath deep reposes,—
Where the young violets lie—
And all the lovely sisterhood of roses,
Await thy kindly influence to rise,
And fill the vernal air with perfume and bright dyes.

But to our withered hearts,
Benumbed and stript by many a wintry time,
No sweet south-west imparts
The joyous beauty of their early prime;
Nor to the desert of our hope returns
The long-lost friendship flowers for which the spirit yearns!

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE UNLUCKY HALF DOLLAR:

OR THE UGLY MAN.

MR. AMOS TRYON (an excellent name by the by) was a bootmaker. He had just moved into a fashionable shop, and he thought it was a good time to raise his prices; so when one of his customers, Mr. Justus Hateful's bill was brought in at the end of the year, he was charged for his boots half a dollar beyond his usual price.

"I'll be switched if I pay it," cried Justus. "I never have paid so much, and, so help me, I never will. The price has been the same for the last six years, and why shouldn't it be so now? He may sue me; but, unless compelled, I never will pay that half dollar."

He determined, however, he would be calm, and he went to the bootmaker, and said, holding the bill in his hand,

"Mr. Tryon, there is something here I wish to speak to you about. Here is a half dollar for boots I never have paid before. It is the first of our dealings in your new establishment, and we had better understand each other," and he spoke in a kind and affectionate tone.

"We always have charged too little," answered Mr. Tryon. "We have nearly killed ourselves with low prices."

"The deuce you have," said Mr. Hateful; "but," added he, "I never have paid this sum—it is idle to talk—I pay now all your charges—you take your course as to the reduction, and I will take mine," and he gave the full amount of his bill.

Amos took it—he went to his desk—he paused—which of the two to do—take off or not take off—but he was so greedy after that half dollar—he could not bear to give it up—it was the pet lamb of all his flock of prices—he had fixed his heart and hopes upon it—he found himself unequal to the effort of resigning it—and the bill was returned receipted without a cent's diminution; but, what was worse, when Mr. Hateful was leaving the shop, Tryon laughed and said to his foreman,

"It isn't destruction if he does go. I'm not ruined for ever if he should take away the light of his countenance and his amazing custom."

The fatal sentence was borne through the air by imps of mischief to the ears of Justus as he let fall the latch of the shop-door—in other words, he heard what Mr. Tryon said. To be charged with weak conceited pomposity, guiltless as he felt himself to be, touched the very nerve of irritation; for Justus was one who was always munching his character, (if I may use the expression) and watched it as a dog does a bone. Let any man try to take it away, I pity him. To be the theme too of another's scoffs and mockery, made him murmur like the rising wind with rage.

"Am I laughed and sneered at—made a mark for him to spit his malice and his wit upon before obsequious apprentices? By heavens! you yet may find, my gentleman, the poorest worm can turn on its offender."

Just after revenge raged in Hateful's breast, trivial as the cause may seem to be, and his unbounded desire set both his mind and body furiously going. He went about industriously publishing Tryon's extortion. Now, although ill-tempered, Justus was a man of good judgment and strict integrity, and all his friends thought so and said, "I want no better criterion of what's right than his opinion, though he is sometimes a little hateful." So, when he told the story of Amos's imposition, every one listened and heeded, and resolved to beware of the gentleman, and always after, when they met him, thought, "I suspect he's one of your extortioners;" and, when they heard others speak of his skill as a workman, they said, "yes, he's very clever," and they emphasized "clever," and smiled as "if there were some monster in their thoughts."

But this was not the fatal blow Hateful gave to Tryon's credit. He was intimate with Tryon's broker, from whom he knew he occasionally borrowed money; and one day, as if by accident, he made the mistake that infected him the subject of conversation; and the broker happening to speak highly of Tryon, Hateful said,

"Yes, he's a good workman; but he pays a heavy rent—he's obliged to charge extravagantly, and in this way he's losing all his customers—I wouldn't trust him a cent."

And then his snake-like eyes glistened, and he looked a thousand things more than he uttered, like a lover; so that the heart of the money lender became chilled towards his particular friend, and he said one day to his partner, when the bootmaker had left the office,

"He is what you call a bold gentleman—an elegant, dashing speculator, who disregards his present means and looks to the angels for his future. He is a good-hearted fellow, and it is natural enough we should feel inclined to serve him; but we must not trust him too far. He has just now applied for a loan, and I have told him I would speak to you and he must call to-morrow. Now I propose we grant him one this time, and tell him it is the last that we can make. The truth is, I have had a conversation with Hateful, who is a shrewd fellow—he said very little, but he looked a world of doubts."

"I agree with you perfectly," said his partner, a hen-pecked little man in the mercantile way; who talked very decidedly, but always took care to agree with his partner, (a lesson, by the by to other partners.) "Undoubtedly," he said, with an emphasis, "I think so too."

So the leading and the led determined they would very coolly rid themselves of their unfortunate Tryon, should he come again, which he did, for he had made a large purchase

of leather, and could not meet his notes. But his friends, the brokers, bowed and smiled very politely and turned their backs to him. Tryon was a high-spirited man, and his rage you may imagine. He could have feasted on the luxury of knocking them both down; but to knock people down because they would not lend him money, would show a state of beggary—would lose him all his friends—for it is a very extraordinary fact that your particular friends are apt to cut you if they think you are getting poor.

"And besides," he thought, "the more I seem to suffer, the more will these wretches feel their own importance; and smile at it in vulgar satisfaction and complacency; and the scene, too, would be talked of; his credit go! 'we must look after our money,' his creditors would say; 'this rage is suspicious.'"

Unfortunately they did say so; for, although the scene with the brokers did not turn out a scene, and Amos did not strike the brokers, but behaved like a philosopher, and should have been rewarded for forbearance, he was not—his rejection became suspected—how, it was never known, perhaps he betrayed himself by his manner—perhaps little Consequence, the broker's partner, could not keep the secret—no matter how—"the gorgeous palace" of his credit, like "an unsubstantial pageant," faded—and no wonder, for his creditors thought, and thought is but air, or something still more immaterial; then how easy is it to be shaken and dispersed.

No sooner was Tryon's rejection rumoured in the city than dismay, something such as you will see on people's faces after the lightning and before the thunder, was on the faces of his creditors. Such hosts of visitors as our bootmaker had that day he never had before—to see the goings in and comings out you would have thought it had been new-year's day, if it had not been for that thunder and lightning expression. The consequence of the rush was that most of the creditors' debts became not worth a rush—they were clamorous for their money—he very calmly told them he would pay them when he could, and they had better let him go on with his business; and they met and consulted; and in their wisdoms determined "a bird in hand," &c.; and they took all he had, and forced a sale, and were cheated, as is usual in such cases; and they got about one-half their due. So our bootmaker was left in debt for the other half. To be working to pay old debts was beyond his energy, and conscious of ill-conduct, he became suspicious of disgrace. He thought his good character was gone, and he might as well make the best of a bad one. He maintained himself for a while by lying and knavery; then by forgery—and at last he was maintained in the state prison. Hateful smiled like Satan himself, for Hateful was an "ugly man."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus. By Washington Irving. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 8vo. pp. 360. 1831.

This work is an appropriate successor to the author's last production, the *Life of Columbus*. It is in fact a sort of appendix to it, narrating more briefly the fortunes of some of the most distinguished followers of the discoverer of America. It has not the unity of design nor the historical dignity of its predecessor, but possesses all that richness of coloring and easy grace of style which adorn every page of Mr. Irving's writings. Its subject, too, is one of high and peculiar interest. Every thing connected with Spain and Spaniards, at least with the better days of their history, is imbued with romance. The character of the people proud, sensitive, and fiery; their bloody, yet chivalrous contests with the Moors, and the tinge of oriental fervour reflected from their conquerors' character on their own, make up a picture of brilliant and striking hues. To an American there is something peculiarly interesting in the history of that race, to whose daring we are indebted for a rank among the nations, and whose influence spread for centuries so widely over the fairest portion of our continent. To us the present is a national work, and the author is entitled to our gratitude for having brought to light much that was hidden in old and neglected histories, and made it accessible and interesting to all.

The discovery and early history of America is and will forever remain an anomaly in the annals of the world. We can

scarcely conceive what a spur was given to enterprise, what an exciting reward was held out to ambition, by the vague but glowing descriptions of the first successful adventurers who returned to Europe laden with the "barbaric pearl and gold" of a distant world, hitherto untrodden by the footsteps of civilized man, and offering wealth equal to the wildest dreams of the imagination as the easy prey of the soldier of fortune. The invention of printing and the gradual dissemination of knowledge, had already scattered in part the darkness which hung over the minds of men. A spirit of enterprise was abroad, and a new channel opened wherein it might flow freely. We can never hope to have the dull uniformity of our lives again broken by tidings of such new and startling discoveries. The secrets of nature are exhausted, "the great globe, and all that it inhabit" have been explored and studied. The world of romance has been gradually narrowed, till few vestiges of it are left save in the airy castles which the imagination is equally active to build and to destroy. But we can even now partly conceive how the minds of men must have thrilled at the news of the discovery of regions of gorgeous beauty and boundless riches, and how the mounting spirits of those stirring times rushed forward to carve their way with the sword to their wealth and honours. The inhabitants of Europe could look across the unknown ocean which washed their shores to scenes of beauty and bliss, such as we can behold only "in the fervour of a poet's dream." The gardens of Alcina and the land of fairy were realized. Here was a country of surpassing loveliness, inhabited by a people of primeval simplicity and innocence, rich in all natural blessings, and abounding in those treasures which are more precious in the eyes of civilized man than the free bounty of the earth. It wanted but little stretch of the imagination to place in this land of wonders the fountain of perpetual youth and the golden region of El Dorado. It was a sort of neutral ground between truth and fiction, which both delighted to embellish. The illusion is gone, but much of its charm remains, and we can fancy, if we can no longer feel, the enthusiasm with which the Spanish soldiers lanced their barks into the western ocean, flushed with wild hopes which yet could scarcely be called unreasonable. Religion, too, mingled strangely with their avarice and ambition. They were not merely roving adventurers, but champions of the cross, commissioned by the head of the church to carry the knowledge of the true faith to distant and benighted savages, and in the true crusading spirit, while one hand brandished the sword, the other held aloft the symbol of "peace and good will among men." Pride, daring, and bigotry have always been among the elements of the Spanish character; and in their American conquests they were put forth in strange and appalling union. It is this which makes the history of the southern so different from that of the northern portion of our continent. The former, with all its natural wealth, soon became the prey of misery. Its possession added no true strength to the parent country, but on the contrary served to hasten its downfall. It maintained with difficulty an oppressive and exhausting dominion, and now has not a foot of ground in that vast continent, over almost the whole of which its power once extended. The eyes of the persecuted pilgrims of New-England rested on no fertile plains or broad savannas, no peaceful rivers and sheltering bays opened their broad bosoms to receive them, but they were tempest-tost on a rocky and inhospitable coast, the haunt of the savage and the wild beast, where "the heaven was as brass and the earth as iron." They were not, like Columbus and his companions, courted and worshipped by a peaceable and timid race, but were exposed in the infancy of their existence to the assaults of warlike and powerful tribes. The ungrateful soil on which they landed offered no gold nor pearls to tempt their avarice. But they knew what were the true riches of our bountiful mother earth, and sought them by the labour of their hands and the sweat of their brows. They did not seek to propagate a set of doctrines at the sword's point. Their faith was not of this world, neither did they look for their reward on earth. By prudence and perseverance they gradually grew into prosperity, and their industry has made "the wilderness to blossom as the rose," while the southern portion of our continent, which nature intended for the garden of the world, has become helpless and neglected, and already bears the marks of premature old age.

We have wandered far from our immediate subject. But when the only duty of the critic is to award praise, his task is soon done. We shall not make any extracts from the volume before us, because, doubtless it is already, or soon will be, in the hands of all our readers. It is a national work, from the pen of one of the most eminent of our countrymen, and every American owes it to himself to become immediately acquainted with it.

The Stanesse Twins. A Satirical Tale of the Times. With other Poems. By the author of Pellam, &c. &c. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 12mo. pp. 306. 1831.

We scarcely know what to say of this book. Ignorant, of course, of its local allusions, and scarcely competent, therefore, to judge of it as a whole performance, we feel something in the situation of the embarrassed clergyman at a christening, who, after several unsuccessful endeavours to find the right page of his prayer-book, exclaimed, "Bless my soul! this child is very difficult to baptize!" That Mr. Bulwer is a polished writer, and what is more, perhaps, a fashionable one, is very certain. In his novels there are whole pages of fervid description, often philosophy, and wit that could only have come from a scholar and a man of talent; but his numerous and noisy admirers have overpraised him. We have waded through his poems without any rapture; meeting occasionally some very good things sprinkled upon a rather tedious quantity of lines, over which his reputation will cast a sort of reflected lustre. It will be enjoyed, doubtless, by the *knowing* part of his British readers, and their praises will be echoed from our shores; but, although the book will sell, we question whether it will afford any general satisfaction to the American public. Whatever talent may be discovered in it, there is a lack of interest, which, after the newspapers have printed their extracts, and the brief comments of the critics and literati are over, will cause it to float rather quietly down the stream of time.

A writer, signing himself "Crito," in the United States Gazette, has given birth to the following enlightened opinions:

"From the specimen Mr. Bulwer has exhibited of his poetical talents, it is sincerely to be hoped that he will favour the world with a volume of poems. I am inclined to think his genius for poetry is little inferior to that of the brilliant Byron. As to his novels, for my part, (and I am by no means singular in my opinion) in all the requisites of a good novel, I do not consider any of Walter Scott's equal to those of Bulwer."

Now, Mr. Bulwer is graceful, witty, eloquent, declamatory, fervid, sweet, and sometimes philosophical. He will describe a scene or a passion—sketch you a character, with which you shall be fascinated—but to pronounce him *superior* to one who has conjured up such a world of breathing, acting beings as Walter Scott, is flat heresy in literature, and carrying the *joke* a little too far. Bulwer holds about the same rank in relation to Scott that the latter does to Shakspeare. Their spheres are totally different, and the friends of the former inflict upon him a fatal injury by attempting to institute any comparison.

The Unique: or Biography of many Distinguished Characters; with fine Portraits. Illustrated with Anecdotes. Third edition—improved. Boston. Charles H. Peabody. 18mo. pp. 254. 1831.

This is a flimsy member of the tribe of annuals which have recently swarmed over the literary world like a cloud of locusts. The best of these, with two or three exceptions, possess no powerful claims to admiration. They are costly, glittering, and often valueless; thrusting themselves into notice, like fashionable fops, who, by the mere gaudiness of their apparel, attract attention from plain, sensible citizens. They are, in the feast of reason, what whip-syllabub and blanc-mange are in more substantial banquets, which destroy the appetite without nourishing the system. For our own part, we prefer an old tattered volume of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, to "a whole wilderness" of such expensive and unnecessary ephemera. Of some, however, it is but just to admit that, as specimens of typography, they are creditable to the country, and that they also exercise a beneficial influence upon engravers, in eliciting from them agreeable illustrations, and in making their merits known.

The "Unique" cannot even advance this slender claim to indulgence. It is a collection of biographies, huddled together from the floating rumours or unauthenticated publications of the day, without originality, novelty, or taste. Among other important flashes of information, we are informed that Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio in Corsica; that he was emperor of France; that he died at St. Helena, and was considered quite an extraordinary man! A humorous biography of Jacob Hays, by William Cox, which, by the by, is the best thing in the book, and which originally appeared in the *Mirror*, figures away gravely between George the Fourth and General Lafayette! We congratulate the distinguished high constable upon his having attained a society so different from that into which his professional avocations usually lead him. The article, however, is injured by alteration, and is *stolen* from our pages without credit. The fine portraits mentioned in the title page are unequivocal libels upon the unfortunate persons whose names appear beneath. The head of Washington Irving is accompanied by the following observation:

"His works are characterized by fine humour and great sweetness of style, which, with the flatteries he has bestowed on foreign countries, have made him a favourite there."

We have before seen this piece of anonymous impertinence travelling around the country; but did not expect to meet

with it in a book intended to please an American public. If this, as the title-page informs us, is the *third edition, improved*, the first must have been *unique* indeed.

The Comic Annual. By Thomas Hood, Esq. Second edition. London. Charles Tilt. 1831.

We have heard it rumoured that some discriminating publisher proposes to give us an American edition of this melancholy attempt at fun. For the honour of the country we trust it is a false alarm. We hold laughter to be one of the most delightful, heart-relieving, health-preserving enjoyments that a sensible person can expect in this world of woe; and he who does not improve every possible opportunity to indulge in a right hearty roar, is no true philosopher, does not know the use of life, and should buy for himself a decent durable tub, and set up for Diogenes forthwith. With these favorable prepossessions we opened this very neatly printed volume; but, by the memory of Momus! how we were disappointed! We have heard better puns from the clown in the circus. For instance, a plate of three children gormandizing, is termed *infantry at mess*; a brilliant play upon words only equalled by the point of the accompanying sonnet:

"Sweets to the sweet—farewell."—*Hamlet*.

"Time was I liked a cheese-cake well enough;
All human children have a sweetish tooth—
I used to revel in a pie or puff,
Or tart—we all are *tartiers* in our youth;
To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,
All candies most complacently I crumpled,
A stick of liquorice was good to suck,
And sugar was as often licked as lumped;
On treacle's 'linked sweetness long drawn out,'
Or honey I could feast like any fly—
I thrilled when lollipops were hawked about," &c.

In a second plate a drunken man with wooden legs is falling, and cries, "Well, I never could keep my legs!" A third represents an old lady with her turban on fire, a negro extinguishing the flames with a kettle of boiling water, and saying with great wit, "By gum, him turban on fire!"

We would not waste so many words upon this elegant specimen of humour, but to hope no one will be silly enough to reprint it. We have not met with anything so bad for many a day. There is already sufficient stuff in the market to satisfy the "sweetish tooth" of the full-grown babies on this side the Atlantic. If their appetite craves more food, we would recommend the *rotaries of fun* to buy up Mr. Finn's comic annual. This has at least the merit of being *native* stupidity; and why should we travel three thousand miles for a disease which grows so luxuriantly in our own soil?

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Nothing short of pure compassion for that portion of your unfortunate readers who inhabit remote regions, where the bright beams of fashion seldom or ever penetrate the darkness of their obscurity—by the way, what do you think of that touch; isn't it worthy of Croly?—but I can't recollect the names of all these fellows—I say, nothing but sheer compassion for that part of your unfortunate readers who missed the great fancy ball of the eighteenth, if any such survive the mortification—prompts me to take up my pen to describe the glories of that unequalled spectacle. I hate writing—everybody can write now-a-days, and the distinction is not in favour of who can, but who can't write. It is a mighty vulgar business, and I shall certainly never forgive my honoured parents for having me taught such a common-place, every-day accomplishment. But, as I said before, though I hate to repeat, and can't bear the repetition even of a great pleasure, except it is eating—I must try and overcome my dislike to this gothic habit of writing, for the sake of thousands of your readers in village, town, and city, who must be dying to hear of the bachelor's fancy ball. Have at ye, then, bucks and bolles, old maids and bachelors—have at ye all!

You must be apprised, Messrs. Editors, that I am the man born and selected by fate for this great purpose. I was, the first that hinted the first remote idea of a fancy ball. A ball in itself is nothing—a bachelor's ball is next to nothing—but flatter myself a bachelor's fancy ball is perfectly original. I also conceived the idea of the decorations of the room, and many of the dishes, that puzzled the untravelled youth of the city to name or to eat, were ordered expressly at my suggestion. In short, between ourselves, I was the creator, the presiding genius of the whole; there is no man living can give so graphic a description of this unequalled gala, nor will there ever be another full and true account written by mortal man or woman. The others must and shall be spurious, counterfeit—utterly unworthy of notice. Your obedient servant,
FELIX FLIPPERSON

THE BACHELORS' FANCY BALL.

"The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls, with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here piles of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux."

At six in the morning the *belles* began to announce the dawning of the illustrious day, greater than the "three days of Paris" put together, or the fourth of March, the fourth of July, the eighth of January, the twenty-second of February, or any other vulgar anniversary, commemorated in the vulgar records of our history. The *belles*, I say, announced the dawning of the eighteenth of March, being many of them obliged to get up at that most heathen hour, or foreverforego the glory of having their heads tortured into matchless beauty by the thrice immortal Monsieur Manuel, king of the curling-irons, grand Turk of curls, quintessence of essences, and despotic sovereign of ladies' hearts as well as heads. For not a gentle female who aspires to the skirts, yea, the very outskirts of fashion, but sets her heart on being celestialized by the magic tongs of Monsieur Manuel, who perfected his inimitable art by curling the celestial beards of all the comets of the universe.

At the hour of six up rose the sun, and uprose Lindamira, who never had risen at that hour before, presenting in her eyes brighter splendours than ever glanced from the god of day, or the bright curling-irons of Monsieur Manuel. Reader, dost thou know Lindamira? If thou dost not, despair and die; and if thou dost, thou wilt not know thyself long, for she will steal away thy very soul, and destroy the consciousness of thy own identity. I will describe her, for I have her all by heart. I will describe her as she entered the ball-room at nine o'clock, on the illustrious eighteenth, put the orchestra out of time, disconcerted the great serpent, silenced the big fiddle, and prostrated sixteen invincible bachelors with a single blow from a beam of her eye.

But, now I think of it, I have not time; nor do I wish to annihilate one sex with envy, the other with despair. Besides, a greater even than she demands my pen, one who may be justly said to be at the very head of fashion, since he dresses the heads of all the fashionable ladies. Need I name the inimitable Manuel, the hero of the glorious eighteenth, without doubt or controversy.

At six "the hero rose." He seized his curling-tongs, more potent than the sceptre of Jove or the trident of Neptune; more magical in their wonders than the far-famed cestus of the queen of love and beauty. He entered a locomotive carriage of sixty miles an hour, which had been provided for him by the subscriptions of charitable young ladies, and whirled down Broadway with such inconceivable velocity, that he became invisible, and ran over at least half a dozen little milliner's apprentices, trudging along under handboxes that rendered them invisible too. But he went so fast that they actually did not know that they had been run over. The illustrious tongs—hear it, ye village maids and village shavers—the illustrious Manuel had three hundred heads of angels to dress that day, at a dollar a-piece! Hear it, and die of wonder one, and one of envy!

Torturing and soul-harrowing were the feelings of many a beauteous belle, and terrible the conflict of doubts, fears, hopes, apprehensions, and despair, lest Monsieur Manuel should break his word, and break their hearts, by not coming in time, or not coming at all. If heaven had made me a barber, and such an one as Monsieur Manuel, I should certainly have run stark mad at sight of the beautiful tresses displayed to my wondering gaze, and at the touch of their soft glossy luxuriance.

Why didst thou, fate, deprive me of the fame
Of Manuel's skill and Manuel's matchless name;
And why, instead of making me a beau,
Was I not bred a barber here below?

But, enough of regrets, since I cannot be Monsieur Manuel, I rejoice that I am Filmer Flippington.

On entering the assembly room at nine, leading the fair Lindamira—think of that, ye illiterate scribes and pharisees, who never saw the glories of her face, or the splendours of a fancy ball—on entering the room, I found myself all at once struck dumb, deaf, and blind; in short, I lost the command of all the five senses at one single blow. The lights took away my eyes, the music my ears, and the *trout ensemble* carried off the rest of the five. But luckily the deprivation was not permanent, and I soon recovered the powers of perception as well as locomotion.

It is quite impossible to describe the scene, so as to convey to those unfortunate doomed beings who were playing Cindrella that night in the chimney-corner, a shadow of an idea of the combined effect of lights, music, dancing, dresses, all deriving grace and splendour from the presence of a thousand of nature's master-pieces, glittering and fluttering to and fro, like the creations of the imagination in her happiest moments. Nor is the task of doing justice to each of the magic figures of this magic scene less hopeless. No one can describe the groups of crusaders, who, if the holy land had been still to conquer, would have laid it at their feet; or the peasant girls, from whom the graces might have borrowed grace, and the goddess of beauty, beauty; or the little non-combatant quakeresses, before whom the hearts of the stoutest bachelors trembled; or the single figures, each a wonder in herself, the Armidas of the scene, who alone discomfited whole hosts of beaux, that feared not even their own shadows, or shrunk from the sight of their whiskers in a looking-glass.

The catalogue would fill a volume, which, if it only did justice to the scene and the actors, would distance all the wonders of the Arabian nights. All I can aspire to is the sketching a few shadows, the substance of which has, as it were, dissolved in the ink that flows from my pen.

First came the inimitable Lindamira, followed by a large train of admirers, myself among the rest, of whom, to use the language of the poet, with a little variation:

"Some died in metaphor, and some in song.
'O cruel nymph, a living death I bear!'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk behind her chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast;
'Those eyes are made so killing,' was his last.
Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
The bold Sir Plume by one decisive frown
From Lindamira's eye was knock'd flat down.
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the beau revived again.
'Ah! matchless maid!' the fallen hero cries,
'Both life and death are in those killing eyes!'"

Next let me record the triumphs of the fair Amanda, who, under the disguise of a sly quakeress, did shoot such deadly arrows from behind a little mischievous lawn cap, as never did Apollo himself, when at the siege of Troy he avenged the indignity offered to his priest. Had George Fox or William Penn been there, they would have adored her as the living representative of their simple and beautiful faith.

Here, too, floated along in the azure and happy folds of a sparkling robe, the conquering Ethelinda, of whom it was truly said that night, by a foreigner of distinction, that she actually outdid herself, and convinced him of what he knew before, that she was the most beautiful, as well as most graceful, of her sex. She appeared in the disguise of a virgin of the sun; and, had the sun ventured to shine out that night, he would have been eclipsed more totally than he was the other day. The following impromptu was made on the lady:

"Why is bright Ethelinda like the moon?"
Did Dapperwit inspired cry.
'Because she's ever changing?' "No, because,
She doth eclipse the sun with half an eye."

Here, too, appeared one fair and delicate maid, who came in her own character; justly concluding, I suppose, she could not adopt one more pure and spotless, or improve those beauties which nature in her prodigality had bestowed upon her. She came, like innocence, in spotless white; a few flowers stuck in her hair, a few in her bosom; and wherever she glided, the gaudy splendours of dress, the glittering gold, the shining silver, and the sparkling gems, seemed to turn dim with envy. Such is the magic of a tasteful, graceful simplicity.

Then came, but enough—other themes demand our song. It is meet that we immortalize the conquests achieved on this illustrious night; what ladies triumphed, what heroes fell, and who escaped the dreadful carnage.

Come, then, my muse, and dip thy pen in fire,
To paint the battle and the carnage dire;
Say who was caught, who fell, who ran away,
Who lost, who won, on that eventful day. (Night.)

First, Fanny Flutter, who made her *debut* at the illustrious fancy ball, unfortunately had her head so completely turned by the admiration she excited, that it is feared by her friends it will never get right again.

Next, poor Florinda Oriel was so severely wounded by a dart of envy from a rival belle, that the doctors have given it as their solemn opinion a voyage to Europe can alone restore her health.

Next, the unfortunate Miss Lappet Lovegold fell into a swoon, at seeing young Cæsus Creepingham exceedingly attentive to Florinda Oriel. N. B. Cæsus is almost as rich as his namesake, and no wonder the sensibility of Miss Lappet was overcome.

It is also rumoured, but this one particular I do not vouch for, that several ladies of the *ancien régime*, who attended

the ball from mere curiosity, actually expired with envy at seeing its immeasurable superiority over those they had been boasting of to the young ladies for half a century.

But the fate of the bachelors is most to be commemorated and lamented. It may with truth be said they fell victims to their own generosity. They gave the ball, and they alone suffered the penalty.

First, Jemmy Tweedle was nearly annihilated at seeing the fair Juliana waltz with Count Flibbertigibbet, "an extinguished foreigner," as her mother assured me. But he was miraculously restored to his better self by a *demi bouteille de Champagne*.

Next, Bobby Blabington, who had defied big sleeves, short petticoats, and whole forests of feathers for ages past, was struck down by the apparition of a lady's back, whose name is unknown in the circles of fashion. But the worthy middle-aged gentleman was gloriously resuscitated by eating plentifully of *gelée au rhum ou au madère*.

The third illustrious victim was Slimmerkin Slammerkin, Esquire, who was instantaneously extinguished by a beam from the bright peepers of Charlotte Millifleur. He was, however, brought to life by a humane society of bachelors, who administered to him plenty of *Charlotte de Pommes aux confitures*.

Next fell Philibert Philpot. He was drowned in a flood of rapture at the sight of a lady dancing a quadrille; but a timely application of *Baume humain* at supper expelled the flood, and brought him to life again.

At the same fatal moment Jacky Dandy, he that was so fond of "plumb-cake and sugar-candy," fell senseless at the feet of Amanda D. But he was immediately recovered by a plate of *Amandes fraîches*, and now defies all the Amandas in the world.

Another bachelor of great promise was seized with a desperate yellow fever, occasioned by a lady in an orange robe; but he was saved by a timely application of some *compote d'oranges*, or *orange glacée*, which brought on a free perspiration after he got home.

The next I shall particularize in this melancholy bill of mortality was Master Silky, a delicate invisible sort of a gentleman, who is so thin that, like the wizard Michael Scott, he makes no shadow in the sun. But, though others may not see him, he likes above all things to see himself. Happening on this memorable night to behold his delicate form reflected in the blue heaven of a lady's eye, he who defied the arts and fascinations of the eye itself, and its beautiful owner, fell into, not love, but adoration. His case resisted all the applications usual in such extremities, and he died of this common, but incurable disease, in spite of Curaçoa and Mirobolanti.

Everybody, that is, everybody worth knowing, and all others I forbid reading this epithalamium of fashion and taste—everybody knows Tom Steady, one of the most determined insensible bachelors of the age, who has resisted all the beauties of nature and of art combined. This night was the crisis of his fate. A number of his contemporaries who had been subdued at last in this memorable battle, being resolved, for misery they say loves company, to have him for a companion in their desertion of the state of bachelorism, essayed to bring him up to the blissful state of matrimony. They first assailed him with *Rosolio de Bologne*, but in vain; next they tried him with a glass of *Anisette de Hollande*, but he continued immovable; thirdly, an application of *Eau de vie de Dantzick*, but it would not do; then *Essence de Genievre*, still he breathed defiance to the sex; but at length just as they were on the point of despairing, a couple of glasses of *Huile de Kirsch-wasser*, did his business. Like poor Ophelia, he went in a bachelor, but a bachelor never came out more. He offered himself to the first short unmentionables he met, was accepted as shortly, and will shortly be married.

But alas! in the midst of splendours, rejoicings, marrying and giving in marriage, the evils of this inconstant world will sometimes intrude and throw a shade of melancholy over the bright prospect! I grieve to announce to your readers, that Belinda Jonquil, Ellen Polyanthus, Julia Laurustinus, Arabella Convolvulus, and Caroline Matilda Hyacinth, being disappointed in getting their heads dressed by the inimitable Manuel, in consequence of his locomotive engine breaking down about seven in the evening, died that night of broken hearts, and their spectres appeared hovering round the supper table so pale that everybody thought they were in a decline. It is also rumoured that three or four *would-be's*, are in a bad way on account of the managers having forbidden the dancing of the gallopade, it having been detected in turning the heads of some of the stoutest and steadiest bachelors about town. *Sic transit gloria Friday!* F. F.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT CHARACTERS.

DANTE.

DANTE ALIGHIERI was born in 1292, of a noble family of Florence, at a time when the rival factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines made that city the prey of carnage and civil war. He joined the party and shared the fate of the former; was driven from his native city, and lived for many years a life of exile, want, and danger. Receiving no aid from those whose cause he had espoused so unhesitatingly, he went over at last, either from revenge or despair, to the opposite party. He never, however, revisited the city which his talents were to immortalize, but his sufferings to disgrace for ever. He closed a life of trouble and sorrow in a foreign land, and yet sleeps, "Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore."

There was much in the events of his life, and the situation of his country, to stir up all the bitterness of his naturally gloomy spirit. He saw his beloved Florence the prey of foreign violence and domestic treachery; sold by her children, plundered and trampled on by her friends. He was himself a victim, whose fortune and hopes had been blasted by the same pestilence which destroyed her honour and happiness. He had lost a noble rank and independent fortune. He had been the victim of injustice and insult, the sport of hazard, the prey of misery. Reduced to seek shelter with the enemies he hated and despised, he had felt, as he says himself,

"How salt the savor is of others' bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others' stairs."

No wonder, then, that we see at every line the workings of just and implacable resentment, proud and honest sorrow, wounded yet faithful patriotism; no wonder that his wrongs and sufferings have given the same dark tinge to his writings which they shed over his life and temper.

His principal work, it is needless to say, is "*La Divina Commedia*," called *divine*, not from a pardonable vanity in the author, but from the sacred nature of its subject. The word *comedy* does not indicate any thing dramatic in its form. He adopted it as denoting a lower grade of poetry than the epic, to which rank he supposed the *Æneid* to have exclusive claims; and as he most probably had never read, and certainly had never seen a comedy, he knew not that there was any impropriety in the title. The plan of the work is grand, yet simple. It is the journey of the author through hell, purgatory, and paradise, and describes the punishments of the one and the joys of the other. Entering at the surface of the earth he finds himself in a vast cavity, reaching to the centre by a series of circles, in each of which some crimes are visited with their appropriate torments. Lucifer sits at the centre, imprisoned in an ocean of ice. Beyond the fiend lies purgatory, in the form of a cone, reaching to the surface of the opposite hemisphere, where he places the terrestrial paradise. The celestial paradise is beyond this, divided into seven heavens, and sprinkled with stars and planets, the abodes of happy spirits.

It is in the first division of the work that he puts forth all his strength. There are a few fine passages in the Purgatory, but as a whole this and the Paradise are tedious, and disfigured by the perplexed metaphysics and polemics of the age. But the Inferno, to make amends, abounds with beauties; such, too, as few have imitated, and none have ever rivalled. In relating the punishments of the wicked he displays the greatest powers of thought and language; and nothing can be brought home to the mind with more horrible fidelity than their foul and fearful torments. He does not seek to dazzle or astonish; it is a man telling a story which he feels deeply himself, and whose only aim is to set the events he describes clearly before his hearers, no matter how rough the expressions or homely the images he employs. The great secret of the strong impression he makes is, that he avoids burying his subject under a load of extraneous circumstances, or surrounding it with bright but bewildering ornaments. He brings it before you, unadorned with pomp of language or beauty of illustration, but clear, natural, and forcible in its simplicity.

The measure of the poem is one invented by him, and since called *terza rima*, that is, two rhymes are repeated alternately three times each. This measure, singular as it seems, has been extensively and skilfully used in Italy, and Byron has employed it in "*The Prophecy of Dante*," with as much success as our language will allow.

His style in general is hard and rough; obscure sometimes from his abrupt energy; often from the metaphysical speculations into which he wanders, and oftener still from the local

allusions with which his works are crowded. His are not the light touches of a pencil dipped in the rainbow; he is rather one who would write on marble, who strikes with rude strength, and whose blows sink deep. His works wear the gloomy colouring of his mind. He was of a grave, lofty, reflective spirit, hardened by adversity, and embittered by suffering, hence there is little glow of poetic fervour, little play of the sportive imagination about him. But when the frown of his face generally wears does relax, the smile that lights it up is doubly brilliant from the contrast; and when his genius does flash forth from the gloom in which it loves to shroud itself, it has the brightness of the lightning breaking the darkness of the storm. Hence when he interrupts his plain narrative for some episode of pathos or of power, the effect is inconceivably beautiful; in particular, we may instance the story of Francesca di Rimini, one of the most affecting tales of guilty, yet delicate and tender love, that ever was clothed in verse; and the darker, yet still more masterly picture, of the death of Count Ugolino and his sons by famine. In this last episode there is no load of ornament, no exaggeration of superlatives. It is a plain tale of intense suffering and mortal agony; but all the horrors of the diseased imagination, all the nightmare dreams of German mysticism, never came up to its simple, appalling reality.

No man ever exercised so great, so honourable, and so extensive a literary influence as Dante. Homer died without having instructed the ignorance or aroused the emulation of his countrymen; and Virgil shone but as a single star in a bright and thickly set constellation. But Dante found the Italians illiterate, and left them aroused and enlightened, and substituted strength and confidence for the helpless weakness of their minds; hence his popularity is one of the proudest that any poet ever enjoyed. The natural beauty of Shakspeare is unintelligible and displeasing to the artificial taste of other countries; and Milton soars beyond the reach of their short-sighted gaze. The very names of many of our poets are unknown to the foreign critic. But the sweetness and melody of the Italian language, which make it every where the chosen vehicle of music, introduce a knowledge of the riches of its literature as well as of the graces of its harmony; and Dante, like Homer, is appreciated and admired, where the noblest flights of the English muse would be pursued by the carplings of petty criticism. Abroad even national prejudice does not deny him the highest honours; at home his popularity amounts almost to idolatry. His works are studied as a branch of education, and the explanation of them has risen almost to the rank of a science. The beauty of his style, the grandeur of his conceptions, the living accuracy of his pictures, these the Italians admire, repeat and consecrate as the richest legacy of one generation to another. These are only claims on their respect, but he is entitled to and receives the further tribute of their gratitude. Their loved and boasted language is his gift. His strong creative mind brought together its scattered atoms, and they united in that fabric of beautiful strength and harmonious proportion, of which he is at once the architect and the noblest ornament. From his works, too, they draw the purest and noblest lessons of patriotism, and learn to cast off sectional jealousies, and glory in the name of that common country which he loved, forgave, and lamented.

It is doing no injustice to the memory of Milton to compare him with Dante. Both arose in times of fierce dissensions, tumultuous anarchy, and riotous license; and the mind of each was borne along by the strong tide of popular feeling which swayed their lives. Each arose also in the thickest of the struggle between prejudice and liberality, oppression and resistance; and to their credit, to the credit of genius, and the credit of human nature be it spoken, each was found on the side of truth and justice. Not like the indolent philanthropists of the school of Rousseau,

"Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies;"

but armed champions in the lists, periling themselves and all that belonged to them in support of the good cause. Each was the eloquent apostle, each was ready to become the martyr of freedom. Both labored with the same benevolent zeal for the welfare of their countrymen. Milton employed his pen in the *Areopagitica*, the *Tract on Education*, the *Defensio Populi Anglicani*. Dante's works were of the same honorable and useful character, the *Treatise De Vulgari Eloquentia*, which led to the cultivation of the language, and *La Divina Commedia*, which formed and fixed it.

Such is the similarity of their characters—in their writings there are more points of difference than of resemblance. Milton's mind was high, excursive, and contemplative; Dante's

quick, stern, decided. Milton's power of association was unbounded; it embraced and combined

"All thinking things, the objects of all thought."

Dante, whether the object before him was gloomy or beautiful, mean or majestic, saw it and spoke of it only as it was. Milton is like Noah's dove, which wandered over earth and air before it returned to its resting-place; Dante, like the falcon which fastens its eye on its prey, and lights upon it at once. Milton is like the sun, extending its rays throughout the universe; spreading undivided, and operating unspent; Dante like the lightning, flashing out from the midst of "thick clouds and dark," and descending in dazzling and blasting power on its victim. The difference of their characters we can discover, or at least fancy in their portraits. On the high calm forehead of Milton we can see enthroned the soaring spirit, which rose in its meditations beyond this visible sphere into the distant glories of immensity, and went on its way in pride and triumph, where other minds paused, bewildered and trembling. His features speak of a soul regulated by rigid discipline, stored with all wholesome learning, purified by fervent piety, which bore as little of the stain of this world as ever did any of mortal mould. Dante's face is that of a man of sterner and more intense passion, quicker and more irritable feeling. His brow has not the calm expansion of Milton's, it is contracted into a thousand wrinkles, the foot-prints of the various emotions,

"Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow, all save fear,"

which chased each other through his brain. Dante lived in the world, and found nothing uncongenial to his taste in his contests and employments. Milton became Latin secretary to Cromwell, and the champion of his party from a sense of duty; but, while he cheerfully performed his task, he would rather have retired from the "busy hum of men," to lead the peaceful religious life of penance but not gloomy melancholy, solemn yet not sad musing, he describes so exquisitely. Dante was of the Roman temper of Cæsar and Cato, Milton had more of the attic elegance of Plato and Xenophon. The one loved to be first in a crowd of combatants, the other

"Apart sat on a hill retired,
In thought more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate."

Dante we have always thought a greater master of the affections than Milton. He is more vivid and dramatic in his sketches; quicker, more fervent and impassioned in his tone of thought. Neither of them would have had much success in treating the other's subject. The Englishman wanted a fair field, untouched and unapproachable by man; the Italian could not "build the lofty rhyme," without the abundant material which the business and passions of the world supplied. The gloomy caves of hell would not have furnished him with inspiration had he not peopled them with real beings, and filled them with the vindictive jealousies and sharp contests of his own stormy and eventful life.

Dante is often rough and homely in his narrative. Milton's faults are the contrary, metaphysical obscurity and over refinement. He never forgets himself; though his wing after too high a flight may sometimes flag, he never entirely droops his pinion; to use his own happy expression, on him, wherever he moved

"A pomp of winning graces waited still."

He is a magician whose art can cover every barren spot with flowers, and beguile the tedious way he leads us by the splendid scenery he scatters round it. Dante is rather a fellow-traveller with us, who in a long journey is sometimes dull and tiresome, sometimes harsh and repulsive, but whom we always feel to be a man of no common order, and whose powers, when passion gives them eloquence or energy, can startle, soothe, dazzle, or terrify us at will. We love the honest hatred of wrong, the quick sensitive pride, the constant though wounded patriotism of his character; we admire the intensity, sternness, and simple majesty of his genius, and only regret that he speaks a foreign tongue, and not our own. Had he been an Englishman, he would have made a noble triumph to share with Shakspeare and Milton the empire of the literary world. Δ.

For the New-York Mirror.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Stain not this urn with sorrow's tear,
Nought but a blighted leaf is here;
The cherished flower, not fully blown,
Its opening beauties scarcely known,
Was severed from its earthly stem
To deck an angel's diadem.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

CAOETHES SCRIBENDI.

NEAR a pleasant little village on the Hudson lives a cousin of mine; a curious being, whom the neighbours call an original. His father possesses a fine farm, on which Will, (as he is familiarly termed,) in spite of his indolent disposition and poetic mania, is obliged to lend an unwilling hand to the plough. I speak of him rather as he was a few months since, than as he is at present; for the sequel will show that a trifling, yet mortifying circumstance, has effected a radical change in his character.

He takes sundry periodical works, among which is the New-York Mirror; and as these have tended to render him almost a drone on the farm, the editors of that paper must be willing to bear a considerable portion of the blame; for he is an admirer of it, and has repeatedly declared in my hearing that he would be the happiest man in existence if, by a lucky chance, he could produce something that would be considered worthy of a place in its columns. He was constantly scribbling verses, which I was compelled to read; and as they came to me by mail, I was also obliged to pay the postage, two equally valuable privileges allowed me on the score of friendship.

"His insatiable thirst for poetic fame," said his father, "is certainly a disease that has fastened upon his system."

The honest old gentleman was fearful that his son's health might give way under its influence. He assured me that Will spent whole nights in reading and writing, and seemed to care as little about the farm as if it were a tract of land in the centre of Africa.

"He will sit at table," said my uncle, "with his paper beside his plate, and in the ardour of composition will not unfrequently mistake his fork for his pen. When he goes to the village on horseback he reads the whole distance; and I have known him travel five miles out of the direct road before he discovered his error. O! had I foreseen this I never would have suffered one of those papers to be brought into my house; but, alas! it is too late—the disease, which is now raging with irresistible fury throughout the United States, has found its way into my peaceful habitation, and threatens us with dreadful consequences. O! that vaccination would prevent its increase!"

A few months ago Will wrote me that, notwithstanding the objections advanced by his father, he had fully made up his mind to become a literary man; and that, upon serious reflection, he had decided to establish himself as a writer for some popular magazine. He thought there must be a fine vein of poetry in the strata of his intellect, which, with some exertion, might be brought to light. At first he deemed there would be a better chance of his obtaining celebrity through the medium of prose, and for a considerable time he remained in doubt; but when he took into consideration his sensitive feelings—his liability to fall in love—his admiration of the beauties of nature—his melancholy taste for twilight, evening, and the moon, he determined that poetry was best adapted to his intellectual powers. After much reflection on this very momentous subject, he said to me one day, in a tone which indicated a heart glowing with enthusiasm,

"My dear cousin, why may not I acquire a name that shall not only be known in every corner of the civilized world, but that shall go down to posterity, and become an ornament to our country's literature? I am a farmer, it is true, but was not Burns the same? and did Bloomfield have more time to devote to such subjects than I have? yet they are known and admired wherever our language is spoken. I never learned Latin or Greek, neither did they; and it is proved that the immortal Shakespeare was but very little acquainted with classical literature."

"True, Will," said I, "they were men whose education was limited; but you must recollect that the genius which nature dispensed to them was of the most transcendent order; it more than compensated for the want of that which enables other men of less capacity to display their abilities to the greatest advantage; and where one such has succeeded in obtaining immortality a thousand have sunk in oblivion. I do not mean to insist, however, that a knowledge of what are termed the dead languages is absolutely necessary to the success of a writer, as we have abundant proof to the contrary in our own country; but I really think, that we have already as many writers, both of prose and verse, as are necessary to give us all the information and amusement of which we stand in need. Look at the formidable host of living authors of England and America, and say, if you will dare enter the lists in competition with them. Believe me, Will, it requires a man of very considerable abilities to be-

come a tenth-rate writer; and none need hope to be regarded as a star in the literary firmament till he has passed through years of patient labour, study, and practice, unless he possesses the genius of Shakspeare or Homer. We are too apt to mistake an admiration of beautiful composition for a power to produce it."

On hearing this Will began to despond; he cast his eyes to the earth, and remained silent for some time; his unbounded ambition, however, gave him fresh courage, and unwilling to quit the field without an effort, he said, with much animation, "I will write, in spite of your exertions to discourage me. It always has been the fate of genius to meet with almost insurmountable obstacles, and, like those who have gone before me, I have had to contend with many difficulties, and like them I hope to succeed triumphantly."

"Courage, cousin," said I; "your enthusiasm and confidence persuade me that you are a poet. Let me see of what your extraordinary powers are capable. I will no longer endeavour to impede your progress up the steep of fame; and it shall not be said by my contemporaries and by posterity that I was incapable of appreciating merit. Who knows but that my company may be courted some day in consequence of my being related to the greatest wit of the age? Throw aside your hoe and plough, Will, and assume the pen; there is nothing like trying after all; and it will be a most excellent exchange to give your crops of wheat and rye, your pretty ponies, and the beautiful scenery on this most magnificent of rivers, for the rich harvest of dollars to be gathered from your publishers, for a residence in the city, and for the wreath with which your brows will there be crowned. Kill all your noisy geese, and pluck out their quills, for you will have need of many hundreds of them; sell your horses and waggon, and let nothing remain on the farm that can be turned into cash. Commence a novel after the fashion of Pelham, and—oh! I mistake, you are a poet—then begin a poem immediately, in imitation of Byron's Corsair, and by adopting his manners and habits, success must follow your labours. I will furnish you with materials for the proposed poem, *instantly*. Waiter, bring a glass of gin and water and a paper of tobacco. Roll down your shirt collar, and display your neck; place your right elbow on this table, and support your chin on your right hand; then contract your eyebrows; look as melancholy as you possibly can, and endeavour to persuade yourself that the whole world is against you. In the waiter's absence I will give you the plot—now listen attentively.—"On the shores of the Mediterranean—"

"Nonsense," said my astonished cousin. "I have no wish to part with an article of mine, nor to take up my residence in the city. I can manage my farm, attend to the ordinary duties, and employ my leisure hours in composition, which will be doing nothing more than others have done. I have no desire to live by my literary labours; my soul thirsts after fame, and I am resolved upon obtaining a name. I will write for the periodicals, and with your assistance, I hope to be able, with study and practice, to acquire a reputation, for which alone I live and breathe."

Seeing him so resolute, I promised my assistance. I continued to receive daily for some time pieces composed by him, on various subjects. It was with the greatest difficulty, however, that I discovered our author's meaning; whether his ideas flowed in such profusion as to render it impossible for him to clothe them in language sufficiently perspicuous, or whether it was the consequence of carelessness, I am unable to decide. In a few weeks my cousin came to New-York, when I had a conversation with him respecting his effusions. I told him that obscurity was the predominant quality of his style; he smiled, and said that obscurity was what he aimed at, and that his only fear was of expressing himself too clearly. He considered perspicuity and precision unpardonable faults, and positively asserted, that some of the most beautiful passages of Shakspeare are wrapped in impenetrable darkness.

"Have you not discovered," said he, "that the simplicity of the classic authors is now out of fashion? Who would read a piece where the sense is as clearly seen as pebbles in a running brook? Nobody. I should consider the poet who produced it as having arrived too late upon earth by half a century. Depend upon it, such stuff will never again be admired. I have determined to adapt my poetry to the prevailing taste. Ornament and drapery shall be my chief study. I shall endeavour to load it with high-sounding compound-words, which, taken in connexion with the fashionable similes and metaphors that are daily to be met with, cannot fail to give my poetry a high reputation. Here is a piece which I finished yesterday, and I think you will allow it to be one of my happiest efforts. I have lately been looking over the works of my favourite, Mrs. Hemans; the sweetness of whose

verses has so captivated many of our poets, that they have formed their style upon hers. I have infused into this piece all those compound-words which I consider so peculiarly adapted to this species of composition; and there is scarcely a beautiful expression used by that inimitable poetess which I have not contrived to link together in this new production of mine. And now, my dear H., as you have promised, present this poem to the editors of the New-York Mirror, who certainly cannot fail to appreciate its merits. I have prepared it expressly for that paper, and be so good as to send me up the number that contains it."

Will handed me his lines, which three sheets of foolscap paper scarcely contained, and without reading one syllable of them, I sent them immediately to the editors, in order to make good my promise. My cousin, on being informed that his production had gone to the press, plunged into an ecstasy of joy; he was so impatient for the forthcoming number of the miscellany, that he neither spoke nor thought of any thing else. He concluded not to return home till he had procured a copy; and figured in his imagination the praises that his poem would elicit, and the inquiries that would be made respecting the author. He determined not to give his name to the public, nor any clew by which it might be discovered; and he exacted the promise from me, that I would neither say nor do anything that might lead to the disclosure of the very important secret; but he informed all the elder members of the family that he was about to appear anonymously before the world in the character of an author, and promised to make every one of them a present of a copy of his first printed poem.

At length the day on which the Mirror is published arrived. Will arose before the sun, and walked down to purchase twenty copies; but, not finding the office open, he returned, evidently much disappointed. The poor author was so much exhausted, from a want of sleep, that he several times nodded at the table. After breakfast he set off, with renewed energy, and in about an hour returned, with a large bundle under his arm. His eyes beamed with joy; and, throwing his hat carelessly aside, it rolled into the fire, and was with difficulty saved from the flames. He then proceeded with much haste to untie the bundle, at the same time relating the circumstances attending the purchase. He declared that editors must be the happiest of men.

"They have nothing to do," said he, "but to sit in a large arm-chair, looking over letters from their correspondents; now rejecting one, and now marking another for insertion. They are never called off from their intellectual labour by the duties of the field, nor obliged to throw down an interesting work to carry horses or to feed cows. O! delightful occupation! how I should like to be an editor!"

All things being prepared, and the family seated around the fire, Will eagerly seized a copy of the Mirror, and joined the circle. I discovered, from my situation in the corner, a smile upon every countenance, excepting that of my poor cousin; and I dreaded the unfolding of the papers, of which he had procured an abundant supply, in order that each of his New-York and country relations might possess one. He opened at the first page, and threw his glances over it with the rapidity of lightning—but his poem was not there. He turned to the others successively, till his eye rested on the music. His countenance then began to evince symptoms of mingled rage and mortification. I fully expected to see a flood of tears burst from his eyes, but he controlled his disappointment better than I anticipated. He sat in profound silence some minutes, and then, in an animated tone, said that the editors were no judges of poetry; and wondered how, in the name of common sense, they had been able to procure such extensive patronage. He threatened to return the numbers, and to demand the money which he had paid for them; but, upon further consideration, he determined to treat the editors with contempt, and to pity the men who were unable to discover the merit of that extraordinary production. He attributed its failure to its perspicuity, and declared that his next piece should be as dark as midnight, that no reader, however sagacious, might be able to come at its meaning. He said that we were all witnesses of the persecution of genius, and expressed his intention of writing a satire after the manner of Lord Byron, the motto of which should be,

Prepare for rhyme, I'll publish right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

We all joined in a hearty laugh at his vanity. Partially cured of his poetic mania, however, he returned home a few days after, since which he has married, and is in every respect a good husbandman. He has ceased to trouble me with his compositions, and I have every reason to believe that he will attend to the duties of his farm, and amuse himself with reading instead of writing poetry.

H. W.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

TANCRED, KING OF SICILY.

THE production of a good tragedy, interesting in its plot, without being improbable, elevated and poetic in its language without extravagance, and yet properly adapted to the stage, is an undertaking of so great magnitude as to require a variety of ingredients sufficient to make up a dozen ordinary authors. The successful aspirant must possess a strong imagination, curbed by a knowledge of the world and of human nature; the wild luxuriance of genius must be brought down within the compass of narrow details; and its impulses be made to accomplish petty effects—as a tumbling stream is turned from its foaming course down the mountain, and made to meander through meadows, or to impel the wheel of a mill. He who attempts a mere reading poem is unrestrained by these considerations; he can follow the current of his own fancy; he can open what vein of thought he pleases, and trace it at leisure through all its ramifications; but what in him is a merit, is a fault fatal to the dramatist. To his genius must be superadded a thorough familiarity with the manner in which matters are conducted behind the scenes of a theatre. His hero must invoke the stars in a speech long enough to allow his heroine time to change her garments; his teeming imagination must learn to compress great ideas within a few words; action must often display what there is no time for language to utter; and important events must be so ingeniously introduced as to be comprehended by a mixed auditory, without any preliminary explanation.

It is, therefore, much more difficult to produce a good acting play than a good poem; and the many obstacles which interfere with the success of the former, have frightened away a host of ambitious authors from the ground. Byron made several attempts; but, although acquainted with the necessary requisites for stage effect, and one of the committee who superintended the affairs of a theatre, it soon became clearly apparent, that what was charming in the closet was dull and inappropriate before an audience. His theatrical pieces are full of fine sentiments and musical expressions; but the author of *Childe Harold*, formed to roam like an eagle through the realms of thought and fancy, when confined to the stage, resembled the same kingly bird, imprisoned and drooping in some narrow cage, with scarcely room to spread his wings. Shakspeare, on the contrary, with a fancy as wild as nature herself, and as brilliant as the glowing radiance of the morning sun, had trained himself to the task of embodying his thoughts in the fewest possible words, and of adapting them to the contingencies of a theatrical exhibition; and hence his wreath of fame is more green than that of any other poet. Yet, with the wonderful offsprings of his pen, modern productions of the same nature must be brought into close comparison; a disadvantage which exercises its own influence in discouraging the efforts of writers for the stage, or in subjecting them, when completed, to the severest scrutiny.

The author of "Tancred" has for some time been known as a dramatist. His pieces have met with much approbation, particularly, "Metamora," which, by the aid of several adventitious circumstances, besides the great talents and popularity of Mr. Forrest, who sustained the principal part, was borne triumphantly through the ordeal. Its extraordinary success, although no criterion of its merit, has covered the author with a load of fame, rather injurious to his subsequent efforts; yet, if he proceed in his career with as visible an improvement as is exhibited in "Tancred," he will, undoubtedly, assume a rank above that of most of his American predecessors. It is altogether a better play than "Metamora;" but it is not what the author, with more study, might have made it, nor what we confidently anticipate his future pieces will be. It is exposed to censure on various grounds. The most glaring is a too rapid accumulation of improbable incidents in the plot; too violent displays of passion, and too many unexpected resuscitations. Ends are accomplished by too daring means. It is not the province of a playwright to bring about any consequence which is not the natural result of natural circumstances. The character of human life should be ever present to his mind, as a guide to his imagination. We have to complain, in *Tancred*, not only of a tame invention to excite interest, namely, the conveying an impression to the audience of the death of one of the *dramatis personæ*, who turns out to be alive and hearty, but of several repetitions of this same stratagem. Three or four of these posthumous anomalies so bewilder the spectators that when it becomes necessary to kill the detested Angelo *actually dead*, they see him nearly cut to pieces before their eyes, and going through all the agonies

of death, without any sort of decided satisfaction. The scene where Olympia extorts a pardon from Angelo, by a few flourishes of her dagger, is extravagant. An armed soldier, in his own palace, is bullied by a lady into an act, contrary to his plans and wishes. The inconsistency of these circumstances would be less glaring if Mr. Barry were to appear without his sword. We also recommend a revision of the manuscript, and the correction of numerous imperfect lines. These errors may be hereafter very easily avoided; and, we trust, that before the author of *Tancred* commences the dialogue of any subsequent tragedy, he will, in the first place, bestow more careful reflection on the plot. But we have exhausted the acumen of critical justice, and hasten to the merits of the piece. Bating the objections above alluded to, the characters are drawn with much force; the incidents, with all their improbability, are managed with skill and knowledge of the stage; and the dialogue is spirited, and sometimes poetic. Certain scenes are very adroitly wrought up to great interest, and discover a talent sufficient to produce a whole play of equal merit, with a little more care in selecting the materials.

We extract a few lines, although they may scarcely pass as a fair specimen, as we quote from a detached portion of the piece. The dialogue occurs in the third scene of the fourth act, between Angelo, the Sicilian usurper, and his brother Romano. The latter is in prison, and visited by the former:

Rom. Rail on, rail on; thou mayest in safety now.
Bore I a soldier's weapon, haughty slave—
Ang. Thou couldst not combat with my mighty hate.
Thou hadst a brother?
Rom. Angelo.
Ang. That same am I.
Rom. 'Tis false as perjury.
Ang. 'Tis sure as fate. Twin-born with thee
To the same noble name and dignities,
From which estate a wrongful father's hand
Forth thrust me like an alien, for thee.
And for what reason? For thy beauty's sake.
Thy curled ringlets charmed the gossip tribe,
While these rude locks no fond adorning knew.
Thy comelier visage graced the gladdened hall,
While these ill-moulded features shrunk away,
As noxious vapours from the morning sun.
The courtier's darling, throned on hearts, wert thou;
While, in despair, I sought some dark retreat,
And brooded o'er my boyhood agonies.
Rom. And was this form's creation work of mine?
My heart did ever feel a brother's love.
Didst thou e'er cheer it with a brother's smile?
Ang. No.
I could not to a Judas kiss conform
The lip I taught to mutter hatred only.
Rom. And wherefore hatred?
Ang. I hated thee that nature loved thee so.
Labouring for thee within our mother's breast, &c.

If we have been free in our strictures on "Tancred," it is not to discourage this young author, (for we believe he is not much "declined into the vale of years,") but to urge upon him the necessity of renewed vigour and severe application. We think we can discover in Mr. Stone a spirit which will lead him onward; and we hope the public will not be lukewarm in rewarding him for the creditable results of his recent labours. In conclusion, we have only room to state that Mrs. Barnes was continually and deservedly applauded in Olympia; and Mr. Barry as Angelo, and Mr. Simpson as the Renegade, contributed greatly to the success of the piece. Our old favourite, Mr. Richings, notwithstanding his forte lies principally in the *Jemmy Green* line of business, was much more than respectable in Romano. These stage associations will sometimes disturb the critic's fancy, but a stranger must have been pleased with his personation.

For the New-York Mirror.

STANZAS.

Oh, 'twas but for thy sake I taught
My harp a louder tone,
And checked its low-breathed murmurs, fraught
With love for thee alone;
Thou bad'st me with a bolder hand
Awake a lofty strain,
And when, dear love, did thy command
Fall on my ear in vain?
Yet hard the task—each trembling string
Was formed but to express
The gentle thoughts from love that spring,
The dreams of tenderness;
They cannot breathe of dark remorse,
Of souls untamed and wild,
Of passions, to whose fearful force
The tempest's wrath is mild.
But of the pure and stainless soul
That keeps its onward way,
Though storms and clouds before it roll,
And lightnings round it play,
The soul that with an eagle's wing
Soars to the sun's bright beam,
Of such, belov'd one, I may sing,
For thou art then my theme.

IOLANTE.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE NEAT MAN.

"neat, trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose."

It was really delightful to look at him. Such teeth, such hands, such a foot. His boots shone like mirrors even in the muddiest season, and his cravat and collar had a grace, easy, uniform and natural as the bend of the autumn forest boughs, or the half curl of rose leaves in June. I never strained harder to grasp a problem in Euclid than I have teased my imagination to conjecture, "how in the name of all the gods at once," he kept his hat in such a state of everlasting and inexpressible brushed-up-ness; and as for his garments—by Apollo! I believe there was some chemistry about them—some inherent principle of repulsion, by which all the specks and atoms which congregate so familiarly upon the habiliments of other people, were repelled from the magic circle of Mr. John Jackson.

I have spent whole hours before the looking-glass absorbed in experiments upon cravat-knots, vests, &c. I have wasted incredible amounts of the circulating medium upon whisks, whisker-curlers, patent-stocks, and other auxiliaries by which the uninitiated strive to appear like gentlemen; and I have brushed my hat, at the particular request of some of my friends, till the rims and edges afford the most melancholy presages of a premature end. Fruitless labours, vain hopes! The distance between myself and the neat gentleman continues still immeasurable. Mr. Jackson is held up before me as a model; and the agreeable insinuation "only see, how Mr. Jackson looks," has been dinned in my ears, till I conceived an utter hatred for the man. I was tired of hearing Aristides for ever called the just.

Notwithstanding many bereavements, fate has left me a pair of sisters, who themselves are addicted to neatness. It is an incurable complaint indeed in every member of our family except my unfortunate self. As for me, I am guiltless of any such habits. I have indistinct recollections from my earliest boyhood of divers rebukes and horror-struck examinations of parents, sisters, nurse, school-masters and friends. My shoe-strings were dangling about my feet—my hat-band hung down over my shoulders. I bit off the fingers of my gloves, and clambered into trees in my new clothes. Early habits are faithful friends. They stick to you through good and evil.

"Oh Tom," said one of my sisters to me the other day, as I came in to accompany them to a little merry-making among their young friends, "are you going in this style to Mrs. B's?"

"Dear me," exclaimed Mary, with an expression of despair, "where in the world have you been? Only look at your coat." And she took hold of the flap daintily with her thumb and finger.

I had been down in South-street, leaning against a flour barrel.

"And I should like to know, Tom," said Julia, "when you brushed your hat?"

"Last Wednesday," said I.

"Dear me, your cravat is all awry; and let me comb the hair from your forehead—and let me put on this clean cravat—and do fling away that great ugly silk handkerchief and take this white one."

With these and a few dozen other gratifying marks of approbation, they proceeded to fix me up so as to be fit to be seen.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, casting her beautiful blue eyes pathetically towards heaven, "oh, if Tom was only as neat as Mr. Jackson."

Fair and gentle reader, couldst thou have witnessed my resignation under the beauty-bestowing operations of my affectionate tormentors. I thought with the unhappy Lear:

"Ye see me here, ye gods, a poor young man."

They wound around my neck a starched cravat as broad and stiff as a plank board, and which elevated my chin in the air like that of a captain of the militia on parade. My hair was disposed of according to their satisfaction—they beat me with straw brushes, and then led me like a sacrifice to the scene of fashion, where the unnatural elegance of my personal embellishments did almost "make me waver in my faith, and hold opinion with Pythagoras;" for it seemed to me, not that the soul of a brute had entered my body, but that my soul had infused itself into that of some other animal, as unlike me as possible.

In the midst of my trouble, Mr. John Jackson made his appearance. Notwithstanding the extraordinary submis-

sions I had undergone for the purpose of producing effect, I was totally eclipsed. When I compared my appearance with his, my heart sunk within me, and I inwardly resolved to abandon all future useless endeavours to attract by my exterior, and to depend solely on my own merits. Yet, beehrew the weakness of my nature, I did darken with a momentary feeling of envy and regret at the conspicuous graces of Mr. Jackson's person rendered him such an exclusive object of attention. All the pretty girls in the room were soon on sociable terms with him, and apparently flattered by his notice; and "Mr. Jackson says this," and "Mr. Jackson says that," and "Mr. Jackson, a little cream," and "Mr. Jackson, a few pickled oysters," saluted my ears from all quarters.

It so happened that in the little vicissitudes of city life, I was some time after a lodger in a boarding-house, and the very first evening which I spent under the roof, the conversation at tea-table turned upon one of the boarders, a Mr. Somebody, whose name I did not hear.

"He was the neatest man they ever saw; he walked through mud and was not soiled; was caught in a shower and not wet; he could go out when the wind was blowing a gale, and not a hair of his head or his hat would be out of order."

"And he is just so in his room," said the respectable fat old female head of the family, "his little arrangements are as nice and regular as clock-work."

My heart sunk within me. "It must be Jackson," thought I. The door opened, and the identical subject of my ruminations came forward gracefully, and proceeded forthwith to take his tea. He was perfect wax-work. "My sisters are right," thought I; "I wish I was as neat as Mr. Jackson."

A short residence in the family made me more familiarly acquainted with him. I found him a man of business, a merchant, rich, intelligent, and amiable. Our friendship increased to such an intimacy that I had an opportunity of examining the construction of his mind. This threw a new light upon the subject. I congratulated him one day upon the great apparent convenience of his present situation.

"Fine house this, Mr. Jackson," said I; "well furnished, neat, clean and handsome, good table, good attendance, and—"

He shook his head, one of those melancholy shakes by which a man means to say, "Ah, if you knew what I did, how different would be your opinion."

"The fact is, my dear fellow," said he, and he gazed around to ascertain that no one was within hearing, and drew up his face into one of those expressions with which an invalid looks into the cup of medicine about to be presented to his own loathing palate, "the fact is, they are very good people, but they are slovenly; there's no niceness in their arrangements. I have tried fifty places, and the truth is, this is the best of them all; but I am not satisfied by any means. I can't bear to think of it. It makes me wretched."

"Oh, ho!" thought I. "Now we have it. So much for Mr. Jackson's neatness."

I came home one evening. Voices were on the stairs; one a man's in a high key; the other a female's, low, diffident, and respectful. The gentleman was Jackson. He was scolding his washerwoman. I was astounded. He had appeared the meekest creature that ever curled his hair. He seemed a little confused, but apologized.

"I don't get into a passion often, sir; but these detestable, infernal, careless, washerwomen—they are perfectly reckless. This woman has sent home my linen in such a state, ironed abominably, plaited villainously, and with several specks on it. It's awful. I pay double price to have my washing well done, and yet," he stamped his foot, "it's enough to drive one mad."

So, so. I thought Mr. Jackson's neatness doesn't come for nothing.

We walked together one morning in spring, near the suburbs of the town. A gleam of the river shone like silver in the distance, grassy undulating hills spread beautifully around us, and the houses were surrounded with trees, flowers, and shrubbery. The lilac was breathing the delicious scent of its clustering flower; cattle were reposing in groups, as you have seen them in rich old pictures; not a breeze stirred the drops that hung from the bushes in sparkling gems, and the exuberant loveliness of spring was everywhere visible.

I was remarking on the fairest features of the scene, when he stopped suddenly. His face assumed an expression of horror, and he pointed to an object, which turned out to be a very plump, pretty chambermaid sweeping, with one of those quiet, sweet faces, which young unmarried gentlemen, of warm dispositions, love to fold their arms, and gaze on.

"Let us pass near her," said I. "Look at those eyes."

"Let us cross over," said Jackson. "Look at that broom."

"Why did fate make such a creature as that a chambermaid?" said I.

"Why the devil don't she sprinkle before she sweeps?" said he.

I am told he was quite attached to a charming young lady, and that he took her out one day to pop the question, when they were overtaken by a high wind. His companion was a novel-reading, piano-playing, devotee to modern fashion. She had Moore and Bulwer at her fingers' ends, and was as romantic as he was neat.

"How beautifully the clouds are disposed above the blue vault of heaven," said the lady languishingly, and by way of introducing the tender conversation, for she knew what he was at as well as he did himself.

"What a devil of a dust!" said Jackson, in a passion.

"We had better forget the evils of our earthly existence," said the lady.

"I think we had better go home," said Jackson.

"Hoity toity," thought the lady; "what a spitfire I'm to have for my husband!"

"Horrible!" thought Jackson; "make love to a woman covered with dust!"

In short, I discovered that the glorious reputation for neatness which my friend had established on so firm a basis, was purchased with an incalculable sacrifice of simple ease and pleasure. A windy day gives him the blues. He will not eat a loaf of bread of doubtful origin; children, dogs, cats, and brooms are his abhorrence. Chimney-sweeps, bakers'-shops, stages, and steam-boats make him nervous. He is wretched if he has to sleep in a strange bed; and thus he goes on, shuddering and trembling, through life, suspicious of every thing, and often unhappy. What an effort it must be to him to go through the ordinary routine of business. I cannot conceive of any situation wherein he would be perfectly happy, unless he were dressed to his mind, hermetically sealed in a glass case, and put up in the museum for people to look at. F.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Webster's Dictionary.—This work continues to occupy public attention. To speak confidently of its claims to so great an honour, requires more time than we have yet been able to bestow upon it. It may not, however, be inappropriate to remark that it is in general use among booksellers, publishers, and printers; and we hereby warn our readers, when they behold any striking deviation from the ordinary methods of orthography or orthoëpy, they must not give vent to their strictures till after a careful examination of the "American Dictionary." We are frequently asked whether or not this stupendous work is considered decisive authority. However accurate and meritorious it may be, as it is not a volume to be skimmed lightly over in a rainy afternoon, nor to be animated upon by the unlearned, it requires time to make its excellencies known and to place it in its proper rank. Appearances are, however, much in its favour. Many of the best scholars of this country and of Great Britain have concurred in their approbation of it, and we have every reason to believe that the time is not far distant when it will supersede all its predecessors.

Music.—We have been compelled to delay the publication of M—t's interesting communication on the subject of Cinderella. It shall, however, appear in due time. It is very creditable to our musical taste that notwithstanding the absence of strangers, and during the depth of winter, the worst period for theatrical exhibitions, the city has afforded a fashionable and brilliant audience to the new opera for twenty nights. Our improvement in the science is also apparent in the great number and superior style of the late musical publications. Mr. James L. Hewett has just issued, on fancy coloured paper, and with vignette title-pages, the following pieces: the "Sailor's Tear," the "Gondola Glides," "Love's Sweet Souvenir," the "Corsair's Bride," the "Chimes of Zurich," the "Moon is up," and the "Brigand's Cotillions."

The Park.—The period for commencing operations for the embellishment of the Park has arrived, and we solicit the common council to an inquiry into some better means of improving its appearance than those they have hitherto adopted. This pleasant enclosure was last year cultivated in a rather imperfect manner. The grass was coarse and thin, and bare patches of ground were visible in many places. For several years it has been the subject of unsuccessful experiments, from which we may conclude that the method of sowing seed hitherto used, however generally practised elsewhere, will not produce good grass in the city. It must be obtained by sodding, which would be attended with little trouble or expense, and which, we doubt not, would ensure to this ornamental

promenade a carpet of very beautiful and constant green. We would inquire if the paling around the grass plots are intended for permanent objects of decoration? If the natives are so barbarous in their deviations from the ordinary paths as to render a precaution of this kind necessary, it might surely be constructed in a more tasteful manner. We look upon a new and tender grass-plot in a crowded town with a sort of natural kindness; and he who would cross over one which he knew was meant for preservation, unless pursued by a mad dog or a constable, we deem little better than a careless good-for-nothing fellow, with no poetry in his soul—"let no such man be trusted."

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GERMANICUS.

GENTLEMEN—We have waited patiently in expectation that this personage would attempt some defence of, or apology for, the errors which we exposed in his late attempt at biography; but he has failed to do either the one or the other, and we are not bound to wade knee-deep through a slough of impertinence, and to quit the broad road of fair discussion because the writer in question has chosen to do so. A few remarks, however, may not be inapt in the present state of the business.

In politics, Messrs. Editors, consistency is justly considered a cardinal virtue; the assertion of one set of principles to-day, and a fresh set to-morrow, whether caused by interest, pique, or vacillation, heaps disgrace upon the politician, and he immediately sinks to the bottom of the political ladder with little chance of ascending. The testimony of the witness in a court of justice is nearly destroyed by prevarication, in consequence of which, should it amount to contradiction, the strong, but just arm of the law, lays its physical grasp upon him for perjury. What moral punishment, then, Messrs. Editors, is due to the writer, who, forgetful of his respect to his readers, and unmindful of the cause of truth, dares to insult the public by taking in vain the name of science under the specious garb of a professor, and who, thrusting himself forward as an historian, palms upon the community opinions which, according to his own showing, have arisen from the "servility of flattery?" Yet such are the humiliating confessions of Germanicus, as proved by his own language.

We lay before our readers the sentiments he has expressed touching the musical qualities of two ladies, contrasting them with his more recent effusions on the same subject; and we submit that should he in future feel inclined to venture into print, as he threatens, he will act prudently to change the signature of Germanicus.

"Mrs. Austin may be considered a singer to the heart; Madame Feron is one of the greatest to the fancy."

Contrast this comparison, which is in favour of Mrs. Austin, with the following:

"B. attempts to designate the actual qualities in which Madame Feron does excel, and contrasts her with Mrs. Austin. This is too much. It will create a smile even on the face of the gravest musician."

Quere. Would not the "gravest musician" be more inclined to smile at the contradictions of the sapient writer?

We now revert to the subjoined highly complimentary paragraph from the pen of this consistent gentleman:

"The delightful soothing cantabile of Mrs. Austin in 'Angels ever bright and fair,' is a qualification as uncommon as it is difficult to be imitated."

After this honey comes the following gall, which will serve as a specimen of the writer's usual lucid way of expressing himself, and form at the same time the strongest comment on the sincerity of his assertions and the accuracy of his opinions. Speaking of the same lady's musical capacities, he observes:

"Reputation is commonly lost where it was never deserved, and was conferred at first not by the suffrages of criticism, but by the fondness of friendship, and the servility of flattery."

Now a writer who can first term an artist inimitable, and immediately afterwards infamous, is a literary cannibal, devouring his own offspring, eating his own words, and swallowing his own sentiments.

When Germanicus can shake off this load of glaring contradiction, or when he can make up his mind to apologize to the public and to his publisher for thus libelling common sense, he may venture future visitations upon their good nature; until then we suspect that he will find the world too intelligent to be imposed upon. In conclusion, as Germanicus has quoted a scrap of Latin, found in most school-boy's horn books, we present him with the following uncommon Welch apothegm as exceedingly applicable to his writings:

"Rêdic on dâk hâk lla," which, roughly translated into the vernacular, means "All talk and no cider!"

Mary Mother and the reply to Fortin in our next.

FARE THEE WELL!

WORDS BY LORD BYRON.—MUSIC BY MOZART.

Moderato.

Fare thee well! and if for e - ver, Still for e - ver fare thee well! E'en tho' un - for - giv - ing

p *Dolce.*

ne-ver 'Gainst thee shall my heart re - bel, 'Gainst thee shall my heart re - bel. Would that breast were bared be-fore thee,

Where thy head so oft has lain, While that pla-cid sleep came o'er thee, Which thou ne'er canst know a - gain, Which thou ne'er canst know a - gain.

SECOND VERSE.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe;
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?

THIRD VERSE.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "father?"
Though his care she must forego!
When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love has blest.

FOURTH VERSE.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know—
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Whither—yet with thee they go.

FIFTH VERSE.

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainlier still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle,
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Sear'd in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this, I scarce can die.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NUMBER VII.

OBSCURITY OF LANGUAGE.—The three great causes of that obscurity which so frequently occurs in expressing our ideas, are indistinctness in the object, imperfection in the organ of perception, and the inadequateness of language to paint the precise shade of meaning we wish to convey. Either we do not clearly distinguish the object, or it is in itself dim and confused in its dimensions; or lastly, no language is copious enough to express exactly what we think and feel without addition or diminution.

THE STARS AND THE LAMP.—Men who are always running after unattainable pleasures and neglecting those within their reach, may be compared to astronomers contemplating the stars through a telescope, regardless of the more useful lamp that burns at their side.

THE BALTIC.—The waters of the Baltic are said by the modern Swedish geographers, to sink half an inch every year. If so, it accounts for the ancients calling Scandinavia the

great islands. If the waters of the Baltic have sunk at this rate since the days of Mela, Pliny, and Tacitus, much of the low land in the neighbourhood must have been covered with the sea, and only the eminences visible.

CAUTION.—The blind should always move slowly, for it is better to grope our way where there is no danger than to fall over a precipice for want of groping.

OUT-DOOR TALKERS.—The frogs of Seryphus, an island of the Ægean sea, resembled some great talkers I have known. They were always silent at home, but when carried to other places, were the most noisy frogs in the world.

RELIGIOUS ARGUMENTS.—To enforce the doctrines of christianity by argument at this time of day, puts me in mind of Homer investing the invulnerable Achilles with armour.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The great difference between a tippler and his bottle, is, that the former is apt to fall when full, the latter when empty.

CONTRADICTION.—To contradict a man in argument is to knock at his door to see if there is anybody at home.

PROOF POSITIVE.

"You've broke your faith with me," says Sal to Ned;
"You swore you'd cleave to me till I was dead."
"Tis true," quoth Ned, "I might have once said so,
But she said it to died long ago."
"Tis false," cried Sal, enraged, and broke his head—
"I'll soon convince you I am not quite dead."

TIT FOR TAT.

A saucy blockhead once said to a maid.
"Your children will be fools, I'm sore afraid."
"No doubt they will," replied the little shrew,
"If I am fool enough to marry you."

ON AN INFANT WHO DIED VERY YOUNG.

I came to see the face of life one day,
Tired of the first act, and so went away.

ON A QUARREL SOME COUPLE.

Ugly and old and cross, both he and she;
So much alike 'tis strange they don't agree.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

EARLY LOVE AND CONSTANCY.

BY J. INMAN.

"When first the youthful bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never!
Deep in the heart the passion glows,
We love and love for ever."—*Old song improved.*

EDWARD CROSBY was the son of an English gentleman, who was himself a younger son of a noble family, and held a command of some importance in the Eastern India. Edward was an only child, and his father was a man of education and understanding, and a widower; there is nothing very surprising, therefore, in the fact, that when the boy had attained his seventh year he was sent to be educated in England, under the care of a maternal uncle. He was now nineteen, and rather handsome; somewhat dark in complexion, but with very white teeth, and hair like the finest brown silk, but far more glossy. If there was a fault to be found with his personal appearance, it was that he was a little too short, and slightly inclined to be corpulent. As to his character, that was rather more difficult of description: he was of a sanguine temperament; at least so one of his uncle's friends assured me, (a great philosopher and profound physiologist,) but I could never distinctly understand what he meant by the expression. Edward was undoubtedly a boy of very warm feelings; but then, like most boys of his age, he had but little knowledge of the nature of those feelings, and was very apt to fancy them extremely different, both in quality and quantity, from what they actually were. By way of illustration of which proposition, I merely mention *en passant*, that he had already found within himself, at different epochs, an irresistible, unchangeable, and ineradicable predilection for each and every of the six professions included in the range of his meditations upon the subject of his course of life, to wit, the army, the navy, law, physic, divinity, and doing nothing. He was very warm-hearted and affectionate, and was not headstrong; which last was considered a favorable point in his character. But I see that I shall never succeed in this delineation by negatives and affirmatives; let me, then, call phenology to my aid; a science which was not, indeed, *in esse* at the time of which I am writing; but in which I most religiously believe. I never measured his organs, for the simple reason that I never dreamed of his having any; but if I had, I am sure that benevolence would have been found large, and also love of approbation; self-esteem rather full; (Edward had not in his inmost soul a very bad opinion of himself;) combativeness moderately developed, but destructiveness scarcely perceptible, and firmness dreadfully diminutive—here was the weak point in his organization. How often have I thought within myself, "if the poor boy had but had my firmness, (five inches and seventenths by the craniometer,) how much happier he might have been; not but that he was happy enough and good enough, but then he might have been so much happier! As to the intellectual protuberances, no great fault was to be found with them; but I need not stop to describe them, for the name that I have given to my story is not that of a faculty.

Edward Crosby's life had been one of pleasantness for the last twelve years, for his uncle was rich, easy, and affectionate; his tutor not too difficult to please, and his occupations pretty much such as he chose to make them. He was not given to dissipation, and he had time and money enough to devote to the pursuit of pleasure in his own way. It must be acknowledged that his desires were not immoderate; so long as he had liberty to wander about the country, seeking out silent and lonely places, where he might indulge in the vague and aimless reveries that are exceedingly apt to infest the imaginations of susceptible boys, who have nothing to drag them back from the world of ideality to the world of fact, he had no longings for less excusable indulgences. Since the secret must be told, however, if his wanderings for the last six months had been closely looked into, I am not prepared to say that a more distinct and limited form had not within that period been given to his day-dreams.

Be that fact as it may, a change of some nature was now about to intervene, for a few days after Edward had attained his nineteenth year a letter from his father had recalled him to Bombay. The preparations for his departure were com-

pleted, and the very evening which I had selected for the exercise of that supernatural power by which all writers are enabled to accompany unseen their heroes, was the last of his abiding at Silverhay; on the morrow he was to depart for London, there to pass a week before sailing for India.

About a quarter before nine, then, (for I like to be particular,) on the evening of the seventeenth of June, 1790, did Edward Crosby make his exit, but very quietly, from his uncle's mansion, attended only by his favourite pointer dog, and followed, though utterly ignorant of that fact, by me, the writer of this narrative; my readers will be kind enough to receive this information without skepticism or inquiry, for I do not feel disposed at present to divulge the secret of my invisibility. It was a lovely moonlight night; and if his mind had not been too completely engrossed by one object to allow of any observation of the unpretending natural beauties that were lavished around him, he would no doubt, like me, have noticed with admiration the softened loveliness of the scene through which he was so hastily passing. His uncle's dwelling was the principal mansion of Silverhay, and the first which met the stranger upon entering that beautiful village; at the other extremity was the parish church, a gothic building of unusual size, in the form of a cross, with a noble square tower, containing a complete peal of exquisitely toned bells; between these edifices lay the village; but my companion, whether tempted by the beauty of the night to extend his solitary walk, or desirous to avoid observation, made a *detour* of the whole intervening space, and chose to follow the path which accompanied the diminutive but lovely river that skirted the village on its northern side. An hour's walking brought us to a low-roofed, ample, and antique-looking building, surrounded by a grove of magnificent oaks, and guarded from intrusion by a thick-set hedge of the most luxuriant privet. A light was burning in one room only, at the very extremity of the mansion, and an attentive observer might have caught glimpses of a female form that came at intervals to the open window, and as often withdrew, with slow and lingering steps, as if disappointed in its gaze. She was a pretty fairy creature of sweet sixteen, extremely small and delicate in person, with bright blue eyes, and flaxen hair descending in ringlets of living gold upon her ivory neck and shoulders, and a face beaming with sincerity and light-heartedness. Yet I must confess that she was by no means perfect, for her stature was but four feet ten; and she knew nothing—except a little music, a little drawing, and various unnameable accomplishments in needle-work. Her constant occupation was the pursuit of pleasure; her only study how and where she might find amusement. She was good enough notwithstanding, for she hated nobody, and would not willingly do harm to anything; she was docile, affectionate, and credulous; lively, good-natured, and indolent. For my own part, I could not bring myself to think her exactly handsome, but there was unquestionably something attractive about her; whether it was her youth and freshness, or a want of art, or the playful expression of her fine bright eyes; or whether it was not, after all, that I and Master Edward had nothing else to do but fall in love, and that Helena Minturn was the only being, just at that juncture, within reach, with whom we could have fallen in love without the imputation of insanity; most certain it is, that I could not look upon her without that involuntary emotion of kindness which the presence of beauty is said to be able always to excite, and that he was enamoured beyond all computation or comparison. I have said that Edward was a handsome boy; indeed, from the description already given of his mind and person, it will not appear surprising that Helena's little heart beat responsively to the tumultuous throbbings of his own; or, in plainer English, that she was as far gone as he in *la belle passion*; more especially when it is considered that he was the only idle, gentlemanlike, and romantic personage in that most matter-of-fact and worldly neighbourhood; and that unless for him, it was utterly impossible that the young lady could be supposed to tolerate the idea of a sensation without a most grievous impeachment of her taste and discrimination.

I might, if I thought proper, detain, if not amuse, my readers with a long and perhaps very interesting history of the origin of their acquaintance and their passion; how she was walking in the grove; how he was shooting, or trying to

shoot grouse; how they met, and meeting looked, and looking blushed, and blushing sighed, and sighing loved; but all this to relate would be too troublesome, and besides has nothing on earth to do with my story. It is sufficient that all the old women of the village said they were made for each other, (or would have said so if they had thought about it,) and that now they met by appointment to take a tender and heart-rending farewell.

"Edward," murmured a soft subduing voice, "have you come at last? How I have wished and waited for you!"

In a moment his arm was round the maiden's slender waist, and they were seated beside each other on the sofa. As he spoke her classical little head fell upon his shoulder, and the small white hand that clung so fondly to his, trembled in its clasp.

"Oh! that my father were here," exclaimed he, "that he might gaze upon thee while I revealed to him the secret of our bosoms! Could he refuse his consent to that union which would constitute our happiness, and meet the pleading glance of those dear dovelike eyes? I know the plans that he has formed for me, of wealth and splendor; but what are they if purchased with the heart's repose? He would wed me to the daughter of his friend, and she is the envied mistress of thousands; but thou, in thy beautiful humility and thy unostentatious charms art dearer to my soul than all the riches of that hated India to which I am banished from thy presence."

"What dreadful meaning lies in your words? Has your father then selected!—Does he intend to bestow your hand upon another?"

"Calm your fears; such is indeed his desire; but he is kind and reasonable, and when I disclose to him the truth he will not oppose my wishes. But even should he, I will never be another's; my constant heart can know no change."

But I do not perceive any particularly excellent and convincing reason why I should betray more of the secrets of that last meeting; any lady or gentleman of reasonably acute sensibilities and the least experience, can easily conceive the remainder of the dialogue, and for such as have not those facilities I need only observe, that it was composed of materials exactly similar to the portion which I have allowed myself to give; (and which, by the way, I have given merely to show what exquisite nonsense men and women can utter when love has stolen away their brains, and think it the perfection of all earthly eloquence and wisdom;) there were consolations, sighs, protestations, vows, and kisses, and at the last, the trying moment of "farewell," no lack of tears. I can afford no further information, but that at about one o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth of June, 1790, I (still invisible) accompanied master Edward Crosby to his uncle's mansion for the last time, and saw him safe in bed. And now, with permission, I intend to take leave of this sorrow-stricken pair of lovers for some eighteen years, which may be supposed to have been passed by them, just as my readers may think proper to imagine. In the mean time I have another scene to introduce.

It was a bright and bracing morning of December, in the year of grace 1808; the ground was enveloped in a thick mantle of snow, and a sharp wind was blowing piercingly, so that notwithstanding the brilliant glare of sunshine that gleamed and was reflected dazzlingly upon the white and glittering surface, no man of sense and reasonable delicacy of feeling could have hesitated for a moment to give preference to the in-door comforts of a snug back-room and a sea-coal fire, over all the pleasures that the most felicitous and luxuriant imagination could discover in a ride or ramble. The scene of which my readers are now to be spectators was precisely such as they, or at least I, would have selected for a locality; it was a comfortable parlour in a small but cheerful dwelling; a glorious fire was blazing royally in the polished grate, and before it on a soft and downy rug, reposed the graceful form of a fire-loving Angola cat of unequalled beauty; a work-table occupied the centre of the apartment, at which sat a smiling rosy matron who bore her four and thirty years as though they were but five and twenty; her plump and comfortable fingers were engaged in knitting; beside her was a youthful Hebe, just budding into her teens, too palpably a fac-simile of her companion, except in years

and size, to be mistaken for any other than her daughter; a curly headed boy of some eight years' growth was zealously engaged in building card castles on the floor, and from a cradle in one corner might be heard the soft and placid breathing of an infant. One only ornament adorned the mantel-piece; it was the portrait of a gentleman in canonicals, of perhaps forty, with a round good-natured face, black eyes, and smiling mouth, the very *beau idéal* of a respectable and contented English country clergyman; upon the opposite wall was suspended a slight sketch in water colors of a youth of fifteen, who might be guessed without a Yankee's gift, to be the son of that other portrait's original.

The lady into whose presence we have thus unceremoniously entered, was conversing with her companion, and, as it seemed, their discourse was of former days.

"Our passion," said the matron, "was indeed a childish freak. I was but little past your age, a foolish, ignorant, thoughtless girl, and Edward was an idle boy oppressed with want of occupation, and knowing as little of himself as even I. He loved, or fancied he loved me, and I was enamoured to distraction. I often have a hearty laugh in thinking over our parting scene."

"Was it very tender, mother?"

"Oh, very; we sighed and vowed and wept. I sometimes wonder how we escaped committing the most foolish thing on earth—a secret marriage; but the fact is, I believe, that we were too innocent and simple to think of such a step."

"How old was he, mother?"

"But nineteen, and I was three years younger; but childish as we were, our passion was desperate enough for any thing. Who would have thought that such a beginning would have had an end like this, or rather, what would we have thought, had it been predicted to us?"

The conversation was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of the reverend original of the portrait that adorned the mantel-piece; his great coat and overshoes were white with snow, and his ears and nose deeply purpled with the cold. His kind-hearted and affectionate helpmate hastened to disencumber him of his outward integuments, his daughter brought a pair of slippers, and the architectural urchin lugged, with a mighty exertion of strength, a huge arm-chair before the blazing fire; and when all these attentions to his comfort had been paid, and his reverence was satisfactorily established, he produced a package from his pocket, and threw it on the table with the benevolent look of a man who has taken trouble to provide for the pleasure of others, and whose pains are sure to be rewarded—at least with thanks.

"There, Helen," said he, "there is a famous bundle of papers for you; and now, Charlotte, my daughter, bring me a glass of cider; my walk to the village has made me thirsty."

The rosy-cheeked lassie ran to minister to her father's wishes, and our old acquaintance Helena Minturn, for she indeed it was, although somewhat increased in stature, after glancing hastily over one of the papers, placed it with a smile of peculiar meaning in her husband's hands, and pointed to a paragraph, the sight of which appeared to amuse him equally. It was this:

"Married at Chingalore, on the twelfth of September last, Sir Edward Crosby, K. C. B. to the amiable Lady Dorothy Harrup, widow of the late David Harrup, Esq. of Calcutta; the distinguished bridegroom receives by this marriage an accession to his already splendid fortune, of nearly half a million of rupees. It is confidently reported, that the nephew of the bride is shortly to lead to the hymeneal altar, the fair and accomplished daughter of Sir Edward by his former lady."

MYTHOLOGY.

THE MONTH OF APRIL, IN NEW-YORK.

This is the season of smiles and tears, showers and sunshine, melting glances and chilling frowns. Miss April, we all know, is a pale, timid, weak-nerved, coquettish sort of a fair one, who weeps and laughs by turns, without rhyme or reason; and is, not unfrequently, to be caught smiling through her tears. Every pearly drop she sheds, however, is miraculously converted into verdant leaves and bright-tinted flowers, to decorate her blushing sister, who follows close at her heels; or, as some nameless bard of antiquity has expressed the same beautiful idea,

"April showers produce May flowers."

April, like all her sister months, is distinguished by several characteristic peculiarities. Her very entrance on the stage is attended by one extraordinary circumstance, for which philosophers have vainly endeavoured to account; for, instead of

paying reverence, like a good christian, to any of the canonized fraternity, she makes her first *courtesy* to a far more numerous class of mere every-day mortals. Instead of paying her earliest respects, like her predecessor March, to some particular saint; or, like her immediate successor, May, to two saints; or, like the russet-robed November, to *all-saints*, Miss April, most irreverently and eccentrically, lavishes her first smiles (or tears, as the case may be) on *fools alone!* and they are *all fools* who believe her smiles sincere. For even this gentle, timid girl, "can smile, and smile, and murder while she smiles," having the address to induce a premature change of apparel, which, at this season, too often injures the health, and sometimes destroys life.

To be serious, however, the absurd custom, which almost universally prevails, of attempting to make our friends appear ridiculous on the first day of April, has, we believe, never yet been satisfactorily accounted for, notwithstanding all the speculation it has excited among the learned. To throw a ray of light on the mist in which this momentous subject is enveloped, some writers have gravely referred us to the fourth verse of the tenth chapter of the book of Esther. Others, again, have directed us to Lemprier's Dictionary, under the proper name *Sumstultus*; and a third class have pretended that a clew to the mystery may be found in the six hundred and thirty-sixth number of Addison's Spectator. For our own part we agree with neither, being satisfied that the following supposition possesses at least as much plausibility and reason as any other we have yet seen. We forget the author, and quote from memory:

"It is well known that the year formerly began (as to some purposes and in some respects) on the twenty-fifth of March, now commonly called the annunciation; and it is equally certain that the commencement of a *new year*, at whatever time it occurred, was always esteemed and celebrated as a high festival in every age, and almost every country, by the ancient Romans as well as the modern christians. The great festivals of the Romans, however, were usually attended with an octave; that is, they continued *eight days*, of which the *first* and *last* were the principals. Hence it follows, that the first day of April, being the *octave* of the twenty-fifth of March, was the close or ending of that feast; and, consequently, a day of extraordinary mirth and festivity, particularly among the lower orders, who are apt sometimes to pervert and make a bad use of institutions which might have been originally very laudable in themselves."

At the present time, however, the first day of April, among several religious sects, is devoted to more solemn and rational purposes than playing the fool, it being the "feast of the pass-over" with the jews, and "Good Friday with the christians"—the last day but one of the fast called *lent*, which precedes the festival of Easter. The latter word is derived from *Easten*, a goddess of the Saxons, in honour of whom sacrifices were offered about this time of the year.

Nor is April, with all her volatility and fickleness of disposition, altogether regardless of saints. The fourth day is inscribed to St. Ambrose, archbishop of Milan: a man eminent for his zeal in the cause of christianity, for his learning, and for the noble severity with which he censured and corrected the emperor Theodosius, who had barbarously ordered several innocent persons to be put to death at Thessalonica. He is said to have composed the celebrated thanksgiving ode, so often chanted in catholic countries on occasions of public rejoicing, called "*Te Deum*." The twenty-third day of this month is sacred to George, one of the seven champions of Christendom, and the tutelar saint of England; a knight-errant, who was celebrated for many marvellous feats of chivalry, one of which was his desperate combat with a dreadful, fiery, flying dragon, covered with impenetrable scales, like the monsters of the Nile. In this encounter George like to have met with his match, and might have said, as England's modern champion did of Buonaparte at Waterloo, that he "never came so near getting beaten" in all his life. The dragon, not to speak irreverently, was a deuce of a fellow, and the saint had a hard tug to overcome him. But he fixed him at last, and pinned him to the earth with his spear, as any one who doubts the truth of the story may be convinced, if he is lucky enough to obtain a little coin, called a *sovereign*, on which is a striking and correct representation of the combat, with the death of the dragon, "drawn from life." The twenty-fifth is ascribed to another saint, of a less militant but more literary character.

This month is distinguished also by several important historical events, a few of which shall be mentioned. The first meeting of congress under the federal constitution took place on the first day of April, 1789. The celebrated doctor's mob, as it was called, in which three persons lost their lives, occurred

in this city on the thirteenth of April, 1788. Shakspeare was borne on the sixteenth, and died on the twenty-third; Franklin died on the seventeenth; the battle of Lexington took place on the nineteenth; and the revolutionary war, of which that battle was the commencement, terminated on the same day, eight years afterwards, when Washington issued a proclamation, declaring a cessation of hostilities.

On the twentieth of this month the sun enters that sign of the zodiac which astronomers term Taurus:

The golden-horned bull, which so gallantly bore
The lovely Europa to Crete's happy shore.

This lady they call Europa, it seems, was no less a personage than the daughter of a king—a princess of Phœnicia; and so very beautiful, that, among numerous other admirers, Jupiter himself (who, in many respects, resembled Charles the second of England) became enamoured of her; and, like some modern lovers, determined on an *elopement*, or rather an *abduction*. For this purpose, he thought it would be advisable to assume the form of some animal, which, without exciting her suspicions, would be capable of conveying his intended prize to a great distance from her father's court. The golden-fleeced ram had been immolated on the altar of Mars, and Europa was perhaps too timid to travel on horseback. The lover, therefore, finally hit upon an entire new character, and succeeded in carrying her off in the form of a beautiful milk-white ruminating animal of that species to which the ancient Egyptians paid divine honors: a class, to the females of which we are now indebted for Goshen butter, Cheshire cheese, milk-punch, and vaccination.

The ancients certainly had some strange whims, though our colleges wont permit a boy to become a scholar without them. But there is no accounting for tastes, so with this sage remark we will take leave of mythology for the present.

The entrance of "bright Phœbus" into this sign of the zodiac, though not the nominal, is the actual commencement of *spring*; agreeably to the language of the inimitable Thomson, in his description of the vernal season. After alluding to the fickleness of the weather during the month of March and the early part of April, he thus proceeds:

"At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Thien no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Flies the bright clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and, unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Reclining nature, and his busy steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil."

April in the city of New-York, however, differs, materially from the same month in any other part of the world. Here one half of the population are busily employed in making preparations to abandon their present domicils, and seek for peace and happiness in "others that they know not of;" while the rest are posting their books, and making out their bills for the current quarter's rent, dreaming of landlord's warrants, sheriff's sales, and bank stock. Many who are compelled to remove by an iniquitous increase of rent, a curtailment of present privileges, or an inability to fulfill their contracts, are still anxiously, and perhaps unsuccessfully, seeking for new tenements. The wives and daughters of those unfortunates (sometimes accompanied by the husband himself) travel through the streets from "blushing morn till dewy eve," prying into all the domestic mysteries of their neighbors, whose houses happen to be "to let."

We have said that the very *entré* of April is attended with some extraordinary circumstances; what then shall we say of her *exit*?—as respects the good citizens of Gotham:

The busy matron and her daughters ply
With peevish fretfulness their annual task.
Down come the bedsteads, tumbled in the yard,
Where hot ablutions drive their tenants out,
And take their lives for rent. The mirrors next,
And all the pictures, with their dusty frames,
Are loosened from the walls, to grace the floor.
Now thickly strewn with broken glasses round:
Baskets of crockery, tables, stands, and chairs,
And all the nameless lumber, conjured forth,
Of garret, cellar, pantry, and the rest.

* * * * *
'Tis expectation all—the curtain soon
Will rise upon a busy, noisy scene:
Like as, perhaps, old Goshen erst displayed,
When every family at once removed.

RECIFE FOR NEVER GROWING OLD.

Keep always in the sun in summer, and all winter in the wet; never go to bed at night, and sleep all day; fret at every thing that comes across you; eat your meat cold, and drink nothing but whiskey; meddle in every body's business, and you may be sure you will never live to grow old. L.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT THE ARCADE BATHS.

We have published a description of Mr. Dunlap's great picture of the "attack on the Louvre, July 1830," and our opinion of the artist and his work. We will now proceed to notice the very valuable collection of paintings by the old masters which, with the above mentioned historical composition, forms the present exhibition at the Arcade Baths.

Mr. Macgavin has brought together more fine and truly original specimens of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools than have yet been presented to the public of New-York, except, perhaps, by Mr. Abrams. We say perhaps; because although Mr. Abrams displayed, and under very favorable circumstances, more originals by old masters, he did not show us one of the higher or historical order, of such merit as at least four of Mr. Macgavin's. In landscape he had a decided advantage in possessing the Ruysdaal. We will mention in detail some of the best of this truly excellent collection.

No. 1. A cattle piece, by Rosa de Tivoli. We know of but one other production by this master in the country, and of none superior to this.

No. 5. Lady and Trumpeter delivering a letter, by Terborgh. The high finish, true drawing, and beautiful drapery, must recommend it to every eye. The heads are very fine.

No. 6. The Magi offering gifts to the Infant Savior, by Rubens. This is one of the noblest compositions of that great master; whether it was ever painted by him on a larger scale we do not recollect. It is rich in coloring, and the disposition of the lights and groups evince a masterly knowledge and the true feeling of genius.

No. 9. Is in true Flemish style, but well painted and possessing humor.

No. 11. A very valuable small landscape.

No. 13. Game piece, by B. de Brie. Whether original or not, this picture will recompense the spectator for a long and minute attention. The drawing is good, the coloring admirable, and the whole skilfully composed.

No. 14. Called in the catalogue, "Portraits of Isabella and Columbus," and attributed to Velasquez. It is far superior to that shown as a Velasquez by Mr. Abrams. The heads are both fine, but that of the man is of the very first order. If we could feel assured that it was a portrait of Columbus, it would add much to its value; but merely as a picture, it will delight every person of taste.

No. 16. Christ bound. Said to be by Guido. A noble piece, whoever was the master.

No. 17. Flowers. These subjects are not generally interesting; yet we must be pleased to see that well imitated on canvass which delights us in nature. The perfume is wanted with flowers, as the roar of mighty waters is looked for from the cataract of Niagara.

No. 22. Last Supper, by Guido. This was probably intended as an altar piece. The head of the Savior is beautiful and sublime in the expression. Every part of the picture is full of the grace of Guido, and he was the painter most favored by the graces. This is to be studied, and the young artist will be well rewarded for the closest examination.

No. 26. Landscape, by Salvator Rosa. In the collection of Mr. Abrams, now in England, and before referred to, the landscapes were the best, and yet the Claude was a copy. Not so in Mr. Macgavin's exhibition; historical painting with him takes the lead, but No. 26 may vie with any thing of the same style. It has the peculiar charm of the very powerful master to whom it is ascribed.

No. 31. The Poultry Yard is a delightful piece.

No. 32. Portrait, by Rembrandt, said to be of himself. This is a fair specimen of the manner of one of the greatest painters. His style is well known from engravings, and by this undoubted original the untravelled American may judge of his unrivalled excellence.

No. 38. Is better than any landscape of Mr. Abrams, the Ruysdaal excepted. Let the spectator mark the true making out of the objects in the foreground, (even the herbage) and the noble disdain of false show which has made the artist throw a mantle of shadow over the whole, and keep as in nature his light for the sky.

No. 38. St. Peter. Every one will acknowledge the excellence of this piece.

No. 46. Is the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Murillo. We are apt to associate with the name of this artist scenes of low life, similar to that exhibited at the old almshouse last year, under the patronage of the directors of the American Academy. Though the subject was disgusting, the skill shown by the painter was admirable, and nature was

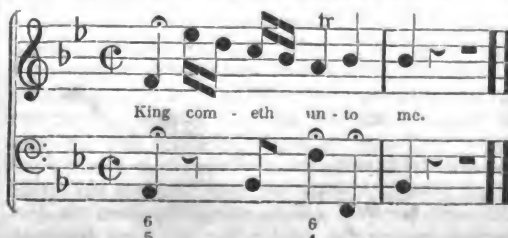
faithfully copied by an able hand. The Murillo now exhibited by Mr. Macgavin, is as noble in subject as it is sublime in conception and masterly in composition. The upper part of the sky appears to have been re-painted owing to some injury, but the body of the picture is sound, and the heads incomparably fine. The countenance of the virgin, whose eyes are lifted towards a choir of cherubim, glows with an expression almost divine. The other figures are only inferior as they are subordinate in character. When we see, as we are informed we soon shall, the fine collection made by Richard Mead, Esq. in Spain, and which, though rejected by the old Academy, will be exhibited in Clinton hall, after the annual exhibition of the National Academy, we may perhaps look upon a Murillo equal to this Adoration of the Shepherds; heretofore we have never seen one that can compare with it.

ON THE PERFORMANCE OF SACRED MUSIC.

We consider it to be one of the duties of the press to guard the interests of music, rapidly progressing as that delightful science evidently is in the city of New-York. In fulfilling this task, just and unbiassed criticism of artists and compositions, and an exposure of the erroneous opinions printed by superficial critics upon the subject, are indispensable. If this censorship be deemed essential in Europe, where precedent is common, and the rules of musical criticism are distinctly laid down by undoubted authorities, it is clear that watchfulness is more essential on the part of the press in America, in the absence of those precedents and those tested critics who preside over good taste elsewhere. We consider that Shakespeare, Milton, and other giants of English literature, are the property of Americans by inheritance—that such men as Byron, Scott, and Moore belong not exclusively to England, but to the English language; and this principle is also extended to those musicians who have established a glorious school of music in England, inferior to none. We allude, in thus strongly expressing ourselves, to the sacred music of the protestant church, from the time of King Henry the Eighth to the present moment. If then we claim among numerous composers a Purcell and a Handel, and rejoice in their writings, it is surely but reasonable that we should endeavour to secure for the performance of their works the same advantages which are bestowed upon them in England; and we cannot too forcibly impress upon our readers that a close adherence to the rules laid down by the great artists who are in possession of the orchestras and organ-lofts of that country, is the surest mode of arriving at perfection in this. Acting on the above principles, we have now to offer a few remarks on some opinions which we have lately read touching the performance of sacred music, and which opinions appear to have a tendency to mislead us from the path of good taste. The following specimen is from a critique on the late oratorio at St. Paul's, and signed Musæus:

"Madame Brichta sang Handel's 'Rejoice greatly.' Her style was that of Handel, save only that evidence of bad taste, a shake, the common-place appeal to the galleries of a theatre, but one out of place in the more exalted and refined music of the church and oratorio!"

The writer goes on to doubt the existence of the shake in Ciani-chettini's bravura, but excuses himself from a decided opinion because the music is not before him, and therefore he is not quite sure whether the fair vocalist or the composer has committed this horrible *faux pas*. Now it is somewhat strange that Musæus did not contemplate the possible existence of a trifling mistake on his own part; but if he will do us the favor to peruse any decent edition of Handel's works, in the absence of the full score of the Messiah, say Corfe's or Clarke's edition, he will there find shakes enough to give him an ague in his present state of mind; and we must add to his distress by acquainting him that without the said shake there exists no possibility of bringing the song, "Rejoice greatly," to any thing like a decent or effective conclusion. We subjoin the following cadence of the song in question, which we think will prove conclusive to any moderately informed musician as to the necessity of using this embellishment, supported by the fact that Handel so wrote it.



The above example is descriptive of the cadences with which Handel usually concludes his songs. We have now shown that the shake is to be found in "Rejoice greatly," but we have only mentioned a single instance, when in fact it will be very difficult to select sixteen bars of that song without meeting one. But as the writer, Musæus, insists upon it that the shake is "an evidence of bad taste," "out of place in refined and exalted music," had he not better bring forth a new edition of Handel, and thus immortalize himself by correcting that writer's vulgarities? Suppose he commence with the *allegro penseroso*, and give us "Sweet bird" divested of the shake: such an improvement might meet with others of the same sort to keep it countenance; for instance, we once were fortunate enough, at Boston, to inspect a printed copy of Haydn's chorus from the Creation, "The praise of God," in which the words were altered thus, instead of "The praise of God and of the second day," some worthy gentleman had inserted "The praise of God and of his only son;" and we believe that a similar judicious alteration is to be met with in an edition of Handel's chorusses published here. The improvement we allude to is in a chorus from Judas Maccabeus, "Hail Judea, happy land;" the compiler has there most patriotically interpolated "Columbia" for Judea, thus recording forever evidence of this country's felicity. The shake is an ornament in which no mediocrity is endurable—it ought to be perfect, or ought not to be used: but when clear and distinct, it is the most chaste and appropriate embellishment for English sacred music, and although in dramatic, and especially Italian music, it may be more easily dispensed with, yet in the church and at oratorios it is indispensable. We make this assertion with the more confidence because Musæus quotes the oratorios in London, and professes to be acquainted with the performance of sacred music in England; we therefore can call to his particular attention the following great examples of vocalists who have raised an imperishable name by their mode of executing sacred music.

Bartleman, whose majesty of style and splendid musical oratory, have justly caused him to be esteemed the best representative of Handel, used the shake in almost every cadence. Henry Philipps closely follows his example. These two gentlemen, in chastity of style and as examples for bass singers, are placed in the foremost rank. The late Mr. Harrison has handed down the same embellishment to Vaughan, Braham, and W. Knyvett, who all use it. Mara and Billington transmitted it to Salmon, Stevens, and Paton. And these distinguished vocalists continually delight the most fastidious assemblages of persons at the ancient concerts, the oratorios, and the musical festivals held in places of worship, by a display of this libelled embellishment.

At those great seminaries for musicians, St. Paul's cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal, and in all the cathedral churches in England the shake is taught, and used as an appropriate ornament for the church service. It may be heard under the superintendence of an Attwood, a Greatorex, a Crotch, a Clarke, and a Camidge—in anthems of thanksgivings, and in those of mourning for the dead. On the death of George the Third, Kent's anthem of "Hear my prayer," was sung in the course of the funeral service, the duet and solos by Masters Marshall and Gear.* We were not present, but we perused the papers of the day, which spoke of their pathos and skill. At the oratorios at the patent theatres of the same season, this anthem was sung by the same boys, in consequence of the effect produced by them at the king's funeral, and we then had the satisfaction of hearing them: their shake, we beg leave to add, was not the least prominent part of the performance. At the funeral of the great American artist, Benjamin West, at St. Paul's cathedral, the anthem "Lord let me know mine end," by Green, was sung; and in the beautiful duet the shake of both the choristers pealed through that gigantic building with extraordinary effect.

We could enlarge on this subject *ad infinitum*; but we have said more than sufficient, we think, to prove to Musæus that he has made an assertion somewhat too hastily, and that the charge of bad taste with which he has (perhaps unconsciously) assailed the very first vocal authorities in the world, is not with justice to be preferred against Madame Brichta, who has only followed in their footsteps, as we conceive correctly, and with good taste. B.

* The song, "Sweet bird," is written apparently for the express purpose of introducing the shake in all its variety, and is a composition now seldom heard excepting at oratorios.

* Mr. Gear, of whom mention is made above as chorister of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's cathedral, at present holds the situation of organist at Grace church, in this city.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Messrs. Editors—I was delighted with the letter in a late number of the Mirror from your fair correspondent Portia—for fair she must be, and sprightly and sensible she is, I am sure. It is a just reprehension of those who involve the beauteous belles of our city in one general censure of extravagance and dissipation. As I am under some apprehension she rather glances at me in several parts of her letter, I feel called on, as a man of honor, to defend myself from these implied charges; and I do so with the more readiness, because I can see with half an eye that your charming correspondent is one of those young ladies in whose favour I always make exceptions, in ridiculing or reprehending the follies and foibles of fashionable life.

The fair Portia, if she considers a moment, will at once recognise in my strictures an entire devotion to the sex. It is because I consider them as among the most charming ingredients in the composition of society; as the fair ministering angels of human bliss, without whose agency man can no more be happy than he could exist and have a being. It is because I regret to see so many young women, born for better, more important objects, flinging themselves away on the foaming billows of fashionable dissipation, who might, and would become the delight of the domestic fireside, as well as the charm and the life of the social circle and the sprightly ball.

It is not that I would have them live always in the chimney-corner, and devote themselves entirely to the homely acquirements of domestic life, any more than I wish them to sacrifice their hours, their health, their in-born delicacy, their usefulness, and their happiness to the unceasing pursuit of pleasure, dress, and dissipation. There is a happy, a beautiful medium between these two extremes, becoming a young woman of fashion; and which every one belonging to that class of society may easily attain. Instead of dealing in generalities, I will attempt the sketch of such a being as I have often imagined; nay, as I have seen and studied, as the master-piece of nature and art combined. The original still exists, the delight of the social circle, the ornament of fashionable life, whenever, as she sometimes does, she gives an evening to the world, in return for the civilities of that society in which she moves.

This young lady is rather refined than fashionable, that is, as fashion is at present—a mere aping of a certain style of dress, a certain style of walking, and a certain style of doing every thing; which, I must be permitted to say, is neither becoming nor graceful. She will neither adopt an extravagant, disproportioned hat or sleeve, nor shorten her garments, nor walk as if she had lost the use of her limbs, because it is the fashion; and yet, somehow or other, she is always sufficiently in the fashion not to appear unfashionable. She neither mistakes pertness for wit or noisy mirth for good humor and vivacity. She is neither a wit nor a blue stocking, still less is she ignorant and without accomplishments. In conversation you will discover, by accident as it were, that her mind is well stored with all the materials of polite knowledge; and be perfectly convinced that if she had the inclination she possesses the power not only to shine, but to be actually witty, if not severe. She dances well, yet is content sometimes to sit still and look on at a party, without appearing as if she was at a funeral; nor have I ever seen her maintain possession of the floor, to the exclusion of others, with the heroic determination of an amazon; or sit down before the dance was concluded, leaving others to dance by themselves. She never dances with a plate of eatables in her hand; or attempts to talk with her mouth full of ice-cream or pickled oysters. I never saw her waltz or dance the gallopade, to the best of my recollection.

She plays and sings with a taste, a skill, and a touching expression that I have hardly ever heard equalled; and indeed excels in all the lady-like acquirements and accomplishments, so becoming, nay so essential, to the perfection of a fine woman. But it is her manners—her simple, easy, graceful manners, that constitute, to my taste, her greatest charm. It is here that the real lady is exemplified, and not in the mere possession of a few superficial accomplishments, which any woman of the most ordinary talent, with the most ordinary application, can acquire. There is no bustle or noise about her; she receives her company, and does the honors of the house, with a sprightly ease, a careless grace, the result of long habits of good breeding, good sense, and good taste combined. She takes no pains, displays no graces to please,

yet she always pleases, and nobody can exactly tell why. She is, in short, a mysterious woman; and if she were old and ugly enough, and the days of witchcraft had not gone by, would be in great danger of the ordeal.

But the mystery of all this is, that, by some unaccountable management, she has reconciled in her own person the most singular incongruities. With all these accomplishments, with all this refinement and grace, and elegant female knowledge, she possesses the power, and what is still more extraordinary, the will to be useful! Nay, what is yet more wonderful, though she is sought for and admired abroad, she can actually bear to stay at home. I have sometimes known her to spend an evening in some little employment of an elegant spinster, when she had half a dozen invitations to pass it abroad; and have been astounded to see her, at the request of some one of the domestic circle, lay aside her needle—ay, her needle! and play and sing an Italian air with almost the skill and expression of the signorina. She is never idle at home; and it is my firm belief, that if the beggars and paupers of the city only exercised half her industry and economy, there would be little use for charitable societies. And all this she does voluntarily; for—and here I advise the young gentlemen of the city, “who spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day,” to prick up their ears—she is an heiress! An heiress—and yet she actually sometimes makes her own gowns! Do not my fashionable readers shudder at this, and will they not burn your paper for presenting such enormities to their imitation? The fair Portia may, perhaps, ask me—and the question is apt—why I have not fallen in love, and united my fate with this wonderful little girl? The answer is at hand. There is in the chapter of consanguinity a bar to such a procedure. There is not an orthodox person or justice of the peace would tie the bands.

I hope the imperfect sketch I have drawn will exemplify my ideas of the beau, or rather *belle* ideal of fashionable life. My object in presenting the picture to your readers is to demonstrate the possibility of uniting all the useful acquirements of a domestic character with all the refinements and accomplishments of a well-bred woman. Such alone can be justly called fashionable, since glaring splendors, extravagant dress, and loud pretension, only make vulgarity more offensive, and ignorance more ridiculous.

The fair and sensible Portia complains of the indiscriminate severity of some of your correspondents; and justly expresses her satisfaction, that *as yet* the morals of the sex of our country are uncontaminated by vices by which the people from whom they borrow their manners and their dress, are supposed to be distinguished. All this may be true; but she appears to forget the inseparable connection between dress, manners, and morals—between habits of dissipation and habits of licentious profligacy.

All experience verifies the fact, that extravagance in dress, and expenditures of every kind, inevitably leads to the practice of showing one's self on all occasions. No woman, or man either, dresses purely to be seen by nobody, or only by the inmates of the house. They must be abroad for that purpose. Hence a habit of dissipating time in the streets, and a habit of living, not for the exercise of duties at home, but for the admiration of strangers abroad. No woman can lose her taste for domestic life without being the worse for it; and no woman can live for admiration alone without losing the dignity of her character and the purity of her soul. She must make sacrifice of both to attain the admiration of fools, coxcombs, and voluptuaries. Those who live only for dress, will, of course, become extravagant, and those who exist only in the hot-bed of public admiration, must, of necessity, loosen that tie which, of all others, is the most important to the character and destiny of woman—the domestic tie—the tie that binds her to herself, her father, mother, or, if she is a wife, to her husband, her children, and her home. The fair Portia will, I trust, now perceive, that a people who are every day losing their domestic habits, and the simplicity of their manners, will not be long distinguished for the purity of their morals.

I take this opportunity to apprise you, Messrs. Editors, of the failure of my hopes at the last fancy ball. I looked out for the fair Portia, but I am sure she was not there, for I should certainly have known her. I was attracted by a group of peasants, thinking I might find my object; but, what is very pretty and innocent in a Swiss peasant, appeared quite otherwise in a fine lady, so I marched off towards a pretty quakeress, who took my fancy wonderfully. But, alas! what was my horror at seeing her whirling about in a waltz with a partner whose whiskers would have frightened any woman with nerves less weak than the strings of a piano. In short, the whole evening was spent in alternate hopes and disap-

pointments. There was one there who I thought realized the dreams of my waking fancy, but she was “mortgaged,” as I overheard one young fellow say to another.

“For how much?” asked he.

“Her intended is worth two hundred thousand dollars!” replied the other.

“Upon my word,” thought I, “the young lady is mortgaged for a good round sum.”

Thus end all my hopes, unless—unless the fair Portia will condescend to unveil the glories of her face to my contemplation. If she refuses, it is a gone case. I have no other refuge but to go to Paris, and study good eating; or stay at home and rail at the extravagance of the sex till I am fifty years old, and then marry the greatest belle about town. Your obedient servant,

ADRIAN MELMOTH.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—Few things have lately occurred more unpleasant to my feelings, and more contrary to my opinions of propriety, than several strictures in your recent numbers upon whiskers, mustachios, ladies' dresses, and the various modes and fashions which, as we advance in civilisation, are becoming prevalent in this community. Your remarks are unquestionably flagrant outrages upon those rules of courtesy which ought always to exist among gentlemen. Both *pa* and *ma* are deeply offended at your audacious interference with our rights and privileges; and sisters declare they will cut your acquaintance. Pray, gentlemen, let me ask what business it is of yours if I please to wear whiskers and mustachios? Am I not a freeman? Am I not an American citizen? Have I not travelled all over the civilized world, and studied the fashions in Paris and London; and don't you suppose I know more than you about the proprieties of refined society? Is it for you to hold me up to public ridicule like a criminal, because I wear hair on my upper lip? Take the advice of a friend, and confine yourselves to metaphysical subjects; tell stories of broken-hearted young men, and ladies sick with the misery of unrequited passion; criticize the play-actors, and review books; but let our mustachios alone, or, in spite of the law, expect—you understand me. Things have arrived at a pretty period, indeed, if the genteel portion of the young men of this metropolis must ask permission of editors of periodicals to make their toilet according to their own taste. Let me tell you I will dress as I please, and wear what I please, in defiance of you; and, so far from cutting off those impressive emblems of manliness, which you have presumed to condemn, I shall hereafter bestow additional pains upon their cultivation, and therein follow the example of Shakespeare, Milton, and other writers, almost as celebrated as yourselves. The mustachio is associated with much that is tender and beautiful in poetry and painting, and, by the beard of Mahomet, I will wear mine at the risk of my life.

“There is no power in the tongue of man
To move me from my purpose.”

In conclusion, I wish you distinctly to understand, that I shall consider any future remarks on the subject of whiskers as personal. Your quondam friend,
FIGHTING BOB.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—It appears to be quite the rage for distressed young ladies, under strict parental government, and forlorn old bachelors to make their complaints to you; now I put my confidence both in your inclination and abilities to advise your friends, and therefore I address you without hesitation. I wish to know what your correspondent, Adrian Melmoth meant by speaking so irreverently of us young ladies? Even daring to assert that it was a dangerous thing for a young man of domestic habits to think of entrusting his happiness to any of the New-York belles of the present age? Really I am surprised that you would countenance such heretical opinions; so far is it from the truth, that I think the greatest risk is on the lady's side, in most matrimonial engagements—*she* has the most to fear, for when once *her* affections are fixed, they remain firm. 'Tis not an idle tale of romance, that when woman loves, *it is forever*. She is by nature formed to be the charm of the domestic circle, and a refined education can only tend to fit her more eminently for the duties of wife and mother. But do not mistake me—I do not pretend to deny that a *false education* may destroy all the refinement that naturally exists in the female breast, and render her completely unworthy, and unprepared to perform the proper duties of a woman. Indeed most of our fashionable girls have been educated improperly; either mammae are too ambitious in their plans, or the daughters are too pretty, and become spoiled before they are scarcely fourteen; there are many such, and far more to be pitied than despised. Still, Messrs. Editors,

I think your correspondent might have had some charity for us, and not condemn the whole sex in toto. I could tell you of *some*—bright, radiant girls; so pure in heart, so unaffected in manners, and withal so devoted in their feelings, that I know not one among you "lords of the creation" worthy to possess their love. Tell Mr. Melmoth for me that he need not go to a fancy ball, nor to any other ball, for a wife, but let him look around among the circle of his acquaintances for some pretty modest creature, and I'll venture to say (unless he is very fastidious) that he will soon become a perfect Benedict. Adieu. Your constant reader, MARY MEDDLER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—I have this moment received a package through the post-office, which cost me two dollars and seventy-five cents, from a gentleman with whom I have only a slight acquaintance, and on matters altogether relating to his own interests. As many persons residing abroad are guilty occasionally of the same liberty, I find the tax upon my purse rather burdensome, and therefore beg you will print this, that my worthy correspondents in the various parts of the United States may take the hint, and pay postage when they transmit me large packages exclusively affecting their own affairs. Some weeks ago a gentleman requested the loan of a manuscript poem, written by a departed friend, of which I was very choice, as it was of great beauty and rarity. Having business at Baltimore he carried my manuscript with him, and after having sufficiently amused himself with its contents, forwarded it to me by mail, enclosed in a letter of a few brief words of "gratitude" for my politeness, and I paid three dollars to the postman. Please, gentlemen, either give this abominable practice a suitable lashing in your paper, or print my unvarnished effusion for the benefit of myself and all similar victims to the carelessness or parsimony of their friends. Your obedient servant, L.

REMARKS.—We sincerely sympathize with our correspondent. No class of individuals is more exposed to similar impositions than editors. They affect us in various ways. We have to bear the postage of numerous letters, requesting the paper, but without enclosing the amount of the subscription, which, by the way, we never attend to. It also frequently happens that the requisite advance is enclosed, and only half the postage paid, a subterfuge which the penetrating eyes of the post-office clerks invariably detect, and for which we have to suffer. In addition to this we are honored with innumerable literary effusions from distant correspondents, and are continually compelled to pay from twelve-and-a-half to fifty cents for some cherished specimen of fancy, not worth so many farthings. For these wrongs we have no redress, but must go on patiently every day, contributing to the support of the post-office department, with to us a very disagreeable liberality, until our friends will take the trouble to reason a few moments upon the subject, and discover the great impropriety of taking such unwarranted liberties with our purse.—*Ede.*

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

TOO MUCH SUSCEPTIBILITY.

From unfinished memoranda.

"Soft effluvia, shooting through the brain—
Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

POOR Jacob Seymour had too much susceptibility. His heart was tenderness itself. It swelled up into his throat on the most trivial occasions. Unbidden tears were forever rising into his eyes; blushes continually overspread his cheeks; smiles, which he could not check, would beam out like sunshine over his face; his blood boiled with resentment at any incident which bore the remotest resemblance to an insult. Yet he yearned to love every body and every thing. All the world declared he was a good fellow; but he was entirely too susceptible.

He betrayed these traits of character even in his earliest boyhood. His heart seemed ever full to the brim, and the slightest touch shook it to overflowing. What was quite vexatious too, the very peculiarity in his constitution, which perpetually led him astray, rendered it almost impossible for him to bear the consequences. His father was frightened at the sensitiveness of his disposition. His mother loved him the more for it; especially when, after a frown from the former, he would come with his pale cheeks and little blue eyes so full of grief, and hide his face in her bosom.

At seven he was a delicate, fair-complexioned boy. Soft golden hair curled around a sweet girlish countenance. The ladies called him a perfect Cupid. At ten he had expanded into something more of masculine strength, and mama, after long struggles between her duty and feeling, at length consented

that he should be sent to boarding-school. Ye susceptible mothers and sons, imagine the parting! Jacob was left in the desolate loneliness of a strange place, with new faces about him. He went out among the crowd of young urchins engaged in their sports, and felt as if his heart would break. This made him wretched for a month, when he began to be interested in the circumstances around him.

At the age of thirteen, he was ordered to prepare for a public examination. He had intended to appropriate the evening previous, to the study of the only page in Euclid which he did not perfectly understand. He had just opened the book and commenced, as the line *a b* equals the line *c d*, &c. when his eyes rested accidentally on the blooming form and animated lovely face of his tutor's youngest daughter Mary. She had just reached her fourteenth year. A beautiful and dangerous object to sit by the side of a susceptible youth studying mathematics. It was summer, moonlight, and some how or other they were left to themselves.

The girl hummed a pleasant air, and Master Jacob drew near the window and forthwith struck into a second. Susceptible people are apt to love music. He forgot Euclid till it was too late for further study. The next day his examiner, as ill luck would have it, opened at the very problem which he had failed to learn. Jacob became confused—the class tittered; he was rebuked by the tutor and burst into tears.

The school was dismissed. The voices of his companions were heard from the broad green meadow which formed their play-ground. The tutor also had disappeared, and Jacob was seated gloomy and alone; his aching head bent down upon the desk, and his face covered from the light. He was brooding, poor fellow, over the disgrace he had suffered, and that too in the presence of Mary.

"I could have borne," thought he, "the ungenerous ridicule of the boys, and even the coldness of the master; but to be disgraced and laughed at before her! what must she think of me?" Tears flowed again at the thought, and he sobbed aloud, when an arm upon his shoulder, and a soft hand upon his, startled him from his sad meditations.

He looked up, and the same face which happened to be at that moment so vivid in his memory, was before him in reality. A slight moisture suffused her eyes, and swelled gradually into shining drops, which lay there like dew in the cups of blue flowers. A gleam of rapture thrilled through his soul.

Now, if any good-for-nothing mischievous reader, feels alarm lest I am going to work this up into a romantic story, I beg leave to disclaim any such intention. The girl regarded him merely as a pretty little boy, whereas she was a young lady of fourteen. She had observed the acuteness of his feelings, and knew the cause of his failure, and had now come out of pure pity to soothe him. She was indeed so totally unconscious of any other sentiments than those of a sister, that she even kissed his cheek, put back the curls from his forehead, and held his hand in hers while she proceeded to console him, in a low sweet voice which was perfect music in his ear, and sunk with a delightful feeling into his heart.

This is certainly a strange world, and incredible as it may seem to the wise men thereof, it is my opinion that at that particular moment not one of them, however learned and eloquent he might have been, could have calmed Jacob's troubled thoughts so effectually as did this simple maiden. His tears evaporated; he forgot the master, the rebuke, and the laughter; and when she bade him get up and go out to play, he submitted once more with astonishing resignation as she pressed her full lips upon his forehead, and obeyed her as if she had been a queen.

"I do not care for all the world," said he, as he walked down a little lane by a grove of oaks, whose foliage was touched with the last rays of the sun; and the balmy evening air fanned his cheek; "let my master scold me every day, and let the whole school laugh, if Mary will only come afterwards and tell me not to mind it."

Now the reader may imagine if Jacob's susceptibility caused him such acute sensations both of pain and pleasure, even before the subtle thoughts, interests, and passions of manhood were developed, what must have been his anguish when he mingled with the reckless and jarring throngs of the world in the more advanced stages of human life?

As he grew older his sensitiveness was not diminished; he continued alive to all the varying impressions of surrounding circumstances. He left off Latin and Greek because the master was too cross; he devoted himself assiduously to music and dancing, and was at length dismissed from the establishment, in consequence of a highly censurable circumstance. The authorities were informed that he did one day so tease Miss Helen Moore, by reading to her some verses which he

had composed on the subject of Cupid and Psyche, that she snatched the same from his hands; and, in the course of his endeavours to recover them, their lips did actually come so near to each other as to produce a sudden report, which awakened Mademoiselle De L'Orme, the French instructress, a maiden lady of nine and forty, who had been reposing in an adjoining apartment. Mademoiselle De L'Orme was petrified with horror; Helen was in an amazing passion, and poor Jacob was informed that his numerous similar offences had exhausted the patience of the trustees, and that he must pack up and begone.

Jacob had no sooner completed his twenty-first year than he found himself in possession of an independent fortune. One would have deemed him a happy man, endowed as he was with health, education, riches, talents, and an agreeable person. But he was so susceptible that his distresses were sometimes almost greater than he could bear. His unfortunate constitutional weakness displayed itself particularly in an extreme admiration of the diviner sex. The natural warmth of his heart led him to frequent indulgence in matrimonial reflections. He acknowledged that bachelorship was a lonely, inconvenient, and unsatisfactory state; but unfortunately he could never fix upon a suitable companion, but before the question was popped, the parties agreed, and the preliminaries arranged, her image was absolutely banished from his mind by that of some other yet more angelic. If a lady did but speak civilly to him, his heart was in a flame. The lovely Julia had gained his affections, as the phrase is, and it was understood that they were to make a match of it, when he accidentally met the enchanting Henrietta on board a steamboat going up to Albany. He was introduced to her as the boat was passing the state prison. Before they reached Yonkers he felt that his peace of mind was deeply involved, and he squeezed her hand—declared his passion, and vowed eternal constancy just opposite Anthony's Nose. She happened to be acquainted with his disposition, and respectfully rejected his addresses. His first impulse was to hang himself, and he actually walked out to take a last agonizing farewell of nature and to buy a rope, when he was encountered by two handsome witty profligate young men who railed at women and turned every idea of purity and affection into derision. They invited him to a Champagne supper, where he spent the night in riotous debauchery, and foreswore all womankind forever.

A month afterwards he married the daughter of a rich Dutch farmer, on Long Island, endorsed a note for a friend for twenty thousand dollars and became liable for the amount, and is at this moment residing in a wretched hovel, struggling from day to day for the means of sustenance, pining away under the effects of a tender attachment to his wife's youngest sister. D.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Encyclopædia Americana. Edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by E. Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford. vol. v. 8vo. pp. 622. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1831.

It would be almost superfluous for us to express approbation of this work, or of the manner in which its previous volumes have been conducted. The encyclopædias hitherto published have been unwieldy in their form, and too often intended for individuals already far advanced in scientific knowledge. The learned have used them as references, and superficial readers have soon become either wearied or perplexed with their abstruse and technical style. Mr. Lieber has very judiciously adapted his articles to the comprehension of the general scholar, without diminishing their value in the eyes of the more erudite.

The patrons of the Encyclopædia will lament the death of Dr. Godman, who was to have superintended the zoological department; but that gentleman himself designated Mr. T. G. Bradford as his successor.

We extract the article on Giants, both from its intrinsic interest and as a specimen of the work.

"Giants; a people of extraordinary stature. History, both sacred and profane, makes mention of giants. Nothing is more natural, in ages when the past and the future are connected together only by tradition, than that the height of a tall man should be exaggerated every year after his death. In the same way, a small person would dwindle into a dwarf or a pigmy. The effect which is produced by distance of time is also produced by distance of place, so that a nation of tall men, living on a distant shore, would become, in the tale of the mariner, a race of giants. Nations and individuals, in their childhood, love the miraculous; and any event which deviates from the common course of things, immedi-

ately becomes a wonder, on which poetry eagerly seizes; hence the cyclops and lastrigons of the ancients, and the ogres of romance. Instances, however, are by no means wanting, of uncommonly large persons, hardly needing the exaggeration of a lively imagination to make them objects of wonder. According to the Jewish traditions, a people existed before the deluge, of uncommon stature, called the *sons of God*. And at a much later period, when the Israelites sent spies into the land of promise, they brought back word that the sons of Anak, in Hebron, were giants, and that they themselves appeared like grasshoppers before them. The last of this tribe was Og, king of Bashan, conquered by Moses: he had a bedstead nine cubits long and four cubits broad. In the neighborhood of Jerusalem, a tomb was shown, for a long time after, with the inscription, *Here lies the giant Og*. In 1670, a tooth was said to have been found in this grave weighing four and a half pounds. The Jewish commentators make Goliath eleven feet high.

"The giants of Greek mythology are believed, by some, to represent the struggle of the elements of nature against the gods, that is, against the order of creation. They were said to have sprung from the blood of Cœlum, which fell into the lap of Terra (the earth.) Their mother, indignant at the banishment of the Titans into Tartarus, excited them to revolt against Jove. They hurled mountains and forests against Olympus, disdaining the lightnings of Jupiter. An oracle having declared that the gods could not conquer except by the assistance of a mortal, Minerva called Hercules to their aid. He slew Alcioneus and Porphyron, the most formidable of the giants. Apollo and Hercules shot out the eyes of Ephialtes; Bacchus slew Eurytus with his thyrsus; Hecate and Vulcan killed Clytus with clubs of hot iron; Neptune hurled a part of the island of Cos on Polybotes; Minerva buried Enceladus under the island of Sicily, and flayed Pallas, and made a shield of his skin. The remainder perished by the hands of other deities, by the thunderbolts of Jupiter or the arrows of Hercules. This fable, perhaps, indicates volcanic eruptions, for which the Phlegrean fields, where the chief scene of this struggle is placed, and where the two principal giants were born, were remarkable. Cos and Sicily, which figure in this fable, are also volcanic. Ovid has described the war of the giants in the beginning of his *Metamorphoses*.

"Strabo tells of the skeleton of Antæus, found in Mauritania, sixty cubits long. Pliny speaks of a skeleton forty-six cubits long, laid bare by an earthquake in Crete. In the battle between Marius and the Teutones, at Aquæ Sextiæ, the king of the latter, Theutobochus, is represented as a giant. In 1613, his skeleton was pretended to have been found in Upper Burgundy. A brick tomb was discovered, thirty feet long, twelve feet broad, and eight feet high, on which was the inscription *Theutobochus rex*. According to tradition, a skeleton was in the grave, twenty-five and a half feet long, ten across the shoulders, and five feet through, from the breast bone to the back bone. The thigh bones were four feet long. The bones, the story says, were finally carried to England, and it is not known what became of them. We have similar accounts in the sixteenth century. Thus Dalechamp pretended to have found a skeleton eighteen feet in length; Felix Plater, one of nineteen feet, near Lucerne; and Licetus, one in Sicily, thirty feet in length. But it has long been known that these bones do not belong to giants, but to animals of the primitive world, which, from ignorance of anatomy, were taken for human bones. The Guanches, the original inhabitants of the Canaries, were described by a credulous traveller as appearing to have been at least fifteen feet long, from an examination of their mummies. Similar accounts were given of the Patagonians; but Captain Carteret, who measured several of them, found that most of them were but from six feet to six feet five inches high. The measurements of Wallis agree with this. The ordinary height of men is between five and six feet, and the greatest deviations from this medium height, in Europe, are found in England and Switzerland. Frederick William I, of Prussia, had such a rage for collecting tall men as guards, that a man of extraordinary height could not escape being made a soldier, whatever was his profession; and it is related that Augustus, king of Poland, a man of good stature, could only reach the chin of the tallest man of the Prussian guards with his hand."

The *Encyclopædia* is neatly printed and will be an addition to any library, as ornamental as it is useful.

Maxwell, a Tale of the Middle Ranks. 2v. 12mo. pp. 257 and 239. J. & J. Harper. New-York. 1831.

This book will compare favorably with almost any of our modern novels. Scott is of course out of the question; but among the rest of the tribe who deluge the press with their two duodecimos a year, there are few of as much talents as

Theodore Hook. He has not, to be sure, Cooper's eminent powers of description, nor Bulwer's splendid declamation, but is far before them in easy graceful trifling, and a sparkling, if not always a pure or deep stream of wit. What a contrast, for instance, between some of the scenes in *Sayings and Doings* and the heavy attempts at drollery of Alderman Van Beverout, or the gaudy glitter of Pelham! Hook's talent is perhaps rather peculiar than high. He excels in acute if not deep observation, in a keen sense of the ridiculous, and in good-humored satire of the thousand little foibles of which we are all guilty ourselves, yet which we delight so much to laugh at in others. He has fancy, but not imagination, and nothing of the fervent poetical temperament. He never shows much romantic feeling, and cannot sentimentalize with a good grace. He mingles in the real world, and satirizes our every-day actions. Drawing his subjects in this way from around him, his stories are seldom extravagant, and his characters seem fresh from the stage of real life. Were we called upon to make a choice, we should decidedly prefer *Sayings and Doings* to the present production. They have more of our author's peculiar spirit, and are written with less effort. The characters too in the volumes before us, are not strongly enough marked to fix the reader's attention. At the same time it is just what its title page calls it, 'a tale of the middle ranks.' There is nothing inconsistent or extravagant in its incidents; a marriage of interest, an unfortunate and ruinous speculation, and a dishonest son-in-law, are no unusual occurrences, though to be sure, the resuscitation of a culprit unjustly executed, and the eternal passion which Maxwell conceives for a young lady whom he happens to meet once or twice in the street, and who, after the proper allowance of anxiety, turns out to be the daughter of his father's best friend, are rather out of the ordinary course of events. As a whole, however, the tone of this work is easy and natural, its style unpretending, and its story highly interesting.

Marshall's View of London, condensed and arranged in a brief and accurate manner, giving a description of the public buildings, churches, monuments, works of art, bridges, squares, &c. with a concise account of the general outlines of the metropolis of London, its extent and locality, population, climate, &c. illustrated with six views. Peabody New-York. 1831.

Let any reader take a long breath and go through the above title, and then imagine the work which is to be introduced to his attention. Would he not expect something in folio, which he has to place upon his knees and grasp with both hands? The "View of London" happens to be a very different affair. It is emphatically a *humbug*, consisting of four leaves, on which are one page of letter press and three of plates. The latter have been exhibited at the windows of print-shops any time these fifty years. We are informed by this (as Pedro in *Cinderella* would say,) "most extensive and tremendous" volume, that "at Crockford's celebrated gambling-house, the net profits for one season were one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A million of money is said to have changed hands in one night." Our quotations should be longer, only there is nothing else to quote. We regret to see our little friend Peabody getting into such bad practices. The book should have been termed pictures for children, price one penny; and we suspect even then that principles of economy would have prevailed, in many instances, over parental affection.

The Spirit of the Annals, for the year 1831. Philadelphia. F. Little. 18mo. pp. 467.

Although this work appears before the public in a neat form, and is of a moderate size, it does not answer the expectations which naturally arise on opening a volume which professes to contain the "Spirit of the Annals." Notwithstanding the opinion of Newton, that by some chemical action of the elements the whole globe might be condensed within the compass of a nut-shell, we did not anticipate that the vast quantity of Annals, Souvenirs, Bijoux, Carcanets, Gems, Talismans, Keepsakes, &c. &c. would not have produced sufficient valuable matter to eke out the pages of at least one small octodecimo. Yet this we are led to infer by the editor of the Spirit of the Annals, as much of it still smacks strongly of the trashy character peculiar to the originals. The compilation, which appears to have been made from the British gift-books, might have been decidedly improved by admitting pieces from American pens to the exclusion of certain effusions rather remarkable for dullness than beauty. The delightful sketches of Miss Mitford, however, nearly repay one for the price of the volume; and Theodore Hook's story, entitled the Brighton Coach, is arch, interesting, and amusing to the end.

As we do not remember to have seen the annexed touching little poem copied into any of the American prints, we give it a place, although it is by no means equal to the prose of Washington Irving on the same subject.

A TALE OF A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MISS JEWELL.

I sat in a village church-yard,
One day when work was done,
And many a green and lowly grave
Looked bright in the setting sun;
And distant cottages peeped through
The branches of the church-yard yew.

I sat among the sleepers,
(Sleep any like the dead?)
Thinking how soon I might be called
To rest in such a bed;
With wild flowers o'er me growing gay,
And children laughing at their play.

'Twas thus that I sat musing
In the quiet eventide,
When a sudden sound of chariot-wheels
Came from the hamlet side;
I paused—but had not long to wait,
They stopped close by the church-yard gate.

And forth stepped from the chariot
A man in middle life,
With something in his air that told
Of travel, toil, and strife;
And a gleam of passion in his eye
That spoke him not yet fit to die.

And there came with the stranger
The sexton, sad and bowed,
A meek old man, whose locks were white
As is a summer cloud;
They were a crown of light to him
And sanctified his visage dim.

To a grave bound o'er with osier
And unmarked by a stone,
He led the traveller, like a child
That fears to walk alone:
"The grave your honor wished to see
Is lying at your feet," said he.

"God rest thy soul, poor Ellen!"
And with a faltering hand
The old man plucked a weed that grew
From out the osier-band—
And he who in the chariot came
Fell on his knees and did the same.

"Poor Ellen!" said the sexton,
"The parish laid her here,
We little thought that one like you
Would give her grave a tear.
It may be that some time or other
She was your servant?"—"No—MY MOTHER!"

"My mother!"—and the stranger
With these words bowed his head,
And wept aloud upon the turf,
And called upon the dead:
The sexton quietly withdrew:
But I was hidden by the yew,
And heard the words I'll tell ye true.

"Would thou wert back, my mother!
For I never knew thy worth,
Till I had wandered far and long
Upon this weary earth—
Till I had lived full half my span,
And grown a melancholy man!"

"I thought thee harsh and wayward,
Too often, when a boy!
Alas, I never knew how small
Thy share of earthly joy!
The pangs and fears that wrung thy breast,
When I was safely laid to rest.

"Our fare was hard and scanty,
And I with murmurs ate,
Whilst thou, though born to riches vast,
In hunger silent sate;—
It was thy hand that earned our crust,
And now—that blessed hand is dust!"

"I am grown rich, my mother;
I have done deeds of fame;
And thought to make thee now forget
My boyhood's blight and shame;
I come—and spoils of land and sea
Can only deck a grave for thee!"

"Yes—I will build with marble,
And gild with gold thy tomb;
But wert thou in that lowly cot
Amongst the wall-flowers' bloom,—
The very cot I once disdained—
How much of heaven on earth were gained!"

"I thought thee cold, my mother,
Till other love I won,
And then I found that all, to thine,
Was starlight to the sun!
If e'er it passed a cloud of blame,
Its inner glory beamed the same.

"I have been at the revel
In lordly halls at night,
And lovely eyes have on me shone
With youthful, flashing light;
But unto memory more divine
Those pale, meek, weeping ones of thine!"

"Would thou wert back, my mother!
My youth was vain and wild,
But I would kneel before thee now,
A gray-haired, lowly child,
That from its spirit shakes the dust,
And only longs to love and trust!"

And far more said the weeper,
And beat his breast the while,
Confessing to the ear of heaven
His early course of guilt;
Until I deemed it wrong to stay,
And from the church-yard took my way.

O thou! that mayst be reading
This simple tale of mine,
If yet thou hast a mother's heart,
To be a guide to thine—
Cherish her—lest too late to save,
Thou weep in madness o'er her grave!"

We must not forget to mention that the volume is embellished with a pretty frontispiece, engraved by J. Sartain, from a painting by H. Richter, and that the typography is tolerably decent.

The Family Dyer and Scourer; being a complete treatise on the art of dying and cleaning every article of dress, bed and window furniture, silk bonnets, feathers, &c., whether made of flax, silk, cotton, wool, or hair; also carpets, counterpanes, and hearth-rugs. Ensuring a saving of eighty per cent. By William Tucker. From the fourth London edition. 12mo. pp. 180. Philadelphia. E. L. Carey & A. Hart. 1831.

There is much sententious eloquence in Mr. Tucker's idea of saving eighty per cent. Such a proceeding is undoubtedly a desideratum, and if the "Family Dyer and Scourer" really redeems the pledge advanced in the title page, it would be almost superfluous for us to solicit for it the patronage of the public; at least of that portion who have had occasion to be struck with the idea that money is more easily spent than obtained, and we apprehend this comprises a pretty large majority. It is true that authors sometimes entertain peculiar opinions of their own works; and although we avow a most profound respect for that class of our fellow-creatures whom the contingencies of life have driven to such a precarious and unhappy trade, yet we do not always take for granted the truth of what they say of themselves. The present volume is, however, introduced to the American reader in a very favorable manner, having previously run through four London editions. Although no adepts in the mysteries of carpets, counterpanes, and hearth-rugs, the *eighty per cent.* makes a strong impression, and induces us to extract a sample that the curious may test its value by experiments of their own. The following purports to be a method for cleaning white satins:

"French chalk must be strewed over them, and then well brushed off with a hard brush. Should the satin not be sufficiently cleaned by the first dusting, it may be done a second time, and it will both clean and beautify the satin. The more it is brushed the better."

The author asserts that his recipes and instructions are the result of his own experience, apologizes for and seems to apprehend that some disagreeable consequences will arise from his thus exposing what have been termed the secrets of his trade. Public sympathy must certainly await one who, although he must have recollected the fate of Morgan, has nevertheless ventured upon such a daring enterprise. This free-masonry among the dyers is quite romantic; and we hope that the peril he dares in order to enlighten ladies upon the art of "taking out spots of paint," and "extracting grease from colored muslin," will insure to the "Family Dyer and Scourer" an extensive circulation!

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MASTER BURKE.

THIS bright little star has risen again in our theatrical heaven. As usual, crowds throng to gaze, admire, and wonder, and the *Burke mania* rages as violently as ever. He struts about in Richard with a ludicrous, and yet beautiful mimicry of manhood. True there is something unnatural in the disproportion between his boyish form and "red face," and the air of matured reflection which pervades his representation; still, however predetermined you may be against persons professing to be precocious prodigies, you find yourself involuntarily delighted. The regular stage walk—the finished attitudes—the haughty folding of the arms—the earnest expression of the face, are at once interesting and amusing. The common interrogation in relation to Burke is, whether his playing is natural or artificial? Is he organized with greater powers of conception than others, or is it only that the faculties requisite to form a player have in him been prematurely developed? Does he entirely understand what he speaks, and would he personate an original character as well as he sustains Richard, Dennis Bulgruddery, &c.? It is apparent that the boy owes his success to the blended influence of nature and education. He must have been originally blessed with a fine organization, and a great facility in learning and in imitating, and these have been well applied and his faculties concentrated upon one subject; but we believe there are lads in this city whom the same education would have rendered equally renowned. A bright, healthy, spirited boy is capable of more than is generally imagined. We remember a child of six years old in an academy in this city who solved in his mind, and in a manner which evinced a perfect understanding of them, problems in arithmetic which might puzzle any intelligent man not accustomed to mental calculation. The same boy spoke both Spanish and English accurately, and was an admirable geographer. We do not wish to detract from the great merit of Master Burke, but only to place his claims for admiration in their true light. He is no prodigy. He is a very charming and intelligent boy, the treasures of whose mind have been highly cultivated and publicly displayed. F.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FIRSTLING OF THE FLOCK.

To my friend, Alaric A. Watts, Esq.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

It was, in sooth, a lonely hour
Which gave thy firstling to the dust,
A perished, but unfolded flower,
Consigned to death in hope and trust!
It was an hour to bid the spring
Of deep and anguished thought go free,
To fetter joy's beguiling wing,
And check his siren melody.
For then, before each parent's eye,
Slept on the dark and lonely bier
The loved, with passion wild and high,
The hope of manhood's stormy year:
There lay the fair illumined face,
Whence scarce the smile of youth had flown;
There lingered yet the nameless grace,
Which sweetened life in moments gone!
How many hopes were clouded there—
How many gladsome rays were hid,
Sweeter than all in earth or air,
Beneath the veil'd and drooping lid!
The glance that wakening love revealed—
That told of childhood's earnest glee—
By death's remorseless hand concealed,
On time's dull waste no more to be!
And yet, methinks, a solemn joy
Might stir thy heart, and fire thine eye
When gazing on that faded boy—
The lost on earth, the found on high!
Something that breathed of sinless hours,
Of soft and ever-sunny skies,
That glitter o'er the vernal bowers
Of an eternal paradise.
Oh, why should love the perished mourn?
They slumber on a peaceful bed;
And unto heaven's eternal morn
Their spirit wings in light are led:
There come no cares the brow to dim,
No tears to fill the cloudless eye;
But joy, that prompts each cherub-hymn,
Broods o'er those dwellers of the sky!

SONNET-TO ***

BY IOLANTE.

Oh chase that dusky shadow from thy brow,
My own beloved one, though a threat'ning cloud
Thou wanderest on with painful steps and slow,
Yet thou dost bear a soul too high and proud
To be by earthly suffering crushed and bowed.
Bear up awhile: e'en as from every blow
That felled the fabled Titan to the earth
He rose with strength redoubled to the strife,
So shalt thou find thy very griefs give birth
To strength sufficient for the ills of life;
Thou'lt stand unblenched mid passion's fearful war,
Then let not sorrow now thy soul's bright sunshine mar.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The late robbery.—Since the good honest times described by the grave and dignified Deiderich Knickerbocker, when the old Dutch ladies durst not go to the pump for water without first setting down their pails, and peeping round the corner to see if the British army was not at hand, the city has not been in such commotion as has prevailed since the late audacious bank robbery. The sensation was universal and startling. The usual method of salutation between friend and friend, "Good morning, sir; fine weather," was exchanged for "Any news of the bank robbers?" It was the topic of conversation in every place—at every time. The other evening while Mr. Jones, as the Prince in Cinderella, was singing "Brightly gleaming," a voice in the second tier was distinctly heard to say, "Two hundred and eighty thousand besides six thousand dollars in gold!"

As the affair became more fully disclosed, all eyes were turned impatiently upon the high constable. He was an object of universal interest and admiration. The ever-watchful guardian of the city's purity, who was supposed to carry about in his head a map of every hole, nook, and corner of the town, besides an accurate list not only of every man who had departed from the straight path, but of all whose virtuous minds were wavering, and whose morals were on the decline, was now expected to sustain his reputation by some sudden and miraculous display. People looked anxiously into his well-known countenance, as he walked through the streets with his arms crossed contemplatively on his back, and all the thousand various narrations of the affair wound

up with "Well, no matter—old Hays will catch him!"—"But where has the thief gone?" was asked; "to Philadelphia, Boston, Liverpool, or Calcutta? or does he remain quietly in the city, sheltered beneath fine clothes and a good character, even from suspicion?" The excitement at length rose to its highest pitch. If a five dollar note was presented to a shopkeeper, he looked grave and scrutinizing upon the countenance and habiliments of his customer. The ten thousand dollars reward was worth a little extra ingenuity: and an innocent person who offered a hundred dollar bill to be changed was apprehended, and underwent a strict examination. The selfish interests of mankind, indeed, prevailed to so great a degree, that it is reported of an individual strongly addicted to poetry, but never before suspected of money, that having taken out a two-shilling piece to buy some peanuts, the high constable, who happened to be passing at the moment, fixed his eyes upon him in an awful manner, and desired to know the reason of his embarking in such extraordinary indulgences!

We claim the sympathies of our readers, however, for the gentleman who was so unfortunate as to be the real perpetrator of the deed; with two or three hundred thousand dollars in his trunk and a whole city, nay, a whole nation, like a pack of full-blooded hounds close at his heels, yet hoping that they would lose the scent and pass off in the distance. But old Hays knew what he was about. What would folks who have long entertained opinions unfavorable to the manner in which this trusty officer executes his duty so effectually—what would they have said, had they witnessed the interview between the two gentlemen, namely, himself and Mr. Smith, which led to the disclosure? The latter is said to be social in his habits; but it is shrewdly suspected, that however much he admired Mr. Hays's private character and manners, he experienced some unpleasant sensations on seeing him enter his chamber at the "very witching time of night." Ye painters, immortalize yourselves by the sketch. Ye poets and poetesses, whose names deck the annals of this great metropolis, seize the heavenly lyre and strike the trembling chords!

"We meet again at Philippi," said Cæsar's ghost to Brutus. "Whose trunks are those?" said Mr. Hays to Mr. Smith, and at that identical moment, as every honest lady and gentleman in town well knows, a sudden clap of thunder shook the earth and heavens, and a deluge of rain like unto a cataract, did pour down upon this wicked city, and roll foaming and tumbling along the gutters, whereby the intimacy of the high constable with improper persons came to be apparent.

Newark.—The New-Jersey Eagle, in an article advertising to the rapid growth of that town, anticipates, in the spring, an increase of population to the amount of a thousand. They are constructing edifices there with great industry. A contract has been entered into by some architect of more than ordinary enterprise, for the erection of a large brick building, to be ready for occupation in ten days after the laying of the foundation, under a heavy penalty for every day the owner is kept out after that time. The New-Yorkers and Philadelphians must look about them, or they will have a rival in our little New-Jersey friend; just as we have seen two brilliant belles unexpectedly half-eclipsed by the unpretending charms of a younger sister. The Eagle winds up the article with the following demure and judicious counsel to the new comers:

"We here witness the results of mechanical industry and enterprise—for it is to these we owe our prosperity. And if people are coming to Newark with an expectation of living easier or growing rich faster here than in other places, without using the proper means, they will find themselves wofully mistaken. They must not only be industrious and enterprising as others have been who have grown wealthy, but their industry must be turned to the best possible advantage, and the most rigid economy must be practised in every department of their business and family concerns, otherwise we shall soon find some of their names swelling the list of our insolvents."

We would wager the first year's rent of the new brick house that this same editor of the Eagle is a very sensible man.

The reward.—Mr. Henry Bangs, of this city, has published a statement, by which it appears that he is entitled to the reward of ten thousand dollars offered by the City bank for the apprehension of the robber and the recovery of the money. Smith put up at a boarding-house kept by Mr. Bangs, and by a course of conduct exactly calculated to arouse suspicion, induced him to communicate the fact to Mr. Hays, who, on that information, succeeded in arresting him. There is a mysterious third person in the transaction, of whom we hope to hear soon. It is fully evident that Smith had an associate in the perpetration of the robbery.

MAY THY LOT IN LIFE BE HAPPY.

A BALLAD SUNG BY MISS TREE—COMPOSED BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.

Andante Semplice.

May thy lot in life be hap-py, un-dis-turb'd by thoughts of me, The God who shel-ters in-no-cence, thy guard and guide will be; Thy heart will lose the chill-ing sense of hope-less love at last, And the sun-shine of the fu-ture chase the sha-dows of the past. May thy lot in life be hap-py, un-dis-turb'd by thoughts of me, The God who shel-ters in-no-cence thy guard and guide will be.

SECOND VERSE.

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend,
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;
With worldly smiles, and worldly words, I could not pass thee by
Nor turn from thee unfeeling with cold averted eye.

THIRD VERSE.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy thought;
No! blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturb'd by thoughts of me.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.
NUMBER VIII.

A CHAPTER ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

WHOSOEVER has black frizzly hair and beard, will put his barber to much trouble, and will be liable to scratch his head often, unless he makes great use of a comb.

He who has a low forehead, full of wrinkles, will look like a monkey, ten to one.

He who has a high forehead, will have his eyes under it, and live all the days of his life. This is infallible.

Those who have little or no noses, will chance to look like death's heads while living. They will scarcely ever be detected in sneezing, because it will puzzle them to take snuff.

A great mouth from ear to ear signifies much foam and no bridle. These are not hard mouthed but all mouth.

A little mouth, drawn up like a purse, denotes darkness within, and hides a bad set of teeth.

He that has great hands will have large fingers; and if he strike hard, it will fall heavy.

Sparkling eyes will be almost certain to shine.

Whenever you see a man that has but one eye, you may certainly conclude he has lost the other.

Those who squint will put others to much trouble to decide which way they look.

Left-handed men are very ignorant, for it seems they don't know their right hand from their left; since the one has the office, the other the place.

Never have anything to do with a crooked man, for he can never be upright so long as he goes bowing.

CHAPTER OF DIVINATION AND ASTROLOGY.

Much rain is a sign of wet weather.

When the moon is in *Pisces* she is keeping lent; she will decrease, and lanterns will be carried about at night.

Whenever the moon is in *Taurus*, there is no doubt but that the sun will rise in the morning.

Jupiter in *Libra* looks like a grocer weighing with false scales, and denotes there will be summer and winter that year.

Venus in *Gemini* denotes that coquettes will not be satisfied with less than two admirers.

Mercury in *Leo* foreshows distempers in those that eat abundance of melons and cucumbers, and that the sick will die if they send for a physician.

The moon in the *dragon's head* signifies the dragon has a head.

The full moon signifies she can hold no more, and this may be reckoned for certain.

An eclipse of the sun denotes that it will be dark while it lasts, that astrologers will tell abundance of lies, and fools will believe and mighty men will dread.

A blazing star foretells that abundance of people of all sorts will be looking at it; and if it be fiery, all the princes will die that year who cannot live till the next.

A CHAPTER OF OMENS.

If you are going to buy a thing, and when you should pay for it, cannot find your purse, it is the worst thing that can happen, and unlucky for your marketing.

If you are going to fight, and drop your sword, it is much better than if you had dropped off; but if you happen to drop it when you are fighting, and your head is broken, the omen is bad for you, but good for the surgeon.

Friday is an unlucky day for those who travel a-foot without money, and for those who are hanged.

If you happen to spill the salt, to prevent the ill omen take it up and eat your dinner; or if you will not, rise presently from table, and eat nothing that day, which is the way to fulfill the omen, it being no small misfortune to fast.

All those are unlucky days and unfortunate hours to them on which a constable seizes a criminal, a bailiff arrests a debtor, a gamester draws in a dupe, a great man discovers a flatterer, and a coquette ensnares a young man.

A CHAPTER OF HOW THINGS ARE TO BE DONE, AND ON WHAT DAYS THEY MAY PROVE FORTUNATE.

Sunday the sun rules. It is a good day to sponge for a dinner, and it does no harm though it is better than ordinary: for, according to Galen and Hippocrates, surfeits that cost nothing are not dangerous.

On *Monday* buy all that you can meet with at an under price, or very good, and take what is to be had for nothing.

On *Tuesday* receive all that is given to you, without once excusing yourself or drawing back, for it is Mars' day; and he will look upon you with an ill aspect if you should refuse the first offer, and not have a second.

On *Wednesday* ask of every body you meet, and perhaps Mercury may give some one vanity enough to grant you something.

Thursday is a good day to believe nothing that flatterers say. *Friday* is a proper day to shun a creditor, an arrest, or any one that would sponge upon you for a dinner.

Saturday is as convenient a day as any to lie abed in the morning, to walk at your ease, to eat a hot dinner, to talk at pleasure, to wear good clothes and easy shoes, because Saturn is old and loves ease.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE FIRST SWALLOW.

BY WILLIAM P. PALMER.

AND is it thy glad notes I hear,
Fond bird of restless wing,
Rejoicing on the southern gale,
At this sweet hour of spring?
Welcome to all thy former haunts
In vernal beauty drest,
And to my quiet cottage eaves,
Where hangs thy sheltered nest:
But not as thou didst leave its home,
Ere winter chilled the year—
Ah, no; the reckless winds have held
Their mighty revels there;
And they have strown its airy down
O'er nature's budding scenes;
But thou canst soon repair the wrong,
Nor shalt thou lack the means.
We have been grieved, fond social bird,
At thy protracted stay,
And sighed that one we loved so well,
Should linger thus away:
But there were hearts in that far clime
To whom thy note was dear,
And therefore we may chide thee less—
In friendship, who's severe?
Thrice welcome back from southern lands,
To this sweet vale of ours,
Glad harbinger of summer's smiles,
Her music and her flowers!
Even while I list thy first spring note,
Gay fancy wakes the throng;
I catch the scented gales of June,
The reaper's twilight song.
I owe thee much, and well my heart
Its gratitude shall prove,
For thou hast taught me many a theme
Of patience and of love.
Then rove at will my small demesne,
In thy wild joyance free,
And take whatever thou fanciest,
I give it unto thee:
The bright expanse of yon fair lake,
In all its silvery sheen,
The clear depths of the stilly air,
Hill-slope and valley green—
And more than all, my cottage eaves,
To thee, sweet bird, belong—
Here mayest thou pass thy peaceful life
Of sunshine and of song!

ORIGINAL TALES.

IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

A FAMILIAR SKETCH.

"I HAVE heard a great deal of your boys, Mr. Murray," said a lady to an affectionate father, as she called on a brief visit to his family; "you must favor me with their company a little while."

As she spoke the door opened, and the nurse introduced two lads, of about six and seven. After divers exclamations of admiration, affection, and delight; after she had kissed their lips, shaken their hands, put back the hair from their foreheads, asked them their names, and gone through all the other preliminaries usual on such occasions, Mr. Murray, with the true father's feeling, commenced the display of their respective talents.

"Come, Charles," he said to the youngest, "stand out upon the floor, my son, and speak your piece. Now, hold up your head, turn out your toes, and begin."

Charles seemed by no means abashed, and obeyed without hesitation. He took his stand with fearless confidence, stretched his hand boldly forth, and shouted out,

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers!"

with real school-boy grace, affording innumerable and most satisfactory evidences that he had not the most distant idea of the meaning of a single word he uttered. When the elegant specimen of elocution was finished, he scraped his foot on the carpet, performed an energetic movement of the head and body, intended for a bow, and walked up to the visitor with an air of gratified pride. She was, of course, astonished

and enraptured; kissed him six times, and said she hoped to see him a bishop or a member of congress one of these days.

"Now, Henry," said Mr. Murray, "let us see what you can do. Don't be afraid, my boy. Show Mrs. Jackson that you can speak as well as your brother."

Henry shrunk away behind his father's chair, and when placed by him gently on the floor, in the full gaze of the company, hung his head, twirled his buttons, looked down, and said not a word. The more they persuaded, the less capable he appeared of venturing upon the task, until the clouds upon his countenance gave such signs of an approaching shower, that the lady was fain to beg that he might be excused. The father piqued himself upon being a disciplinarian. "My children must obey me," was his motto; and, as he himself had, without any sort of talent, and a very slender stock of learning, succeeded in business by dint of always pushing a-head, taking care of himself, undertaking whatever came in his way, and never losing advantage for want of asking, he looked upon the timidity of his elder son as mere obstinacy, which could only be eradicated by the most rigid and uniform severity.

Henry was, therefore, startled by an angry command to obey or leave the room; a flood of tears was the consequence, and the little delinquent, sobbing as if his heart would break, was ordered up stairs to his apartment, while the successful orator was loaded with praises and congratulations.

In the course of time the kind, but mistaken father, was gathered to the church-yard. Although while living the income of his business had been sufficient for the support of his family, it was soon found that the two young men, now arrived at the age of fourteen and fifteen, must depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood, and the executor of his will resolved that one should enter the navy and the other pursue a profession.

"Come here, my poor boys," he said to them a few weeks after the loss of their father, "which of you is willing to turn sailor? I have the means of obtaining a midshipman's warrant for one, and the other shall enter the office of my friend Mr. L., and I hope distinguish himself as a member of the bar."

Henry looked timidly up and said nothing.

"I'll be the lawyer," said Charles.

"But I am afraid, Charles," said the guardian, "you have no tact that way. Henry is studious, and much better calculated to acquire and retain a knowledge of that arduous profession; and you are just bold and saucy enough to push your way along among strangers."

Although Henry had every reason to know that his brother was totally destitute of capacity to study, write, or speak, as he himself had composed nearly all the school compositions for both, yet he only said,

"I fear I should never succeed in any thing which requires either talent or great study; and to rise with the purpose of addressing an assemblage would take away my breath."

"As you please," said the guardian, and Henry was shortly afterwards cutting the ocean for the Mediterranean; and Charles stationed in the office of an eminent counsellor, with the appalling medley of "Tidd's Practice" staring him in the face.

The young officer on board the ship soon made friends; but he also encountered enemies. His quiet and unobtrusive manners rendered him often the subject of derision, which was increased by the care with which he avoided giving offence, and the good nature he displayed under the cruel jests of his companions. Encouraged by the apparent weakness of his disposition, one of them uttered in his presence a remark so glaringly insulting that his modesty was forgotten, and he knocked the bully down. A duel was the consequence, in which his antagonist was shot through the arm. The captain complained to the secretary of the navy, and the names of the offenders were erased from the rolls. With neither money nor profession, Henry returned to the city of his birth, and found his brother presiding as chairman in a political meeting. He had been recently admitted to practice, and was soon after appointed to several lucrative offices, which brought him in a good income.

"Bless my soul," said he, "what's to be done for Henry? You must go to Washington, and apply to be reinstated. Whom do you know in this city?"

"Nobody," answered Henry.

"What friends have you on board the ship, and among the navy officers generally?"

"None," answered Charles. "I have never sought the acquaintance of the powerful, either there or here. My confidential friend is as young and friendless as I am."

"You must write yourself, then, to the secretary."

Henry did so. He explained how he had been absolutely driven to the course which he had pursued, and respectfully requested that he might be permitted to resume his station.

A brief, cool reply, in the hand of a clerk, was received in answer, informing him that it was utterly impossible to move any more in the affair.

"I'm a ruined man," said he, on reading the letter.

"You're a fool," said his brother. "PU go to Washington. The secretary shall reinstate you, or I will know the reason."

"He is mad," thought poor Henry, as his brother bade him good-by, and stepped on board the steam-boat.

But Charles was not mad. He had procured letters from politicians; a strongly contested election was approaching; his name was known as an active and rather influential man. He stood up boldly before the secretary, handed his letters, and said,

"He must be reinstated, Mr. Secretary. I have set my heart upon it."

"It shall be done," Mr. Murray. And it was done.

They had now reached an age when people fall in love, of course. They were both well made, well spoken, and very genteel young men.

"I wish you to look over my books, Mr. Scott," said Charles one day to a fine-looking old gentleman, with silvery locks, whose carriage during his brief visit stood at the door; "you see my expenditures—here is my income. I am a business man, a thriving man, and," laying his hand on his bosom, "a man of honor. I love your daughter, Mr. Scott; and I have never perceived that the young lady was particularly unfriendly to me. There is no doubt that — will go in for president; and here is a letter from him, which you are at liberty, in the strictest confidence, to read."

The father took a pinch of snuff, drew out from his pocket a pair of spectacles, placed them astride his nose, and examined the book and letter with great attention. He was a grave man, and business to the very core of his heart. He did not smile, but a placid contentment half lighted his time-stamped countenance, and gave a sort of grace even to the wrinkles on his forehead. Charles thought he looked beautiful.

"What say you, Mr. Scott?"

"I have nothing to say upon these subjects," he answered.

"I leave the whole affair entirely to Henrietta."

"I shall see you again soon, my dear friend," said Charles, squeezing the old gentleman's hand with a tender pressure, as if his thoughts were wandering away to some other subject.

"The sooner the better," said Mr. Scott, as he stepped into the carriage.

That very night Henry stood at the door of a splendid mansion, with a hand that almost trembled as it touched the bell. Strange what could weaken with a tremulous feeling one so familiar with the dangers of the stormy sea, and whose soul only gathered strength, daring, and calmness as perils multiplied around it. He was now, however, arrayed with something of taste. Nothing is better calculated to set off a genteel form than the uniform worn by the officers of the navy. His fine features, embrowned with manly beauty—his dark and animated eye, and sweet voice, were all well enough in the gaze of a young lady, perfectly guileless, affectionate, open-hearted, and for whom it was just as natural to fall in love, as it is for the rose-bud to unfold its leaves. Such a one the youth had now come to visit. He had known her before he went to sea, as a dear little girl whom he kissed whenever he pleased, for she was but a child. Now she had undergone beautiful transformations. Time had been busy in disclosing a thousand charms of mind and person; and as they resumed their acquaintance the familiarities of friendship gradually dissolved into the subtle tenderness of lovers. As they met this evening, those acquainted with the mysterious affinities of the human heart, and the manner in which feelings, which they strive to conceal, betray themselves, would have noted the particular kindness which appeared more in the manner than the words of both.

"Your brother Charles is in the next room," said Henrietta, "and has been closeted with my father for an hour."

But perhaps the reader will more clearly comprehend what I would reveal by an extract from a letter written by Henry, to a friend in the Mediterranean, the very evening above alluded to:

"It is now exactly midnight. The last peal of a neighboring clock is just dying away upon the air of one of the most delicious nights that ever made earth seem like heaven. The moonlight is splendid. All around is silent, and the beautiful deserted streets show like fairy-land. I have seen Henrietta again and again since I wrote you last, and every time has plunged me (why should I deny it?) more deeply in love. I never before knew the weakness of my resolution, nor the great, the overwhelming force of my feelings. You know I am generally distant, reserved, critical, and philosophical. I look on women as I do on paintings—as an amusement which should never interfere with the more serious duties of my life—and as for *marrying*, so many apparently insurmountable obstacles have intervened—I have so little faith in the constancy and the *depth* of passion of the fairer sex—I am so impressed with the certainty that the great majority are carried away by mere glittering show, and so fearful of staking the happiness of my life upon one who would not have either the intellect or the disposition to comprehend me, that I have always cherished a conviction that I am to pass through this world alone—utterly alone. Could you, dear Frederick, but once look on the being who has swept away all my lofty principles, opinions, and determinations, you would not deride me. To me she is a perfect enchantress. I have no will of my own—no thoughts but of her—no secret dream of happiness in which she does not share. I thrill to touch her hand. I would give millions for a curl of her hair. I cannot conceive of the slightest charm or interest in life without her. I am her very slave. Is this love, or is it madness? Yet I have never spoken to her upon the subject. She is very wealthy. I am a needy adventurer. I sometimes think it is all but a dream, and resolve to forget her. When, the other evening, I spoke jestingly of marriage, and told her friend that I had selected a lovely Italian girl for my choice, I could half imagine that I read in her eyes, as they were turned on me, a look of reproach and incredulity, and that about her lips a smile lurked as if she *knew* I was trifling with my feelings and hers. And is there then an intercourse between beings like us—a secret, mysterious *instinct* which opens to each other the inner pages of the heart through all the artificial ceremonies which veil them from others?"

The reader will now peruse a letter from Mr. Charles Murray, to a member of congress, at Washington:

"Our party is every day gaining ground in this city. I enclose you the proceedings of a large meeting of the citizens, and recommend you to have them re-published in your city. There can be no doubt of the election of B. We have concentrated our forces here for a strong effort, &c. &c."

"P. S. I have it in contemplation to change my situation. An alliance with the family of our friend Scott would be quite an important event in my life. The charming Henrietta is entirely guided by the wishes of her father, and the ceremony will take place in a few months."

We must trespass upon the patience of the reader for one more brief specimen of epistolary correspondence. The young lady wrote to her confidential friend as follows:

"Believe me, my dear Julia, your suspicions are wrong. Mr. Henry Murray has never thought of me as his wife. I have ever forgotten myself in a momentary partiality for him; I have endeavored to correct my error, especially as he discovers no intention of addressing me. I am an old friend of his, and he probably thinks it his duty to pay me attentions accordingly. But if his wishes were as you have conjectured, there is no reason why I should not have been acquainted with them. On the contrary, he has never overstepped the limits of the most ordinary friendship, and it is not certainly consistent with the delicacy of a female to seek, by her own conduct, to elicit any explanation. On the contrary, I have, and I think successfully, feigned the most volatile spirits—and if ever, in an unguarded moment, I have betrayed any thing like "tenderness," as your phrase is, rest assured I have made up for it afterwards by ten times as much coquetry. There was a suspicion in the family that I—we—but no matter. My father questioned me on the subject, and I answered promptly no, upon which he desired me to receive the visits of his brother Charles, who is everything kind and good, and with whom I have no fault to find but that he is not Henry. I sincerely respect him, and perhaps could be as happy with him as any other. Burn this silly scrawl, and believe me yours," &c."

A few days after the composition of these letters, Henry

received orders for sea. Charles had communicated to him his prospects without observing the anguish with which it was received, and Henry felt that he had mistaken her friendship for him, for a stronger attachment. His next letter to his confidant was dated Florida, and contained the following observation:

"I have awakened from the *dream* which I was so weak as to betray in my last. I have before me a newspaper containing the information of Henrietta's marriage to my brother Charles. I shall weather many a rough gale before I see her again, and it shall go hard with me, but I will forget her before I revisit my native place."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE annexed tale, founded on oriental opinions, was selected, some forty odd years ago, from the Edinburgh Magazine, and inserted in a periodical published in this city by Mr. Swords. Advancing on the delusive stage of life, little did the selector at that period, imagine, that in the course of its many changing scenes, he might share the ingratitude experienced by Don Torribio, and exclaim with him, "Jacintha, spit but *one* partridge, the dean will not stay here to-night." Possibly ere the like number of years revolve, many of the now young readers of the Mirror may be exposed to the dire necessity of making the same painful exclamation. But my thin, remaining locks, silvered over by the snows of nearly fourscore winters, admonish me not to be censorious. SENEX.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ.

By the Abbé Blanchet.

The dean of the cathedral of Badajoz was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra, and Alcala, united. He understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science, divine and human, except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic, and was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art. He was told, that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named Don Torribio. Immediately he saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man.

"Most reverend magician," said he, addressing himself to the sage, "I am the dean of Badajoz. The learned men of Spain all allow me their superior, but I am come to request from you a far greater honor—that of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgment, suitable to the benefit conferred and your own extraordinary merit."

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the best company in purgatory. He told the dean he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master in magic, for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing but compliments and promises, and that he would not dishonor the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

"To the ungrateful!" cried the dean; "has then the great Don Torribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful? and can he so far mistake me as to rank me with such monsters?" He then repeated all the maxims and apothegms which he had read on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish.

In short, he talked so well, that the conjuror, after having considered a moment, confessed he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations.

"Jacintha," said he, calling to his old woman, "lay down two partridges to the fire; I hope my friend the dean will do me the honor to sup with me to-night."

At the same time he takes him by the hand, and leads him into his cabinet; there he touches his forehead, muttering three mysterious words, which I must request the reader not to forget, *Ortobolan, Pistafrier, Onagriouf*; then, without further preparation, he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of his profound science.

His new disciple listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe, when, on a sudden, Jacintha enters, followed by a little man, in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the dean on very important business.

This was the postillion of his uncle, the bishop of Badajoz, who had been sent express after him, and had galloped quite to Toledo before he could overtake him. He came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The dean heartily cursed (inwardly that is, and so as to occasion no

scandal) at once the disorder, the patient, and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postillion, telling him to make haste back to Badajoz, whither he would presently follow him. After which he returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days after, he again received news from Badajoz, but such as was well worth hearing. The principal chanter and two old canons came to inform the dean that his uncle, the right reverend bishop, had been taken to heaven, to receive the reward of his piety; and that the chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant bishopric, and humbly requested he would console, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajoz, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue of the deputies, endeavored to derive advantage from what he had learned, and, taking aside the new bishop, after having paid him a well-turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity and good inclination, but in whom he had never perceived either taste or talents for the occult sciences. He had, therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts towards the church, and had now, he thanked heaven, the satisfaction to hear him commended as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo. He therefore took the liberty, most humbly, to request his grace to bestow on Don Benjamin the deanery of Badajoz, which he could not retain together with his bishopric.

"I am very unfortunate," replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed; "you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe, that nothing could give me so great pleasure as to oblige you in every request. But the truth is, I have a cousin, to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean; and if I do not bestow on him this preferment, I must embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But," continued he, in an affectionate manner, "will you not accompany me to Badajoz? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me just at the moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honored master; we will go together; think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for Don Benjamin; nor doubt but, sooner or later, I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry deanery, in the remotest part of Estremadura, is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself."

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed this offer of the prelate's into simony. The proposal, however, was accepted; nor was any scruple made by either of these two very intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajoz, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him in the episcopal palace, and was treated with the utmost respect by all the diocese, as the favorite of his grace, and a kind of grand vicar.

Under the tuition of so able a master the bishop of Badajoz made a rapid progress in the occult sciences. At first, he gave himself up to them with an ardor which might appear excessive; but this intemperance grew, by degrees, more moderate, and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with the duties of his diocese. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim, very important to be remembered by ecclesiastics, whether addicted to sorcery or only philosophers and admirers of literature, "that it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings, or adorn the mind with the embellishments of human science; but that it is also the duty of divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant in the minds of their hearers wholesome doctrine and christian morality."

Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, the learned prelate was celebrated throughout christendom for his merit and piety, and promoted, when he least expected such an honor, to the archbishopric of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz lamented, as may be supposed, an event, by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the right of nominating his successor.

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity to provide for his son. He requested the bishopric of the new archbishop, and was refused with all imaginable politeness.

"He had," he said, "the greatest veneration for his old master, and was both sorry and ashamed it was not in his power to grant a thing which appeared so very a trifle; but, in fact, Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked this same bishopric for his natural son; and, though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and, what was more, very ancient obligations to him. It was

therefore, an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one; but that he ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice, as he might learn by that what he had to expect when his turn arrived, as it certainly would on the very first opportunity.

This anecdote concerning the ancient obligations of the archbishop, the magician had the goodness to believe; and rejoiced, as much as he was able, that his interests were sacrificed to those of Don Ferdinand.

Nothing, therefore, was thought of but preparations for their departure to Compostella, where they were now to reside; though these were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were destined to remain there; for, at the end of a few months, one of the pope's chamberlains arrived; who brought the archbishop a cardinal's cap, with an epistle, conceived in the most respectful terms, in which his holiness invited him to assist, by his counsel, in the government of the christian world; permitting him, at the same time, to dispose of his mitre in favor of whom he pleased.

Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the courier of the holy father arrived. He had been to see his son, who still continued a priest, in a small parish at Toledo; but he presently returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking for the vacant archbishopric. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms.

"My dear master," said he, "I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a cardinal, and your son shall shortly be advanced to the same dignity. I had intended, in the meantime, to have bestowed on him the archbishopric of Compostella; but, unfortunately for him, or rather for me, my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has, during your absence, written to me a cruel letter, by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified unless I appoint for my successor the archdeacon of my former church, Don Pablos de Salazar, her intimate friend and confessor. She tells me it will certainly occasion her death if she should not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God; and I have no doubt but what she says is true. Imagine yourself in my place, my dear master. Shall I be the death of my mother?"

Don Torribio was not a person who would incite or urge his friend to be guilty of parricide; nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate.

To say the truth, however, this mother he talked of was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated, who lived quietly with her cat and maid-servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely, then, that she had procured Don Pablos his archbishopric? Was it not far more probable that he was indebted for it to a Gallician lady, his cousin, a young widow, at once devout and handsome, in whose company his grace the archbishop had frequently been edified during his residence at Compostella? Be it as it may, Don Torribio followed his eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived in that city before the pope died. It is easy to imagine the consequence of this event. The conclave met. All the voices of the sacred college were unanimous in favour of the Spanish cardinal. Behold him, therefore, pope!

Immediately after the ceremonies of his exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience, wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil, whom he saw fill with so much dignity the pontifical throne. He reminded his holiness of his promises, those inviolable promises, which he had renewed before he entered the conclave. He hinted at the hat which he had quitted on receiving the tiara; but, instead of demanding that hat for Don Benjamin, he finished, with most exemplary moderation, by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy if his holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefit; such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this harangue, the sovereign pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected that he was no longer very necessary; that he already knew more of magic than was sufficient for a pope; that it must be highly improper for him to appear at the nocturnal assemblies of sorcerers, and assist at their indecent ceremonies. After weighing every circumstance, his holiness concluded that Don Torribio was not only a useless, but a troublesome dependant; and, this point decided, he was no longer in doubt what answer to return. Accordingly, he replied in the following words:

"We have learned with concern, that, under the pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the spirits of darkness and deceit; wherefore we exhort you, as a father, to expiate your crime by repent-

ance, proportionable to its enormity. Moreover, we enjoin you to depart from the territories of the church within three days, under pain of being delivered over to the secular arm, and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted, immediately repeated aloud the mysterious words which the reader was desired to remember; and, going to the window, cried out, with all his force, "Jacintha, you need spit but one partridge, for my friend the dean will not sup here to-night." This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope. He immediately recovered from a kind of trance, into which he had been thrown by the three magic words, when they were first pronounced; and perceived that, instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of Don Torribio, and saw by the clock it was not yet a complete hour since he first entered that fatal cabinet, where he had been entertained with such pleasant dreams. In that short time he had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, a pope; and at last he found he was only a dupe and a knave. All was illusion, except the proofs he had given of his deceitfulness and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a word, and, finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajoz, without having made the smallest progress in the sublime science in which he had proposed to become an adept.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 103.

THE season of birds and flowers, of sunny skies and verdant meadows, of shady forests and murmuring brooks, is gradually beaming like a smile on the face of nature. It is curious and delightful to trace the sweet and silent changes in every thing around us, as the stupendous orb upon which we insignificant mortals are treading, like so many atoms in pursuance of our little worthless schemes, turns its northern hemisphere more broadly towards the sun, in obedience to the wise plan of the universe. Among the crowds who shuffle carelessly by each other in this great metropolis, is there one whose heart is so chilled by the "infinite doings of the world" as not to greet the approach of spring with warm and kindly emotions? The stormy vapours which have hung about the vault of heaven, like the funeral drapery of some lofty hall, have passed away with the gloomy tempests engendered in their bosoms; verdure is stealing over the graceful branches of the willow, painting the road side with touches of green, and spreading a carpet for poets over the broad and undulated fields; and you may note from the brown coarse earth, and through the naked bushes, sprinklings of flowers, and tender buds, struggling and swelling into the wonders of life, fragrance, and exquisite beauty. I do not say that winter is an unpleasant season. I regard it as a rough, but honest friend, who, like many a man under a rugged and severe exterior, covers a mild and courteous spirit, a generous and faithful heart; but spring is a lovely and affectionate being of the gentler sex, who captivates by the sweetness of her temper, and the grace of her manners, and enchains the attention of the beholder by the fascinations of her beauty.

As my reveries wandered over these agreeable subjects, the Little Genius touched me on the shoulder with his wand, and pointed to the mirror with one of the very sweetest smiles in the world.

There stood a forlorn wretch before the court of sessions—rents were in his garments, and squalid misery on his face. Beside him sat his wife, of neat and prepossessing appearance, with grief and shame strongly depicted in her countenance, and his child held its mother's hand, and looked up at him awe-struck, but unconscious how, through the instrumentality of her father, her future years must be darkened with wretchedness and disgrace. The watchful officers of justice had detected him in keeping a gambling-house, and the grand jury had found a bill of indictment against him; one of the gentlemen, a sleek, well-fed, and contented individual, sat near, and cast upon him a frown of reprobation, whispering to his companion,

"He is a gambler, and he induces others to gamble. Monstrous depravity! Horrible malefactor! We cannot estimate the pernicious consequences of suffering such a criminal to prowl loose around society."

After a brief and impressive address from the judge, where-in the guilty nature of his offence was distinctly laid down, the trembling and degraded wretch was sentenced to prison. The horror-struck wife cast up her eyes in anguish, as if praying for support from heaven under her heavy load of sorrow; and when the spectators had eyed the felon with pity, contempt, and derision, according to their respective

dispositions, he was attended by an officer to his cheerless abode, an outcast from men.

"Now mark," said the Genius.

I beheld the interior of the capitol at Albany during the session of the legislature. A worthy orator rose with a bill, which was received by that body of sage statesmen, according to their usual method of transacting business. An eloquent member made a speech upon the subject, which he intended should disguise his real motives under divers flourishes of rhetoric; but, by a droll freak of the Genius, instead of uttering what he wished, his language took a different turn.

"I have been urgently requested," said he, "by many of the most respectable individuals in the city of New-York, to endeavor to get this bill through the legislature as silently as possible. You see we can't live without money, and if this scheme shall be successful, it will be a lucky affair for us all. It would be very agreeable for us to have a legal right to take possession of whatever property we please, and to pay for it what we please. You see, Mr. Speaker, only give us the privileges we ask before the people take the alarm; for they might, perhaps, deprecate the construction of the road, from principles of convenience and safety; and, in order to complete our speculation, we can cut right through whatever buildings we please, in any direction we think proper. Why, sir, only think. We can take Broadway, if we wish, no matter whether the land is owned by private individuals or by the public, and straightway it will become our own. If any impertinent person; any poor families who have made investments in the land; any married women, guardians, or others, should prefer to retain their property, we will get persons to settle the affair to our satisfaction. Why, sir, it will be a perfect philosopher's stone. A few editors in the city may endeavour to make a fuss about it; but, believe me, sir," and he laid his hand on his heart, and his face assumed an expression of disinterestedness and sincerity, which instantly induced me to set him down as an honest and patriotic legislator, "believe me, sir, this 'talk about cutting through people's property is ridiculous.' The company don't intend to do any thing wrong." Just give them the privilege for only thirty years, and try them. We want all the power in our own hands; we wish the stock so divided as to give the whole direction of the affair to the commissioners; we wish to dispose of the rights of 'married women, idiots, minors, and the insane,' without the trouble of noticing their legal protectors; and it is requisite for our interests that all this authority should be lodged in the hands of men most deeply interested. As a conclusive argument, relative to the entire justice of such a proceeding, I can shut the lips of opposition by stating the simple fact, that our 'bill is drawn precisely like that for the Canajoharie rail-road.' It is very palpable, from what I have alleged, that whoever complains against us does so from 'personal motives,' and that I am animated only by an ardent and pure zeal to benefit my country."

The members, who had been busily occupied in writing political letters to their constituents, and in perusing the newspapers, declared that the bill was clearly for the good of the nation, and would form a permanent feature in our system of internal improvement. One patriot, who had branded Clinton as a traitor, because he promoted the grand canal, declared that the prosperity of his beloved country was the dearest wish of his bosom; that he had fought and bled in the cause of liberty; and that he gave his vote in favor of the bill partly from virtuous principles and partly because he should be a large stockholder. He turned out to be the very individual who had frowned upon the vagabond at the court of sessions, and had thought, in the meekness of his prosperity, "stand by, for I am holier than thou."

The glass next revealed our prosperous city, but strangely metamorphosed. A continued mass of splendid buildings had overspread the whole island. Instead of two, we had eight or ten hundred thousand inhabitants. I beheld Broadway in perspective, crowded with a dense population, when a speck, which appeared in the line of the horizon, gradually dilated as it approached into the form of a rail-road car, full of ladies and gentlemen. A beautiful boy had strayed from the side of his mother, and with a laugh of childish glee pointed to something which attracted his attention, when the machine ran over him with startling velocity, and left him lifeless upon the pavement, his golden tresses steeped in blood. In the fright of the moment, the man who managed the engine lost his presence of mind, and the party were precipitated into the street with fearful violence.

"Upon my soul," said a stockholder, who chanced to be passing in his barouche, and who had made a hundred thousand dollars out of the company, "this is rather an awkward business—but accidents will happen."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE CIRCLE OF HUMAN WISHES.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

WHEN Horatio was a little boy at school he was always wishing himself a young man, "for then," thought he, "I shall not be obliged to be forever at my book, and live in constant fear of the schoolmaster."

When he became a young man he left school, with delightful anticipations of the freedom and pleasures he was about to enjoy. But from school he was placed in the office of a great lawyer, full of business, and from morning till night was employed in copying the same thing over and over again.

"I wonder," he often said to himself, "I wonder what is the use of telling the same story so often. I wish to heaven I was out of my time, and then I should be my own master."

At last his time was out. He passed examination, opened an office, and wrote esquire to his name. Here he would sit whole mornings, with his feet against the fender or jambs, waiting for clients—but no clients came.

"I wish to heaven," would he sigh to himself, "I had something to do."

In process of years he distinguished himself as a speaker, and business flowed in upon him, till he had hardly time to sleep or eat his meals.

"Zounds!" cried he, "one might as well be a galley-slave. I wish I were a little boy at school, they are so happy; no business to trouble them, and no cares on their minds."

But, as it was impossible to become a school-boy again, Horatio turned his thoughts towards the future, and began to wish he was rich enough to retire from business, and be a gentleman.

Years passed on, and at length he became rich; so rich that he thought he might leave off practice, and enjoy himself. Accordingly he did leave off practice, and for a little while it was delightful to have nothing to do, and go where he pleased. But doing nothing tires a man at last. It is the hardest work imaginable.

"I wish," said Horatio one day, as he was perplexing himself to death to know what he should do, "I wish I had something to employ me."

All at once he was seized with a desire to be a great man. As we advance in years the love of wealth often changes to the desire of power. He entered on the arena of politics, and his eloquence soon elevated him to distinction. He rose to the highest offices in the state, and at length saw nobody above him.

"Well," thought he, "I have it at last. I am the greatest among the great, and now I shall be able to enjoy myself. In the first place, I shall do just as I please."

At that moment his secretary came to announce a person on business.

"I am not inclined to see any body just now; tell him to call again."

"But, sir, it is a man of great consequence, and one of your best friends; he may be offended."

"Very well, let him come in."

The man of consequence entered, talked three whole hours about the politics of his district, and ended by soliciting an insignificant appointment, either for himself or somebody else.

"Well, said Horatio, 'thank heaven, he's gone. I'll go and take a ride into the country before dinner.'"

Just as he had ordered his horse, the secretary came to announce another person of consequence, who had very particular business, and whom it would be bad policy to offend. After a few wry faces from Horatio, he was let in.

The visitor being a knowing character, sat a long time, became very facetious, cracked jokes, told excellent stories, and when he had tired Horatio to death, thought he had brought him into a humor to do any thing he desired. Accordingly he begged his interest in behalf of the people he represented in favor of a great public improvement. Horatio had been specially instructed by divers old statesmen, to give good words if he could give nothing else. So he flattered him with good words, and the knowing gentleman went his way, chuckling at his happy knack of bringing great men into the humor of granting favors.

"I never met such a tiresome blockhead," quoth Horatio. "I'll make it a point to oppose his application."

It was too late to ride out before dinner, and he sat down to his meal without appetite, thinking he would have the afternoon to himself, at all events. By the time he had dined there were six people waiting to see him on particular business. It would not do to offend them, and besides he was the servant of the people. The particular business of each was to beg some particular favor. Horatio felt in an excellent humor

for denying them all. But this would be impolitic; so he promised them all.

"What a tedious business!" said he. "But I shall have a comfortable evening, at all events."

In the evening visitors dropped in, one after another, until he had quite a levee. Every one tried to make himself particularly agreeable, for each had a favor to ask; and they talked so much that Horatio thought he had a swarm of bees in his ears. After he had yawned three times in the face of each of his visitors, and promised all they asked, they went away.

"I wish to heaven somebody would call one of these times, to give me something, instead of begging favors, as they all do; there would be a little variety in that."

He rung for his slippers, but the sound of his bell was drowned by a violent ring at the outer door. The porter announced a stranger.

"Tell him to call to-morrow—I'm just going to bed."

"He says he has most urgent business, and must see you to-night, sir."

"Despatches from abroad, I suppose; show him in."

The bearer of despatches entered, and after looking cautiously around, seeing that all the doors were shut, and that nobody was under the sofa, hemmed three times, and began,

"I beg pardon, sir, for this untimely visit, but I trust you will excuse me when you know the urgency of the occasion; I came, sir, to give you"—

"Heaven be praised," thought Horatio, "here is a man that has got something to give me at last."

"I took the liberty, sir, as a devoted friend to your administration, to call and give you some advice about the course proper to be pursued, in order to defeat a plot of the opposition, of which I have just been confidentially apprised."

"Sir," said Horatio, "I feel under infinite obligations; may I ask what it is?"

The adviser took till three in the morning to finish his communication and advice. Before he had ended Horatio was two-thirds asleep, but he waked in time to express his gratitude, and promised to bear in mind this signal proof of regard, in calling so late at night out of pure good will.

Day after day passed in these perpetual interruptions. Horatio had not a moment to spare, either for ease or exercise, and was tired to death.

"I wish to heaven," said he, "I was a private man, with nothing to do but just what I pleased. Ah! Mr. Mirvan, I am glad to see you. It is a delightful thing to receive a visit from one who wants nothing."

Mirvan was an old friend of Horatio, a rather eccentric person. Some people thought him wise, others a fool, for he seemed content with what he had, and what he was, though he was neither rich nor in power. He was a kind-hearted man, though he had not the reputation of it; for he was apt to make a jest of what other people thought very serious misfortunes, and seemed to take little interest in what are called the ups and downs of life.

After the first friendly salutations, Mirvan assumed the privilege of age and intimacy, and inquired how he liked his new situation.

"You neither look so well nor seem in such good spirits as when I used to see you in your office drawing pleas and declarations."

Horatio unboomed himself to his old friend. He detailed to him the progress of his wishes, from boyhood upwards—from the time he wished he was free from the labors and confinement of school, till he realized them all, step by step and became a great man, since when he had done little else than wish himself a school-boy again.

"It is the history of mankind," said Mirvan, after listening attentively; "and of all living things I believe if there be any truth in the fable—"

"What fable?" asked Horatio.

"I will tell you," replied the old man, his eye lighting up with arch intelligence; "will you promise to listen?"

"Provided you neither ask a favor nor give advice," said the other. "I have had enough of both lately."

"Agreed. Once upon a time a certain atom which shared a portion of that spirit of intelligence which animates, or at least in those days did animate all nature, being trod upon by a little insect, that has never been of sufficient consequence to be christened in English or Latin, exclaimed against his hard fate in being thus at the mercy of every creeping thing."

"If I were but an insect!" cried he, and the spirit of discontent possessed him from that moment. "O, Jupiter Ammon, Jupiter Ammon," he repeated, "wouldst thou but change me into an insect, if it were but as big as that which just now insulted me, I could then get out of the way of danger."

"Jupiter, whom nothing escaped, laughed ready to die at hearing this request, which he granted in a fit of good-humor. The little atom was as proud as a peacock, and strutted about with great dignity until it chanced that he encountered an ant, which walked right over him without ceremony, either accidentally or by design."

"O, Jupiter Ammon!" exclaimed the little insect without a name, "what a thing it is to be so small that nobody can see you! Would I were an ant, and then nobody would dare to insult me."

"Again Jupiter laughed and granted his request. The little ant strutted about, who but he! prouder than ever, and flattered himself he was somebody."

"It is worth while to live thus with the eyes of the universe upon us," cried he, when just at that instant a great wasp darted at him, and he narrowly escaped by running into his hole."

"Body o' me," exclaimed he, panting with rage and fear; "body o' me! what a misery it is to be nothing but an ant. If I were only a wasp now I should be somebody. O, Jupiter Ammon, would I were a wasp?"

"Jupiter, as usual, granted his prayer, for he began to be highly amused with his little atom."

"The wasp frisked his great tail and admired his little waist, just like a fashionable fine lady, until one day, not minding what he was about, he got entangled in a large spider web, where he remained struggling while the spider sat trembling with eagerness, waiting till he should exhaust himself by his efforts, to pounce upon him. At length, supposing the moment arrived, he darted towards him, just as he made a last desperate effort and escaped the toils."

"Truly a pleasant sort of life this," quoth the wasp, "to be forever in danger of being caught and eaten up by spiders. O, Jupiter Ammon, if I could only be a beautiful speckled spider!" and a spider he became from that moment.

"Mercy upon us what a big creature was he, and what havoc he made among the wasps and flies, till a great moth, blundering his way in the twilight, bolted right through his fine web, as big round as a cart-wheel, dotted with imprisoned flies, and not only carried all away, but put the spider's life in jeopardy."

"Fire and fury!" exclaimed he, "here is a month's provisions and an age's toil all swept away in a moment. O, Jupiter Ammon! make me a great moth, I beseech thee." No sooner said than done, and a moth was he.

"Nothing was ever so happy as our new made moth. He flew from flower to flower, tasted their sweets, gambled whithersoever he pleased, till one night seeing a candle, in an open window, he became enamored of its splendor, and rushing towards it so singed his wings and burned his body that he lay in the greatest agony."

"I am dying—O! Jupiter Ammon! make me an atom again," and he perished with this humble request on his lips.

"And now for the moral of my story," said Mirvan.

"I comprehend," said Horatio; "my own experience furnishes it. From an atom I have become a moth, flitting about the candle, and every moment in danger of scorching my wings and falling to the ground. But suppose the moth had become an eagle, and king of all the birds?"

"He would have only the more bitterly experienced the folly of being discontented with his former state, and sighed for the ease and insignificance of an atom."

"But suppose he had become an atom again?"

"Then he would have longed to become an eagle once more. And thus ends the circle of human wishes." B.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

BOSTON, March 31, 1831.

ABOUT the year 1630 there lived in a small cottage on the south side of Charles river one William Blackstone, the first Englishman who had slept on this peninsula. The spot which he occupied was on a point near the western side of the place which the Indians called *Shawmut*, and the Englishmen on the opposite banks *Trimountain*. In the month of September, 1830, just two centuries afterwards, there was a grand celebration on this same peninsula, with an eloquent oration and beautiful poem, which might have been listened to by some sixty thousand individuals, if the church had been large enough to hold them. But what would Mr. William Blackstone have thought to have returned and joined in the ceremonies on that occasion? This, however, is only saying, that two centuries may work wonders; and when, at the same distance

from this date, some future correspondent of the *Mirror* shall take up the matter at the point where I leave it, he may perhaps exclaim of Mr. Peregrine George as Mr. Peregrine George has now written of Mr. William Blackstone!

The first change effected by the settlers who followed Mr. Blackstone was in the unimportant item of a name; and the reason that I now date from *Boston* is the circumstance that the good people were desirous of paying a compliment to the minister, whose arrival they were every day expecting, and christened their new settlement after the place of his former labors. One of our historians ingeniously makes the Indian name of our peninsula signify *living fountains*, for which it is said to be still remarkable. The meaning of *Trimountain* can be immediately inferred from its etymology. Rome was on seven hills, and Boston is on three.

If I had anything to do with history, I would run on by the hour with details that any one with leisure and inclination may pick up from the musty manuscripts and printed annals he may find in relation to the settlers and inhabitants of Boston. But I am only of the present, and for the present, and have nothing to do with the dead, as the dead have nothing to do with me; on the same principle that a sect of Chinese philosophers inculcate upon their disciples to do nothing for posterity, as posterity has done nothing for them.

All this is merely to signify that my readers may be assured of my real object in the series of letters of which the first one at least may fall under their consideration. It is to catch the living manners, and to discourse of passing events; with no looking back, no looking forward, no history nor prophecy, no past nor future. It is centred in that small but expressive word *present*. A little chit-chat, a little scandal, a little narrative that is too true to be scandal and too grave to be chit-chat, though not grave enough to be dull, nor so true as to be offensive, is all that I can promise, though I hope not more than it will be in my power to perform. I shall talk a little of the drama, not boasting of any great skill or practice in theatrical criticism; not pretending to be a constant and habitual attendant upon its ceremonies, and openly confessing that I have never been initiated into the many mysteries of the green-room. I shall tell you something of our painters and paintings, though I have never handled a pencil nor daubed a canvass, since the day I first received the very respectable cognomen that is still attached to my person. I shall say a little of one or two of our eloquent divines, with no sectarian prejudices or partialities essentially to bias my opinions. I may have a word for our statesmen and lawyers, without overloading any of them with flattery or abuse; with a syllable, in short, for whatever is going on in the great world by which I am surrounded, whether of fashion, literature, law, politics, or religion.

And now if I have not chalked out in the preceding paragraph work for a twelvemonth, you must entertain the most singular ideas of man's capabilities. Driving, however, something of a rapid quill, I hope to live and make some progress towards its completion; and if you find me somewhat agreeable, we may continue for a considerable period the mutual civilities of writing and reading. Bear with me at starting, my gentle readers, that nothing would please me more, than to be able to impart the slightest pleasure to you.

My name I have incidentally mentioned above. This self-introduction is an awkward business, but we will exchange cards, my dear public, and then that part of it will be happily over. Here is my own—Peregrine George—in that modest letter, which is alike honored and conferring honor, as it peeps out from its more dashing companions in the rack of many a fair lady of the metropolis. You remember the explanation Dr. Franklin gave to the innkeeper of his whereabouts, and though you have grown more polite than you were in the doctor's time, you are still quite as inquisitive. Wishing, consequently, to gratify any reasonable curiosity you may entertain in respect to the author of the unpublished, and as yet unwritten, letters from Boston, a short personal history shall be laid before you.

Mr. Peregrine George is about five and twenty years of age, with no property, and small expectations. You would not select him from a crowd as particularly ugly, though there are a good many better looking men this side of the nearest planet. He is plausible in his manners, though a little reserved, and a person you would not go many miles out of your way to see, on a slight acquaintance. He is a bachelor, though not at all nervous; can pass an hotel without going into it, or have a bottle of wine on his table without drinking it; at the same time, he occasionally dines at a public-house, and is fond of a good goblet of the juice of the grape. He is not a man of the world nor a man of solitude, a student nor a *bon-vivant*. He haunts neither the public streets nor private

libraries; never purchases unreadable books, nor dead insects, nor ancient coins, nor stuffed animals, nor medals from Rome, nor old paintings by new artists, partly because he has no gold to throw away, and partly because he is neither by taste nor education an antiquary or virtuoso. He patronizes poetry under the idea that he has an eye and an ear for it; and praises music though he is aware that he has no organ framed for its perfect enjoyment. In fine, he has nearly exhausted every thing that can be said even on the copious subject of self, and will leave the rest to your own tact at understanding character, when he has introduced himself to your better acquaintance.

I have but little time left to speak of the passing condition of our goodly city. Every winter we have a small body of about five hundred statesmen from the different corners of our commonwealth, snugly accommodated in a spacious building, to talk some three months about matters that very few of them understand, and pass laws, for whose passage very few comprehend the reasons:

"We late have missed them from their usual walk,
Nor in the church, nor at the bar are they;
Spring has clipped short their everlasting talk,
And from their councils hurried them away!"

The amount of the matter is, that it is high time they should be looking to their peas and potatoes, after a fine visit to Boston at the public expense. Our sun is, consequently, quite shorn of its beams. The theatre has been closed for the last three weeks, and the house of representatives has adjourned. Conceive of our quiet, nay, our desolate situation! P. G.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

O Messrs. Editors! Messrs. Editors—I am the most unfortunate woman in the world—undone—broken-hearted!—I wanted to be fashionable, like other people, and so I walked out every day in Broadway arm-in-arm with a distinguished foreigner, whose face they say is very handsome, only you can't see it for his whiskers. If you'll believe me, I meant no harm by it in the world, I only followed the fashion. Well, all at once a report was spread that I was going to be married to him, only because we walked arm-in-arm in the day! There was not a word of truth in the story, for you must know I was engaged to be married to a young man who had gone a voyage to Canton. Somehow or other the story got to his ears, and—and—he broke off the match. O that ever I was born! He wrote me the most unfeeling letter, saying that he had no ambition to receive the hand of a lady who gave her arm to every puppy she happened to meet. The distinguished foreigner has run away in debt to his landlord, and now I've got no lover at all. I've a good mind to make my papa sue the faithless young man who deserted me, for a breach of promise. Don't you think a young lady has a right to take anybody's arm she pleases, especially now it is the fashion among all the show-women? Adieu, forever! FELICIA S. P. S. Hadn't I better make away with myself? F. S.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—The other night I had the misfortune to lose a sober character, which has been in possession of my family for three generations. I believe it was dropped at a fashionable hotel, where I have been lately accustomed to spend my evenings. Should the finder see this notice, I hope he will return it, as my wife and children take on mightily. Your humble servant,

AMOS VAN BIBBER.

P. S. Pawnbrokers and others are requested to stop it, should it be offered for sale. A. V. B.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Understanding that your paper has an extensive circulation, I am induced to request you will publish this letter for the benefit of your readers as well as the world at large. It has been the business of my life to devise plans for the comfort of my fellow-creatures, and I have the consolation of knowing that I have not laboured in vain. That you and the public may judge for yourselves, I will detail a few of my projects, together with some of the advantages which may reasonably be expected to result from them.

My first plan is the establishment of a bank for saving all the time and money wasted by the good people of this city in idleness, extravagance, and dissipation. Each person might deposit his spare minutes and money from time to time, so that in the course of a few years he could hardly fail of having a snug capital of both, which, if properly husbanded, would go near to ensure a comfortable old age. I think it is not to be doubted that such an institution, if properly managed, would annihilate poverty altogether, and render the poor quite independent of charity. Don't you think the

legislature will grant me a charter? My bank would be a capital place to deposit some of the time spent in long speeches.

My next is a plan for ameliorating the condition of all sorts of criminals; first, by permitting the laborers in the state prisons, as well as those condemned to be hanged, to hire substitutes; and secondly to provide those who cannot do this with handsome marble palaces, comfortable lodgings, and such a judicious selection of the little comforts and luxuries of life as will go far to diminish their regrets at being shut out from the enjoyment of the sweets of liberty. I flatter myself every friend to humanity will aid me in the accomplishment of this philanthropic plan.

But what I value myself most upon is the invention of a man-machine, which exercises all the useful functions, and performs all the ordinary duties of a rational being. I have not been able to satisfy myself whether it actually thinks and reasons, but I don't hold this material to the perfection of my man; as it is my own private opinion that thinking and reasoning are great sources of waste of time and human misery. I am not sure either that I can make a professor, a philosopher, or poet of my man; but for auctioneers, criers of all kinds, second-rate actors, dandies, and people who repeat over the same thing every day, I am confident he will prove a most efficient substitute. As he neither eats nor drinks, his wages will be next to nothing, and it may be conceived what a vast saving will result from the employment of men-machines in the ordinary duties of life, particularly where reasoning and thinking are only a dead loss of time.

The principal objection to my plan is that it will throw a great many men, constructed of the old materials, entirely out of employment. But then you know they can go upon the parish, which is all such people seem to be made for now-a-days in other countries. I don't think it will be long before these old fashioned fellows will be exploded entirely, and come to be defined, not as animals with two legs and no feathers, but as animals created for the sole purpose of living on charity.

I have several more plans on the anvil, which I may communicate when I have brought them to perfection. In the mean time, I am, &c.

PHIL. ANTHROPY.

P. S. I have recommendations from some of the first men in this country in behalf of all my plans and inventions. P. A.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Thoughts on the original Unity of the Human race. By Charles Caldwell, M.D. New-York. E. Bliss. 12mo. pp. 178. 1830.

It is delightful to call to mind the sublime events of history. Truth must always be more grateful to the understanding than fiction. Upon this principle of human nature we account for the gratification with which we recollect the renowned conflict between the two Kilkenny cats, wherein, as the most voracious writers affirm, "they did eat each other entirely up, not even leaving the end of a tail!" We were forcibly reminded of this incident by a perusal of the "Thoughts on the original Unity of the Human race," which appears to be a pretty severe fight between two sons of Æsculapius for the honor of informing the worthy people of the globe exactly how they came to be where they are.

Dr. Pritchard commenced the important investigation by a work entitled "Researches into the physical history of man," the second edition of which was issued in London, 1826. Upon these unfortunate "Researches," Charles Caldwell, M.D. pounces with the eagerness of a hawk upon a sparrow, and whatever may be the ideas of the public, he makes no secret of his own opinion, that he has, as some modern colloquist classically expressed himself, "knocked his opponent into the middle of next week."

The unmerciful handling which the doctor bestows upon his professional brother, is rendered yet more amusing by the mingled air of respect and self-satisfaction with which he plants his blows. He lavishes a profusion of laudatory sentiments upon his victim. We have continually applied to him, "It is difficult to conceive how his attainments, in that branch of knowledge, can be improved!"—"they seem to be as complete as research and accessible records can render them!"—"ornamented the whole with his classical learning," and "intellect of no common order." But then, of his views, "We think they constitute a tissue as purely hypothetical, as any connected with physical science. They are not surpassed by Whiston's dream of cosmogony, Buffon's theory of generation, or the more modern visions of consecutive spheres."

The object of Dr. Pritchard was to establish on philosophical grounds the doctrine, that the whole human race descended from a single pair. Being a point rather difficult of mathematical demonstration, the learned inquirer is driven

into a course of analogical reasoning, and his attention is first directed to the vegetable kingdom. He contends that of every species of vegetable a single male and female were at first created and planted in a spot where soil, climate, and exposure, and all other circumstances were most favorable to their growth and propagation. Each continent was furnished at the beginning with its own aboriginal plants. The seeds of these vegetables, he supposes, were conveyed to the requisite distances by means of birds, animals, winds, rivers, land streams, and oceanic currents. The inference is, that if vegetables have been so created, it is not improbable that the human species had a similar origin. Without commenting on the unceremonious manner in which the "lord of the creation" is shuffled off by the hand of philosophy among potatoes, turnips, and oak trees, the reviewer attacks him with a tolerable display of rebutting evidence. It is very true that the places where oak, hickory, walnut, and chestnut trees grow, are not only not washed by streams of water, but are rarely in the neighborhood of them; neither could the large and heavy seeds of the plants, from their specific gravity, have been diffused by wind any more than by water, and such animals as feed on acorns, &c. break their shells and masticate and devour them, as they would any other nutriment. The conclusion of Dr. Caldwell is, that the various forms of vegetable life were the result of a spontaneous growth, and that were the whole vegetable kingdom, stalks, seeds, and roots, to be destroyed, the earth would reproduce them. He here quotes several interesting facts.

"From almost any portion of uncultivated ground in the United States, remove the forest timber and the undergrowth that have covered it for ages, and, in a short time, a crop of different vegetables will spring up. Nor will they be the vegetables of the neighborhood, but such as are found only in remote places. Shall we be told that the seeds or roots of the new plants had lain long buried and dormant in the ground, and vegetate now because hindrances are removed, and circumstances rendered favorable? We reply, that this is conjecture, and add, that it is exceedingly improbable. By no strictness of search can such seeds or roots be detected. The attempt has been made, and has uniformly failed. Not a germ of the strange growth has been discovered in the soil."

And again: "In New-Jersey, the Carolinas, and elsewhere, the following phenomena have been repeatedly observed. Cultivate, until you impoverish it, a tract of land, whose original native growth was oak and hickory. Cease to cultivate it, and it will produce, in a few years, a crop of pine. Suffer this to grow for fifteen or twenty years, until, by the falling and decomposition of leaves, branches, and bark, and the decaying of herbs and grass, the soil shall be again enriched. Fell and remove the pine, and oak and hickory will be again produced. Further. In the same states, cut down a pine forest, that has occupied the ground for ages, and the succeeding growth will be oak and hickory. In New-Jersey, several flourishing nurseries of young oaks, produced in this way, exist at present, in the centre of extensive forests of pine. Nor, we repeat, can the severest scrutiny detect, in the soil, either pine seeds in the one case, or acorns or hickory-nuts in the other. Are we asked the cause of these changes of vegetable productions? The answer seems easy. In the places specified, pine is the native growth of a poor sandy soil; and oak and hickory, of the same sort, when somewhat enriched by the dissolution of vegetable matter. Impoverish the soil, therefore, where oak and hickory have grown, and you fit it for pine. Fertilize that which has produced pine, and you adapt it to the production of oak and hickory."

Dr. Pritchard then summons to his assistance the results of a vast deal of scientific observation, in order to prove that the human race, having originally sprung from one pair, have branched out into the various species which now exist, and that the great difference between them has been the result of physical causes. Dr. Caldwell replies no. If climate, situation, food, &c. can change men as they do hogs, poultry, turkeys, oxen, and horses, why have they not done it within the memory of man?

The colony of Jews, which migrated to the coast of Malabar seventeen hundred years ago, settled among a people whose complexion is black; but their own resemblance to the European Jews remains almost undiminished.

Dr. Caldwell now loses his patience at the provoking hypothesis of Dr. Pritchard, and breaks out into the following strain:

"The mode of reasoning resorted to, if it deserves the name of reasoning, is not only fallacious, but dangerous in its tendency. It is sliding gradually into error, as men slide into vice. Neither the physical nor the moral temper blows

in full force at first. The freshening breeze admonishes of the coming storm. Individuals do not perpetrate, as a first offence, either arson or murder. Of intellectual deviations, the same is true. Men rarely plunge at once into the depth of error. They are reduced, step by step, unconscious of danger, until the flood overwhelms them.

"The hazard attendant on the supposed mutation we are considering, arises from its having no stopping place. If man can be changed from a Caucasian, first into a Mongolian, a Malay, or an American Indian, and then into a negro, he may pass next to a Bosheseman, by another step into a golo, and again into something still lower. Each successive change is alike easy, and alike probable. By such a process there will be no difficulty in changing horses into asses, zebras, or quages; common black cattle into buffaloes, wolves into dogs, one species of the cat kind into another, eagles into hawks, geese into ducks, and grouse into partridges. Nor is it of the least moment whether these changes are produced by the influence of climate—the result will be the same. By an irregular generative process, the Caucasian race produces the Mongolian; by an irregularity no greater, produces the Malay, the Malay the common African, that the Bosheseman or the Papuan, that the orang-outang, that the baboon, that the monkey, and that something else; and still the last and most degraded belongs, like the first, to the family of man!"

It is very evident that Charles Caldwell, M. D. has no idea of being made out either an ass or a monkey.

We have not embodied all the weighty arguments advanced on both sides of the question, as the subject will not excite the curiosity and zeal of our readers as it has aroused that of the two conflicting doctors. In our opinion the question is left pretty much in *statu quo*. We entered upon a perusal of the volume with a shrewd presentiment that neither of the erudite gentlemen knew any thing about the matter, and our suspicion has been now confirmed into a certainty. Indeed, as we grow older, we are accustomed to take it for granted, that whoever advances any thing upon similar subjects, with the slightest degree of dogmatism, is either a great deal wiser than other people or not quite so wise.

An Essay on the Disorders and Treatment of the Teeth. By Eleazar Parmly, Dentist. Third edition. 12mo. pp. 62. London. T. & G. Underwood. 1821.

Among the vast number of publications which, during the last ten years, have issued from the press, few have a more direct bearing upon the happiness of mankind than this modest and useful treatise. It seems to have really sprung rather from philanthropy than interest, and sets forth without any parade of language, and with perfect simplicity, the actual causes of that most exquisite of agonies, the toothache, and a few clear and concise directions respecting its prevention and cure. They are valuable guides to parents and to others entrusted with the care of children. In this country the art of dentistry has been much in the hands of charlatans, to the great prejudice of the profession, and the incalculable injury of those who have suffered from unskillful or injudicious operations. From the very respectable individuals to whom Mr. Parmly refers, among whom are Dr. Baillie, Sir Astley Cooper, and Sir Anthony Carlisle, the two latter, at the time of the publication of this book, surgeons to the late king of England, those unacquainted with his continual success in his profession will be induced to place the greatest confidence in his advice.

The almost universal prevalence of disorders of the teeth is to be ascribed principally to inattention, not to nature. Those parts of the human structure are created of the hardest and most durable materials, as is evident from the fact that after interment they are found in a state of perfect preservation when all the other bones have mouldered away. They are equally important as organs of speech and of mastication, and in regard to personal appearance, our author very well observes that their irregularity or loss is betrayed by a corresponding change in the symmetry and character of the face. It has also been proven that the general health of the body is affected by the influence which diseased or unclean teeth exercise upon the stomach and lungs. The dentition of the first set, which generally protrude about the sixth or eighth month, is a most critical period in the life of a child, and the consequent mortality has been ascertained to be great. At this crisis the jaws of the infant are in a state of pain and irritation, and instead of some hard substance to rub them on, Mr. Parmly recommends a gentle friction with the finger and the application of a little fine salt.

"Scarification, however," he continues, "appears to be the safest expedient that can be had recourse to. This is performed by the point of a lancet being pressed down upon the tooth

until the gum and investing membrane be fully divided. The pressure being by this means taken off, the child will experience instantaneous relief. Parents should be cautious how they give way to any vulgar prejudice against an operation by which many have been freed from the most dangerous symptoms."

He reprobates the use of the anodynes generally resorted to by sufferers, which afford only a temporary relief by the sacrifice of the surrounding teeth. Yet in cases when an individual in pain is not enabled to have immediate recourse to a dentist, he designates a strong solution of camphor in spirits of wine, which, if not entirely a specific, may be used with much more safety than most of the celebrated remedies. These, as is also the case with many of the powders and tinctures used to whiten the enamel, are eventually injurious.

As there are few families of which some members are not occasionally afflicted with the tortures arising from carious teeth, and as numerous advertisements in the public prints tempt the patient to various ineffectual means of relief, and among others that of destroying the nerves, we deem the following extract deserving careful attention.

"The success of attempts at destroying the nerves of teeth is far more limited than is generally imagined; and I wish it particularly to be borne in mind that I approve of the practice only in a limited way. In a front tooth the nerve is most commonly destroyed by a single operation, because the fang is single, and has the advantage of being more perpendicular than in a tooth with divaricating fangs. But it is an erroneous idea that a diseased tooth, if it has more than a single fang, may be rendered useful and free from pain by destroying its nerves. The practice has only served to expose the emptiness of the theory, since most of those who have undergone the operation, which can be termed little less than martyrdom, have barely found that they have been made to forget the usual pain of toothache in the unutterable agony of the operation. But this is not all the objection; for where the operator is so fortunate as partially to destroy the nerves of double teeth, and even this is very rarely the case, the membranes are apt to become diseased by inflammatory action, and the tooth requires to be extracted in a very short time afterwards. It cannot, therefore, be too strongly urged, that where a double tooth is painful, and has become so much decayed as not to be capable of being saved by the operation of stopping, it should, in order to prevent all unpleasant consequences, be extracted immediately. In evidence of the fallacy of the attempt at destroying the nerves of back teeth, I shall adduce a single instance which came under my own observation.

"A gentleman possessing highly organized teeth, having twice suffered very serious lacerations of the bone from extraction, and having even been threatened with lock-jaw, submitted to have the fangs of the first lower molars, which had long been a source of torture, drilled, with the hope of thus eradicating its nerves. The operation, after excruciating agonies, proved within a few hours to have been useless; the cavity of the tooth was then filled with a compound metallic stopping, but the pain returned with such violence that it was necessary to remove it. The patient continued during many months to make every application and adopt every measure which the most experienced medical practitioners could suggest, but in vain. His protracted sufferings brought on a low fever, accompanied by frequent delirium. Efforts were again and again made at extraction; but at the first touch of an instrument, the patient was always seized with convulsions, and the operation could not be effected. Having thus lingered on for six months, the tooth was fortunately extracted during a period of insensibility, the result of intense suffering; but, although the expected local relief was thus obtained, several months elapsed before he regained his former health and vigor. The tooth was examined after extraction, when it appeared that very trifling portions of nerve had been destroyed; that one fang contained a large and vigorous nerve, sending off five branches at its point; the other fang a large nerve equally unaltered, sending off six branches around its point."

We attach to this subject more importance than it generally obtains. The toothache, while it is one of the most agonizing tortures "which flesh is heir to," is generally regarded with little or no sympathy from a mistaken idea that it produces no permanent evil consequences. "It is, however," says our essayist, "sometimes so severe as to produce alarming derangements of health." We have urged this treatise upon the notice of our readers from a wish to stimulate every one to a strict attention to the methods of preventing the disorder, or to arrest it in its early stages, and particularly to remind every parent of the painful results to their children of neglect on their part.

The Journal of Health. Conducted by an association of Physicians. Philadelphia. 1831.

The last number of this popular work is of more than ordinary interest. It contains a fine article, entitled "Lord Byron's mode of living in Italy," which is too long to extract. We select the following amusing letter, as a warning to young ladies who resort to cosmetics instead of early rising, air, and exercise:

"A most unfortunate accident has induced me to apply to you, gentlemen, for advice. You must know that my sister Matilda, whose complexion is somewhat decayed, had got hold of a book called '*Medea's Kettle*,' or the art of restoring decayed beauty, which contains, among other receipts, one for an *infallible* cosmetic, calculated to produce a most beautiful complexion. This we mixed up, and I am sure put every thing in that was directed, and proceeded exactly as the book prescribed. When it was ready, I spread it on my sister's face when she went to bed. But there must have been some sad mistake somewhere; for on hastening to her room in the morning to witness the effects of our experiment, what do you think I beheld? Her whole face was of a bright *sky blue* color! Only think how shocking—how mortifying—I thought I should have dropped, though I could not help laughing, my sister looked so conical. As for Matilda, she would certainly have gone out of her senses had I not assured her that her face would undoubtedly be restored to its former color by washing it with soap and water. This we tried and tried again—warm water we tried, scalding water we tried, but poor Matilda's face remained just the same—bright sky blue. We were now upon the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundress proposed trying some stuff, muriatic acid, I think she called it, that she was in the habit of employing to remove stains from linen. This we accordingly did; and I do think we should have succeeded, but that the acid was of a yellowish hue, and mixing with the blue stain upon the face, produced a delicate *pea-green*. This is my poor sister's present color, and thus, for all I know, it will remain. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the next boiling—but in the mean time, for goodness' sake, do, gentlemen, you who are so completely versed in all that relates to the human constitution, give us your advice and assistance. For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we may only change the complexion of my sister to some more hideous hue. This I should be sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for *pea-green*. This you know might certainly be the case. Lobsters, you are aware, change color when boiled, and so do lilac ribbons. This is an idea of my own—but I hear my sister call, and as I can do nothing but console her with hopes that you may point out some means for restoring her natural complexion, I have only time to subscribe myself yours, &c. ELLEN."

The foregoing reminds us of a circumstance which occurred a short time since in this city. A gentleman, with a full flowing head of *fiery red hair*, procured some patent panacea, which the advertisement informed him would change its color to a beautiful glossy jet black. For several days the experiment was perfectly successful, and our hero flourished through the streets, on excellent terms with himself, and the "observed of all observers;" when, one afternoon, at a dinner-party, as he cast a self-satisfied glance into the looking-glass, what was his horror on beholding that his black tresses, whiskers and all, reflected an animated *purple color*! Pleading sudden indisposition, he hastily adjourned to his barber's, and was shorn of his locks, which are now more red than ever.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Harlaem Rail-road.—Without the slightest personal interest in the sudden attempt to inflict a rail-road upon this city, before the subject has been properly understood by the community, we are constrained to express our opinion that such a measure would be unnecessary, impolitic, and unsafe. It would, undoubtedly, prove a lucrative business to the stockholders, but not without a sacrifice of public convenience. We should regret to interfere with the private plans of any gentlemen, or to be the means of circulating unfounded imputations; but it is very certain that this bill has passed the assembly before the people were acquainted with the merits of the question; and that it contains features as extraordinary in their nature as the means by which they have so nearly been hurried into a law. We protest against these legal speculations. It is a danger to which our form of government is peculiarly exposed, and from which we are to be guarded only by the watchfulness and independence of the public press. It is truly observed by a contemporary journal, that the enterprise should not be opposed from personal mo-

tives; but it is equally unjust that personal motives should induce individuals to support a measure contrary to the wishes, or at least unsanctioned by the approbation of the majority of the citizens, and which is incompatible with the safety of our dense and rapidly increasing population. If, however, such a project should be deemed necessary, we prefer to see it as much separated from the pecuniary interests of private persons as would be consistent with its success. Its sole aim should be the public good; and those engaged in executing it should be paid only in proportion to the time, talents, and knowledge used in effecting it. The application for a charter of thirty years' duration proves the exorbitant expectations of the projectors. We believe the value of a proportion of the property on the island would be materially enhanced, and the holders, of course, would be the gainers; but what shall be said to a citizen forcibly deprived of his lots, without any reference to their future value? Shall one man be permitted to say to another, "I will take your house and grounds at my own price, in order to render mine more valuable?" It would be perplexing even for the accomplishment of some purpose of generally acknowledged utility, to satisfy such landholders as to any equitable standard of appraisal; but when the anticipated advantages are strictly of a local character, such an authority, lodged in the hands of interested individuals, is glaringly unjust, and should not be tolerated. Indeed we do not remember to have seen a bill so full of extensive privileges, speciously covered up under merely ostensible prohibitions, and attempted to be foisted upon the public, with so little regard to propriety and the wishes of the people, as this same *act* to incorporate the New-York and Harlaem rail-road company.

Editorial accessions.—The Evening Journal, which has heretofore been ably conducted by Mr. Joseph C. Hart, announces that Mr. S. H. Jenks will hereafter be associated with him in the editorship of that paper. Mr. Jenks is known as a writer of much force, and enters upon the great political arena as a knight of gallant bearing, who flings down his gauntlet to his enemies without any fear of breaking a lance with the best of them. A soul-stirring flourish of trumpets in the form of an address to his patrons, announces his arrival in the lists. We look for some brisk tilting. We perceive also that the forthcoming volume of the *Euterpeid* is to be under the direction of Mr. Horatio Gates, formerly editor of the *Catskill Recorder*. This musical journal will doubtless be much improved by the accession of his experience, taste, and talents. "Last, but not least," the *Courier and Enquirer* informs its readers that their old acquaintance, Mr. M. M. Noah, is once more enthroned in the elbow-chair of that establishment. No man is better calculated to sprinkle the pages of a daily journal with wit and humor. It is said there is a lively sensation among the fraternity, or (to use his own emphatic language) "a great skipping among the mice." The major is perfectly familiar with the affairs of the city, and knows all the labyrinths of politics by heart. With a singular proneness to fall into dilemmas, he possesses a fortunate faculty by which he extricates himself in a good-natured manner. He quarrels with everybody, and yet keeps them in a roar. With the politics of any of these gentlemen, however, we have nothing to do, but as a liberal critic and capital joker, a facetious and readable essayist, and a pleasant and ready writer, we welcome Mr. Noah back to his old duties.

Mr. Bulwer.—This fervid and popular author has not increased his reputation by his late attempt at poetry. He should have adhered to novel writing, "and then he had not broke his neck with climbing." The glowing ardor of his composition will always ensure him readers, eager to elevate him above his proper rank, and there is visible in the character of our public a strong propensity to exaggerate and overpraise. While several critics have placed him above Byron as a poet, and Scott as a novelist, the *National Gazette* contains the subjoined paragraph:

"Having looked into the satirical poem, the *Siamese Twins*, by the author of *Pellham*, we can aver that it is, on the whole, a wretched production. The greater part of it is trash, of which the sensible reader must feel ashamed, whatever may be the sentiments of the writer at any time. Judging from his preface, we may say that Bulwer entertains a high opinion of his muse. This is not the first time that a man of talents has egregiously mistaken his road to fame."

Cinderella.—An apology is due to M—t, for the delay of his spirited article on the subject of this opera. It shall appear, however, as soon as the pressure of other matter will permit. We have been overburthened of late with musical essays and critiques, mostly referring to the great attractions of *Cinderella*, which, we perceive, the managers have an-

nounced for repetition with new scenery, of a yet more splendid description. This, of course, will have its effect upon the public; although the delightful warblings of our *prima donna* do not need any additional aid to ensure the attendance and admiration of real lovers of music. It is but justice to add, as another claim possessed by this piece upon the attention of amateurs, that it has afforded Mr. Jones an opportunity of proving himself a vocalist of superior merit, and ranked him among the very best who have ever exerted themselves to delight an American audience.

Macdonough Jacksonian.—The politeness of a southern correspondent has furnished us with a file of the *Macdonough Jacksonian*, a literary periodical of great repute in the interior of the state of Georgia. The following interesting communication appears as the leading editorial article, in the last number:

"My absence to the late superior court of Walton county, some mechanical business unavoidably commanding my attention, and a violent rheumatic affection in one of my legs, have conspired to delay this gazette to this time."

The reader will probably recollect the fine burst of feeling in a celebrated tragedy, written in very chaste and choice poetry:

"Summon the physicians of the universe,
Bid them bring whole magazines of gallipotted nostrums,
Arranged in pharmaceutical order.
The man that cures our editor shall have our paper."

North American Review for April.—The articles of this number are "Origin and progress of the French language," "Foreign relations of Mexico," "Economy of Athens," "Character and abuses of the medical profession," "Waverley Novels," "British and American shipping," "The art of preserving beauty," "Memoirs of Oberlin," "Geology," "Imprisonment for debt," "The Water Witch," and "Bank of the United States." The papers of this fine journal are so temperately, and often eloquently written, and afford such clear and intelligent views of the state of literature and the arts, that it should be in the hands of every American reader.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—"It is a consummation devoutly to be wished" that there should exist some settled code by which controversy might be regulated, and which might be used as a sort of manual to enable people in the busy walks of life to decide promptly on the pretensions of conceited blunderers, and the whole tribe of obstinate and industrious *Proteuses*, with which literature is pestered. The public in general, especially in a mercantile community, have neither time nor inclination to follow a long-winded discussion through all its various windings and turnings; and as the age has passed "when if the brains were out the man would die," the fashion has come up in its stead, that when the legs of writers are cut off, they deem it necessary to enact the part of Widdrington, in the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," and fight upon their stumps.

"For Widdrington, I needs must mourn as one in doleful dumps,
Who, when his legs were smitten off, still fought upon the stumps."

It is in vain that in literary controversy you look for silence and prostration after defeat, as on the real field of battle. In the field of polemical warfare, wounds, however desperate, heal with the facility of those of Milton's angels, where some ethereal essence has only to be applied, and combatants who ought to be lying *hors de combat*, jump up again and move as briskly as do the mendicant tribe in London, about the hour of supper, who get rid of their fabulous fractures, sham sores, pretended palsies, and starving twin-children, with astonishing dexterity. The manœuvres of our heroes of the goose-quill are equally wonderful. They are gifted beyond the demigods in the *Iliad* or *Ænied*, who had at least some mortal points; and they have likewise all the wonderful instincts and defences which protect the brute race and finny tribes. Some of these facetious scribblers, in imitation of the hedgehog, should any danger approach, or should their adversary prove too potent, curl themselves up and present a round ball of prickly personalities; others, like a certain kind of fish when pursued, blacken the water all around them, so that they cast a mystification over the subject, and escape through the obscurity which they have purposely created. Some, like the hare, when hunted by a stanch pack of hounds, cross, double, and double again on their own track to throw their pursuers out. Others, like the sly fox, will take refuge in the very scene of their predatory attacks, the hen-roost—and one whom we have lately had occasion to handle, like the sow accursed in Shakspeare, has, in defence of itself, been convicted of devouring its nine farrow. Under these circumstances, Messrs. Editors, we have come to the determination that in future, although we shall ever be found ready to do our best to prostrate our opponents, yet that when we have fairly and manfully achieved the same, we shall deem it equally incumbent upon us to leave them to the full enjoyment of their terrestrial struggles.

I LOVE BUT THEE!

WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.—COMPOSED BY CIANCHETTINI.

Tenderly.

Dolce

If, af - ter all, you still will doubt and

fear me, And think this heart to o - ther loves will stray; If I must swear, then, love-ly doubt-er, hear me, By ev' - ry dream I have when thou'rt a-

way, By ev' - ry throb I feel when thou art near me, I love but thee! I love but thee!

2d—By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
And by those lips, which give whate'er thou'rt saying,
Or grave or gay, a music of their own,

A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
I love but thee! I love but thee!
2d—By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,
As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow;

And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush announces
A hue too bright to bless this world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee! I love but thee!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NUMBER IX.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.—The early emigrants to the United States were generally zealous admirers of simplicity in the administration of the rites of the church, and stanch enemies to every custom which they could trace to heathen origin. Hence almost all the little rural superstitious customs which survived the downfall of paganism, and still subsisted among the common people, were held by our ancestors to be either absurd or idolatrous, and gained no footing in this country.

Such has been the case with the affecting ceremony of strewing flowers over the graves of departed friends and dear relatives. This was a part of the funeral rites of the Romans, as we learn from Cicero, in his sixth oration for Lucius, and from the sixth *Æneid* of Virgil. It was adopted by the christians, and is still practised in some of the rural churches of England. Gay says—

"Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and odive blue."

It is a custom as poetical as affecting, and I cannot help regretting its disuse in this country. It has nothing superstitious about it, and even the orthodox Henry Rouine, author of the *Antiquitates Vulgares*, who is the most intolerant in these matters, sees nothing in it to reprehend.

GENIUS.—The flights of genius are sometimes like those of a paper kite. While we are admiring its vast elevation, and gazing with boyish wonder at its graceful soarings, it plunges into the mud, an object of derision and contempt.

THE MILKY WAY.—It was the opinion of some of the ancient philosophers that the milky way was the road by which the inferior deities went to the councils of Jove. Others maintained it to be the path by which the souls of heroes winged their way to heaven, after the dissolution of their bodies.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.—The prosperous man has every thing to fear, and the poor man every thing to hope. To the former every change threatens loss, to the latter it promises benefit. He little fears the turning of the wheel who is already at the bottom.

HOW TO GET ALL YOU ASK.—Desire the women to take all you have and the men to give you nothing, and both will be sure to grant all you ask of them.

HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELCOME.—Give something wherever you go, and you will be sure of a good reception.

RECIPE TO BE RICH.—If you have money, keep it; if you have not, don't covet it, and you will be rich enough.

HOW TO CATCH A WOMAN.—If she walks, walk faster; if she walks faster, run; if she runs, fly, and you'll soon come up with her.

RECIPE FOR BEING UNIVERSALLY BELOVED.—Lend, and never ask to be paid; make presents, give treats, bear and forbear, do everybody a good turn, hold your peace, and suffer yourself to be cheated.

RECIPE FOR NEVER WEARING OUT CLOTHES.—Tear them to rags or give them away, and you need not fear their wearing out.

HOW TO PREVENT TAILORS FROM CABBAGING.—Let them make no clothes for you; that is the only remedy.

A POLITICIAN.—A fellow that turns his coat, because if he did not, he would soon have no coat to turn.

ALCHMY.—Your apothecary is your only alchymist, for he turns all sorts of trash into gold.

GRIEF AND BEER.

When the united powers of beef and beer
Had equal'd Tom to a fat stall-fed steer,
He lost his wife, and with a heavy sigh,
After his dinner, to a friend did cry,
"Alas! there's nothing blows one up like grief;"
"Nothing," replied his friend, "except roast beef." B

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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ergetic fulness of the chorus, indeed the whole arrangement is peculiarly expressive of the manner of Rossini, and may be considered a masterpiece. The second act has little music except a quartette of some beauty, and rather libellous sentiment against the fair sex, and a comic duet, wherein the *vis comica* superabundantly appears. Nor can we in justice to Placide forbear noticing his execution, or, we might more properly say, enactment of his part of the duet. The talents of this gentleman, though generally acknowledged, are not fully appreciated. His personification of ludicrous passion in aged characters is, beyond comparison, faithful. Of his French characters the public have ere this formed their opinion; indeed the versatility of his talents leaves few branches of the drama beyond his range, to prove which we have only to cite his Antonio, in the Marriage of Figaro. His enactment of the old baron is well worth seeing. While his pompous vanity is ridiculous and extremely amusing, there is a vein of almost impotent cruelty running through his disposition, which makes him contemptible. Lacy has reserved the chief splendor of Rossini for the last act, in which he opens such a treasure of music, that the senses are almost intoxicated. The duet commencing "Let thine eyes on mine mildly beaming," is a charming piece, and contains strains of surpassing beauty; but we think nothing can be more voluptuously splendid, if we may be allowed the expression, than the glee, variations and chorus, executed in the ball-room. Indeed the mind is exhilarated to such a degree, that one can scarcely conceive the whole to be an illusion; and her who charmingly administers to the refined senses any other than a seraphic vision. Though extremely difficult, the variations are given with an ease, facility, and effect to the excellence of which the plaudits of thousands have borne unequivocal testimony, and which are above description luxurious. We have witnessed this delightful opera nine times, and on each occasion the desire for the repetition of this piece of music could only be exceeded by the good-will with which the *prima donna* complies, and we have invariably noticed that in the repetition more fire and brilliancy are ever imparted. It is almost unnecessary to descend from the praises of this music to a notice of the remainder, consisting of an *aria* and chorus, finely expressive of the feelings of the Prince upon the disappearance of Cinderella—an excellent march and a finale, replete with characteristic beauty. We will conclude, therefore, with a cursory review of the corps operatic.

In his department, which is evidently that of a basso, Mr. Thorne is very respectable. He has some comic talent, and is well adapted to parts which contain music like that of Dandini. His lower tones are full and sonorous, and we are happy to find that he has rectified the mistake into which he at first fell, of attempting that of the *tenori*. "Let him reform it altogether."

T. Placide, having no music assigned him, comes not properly within the subject of this critique. Much having been said of his enactment of Pedro, we deem it within our province to give our trifling assent to its merits, though he rather "out-herods Herod." The true personification of Pedro is a difficult matter. He is a quiet young man, with no tricks, no far-fetched waggonery, no stage art; there is no assumption about him until he has been converted into a lord. It is a good character, and not wishing to underrate Mr. Placide, we should be pleased to see Mr. Barnes enact the part.

Mr. Ritchings performs the character assigned him very creditably, and we were pleased to find him in his *forte*, graceful and easy gesticulation.

Of Mr. Jones we are always gratified to speak. With regard to his musical taste and attainments we consider him unrivalled on our boards. His personal appearance in the young Prince is much improved. His clear distinct articulation and perfect intonation, (an unusual merit,) the melody of his voice, and his excellent management of it, give him a title to the first rank among vocalists.

The two sisters sustain themselves with much spirit in the persons of Mesdames Blake and Vernon, and their difficult music is executed very creditably.

Mrs. Wallack is respectable; and the ladies both of the opera and the ballet are not without desert. *En passant*, we must do Mr. Simpson the justice to say that his endeavors in getting up Cinderella are calculated to sustain his eminently high character as a manager, superior to whom there are none.

The chief attraction, however, of the opera is the *prima donna*, the gentle and beautifully artless Cinderella. We could praise much, but we do not wish to be thought rhapsodists; yet, what we shall say must be conceded by all who have heard and seen this splendid drama. The part of Cinderella, as well the acting as the singing portion, is admir-

bly adapted to the powers of Mrs. Austin; and we should suspect the English arranger, if not the author, of having designed the music for her, were we aware that Rossini or Lacy had any acquaintance with our Cinderella. The eminent knowledge and command of the *portamento di voce* possessed by Mrs. Austin, is of great effect in her execution of the thrilling tender passages to be found scattered through the piece. We would particularly mention the delightful melody with which you have already enriched your excellent miscellany. We need hardly direct the auditor's attention to that fine passage, descriptive of the situation in which the poor girl is placed. It is a piece of fine dramatic effect, and is calculated very strongly to move the sympathies of the audience. The duets beginning "Whence this soft and pleasing flame," and "Of the Baron's lovely daughters," abound in singular beauties.

Of the music of the third act we have already pretty fully spoken, and we close this article by requesting all who have not seen this gorgeous spectacle, to avail themselves of the earliest opportunity of witnessing one of the most splendid efforts of musical talent, whether of the composer or the vocalist, ever presented in this country.

In conclusion, we deem the production of Cinderella the second era in musical taste in our country; and we are convinced that the great success attending its representation is owing chiefly to the increasing desire for musical compositions of merit, and the destruction of a false and vicious taste.

M—T.

For the New-York Mirror.

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

The first spring day! what magic dwells
In its pure air, of gladness breathing,
Which thus around our hearts the spells
Of olden-time is wreathing?
'Tis redolent of hope and youth,
The freshness of our early days,
The buoyancy of soul, ere truth
Had darkened fancy's rays.

It is as if our spirits were
To childhood's days again returning,
And those life-breathing joys we share
For which our souls were yearning.
A melancholy, strange yet sweet—
A sudden wild awakening
Of thoughts long past, our spirits greet
With the first day of spring.

All own, but none can tell what means
This gush of sweet though mournful feeling,
Nor why with spring's fresh coming scenes,
We find it o'er us stealing;
The desert heart a garden seems,
And withered feelings bloom again;
And early hopes and vanished dreams
Flash o'er the heart and brain.

And memories vague and undefined,
That come and go like summer lightning,
The deep recesses of the mind
With sudden light are bright'ning.
Methinks our spirits have not been
Tenants of this dark earth alone,
But some bright world, unstained by sin,
Ere this hath been our own.

For there are recollections dim,
Of some blest previous existence,
And o'er our hearts their shadows skim
In dim and dream-like distance;
We cannot catch nor mark them down—
One glimpse of their departing wings
Is all that we can call our own
Of these bright visitings.
Like some glad dream which slumber blest,
But which from waking thought doth sever;
We know that it hath charmed our rest,
But can recall it never!

THYRA.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE DIVER FOR PEARLS.

"Do you know," said a great philosopher to a pearl diver,
"do you know why the pearl grows in the oyster?"

"No," answered the diver, whereupon the other turned up his nose at him.

"Can you dive to the bottom in twenty fathoms and bring up these pearls?" said the diver to the philosopher.

"Not I," answered the other, contemptuously.

"What an old fool is this fellow," thought the diver to himself, "to be studying how pearls grow instead of learning how to catch them."

GOOD ADVICE.

One asked his friend what he should do when he did not know what to say in company, who replied, "hold your tongue."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF THE AMERICAN NOVELIST.

MESSRS. EDITORS—It is well known that Mr. Cooper's productions have drawn forth more praise from French, German, and English critics than they have from his own countrymen. I find in the last received number of a celebrated literary and scientific periodical, published in Paris, the following notice of the *Water Witch*, and translate it for the benefit of those of your readers who may not fall in with the journal from which it is taken.

From the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

"It was an observation of La Fontaine, that the world was old, but still to be amused like a child. And in truth, nothing has been left untried in the regions of imagination that could benefit or divert the public: the jack-o-lanterns of the marsh, the witches of the mountain, the imps of the woods, the spirits which haunt ruined towers, the good fairies who glide from heaven to earth on a silver moonbeam, and illumine with their bright crown the chamber of the maiden whom they come to assist; the goblins which murmur strange words in the ears of the dreamer, and amuse themselves by vexing and playing their pranks among the dairy-maids; in short, all the capricious descendants of the witch of Endor, dwelling among rocks and caverns, have been successively called out from their hiding-places. The air is peopled with phantoms, the fire with salamanders, the sea with a phantastic race of spirits. But we have wanted a genius of the storms, a spirit which sports upon the swelling waves, directs the tempest at his will, breathes into the flowing sails, lends a soul to the ship, and hovers over the sea as over a mysterious world, whose aspects and changes it delights in contemplating. Mr. Cooper has conjured up this spirit; the limitless ocean is to him a second country. On shipboard he feels himself at home, and the whistle of the boatswain is to his ear as delightful a melody as the song of the nightingale. He has been cradled on the waters, and in his infancy lulled by their murmurs. The black spot just appearing in the distant horizon is to his eye the presage of tempest and danger. At the age when sensation is most vivid, and its impressions most ineffaceable, he was a mariner, so that he comprehends minutely this life of contemplation and action, of energy and idleness; this contest of man with the elements, which he has conquered by the force of his intelligence. He excels in describing the threatening surge with its crest of foam, the deep abyss in the waters, the murmur which announces the coming storm, and all the picturesque lights and shadows spreading over this vast and magnificent mirror. Many poetical minds, among others those of Byron and Madame de Staël, have given us the profound and sublime emotions which the sight of the ocean is calculated to inspire. But no one had as yet made us live in complete intimacy with this fierce companion; no one had shown him to us in his rage and his playfulness. The author of the *Pilot* has not feared to carry on his story upon this vast theatre, and he has inspired it with the continual motives of interest and sympathy. He is generally fertile, full of power, ability to reproduce the great traits of nature in the wild forests of America, upon the sea, by the side of torrents, but not in the refinements of the city. Civilization is not the scene for him. When he undertakes to paint artificial manners, his talent weakens and fades; and because the works of God reveal their beauties to genius, but those of men to mere talent. Some *naïvé* and almost savage characters appear frequently in the works of the American Scott. Long Tom on the sea, and Leather Stocking on the land, are two original and humorous creations to which we often recur, and which we love to recognise as old friends.

"To say that there is in this new romance every thing that has contributed to the success of the others, and perhaps still more, is to render it high praise. We might point out here and there a few blemishes, some extravagant and forced incidents; but it is a sorry task to quarrel with one who has opened before us the treasures of his intelligence. We keep the memory of pleasure only, and Mr. Cooper has afforded us a great deal of it."

There are some good points about this article, though it is full of what is called in Byron's correspondence *enthusiasm*; but, being from the pen of a lady, it is beyond the reach of strict criticism.

The following epitaph by Burns, inscribed over the grave of Major Nichol, in a country church-yard near Glasgow, has been handed us by a correspondent, who copied it from the stone. We do not recollect to have seen it before in print:

Ye maggots feed on Nichol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye ha' gotten;
And stick your claws in Nichol's heart,
For deil a bit ont's rotten.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

CONVERSATION.

WHAT a charming power is that of conversing with ease and intelligence. How much of human happiness depends on the exercise of it. How many humble hearths are rendered cheerful—how many fashionable circles are made to sparkle with gaiety by the simple interchange of thoughts and feelings! And what a different effect each person produces in respect to this accomplishment! While one inspires you with mirth or animation, another drags your attention reluctantly along the dim course of his thoughts, and makes a minute seem an hour. Some appear endowed by nature with an instinctive perception of delicacy and propriety, and steer their way carefully through the prejudices, peculiarities, and awkward circumstances connected with the character or situation of their hearers, while others blunder on, regardless of everybody's feelings, thrusting themselves into business which does not concern them, and electrifying their friends by sudden bursts of opinion formed without judgment, and thus exploded without reference to time or place. This is quite consistent with every virtue of the heart and good quality of the understanding. I have a friend of this description, whose honesty is such an awkward and obstinate piece of business, that he ruffles the tranquillity of almost every one with whom he comes in contact. He piques himself not only upon never uttering a falsehood, but upon never concealing an impression of his own respecting any person or circumstance. He deems every shade of dissimulation equally base and contemptible, and is resolved never to yield the prerogative of being perfectly candid. No matter how placid the stream of social feeling may be, one acting on such a principle is sure to ripple it with some jarring and splashing observation, with as little respect to the comfort of those around him as was experienced by the worthy gentleman who thus addressed his host from the lower end of a crowded table: "Pray, my dear sir, have the kindness to inform me how long is it since your brother was hanged?"

Mr. Pelham, on the contrary, is one of those who recoil from the thought of giving offence. He is sprightly, well-informed, and intelligent, with a quick eye, both for the ludicrous and the beautiful; he is a close observer, and immediately after the occurrence of any interesting incident pictures it to you with the freshness of real life. But he can never recollect any thing when it is wanted, so that he resembles some of our rich men who have immense treasures locked up in chancery, or veiled in distant speculations.

"Well, Pelham, what's the news?" said some one to him the other evening, as he seated himself in the midst of a few friends.

"The information from Europe," he answered, "is very important. There's a packet in from London or Liverpool, I don't recollect which, and Mr. What's-his-name has been killed in Paris. By-the-by, Miss L., coming up Broadway just now, I met your friend Mr.—Mr.—Mr.—pahaw! What's the man's name? the little black-eyed fellow, you know, with a hooked nose, and he desired me to say that he wished you to join his family in a party to the theatre."

"When, Mr. Pelham?"

"Well now that's very curious," said he, "very curious indeed—he told me the night particularly, and mentioned that he should not be able to see you before the time, and therefore desired that you would come down and spend the afternoon with his wife and sister, but whether it was to-day or to-morrow or the next day, I vow I have forgotten. Master Burke is to play—they say he acts as well as Kean, and such a dear little rascal too. You know what the poet says: 'And still—and still the—the—wonder grew,' 'That one small head—one small head could—could—confound the thing, I've no more memory than a fool.'"

Old Henderson, now, is a worthy whose fault is just the other way. He has neither sense nor taste, but his memory is awful. I have seen him hold a large company enchained, not by the fascination of wit and eloquence, but by a downright overbearing determination to monopolize the whole conversation, and without the ingenuity to perceive that instead of admiring, one-half of his auditors are laughing at him and the other meditating upon the most respectful means of escape. I can excuse, and even sympathize with an old sailor or soldier who has risked his life a thousand times in the dangers of sea and battle, for dwelling with enthusiasm, which he imagines must be shared by all, upon those scenes and events where the chords of his noblest feelings have been struck, but protect me from the sturdy energy of those veteran prosers whose zeal and prejudices are all based on vanity and conceit.

"My dear friend," said Henderson to me one day as I was hurrying home to dinner a few minutes after the time; "listen to me one word more. I am old now, and may venture to state that my experience is not small. I have traveled, sir, traveled all over the United States and a part of Great Britain; and I kept a note-book, wherein I set down all the remarkable events—don't be in such a hurry, my dear fellow, I'm never in a hurry."

"Doubtless, doubtless, Mr. Henderson, but just at this moment—"

"Tush, man—you don't get an opportunity of hearing me every day."

"Thank heaven for that," thought I.

"In this note-book," he continued, "I set down, as I said before, all the remarkable things I heard and saw with all my apposite moral reflections. Thus, sir, I have accumulated a mass of the most valuable notes, thoughts, opinions, sketches of character, anecdotes, &c. &c. &c. You shall read them, my young friend. They will give you more insight into—"

"With pleasure, sir, but—"

"Why now there's your cousin Bob, as fine a fellow, sir, as ever trod shoe-leather, he knows my friend Stamford who traveled with me half—no, not half—yes—I think I may say half of the way. Stamford married a Miss Dunlap, at Plymouth. Her father was a doctor, as clever a fellow as ever—well—I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. It was on the sixteenth day of April 1799, and the next morning, says he to me, says he—"

But enough of this, lest the reader should grow as tired of him as I was. I should almost as cheerfully submit to the necessity of listening to another talking friend of mine, who has the misfortune to be an author. Long habits of writing, to which he has concentrated all the faculties of his mind, have made it impossible for him to give birth to a single idea before he has arranged it in a regular sentence, with suitable branches and a flowing period. Ask him how he does, and he reads you a homily on the state of his system—the causes of his diseases, and the method he has laid down for himself to accomplish a cure, with the swelling pomposity of Dr. Johnson. He'll quote Greek upon a tea-kettle. When he gives his well-known preliminary "*hem*," as he clears his throat for an attack, I wish I might get the toothache, as an excuse for taking my departure. Such a man in a stage-coach, where you are entirely at his mercy, is worse than the night-mare. Heaven preserve me from your professed shiners in conversation. But of the colloquists who are calculated to exhaust the patience, the mystified talker is the most provoking. He covers up an idea of the most ordinary signification, or rather buries it under a multiplicity of words. If you put an interrogation to such an one, he stops, reflects, and then commences narrating some anecdote which he intends to apply to something which he intends to say. He hovers round and round a subject, and just when you trust he is coming to the point, strikes off into some unknown region and leaves you perfectly bewildered as to his meaning. Either he has no mind, no opinions, or you see them through the medium of his conversational powers as you glance at nature through a prism, and behold fragments of trees, walls, rivers, and houses turned upside down in grotesque groupes, and colored with strange hues. Set a nervous, clear-headed person to transact business with one of this sort, and he will almost go mad.

Some are habitual praisers of every thing around them—others never open their lips but to snarl. These last are monsters in society. They prow around like vicious dogs, snapping and biting at whatever comes within their reach. Instead of comparing the faults and beauties, the virtues and vices of men and things properly together, and forming a conclusion as the balance is in their favor or against them, they ferret out the worst features, dwell upon them with malicious bitterness, and thus overwhelm every thing in indiscriminate condemnation.

In short, while the conversation of all is marked with the peculiarities of their respective dispositions and habits of life, few have attained that elegant familiarity with the world and the human heart which enables them in conversation to please all and offend none. Such an accomplishment is productive of the most agreeable advantages. It surrounds its possessor with a kind of cheerfulness, delightful to the walks of brilliant fashion and invaluable as the charm of the domestic circle. Yet, perhaps, few subjects engage less of the attention of scholars and eminent men of all classes. They too often exhaust their vivacity in the mental efforts of the closet, and pass among their friends mere abstracted, solitary, and sometimes disagreeable companions, unable to share the simple pleasures of life.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters from Correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Painters' Rooms of Boston.

Boston, April, 1831.

I HAVE been tempted, by the great beauty of the day, and the fine light for pictures, to take a slight stroll among the painters' rooms. Mr. Harding, I believe, is generally considered our first artist in portraits, as this is the branch of the profession to which he has paid the most particular attention. He is a noble looking fellow, very large and muscular, with an agreeable and gentlemanly address. Some dozen years ago he was residing in Kentucky, and commenced his career by painting a tavern sign. He has since visited Scotland and England, and met there with a good deal of attention and success. For some of this I have heard it said he was indebted to the influence of that prince of successful impostors, John Dunn Hunter, who created such an excitement among the lords and ladies of Great Britain, and whose favor, during the continuance of the mania, would have been a passport to almost any rank of society.

Mr. Harding has a collection of some of the best heads in the country. All that are exhibited at his rooms are finished with a freedom and correctness quite remarkable. The features have a perfect definiteness, with no hardness of outline, and the draperies and dresses are gracefully arranged and finely colored. The head of Dr. Channing has been splendidly engraved, and you have probably seen it in your own city; that of Mr. Webster has been also engraved for a collection of his orations and congressional arguments, which has been recently published here. Besides heads of these distinguished individuals, Mr. H. has lately executed a fine portrait of Colonel Hamilton, the author of that most delightful of novels, *Cyril Thornton*; a likeness of John Randolph, which we will venture to pronounce perfect, without even having seen the original; and what are said to be very good resemblances of two or three of our presidents.

Miss Stuart, a daughter of the late celebrated painter, and a lady of considerable talent, is attracting attention by her rapid improvement in the art. To tell the truth, I had not formed a very high estimate of her powers, from some early specimens that she exhibited two or three years ago at the Athenæum; but her recent productions indicate genius, and promise the final establishment of a lasting reputation. It is but seldom that we see genius transmitted with a name; and it is pleasing to behold a child striving for the laurels which were so long and honorably worn by the parent, and which cluster so greenly over his grave.

You have, of course, several of Fisher's beautiful landscapes in New-York; but some of your rich men had better send on and purchase, at a liberal price, a couple recently finished, which much surpass any of his previous productions. They are both very beautiful, and make a striking contrast with each other. One represents a wilderness in perfect repose, with the color and position of the clouds, the stillness of the most light and delicate foliage, the unruffled smoothness of the waters, indicating a serene hush and quiet over the whole face of nature. There is not air enough breathing to move the thinnest leaf, or to stir a blade of grass. The other is of an entirely different character, representing a freshet; the sky with the variety of strong coloring that marks it when we have a brilliant sun, after the clearing away of a tempest; the overflowing waters reflecting the glow of the heavens; and the whole picture, in its multiplied details, alive with action. Mr. Fisher has at his rooms a number of smaller landscapes, which are exceedingly well done; and several portraits: to the latter class of pictures, as a more lucrative branch of the art, we are sorry to hear that he intends to devote himself.

The exhibition at the Athenæum gallery, which has done, and is yet to do, so much for the encouragement of the arts, has this year been deferred a month or two later than usual. Prizes are offered for the best painting by an American, which has never before been exhibited in Boston. By means of this exhibition in past years the proprietors of the Athenæum have been enabled to purchase several beautiful pictures, by foreign and native artists, to ornament their noble institution. Among these are two or three landscapes by Doughty, and a picture of the Mother and Child, by Allston. The latter is in a very peculiar style, and has been much admired. My next letter shall touch upon a subject or subjects that you had better remain in ignorance of till the time of receiving it. Till then, farewell.

P. G.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—If you feel inclined to confer a favor on an industrious and useful man, you will oblige me by publishing this letter.

I am a great traveller and connoisseur in pictures—a *christener*, as it is termed abroad. The various excellencies and predominant characters of all the eminent painters, ancient and modern, have been my principal study, and have become so familiar, that I flatter myself I can distinguish them just as well in the dark as in the light, as a great connoisseur tells one wine from another with his eyes shut. I can talk about the sublimity of Salvator, the grace of Raphael, the coloring of Titian, the grouping of Caravaggio, and keeping, and light, and shade, and perspective, and all that, asleep or waking, in the most approved style, and according to the best models extant.

Any auctioneer having a lot of pictures for sale, or any gentleman having a gallery, may have them christened on the most reasonable terms and at the shortest notice. Without boasting, I may venture to say that I have established the reputation of more than one collection, and made the fortunes of a number of gentlemen, proprietors of galleries, by my skill in christening. More than one Raphael owes its existence to me; and I may say with perfect truth, that I have drawn hundreds of the pictures of great masters from the depths of oblivion. The Academies of Arts would do well to avail themselves of my services, as I understand there are a number of pictures in them that want christening sadly. I am, sir, your humble servant, PETER PAUL RUBENS REMBRANDT DUBSTER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—I perceive you are meddling of late with every body's business and neglecting your own, I dare say, like most of your busy-bodies. Perhaps you will do me a good turn, as it relates to a business that don't concern you any more than the man in the moon.

I am at this present moment sitting in melancholy contemplation of my tailor's bill, commencing with Anno Domini 1827, and ending with that of 1830. I won't tell you how much it amounts to for fear the trifle would disgrace me in the eyes of my friends. This unreasonable fractional part of a man is one of the greatest usurers in the world—in or out of Wall-street. He charges all his good customers a thumping advance to pay for losses by bad ones—and then he expects the latter to pay their bills, as if the honest hum-drum fellow, who exist upon two coats a year had not paid them already!

This I hold to be a crying imposition upon the gentlemen who don't find it convenient to pay for a thing twice over, as it were—once out of the pockets of others and once out of their own. Perhaps you may think it a great hardship for people thus to pay for coats for other people to wear. But when you look round and philosophize, as I do sometimes, you will see that the very constitution of society is based upon this volunteer system of paying the piper. Honest men pay the piper for rogues, and full purses for empty ones. If a rogue picks my pocket—a supposition, I confess, somewhat inapplicable to its present state—I must pay my proportion of the costs of prosecution and afterwards help to maintain him in jail. If a fellow wastes his money in dissipation and his time in idleness, the saving and industrious must be taxed to maintain him on the parish; and if a rogue commits a murder, the same honest, industrious folks must pay the cost of his hanging—the catchpole, the hangman, the public prosecutor, the jury, and the judge are all paid by honest men for keeping rogues in order. It is unnecessary, I trust, to resort to any more examples to prove that the whole economy of the social state and intention of the laws, consists in putting a bridle in the mouths of honest people merely because others choose to be dishonest, and taxing the industrious that the idle may enjoy themselves.

Now I wish my unphilosophical tailor to ponder on these matters, and therefore request you will publish this letter, that he may see his error and refrain, in future, from pestering people that don't choose to settle bills which have been charged to others already. I have a great mind to consult a lawyer, whether he cannot be brought up under the statute of usury. But the truth is, I have no spare cash just now, and the *liberal professions* do nothing without money. Your old admirer,
DANDY DORICOURT.

P. S. I believe I owe you for a year's subscription—but you must get it of the good folks, who, as I said before, seem born to pay other people's debts—I wash my hands of the business.
D. D.

WISE MEN AND WOMEN.—A wise man is said to be one who can speak well on all proper occasions; a wise woman, one who can be silent when necessary.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The North American Review. No. LXxi. April, 1831. Boston. Gray & Bowen. New-York. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

This work and the Quarterly form the most prominent, and indeed nearly the only periodicals here which have attained extensive reputation as reviews. The papers of each are contributed by distinguished gentlemen of the day, among whom are statesmen high in place and fame, and the most eminent writers of the learned professions. Journals so supported go abroad as professed samples of American literature, and upon them we stake our character as a literary people. We are not at present prepared to examine exactly how far they have satisfied the expectations of the world—what influence they have already exercised upon literature and the arts as they exist among us—what successful impostors in science or the *belles lettres* they have unmasked—what neglected merit they have rescued from obscurity—nor what standard of vigorous and correct style they have offered for the crowd of juvenile scribblers, destined to become supporters of their country's honor when the ripe scholars and veteran authors of the present generation shall have passed away from the earth. This may afford an interesting theme for future discussion, but at present we propose merely briefly to examine the contents of the single number before us.

The first article on the "Origin and progress of the French language," discovers much historical knowledge and patient investigation; but as it is rather abstruse, instead of entering into its merits we copy a translation of a choice and delicate old French song on the return of spring, written in the fifteenth century:

"Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermin'd frost, and cold and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings:
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermin'd frost, and cold and rain.

"River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermin'd frost, and cold and rain."

From the next essay, entitled "Foreign relations of Mexico," we select the following account of the capital city of that republic:

"We do not believe there is a capital of equal size in the world entitled to more ignominious distinction in point of general immorality than the city of Mexico. Public opinion, so far from checking, encourages license. Domestic virtue in high society is a flower which rarely blooms; gallantry is systematized; every lady of rank has her regular and avowed admirer, and conjugal infidelity finds excuse and provocation in libertinism and neglect. Of the varied checks imposed by Providence upon the degrading passions of our nature, the highest in the scale is religion, the next is female influence. It was their combination which gave to chivalry its poetical, and which gives to true civilization its actual grace. As a chastener of the morbid propensities of humanity, the love of woman, using the word in its most exalted sense, is a moral agent of surpassing power; and as it often exists without the other element of our constitution to which we have just referred, so it may often without its aid effect the most salutary restraint. The lover who invests his mistress, if not with the attributes of perfection, at least with the charms which approach nearest to them, and who looks to the forfeiture of her pure affection as the severest of misfortunes, has a motive to virtue which rarely fails. The husband who regards the wife of his bosom not only with love, but with pride, has the same impulse in a different, but not less persuasive form. Where the level of female influence is low, where it is acknowledged only as a minister of sensual appetite, and where the female character is divested of the romantic purity which belongs to it, and made like Don Juan's successive heroines, only the object of licentious passion, we despair of witnessing moral beauty in any form. Domestic society has been beautifully described by a contemporary writer* as 'the seminary of social affections, the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement mankind together; without female ascendancy this pure association can have no existence, and in its absence we discern one of the darkest moral blemishes of the Mexican community.'

This is followed by an interesting article upon the public economy of the Athenians.

* Rev. Robert Hall, of Bristol, England, whose eloquent works have recently, and for the first time, been collected and published at Andover, Massachusetts.

A communication on the "Character and abuses of the Medical Profession" forms the fourth, and comprehends many ingenious reflections; but, although pervaded by a vein of clear and rational observation, the style is weakened by the frequent occurrence of unnecessary expressions. These little wordy flourishes, with which writers amuse themselves before they send forth the idea, are like the attitudinizing of boxers and fencers before they make their pass. It is well enough in the latter, because they desire to perplex, provoke, and mislead. The more prominently the idea can be made to stand, without the drapery of language, the more striking and delightful will be its effect upon the reader. In the article in question we stumble every moment upon something which keeps us back from the point we are seeking; yet which we must climb over before we can arrive at the author's meaning. As for example: "Now we do not for ourselves object"—"and in saying this we make no claim to extraordinary liberality"—"we believe that there never was"—"an attentive observer may remark, however"—"we may remark, however"—"we wish we might hope to come to a result," &c.

The subject of the Waverley novels is next handled in a treatise full of good sense and eloquence; our room will only permit a few extracts:

"We can remember when the whole reading world shivered by reason of Mrs. Radcliffe's fearful mysteries; but a second reading, like the crowing of a cock, drove all her ghosts to their graves. When her gloomy procession had gone by, thousands of readers were surprised by the day-break, as they were devouring the Scottish Chiefs or Thaddeus of Warsaw; but a second reading served only to destroy all the charm of the first. This is true even of Miss Edgeworth, in a measure; her Lord Oldborough, a character which undoubtedly made more impression than any other which she ever drew, will not bear a second reading; but her substantial merits have secured for her a desirable and lasting fame. Now, the excellence of Scott appears in the fact, that his writings not only bear, but require a second reading; without it, we cannot realize the wealth of his imagination, nor the reach and majesty of his power.

"The reputation of Scott is built upon his works of fancy. He has labored in other departments of literature with great vigor and success. His biographical sketches, particularly, have been distinguished by their manliness and candor, though, with the exception of Napoleon, they were written without much exertion of his strength. That great work has not satisfied the demands of the world, but we presume that no living writer could have given equal satisfaction; and the truth is, that the gigantic character he describes is still too near us to be painted; we must wait till the lights and shadows are blended into their right proportions by the effect of distance and time."

Mr. Bulwer is mentioned with unjust severity; but probably provoked by the equally unjust praise which his admirers have lavished upon him:

"It is too late in the day to question whether works of imagination can be safely read; read they certainly will be, and safely, by those who do not go to excess. Scott has done much to guard against this danger; for with one sweep of his pen he has sent to forgetfulness whole armies of novels, which used to prey upon the time and feelings of the young. It is true, that some, like Bulwer's, struggle up, by dint of brazen impudence, into a temporary notoriety, which we shall be compelled to blush for in a year or two, as for the Counsellor Phillips passion, which once prevailed in our land; but this cannot be prevented—when a tree throws a thick and deep shadow over a landscape, such pestilent weeds are most apt to grow beneath it."

There is much force and truth in the subjoined remarks: "One word to readers of the present day. There is a power in scenes and narratives, which implies no power in the writer; and certain writers, without industry or talent, are carrying on an extensive system of imposition. They go to lunatic asylums, and note in their tablets the ravings of the maniac in chains; they study the Newgate Calendar, or write down the confession of some atrocious malefactor; and with these genuine horrors make a deep impression on the public mind. But the business is wholly mechanical; some paltry wax work, representing a bloody and ghastly form, may make the strong man start, and women faint away, while the pencil of Michael Angelo could not produce an effect half so striking; but no one is so absurd as to judge of a work of art from the shock which it gives; if equal judgment were shown in respect to novels, the public taste would no longer be insulted by works, in which such narratives as any veteran knave can furnish, are paraded as splendid specimens of invention and descriptive power."

We close our observations on this article with the following:

"There have been objections made to this work (Heart of Mid Lothian) and one is, as our papers say of the news, highly important if true. It is, that the moral effect is not good; the villain who caused all the misery of the story, and his unfortunate victim, are transferred to a station in which they enjoy whatever wealth, rank, and fashion can give. This is not the fact; they are not represented as enjoying any thing, but as leading a life made wretched by mutual reproach and self-upbraiding, while their rank is but the 'gilding of their woe;' and the author makes it sufficiently evident that none can enjoy it without health at heart. But it would have been easy to alter all this. By a single dash of his pen, the author could have brought them to justice; but he knew better, and has acted upon the principle that a writer gives the right aspect to vice when he represents it as destroying the peace beyond the power of riches and honors to repair it; and the right reward to virtue when he secures for it the universal applause of men.

"At some future time we may resume the subject, and if we do nothing more, may save some readers the trouble of picking out the information which Scott has given with respect to the materials which have suggested his scenes and characters."

This last idea, of saving us the trouble of picking out the information which Scott has given, is calculated to raise a smile. Perhaps the ingenious writer might condense all the stories of the great enchanter within the pages of the North American, and save us the trouble of reading any of the Waverley novels.

"British and American shipping," "The art of preserving beauty," "Memoirs of Oberlin," "Geology," "Imprisonment for debt," and the "Bank of the United States" are full of valuable information. The latter asserts the necessity of renewing the charter of that institution. The article entitled the "Water Witch," instead of being a review of the novel bearing that name, is an analysis of Mr. Cooper's talents and acquirements as an author. He allows this writer to possess the power of description in a very high degree.

"And," continues the reviewer, "it is most strikingly displayed in one department, in which no one can accuse him of imitation; in which nobody has preceded him, or has yet attempted to become his rival. Whatever opinions may be entertained of his success in other respects, all will agree, that his boldest and most triumphant march is on the mountain wave. He treads the deck with the same conscious pride with which the Highland outlaw stood upon his native heath. The ever-changing aspects of ocean, winds, and sky—the wild excitement and hurry of the combat—the terrors of the storm—the still deeper terrors of the desperate passage through the narrow channel, which despair only would attempt, and nothing but perfect skill could accomplish—all that a sailor sees, dares, and suffers, are as familiar to him as the scenery of the haunts of childhood is to us."

"We cannot, however, award him the same measure of praise for his skill in the delineation of character. Poverty of invention is not his ordinary failing; but he seems to be afflicted with a want of knowledge of human nature, which prevents him from giving a proper degree of distinctness and individuality, and, above all, variety to the persons of the drama. They seem to have been selected on the same enlightened principle which guided Falstaff in filling the ranks of his gallant company; 'mortal men—mortal men; they'll fill a pit as well as better.' In his creations of the softer sex Mr. Cooper appears determined that they shall not be exposed to the imputation of bringing a snare, by dint of vain and unprofitable attractions; and they are accordingly so painted as to leave the delinquent without apology who suffers them to beguile him. When he wishes them to assume the air of unusual liveliness and grace, he artfully invests them with the habiliments of the other sex. The most striking character which he has yet drawn, with the exception, perhaps, of the Spy, is carried in successive novels through the various stages of manhood, decline, and absolute decrepitude, until the reader is prepared to receive with composure the intelligence of his dissolution. This may be well enough; but there is not the same justifiable cause for introducing us anew to Betty Flanagan, notwithstanding the unexpected change in her condition, or for causing Sergeant Hollister to dawn upon the reader a second time, in the full-blown glories of a militia captain. His blacks, also, may be very meritorious personages in their way; but it wears the spirit to see a detachment of them grinning upon us at every turn, like the pyramid of shining faces that watched the dance through a window in the legend of Sleepy Hollow. This is a sort of demonology, which is very apt to pall upon the sense; and

we are not unfrequently tempted to wish that the author were more inclined to imitate the philanthropic views of the Colonization society, and to export them, at least, from the dominions of romance."

It is understood that a formidable rival to both the Quarterly and the North American is about to enter the field. The Southern Review, it is said, will soon re-appear, aided by the most distinguished talent of the south. It would be superfluous to add how important are journals of this description in eliciting talent and giving a tone to our national literature.

For the New-York Mirror.

GROWING STUPID.

I fear that I am growing dull,
And losing all my fire;
All relish for the beautiful,
All passion for the lyre.
Melody from a running stream,
And beauty on a brow—
The whole is a forgotten dream,
And cannot wake me now;
I look with quite as kind an eye
On ciphers as on songs;
On curling locks as listlessly
As on the curling tongs.

There is no glory in the sky
To make my bosom beat,
I never mind a glossy eye,
Nor symmetry of feet;
The waving of an ostrich plume
Is graceless to me now,
And the flower that nods in pride of bloom,
Above a haughty brow.
My chamber-mirror keeps indeed
Its old accustomed place,
But I have very little need
To see my altered face.

I used to love the sparkling wine,
And dote on lobster salads,
I thought Italian airs divine,
And quoted Spanish ballads;
I used to walk the sunny street,
And sometimes used to waltz,
My heart was always full of heat,
My pocket full of salts.
But, ah! those happy days are gone,
Those hours of bliss are faded,
And the sullen times that hurry on,
How darkly they are shaded!

I may not speak of poetry,
I may not think of beauty,
The fount of song is dry for me,
And rough the way of duty.
Farewell the pleasant and the fair,
The idle and the gay,
My face must wear the gloom of care
For many a weary day;
And, Mary, till I feel again,
That thought and heart are free,
My lyre shall hush the careless strain
It breathed to love and thee.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

NATIONAL LOVE OF LEARNING.

WHEN I was about twelve years old I suffered one of the greatest afflictions which could befall me, in the death of my father. I will not expatiate upon the feelings with which I took my last gaze upon his face, and afterwards beheld him covered up in the earth forever from my sight, nor the awful vacancy which he left for a long period in my bosom. Few have dwelt many years in this world without having sustained the loss of some one whom they loved, and they will easily imagine what I have not the power to describe; and to those who are yet ignorant of the dreary and prostrating anguish with which a son bends over the grave of a father, I can only say there is no art in language to make them conceive it. Long may it be before they become too deeply acquainted with it from the fearful lesson of experience. My surviving parent did not permit her grief to interfere with her duties to me. I was, therefore, placed at an excellent school, where, perhaps, the melancholy arising from my misfortune checked the thoughtless merriment of boyhood, and prepared my mind for study and reflection. A few years application fitted me to enter a college, where, if I did not distinguish myself for any marked talent, or extraordinary attainments, I certainly acquired reputation for intelligence, industry, and kindness of disposition. When I quitted the quiet scenes where, withdrawn from the corrupting influences and narrow interests of the world, the calmness of my mind was undisturbed by disappointment, I hope the regret with which I prepared to mingle with the jostling crowd, which throng all the avenues

of business, was not confined to myself. The slender fortune of my father was now nearly exhausted, and I looked around in order to select the best means of obtaining an honest livelihood. My attention was, of course, first directed towards the learned professions, but, after a brief observation of the advantages which they would afford, I concluded that my circumstances would not permit me to embark in either. They are generally overstocked with candidates commencing with auspices much more favorable than any I could expect. Youths from wealthy and influential families, and many gifted with talents and superior education, would easily eclipse the unaided efforts of an humble and friendless individual, who made not the most distant pretensions to genius, who could neither write poetry nor recite an oration with any degree of grace, and who, withal, stood in need of an immediate income to answer the ordinary exigencies of life. Had I been entirely alone, I might possibly have undertaken the herculean labors requisite to the success of an unfriended and poor student. I should have hoped to make up by unremitting assiduity and rigid economy for the want of other advantages. But my mother was now declining in years, and destitute, after having expended much in the course of my education. I was therefore totally at a loss whether to embark for Canton on a salary, to set up a store, or to apply for a situation as clerk in some of the departments at Washington. The latter pleased my fancy most, and I departed for that city, performing as much of the journey on foot as was possible. A letter from the president of the college in which I had been educated, introduced me to several of the great men who there presided over the affairs of the nation. They treated me with excessive politeness, and a celebrated politician promised that I should have the first vacancy of any kind which ensued. One spoke of sending me to the Mediterranean, as secretary to the captain of one of our national ships—another declared that I should go as bearer of despatches to the court of Denmark—and a third assured me of his influence for the place of private secretary to the governor of one of the territories. At first I was quite dazzled with these agreeable prospects, and began to think myself a lucky fellow, who would one of these days look back upon my present necessities as the difficulties incidental to all young men.

"*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," said I to myself, as I trudged to my cheap and cheerless apartment one rainy day, to write my poor mother an account of my success.

For several weeks I lived upon hope and promises, till the patience of my patrons began evidently to tire of my importunities. After having waited one day for two hours in the ante-chamber of a famous individual, while members of congress, officers of the navy, and others were immediately admitted to his presence, I began to suspect I was wasting my time, especially when the door-keeper at length announced to me that it was two o'clock, and that Mr. L. never saw any one after two.

I went towards home, and stepped into a hotel to read the papers, where I overheard one gentleman remark to another, that the president had said he was pestered to death with "hungry office-hunters." "Indeed," added he, "Washington is swarming with them. Every idle fellow thinks he may come here, take a lucrative place, and make his fortune. The impudence and ignorance of these vagabonds are dreadful."

My cheek burned, my conduct flashed upon me in a new light, and the next morning at daybreak, with my little valise in my hand, I started on foot, and with a heavy heart, for Baltimore, on my way home.

When I arrived in my native city, and recounted my failure in very angry terms to my mother, I expected to find her as surprised and provoked as myself. But age, less sanguine than youth, is also less subject to disappointment.

"Your enterprise, my son," she said, "has terminated as I expected. The promises of the great to the needy are meant only for civility, their assistance is reserved for the rich and powerful. We must learn to live by our own labor, and during your absence I have received an offer for you, which, although less brilliant than an embassy to Denmark, will clothe and feed us honestly and respectably. Mr. B. an inhabitant of a village in one of the adjoining states, is desirous of establishing a school. He is neither a politician nor a wealthy man, but he is the father of four children, whom he wishes to enjoy the advantages of a decent education. His interest will induce him to aid us in the enterprise, and upon friendship so supported we may calculate with confidence. If you have no objections we will set about it immediately."

Admiring the superior wisdom of my mother, I instantly consented, and we set out the next day to make the necessary arrangements. We found the place inhabited by many families of the poorer sort, all wonderfully impressed with the

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POPULAR TALES.

ONE of the most respectable inhabitants of this city, who selected for a previous number the article entitled the "Dean of Badajoz," has sent us the subjoined popular sketch, by Mackenzie. Although it is our wish to fill the Mirror with only original matter, the interest of the story, and the accompanying observations, form a sufficient inducement for its re-publication.—*Ede. N. Y. Mir.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The death of the late Mr. Mackenzie has shed a kind of additional interest over his works. The delicacy of his writings have very rarely been surpassed. He was intimately acquainted with the nicest shades of human passion and feeling, and has illustrated them with a force, grace, and discrimination, blended with a most seducing simplicity, which invest his compositions with a charm equally irresistible to the juvenile and the matured reader. Indeed it is one of their characteristic traits, that while boyhood finds a delight in his pages, age and wisdom are equally captivated. I have selected the story of *La Roche*, with the hope that you will consent to publish it in your excellent miscellany. In these days of essayists and novel writers, of bigotry and infidelity, all parties and sects may find in it a standard of style—a fine model of sentiment—and at least a temporary specific for the stir of narrow prejudice and ungentle passions. Doubtless many of your readers are already familiar with its beauties, but they can have no objection to another perusal. It is not one of the flimsy and glittering pieces of modern taste, which can stand the test only of a single examination. But my principal inducement has been to send this beautiful and touching picture of human nature in its fairest light, into the remote country villages, scattered through the United States, where I understand your journal is received by all classes of society, and is consequently read by thousands who never saw an edition of Mackenzie's works.

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

More than forty years ago an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favorable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the structure of such a mind as Mr. —'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling, but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country; and that the father had been seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his governant to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. — was obliged to stoop as he

entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. — and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.

"Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.

She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones.

"Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the governant; "if he could be moved anywhere."

"If he could possibly be moved to our house," said her master.

He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the governant's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman of *Switzerland*, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. —, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His governant joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.

"My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a christian; but he is the best of unbelievers."

"Not a christian!" exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet he saved my father! heaven bless him for it; I would he were a christian!"

"There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."

"But Mr. —," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a christian before he dies."

She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness; she drew it away from him in silence, threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.

"I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery."

"That is right," replied his landlord.

"I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me, (he clasped Mr. —'s hand,)

but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

"You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure."

La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in, and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of everything but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. — enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he, and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest.

"That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books, that may afford you some entertainment within."

"By no means," said the philosopher, "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions."

"She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighborhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."

"'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other, and they walked into the room together.

At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. — was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused, it ceased—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardor of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fullness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Savior were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it; and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. —, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction, and lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am allied to God—it would have been inhuman in our philosophers to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief."

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew his ordinary conversation was the least tinged with pedantry, or liable to digression. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours, too, of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. —, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed

the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.

"They are not seen in Flanders!" said Mademoiselle, with a sigh.

"That's an odd remark," said Mr. —, smiling.

She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains on a part of which they often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of —'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's, but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighborhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he passed up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it shone from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. —'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir? you never beheld a lovelier."

"La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply.

"Alas! it was she, indeed!"

The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came closer to Mr. —.

"I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche."

"Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?"

"She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married was killed

in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him."

He followed the man without answering. The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to reverence. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and, marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased. La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. — was not less affected than they. La Roche arose.

"Father of mercies!" said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not speculation, but from experience—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation."

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years. Such a child, too! it becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then; ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of my father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that the Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is as endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me, I have not lost my child; but a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children; would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr. — followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at the sight of him the scenes they had last met in, rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlor where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight.

"Oh! my friend!" said he, and his tears burst forth again.

Mr. — had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand,

"You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."

"I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours."

"It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold

it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Mr. —'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

MUSICAL MANIA.

"Viva la musica!"

ALTHOUGH fortune has blessed me with most of the comforts and luxuries of life, I have been rendered wretched for the last several months, by a circumstance in which you, Messrs. Editors, are in some degree implicated. There can be no egotism in the assertion that I am a plain, honest, industrious man, taught from my earliest years to consider business as a matter of prime importance, and equally well skilled in the arts of making and of keeping money. In my counting-house lies all my enjoyment. My reveries are generally upon matters of trade; and, in my opinion, there is no more useless, insignificant, and crazy person than one who does not seek his principal gratification in the transactions of some sort of profession. It was my misfortune, (for I am now compelled to term it so,) to associate with me in the firm, a few years ago, a young man, for whom I entertained a sincere regard; and who, besides my esteem for him, possessed an additional claim upon my attention, viz. a handsome capital, which proved useful in my concerns. You must understand that (as my friends say) one of the peculiarities of my character is a strong dislike to music. Nature has formed me so destitute of "ear," that I can scarcely distinguish one tune from another. It is a mystery to me what pleasure people find in listening to a set of fellows (who ought to be cultivating the earth, or occupied in some other decent employment), scraping and blowing all sorts of ridiculous noises on all sorts of absurd instruments. A party of friends, the other night, fairly entrapped me into an engagement to accompany them to the theatre, for the purpose of seeing, or rather hearing Cinderella. For some time I sat with "sad civility,"

and endured the din, thinking of Pope's lines,

"The dog-star rages, nay 'tis past a doubt,
All bedlam or Parnassus are let out."

I do not know whether I should not have soon disappeared, as I was anxious to see that the cash was properly balanced at the store; but, luckily, foreseeing that I should need some rational means of passing away the time, I had wisely filled my coat pockets with pea-nuts and apples, which I ate with great satisfaction, notwithstanding divers incomprehensible frowns from my neighbors. Indeed one little gentleman, who, I had been informed, was Count Flippertiflap, after writhing and twisting for some time in apparent agonies, turned suddenly and fiercely upon me, and said in broken English,

"Sair, begair you shall be turned out of every theatre Français, wis your dem pig-nuts."

"I tell you what, neighbor Flippertiflap, if that's your name," said I, cracking a large nut, "I should like to know what law you can show for preventing a man from eating pea-nuts in a free country? You'd better attend to the music, and leave me to my pea-nuts. 'Every one to his own taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.'"

Ha, ha, ha! Messrs. Editors, I think I walked into him there a leetle grain, don't you? I guess he thought so too; for, muttering something between his teeth, which I could not understand, and casting upon me a look like that of a cur when he shows his teeth, and growls just before he bites, he left the box, and slammed the door after him, with a violence that showed I had got the better of him in the argument. A little while afterwards I saw him in a box opposite, bobbing his head up and down, and beating the cushion with his hand, while somebody on the stage was cutting up some demi-semi-quaver or other flourish without any name.

My partner Charles and I are both unmarried men, and board at the same house; and now I am coming to the difficulty, which induced me to depart so far from my usual business habits as to compose a communication for a public journal. In proportion as I hate music, Charles loves it. He possesses a mischievous facility in catching every air, and in remembering it; and, although I could never perceive any difference between his voice and mine, his musical friends say that his tones are firm, sweet, and round beyond com-

parison. It's all darkness to me this talk about a sweet round voice. Be that as it may, he has been seized with the Cinderella mania, at present prevalent in this city; and ever since this abominable opera was produced, his senses have been evidently a little wandering. He knows it, I am sure, from beginning to end, and makes no secret of his vocal ability. Indeed so thoroughly is he imbued with the melodies of this popular production, that he reminds me of a powder magazine: you cannot touch him with any note or allusion calculated to remind him of the opera, but he goes off in a musical explosion.

"Charles," said I, the other day, "I am going to call on Hanford & Co. in relation to Grant's note. It's a very pleasant morning, and?"

Charles elevated his right arm, cast his eyes towards the ceiling, and exclaimed,

"Morning its sweets is flinging
Over each bower and spray,
Flowers to life are springing
To greet the opening day.
Soft floats around
The waters!"

"Confound your nonsense; listen to me one word!"

"Listen," said Charles, "to be sure I will listen."

"From the lips of men of wisdom
Counsel, they say, comes ever wiser."

"Mr. Wiley," said I, "will you have the goodness to tell me where is the porter?"

"He is yonder in the office,
He is yonder in the office,
Soon he'll come—then hope farewell!"

In this way, Messrs. Editors, am I wearied from morning till night. He asks for his breakfast in a *soprano*, and tells one how late it is, to the tune of "Mildly beaming, brightly gleaming."

We were once detained very late in the evening at the store, in consequence of a press of business. I became absorbed in overlooking some important letters, and unwarily bent my head so near the candle that my hair took fire.

Instead of informing me of this event, as any rational creature would have done, my musical friend laid his hand on his heart, and commenced "Whence this soft and pleasing flame," and before he had finished the graces of the first line I can tell you I was tolerably well singed.

The other day, being the sabbath, we were returning from church in the midst of a crowd, when he commenced a part of the *quintette*,

"Midst doubts confusing,
Uncertain musing," &c.

The people stared, and looked round after us as we walked; but he grew every moment more and more animated. Provoked and ashamed to be seen in the society of a person committing such a flagrant outrage on decency and public opinion, I quickened my pace to outwalk him, if possible; from a brisk step I proceeded to a stride, from a stride to a trot, and from a trot to a full run; in all of which I was accompanied by my mad companion, who fairly chased me a great distance through the astonished multitude, until he had finished, "Midst doubts confusing," and brought me up breathless, with "Softly, softly, in a whisper," which might have been heard across the street.

We had a business transaction, of much importance, some time ago with an old gentleman, who piques himself upon the nobility of his family. He is pompous—which he thinks dignified—and grave, which he supposes wise; a troublesome, stiff, wrong-headed old fellow as ever wore a wig, and the only good thing about him is, that he hates music as he does the screaming of the animal which philosophers say it is not judicious to cast pearls before. Charles had run through some accounts, and was standing by the window with his back turned to us.

"Only that column remains," said Mr. Vertigo. "Five thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars. There is only one way, Mr. Ward, for a merchant to settle these affairs, and I learned that from my father. My father, Mr. Ward, was one of the"

"And the jackass was your father;
Yes, the jackass was your father;"

hummed Charles.

I suppose Mr. Vertigo never heard of the opera. I have not been able to explain this matter to his satisfaction. He looks upon Charles as a very rude young man.

Driven to desperation by this disease in my friend, I hit upon a method which I hope will tend towards a cure. He accompanied me one day upon a visit to a respectable quaker family, who have no more idea of music than so many blocks of wood. The household consisted of the father, mother, six pretty spruce maidens, and six staid demure youths, who were so impressed with the importance of behaving

themselves even in their own home, that they scarcely ever spoke above a whisper, and stole about the house like cats. As I myself was very familiar with the whole of them, upon being shown into the front parlor I left Charles to amuse himself as well as he could, while I went into the sitting-room, where, as it was but a little after the dinner hour, the whole family happened to be assembled together. After a few grave observations from the old gentleman, I was about observing to them, that I had a friend in the front room, anxious to be introduced to Miss Lucy, (the prettiest of the daughters,) when our ears were struck with a stentorian voice from the adjoining apartment, shouting forth, "Swift as the flash," with a most voluminous display of vocal powers, and a desperate, and to me irresistibly ludicrous attempt to run through all the very difficult and complicated variations.

"What's that?" said Mr. Palmer.

The family regarded each other for some moments in silence, but with glances of astonishment. Lucy looked very much inclined to smile; her rosy mouth just betrayed a mischievous lurking dimple, and the little ones giggled aloud.

At that moment, while Charles was winding up the last variation with a little extemporaneous flourish of his own, an idea struck me, which I immediately put in execution.

"Why what in the name of wonder is that?" said the old lady.

"Hush!" said I, assuming a melancholy look, and putting my finger on my lip. "This is a poor unfortunate youth, whom I am about conveying to the lunatic asylum."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Palmer, while all exhibited symptoms of alarm, "why what a terrible thing this is. Is he docile?"

"Perfectly so, sir. You need be under no apprehension from any of his depredations."

"He is much to be pitied," said Mrs. Palmer; "only hear the poor unhappy young man."

Charles was now pretty deep in the comic duet, "Sir, a secret most important."

"He is, notwithstanding," said I, "a very interesting youth."

"What drove him to this desperate extremity?" asked one of the sons.

"Love, sir," said I, with a melancholy shake of the head.

"Poor, poor fellow," said Lucy, with much feeling.

"Perhaps you would like to look at him," said I.

"If there is no danger, I should," said Mrs. Palmer.

I opened the folding-doors softly, and discovered Charles at the very crisis of a grand flourish.

There were fifteen of us, besides a servant and two cats, all gazing eagerly at him. As he turned suddenly, his eye fell upon the group, and he stopped short, with such a wild expression of astonishment visible in his countenance, that he passed very well for what I had represented him.

"Are you sure he won't bite?" said Lucy.

"He is very good-looking," said the old lady, "for one in such a situation."

"Unhappy wretch," said Mr. Palmer, "what a horrid expression of face!"

"Mr. Ward—Mr. Palmer—ladies," stammered Charles, "I beg pardon—what's the meaning of all this?"

"Quite bewildered," said Lucy, drawing back fearfully as he approached. "What a pity he has no brains."

The embarrassment of poor Charles at length grew so apparent, that I feared he would actually become what his friends thought him. Finding, however, that he could obtain no explanation of the facts, he started suddenly out of the room, and ran into the street, since which period I have never heard him hum a tune.

F.

For the New-York Mirror.

KNOTTY QUESTIONS.

If you can find the drop of rain
That yesterday fell in the main;
If you can see how visions creep
Upon the pillow of our sleep;
If you can tell why some men love
The sunshine, some the shady grove;
Some women have their eyes of blue,
Some of the sparkling coal black hue;
If you can tell why fish that lave
Forever in the briny wave,
Are fresh, as all the world well knows,
While oysters that in sea repose
Are salt—why then I say, good man,
You'll tell much more than wise men can.

A CHANGEABLE LADY.

Belinda, as her envious rivals say,
Shifts her affections with her clothes each day.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE WILL AND THE LAW SUIT.

BY A MEMBER OF THE BAR.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE DUCK, of Duck hall, was one of the most downright, hearty, and thorough-going patriots that ever mounted a table and spouted about freedom at a ward meeting.

"Liberty," said he, "consists in law. We are not governed by men, but principles. Beshrew those false-hearted knaves who deny the perfectibility of human governments! They are common slanderers of human nature. It is as plain as a pipe stem," (although Mr. Duck had not been through college, he cherished a natural taste for classical allusions,) "it is as plain as a pipe stem that a constitution may be constructed philosophically, and laws may be enacted so as to diffuse justice uniformly and universally. Why, look you now," continued he to his uncle Peter Crane, "look you, uncle, what can be more perfect than our present form of government? Our senate is a check upon our house of representatives—our house of representatives is a check upon our senate—the president is a check upon both of them, and both of them are checks upon him. By such a legislature, assisted by the states, no laws can be passed but such as are indubitably for the good of the people; and when passed, what an admirable institution are our courts of justice, where learned counsel on each side show the question in all its bearings, and leave it for judge and jury to decide upon after careful examination."

This Mr. Peter Crane was a famous hand for horses. After immense preparations to gain the purse offered at the races just then ensuing, he was prevented from participating in his usual amusement by an unpleasant accident. He 'died one day' of an apoplectic fit, and left a will, for the drawing of which he had paid twenty-five dollars to his friend, Timothy Fifa, Esq. attorney and counselor at law, commissioner of deeds, notary public, solicitor in chancery, corporation attorney, and notary to the "Yorkville New-York Washington United States Cahawba Agricultural Bank."

It is reported that Mr. Crane had originally drawn his own will; and being a plain man, and not anticipating any trouble touching the disposition of his estate after he should be gathered to his fathers, had just declared in ordinary English, and in the presence of competent witnesses, that he bequeathed so and so to such and such a person.

Timothy Fifa, Esq. attorney and counselor, commissioner, and so forth, as aforesaid, dropped in accidentally and detected this fraudulent proceeding against the interest of the profession. When he perceived what they were at, he rested his chin on the top of his cane, then fixed his eyes full upon the testator, and informed him that the phraseology of the document would invalidate the claims of his heirs.

"Lawyers," said he, "are sharp-eyed people; they'll detect a quibble and ruin the business. I'll prepare a substitute, which shall puzzle the whole fraternity."

The substitute which was to puzzle the whole fraternity, to use the language of Mr. Duck, of Duck hall, "contained the following *claus*:"

"And I, the said Peter Crane, of Crane hall, Craneville, in the county of Crane, on the north border of Crane river, do hereby give and bequeath unto my dearly beloved nephew, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, Duckville, in the county of Duck, all the four-legged quadrupeds belonging to me, and situate, lying, walking, standing, or in any manner whatsoever or howsoever being upon my estate."

By virtue of this will Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, claimed twenty-seven full-blooded race horses, belonging to the estate of the testator. But lawyers are not so easily "puzzled." The executors firmly refused to deliver the horses. Mr. Duck was actually thunderstruck. He had set his heart upon them. To lose his uncle was bad enough in all conscience, but to lose the horses too, was intolerable.

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Duck to one of the executors, smothering his feelings, "on what ground do you detain my property?"

He was referred to counselor Capias, of Casa hall, Casaville. Burning with indignation did Napoleon Bonaparte Duck enter the office of counselor Capias.

"Counselor Capias," said he, laying his hand on his heart, "I am Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall."

"The devil you are," replied the counselor, "and who said you were not?"

"I've come, Mr. Counselor, to consult you about my horses."

"Horses, sir?" said the counselor, looking into his face keenly, over his glasses, as if he did not understand what he meant, "horses, my friend, what horses?"

"My uncle's horses, sir—my horses, sir—the horses situate, lying, and being upon Crane hall, Craneville, sir, in the county of Crane, on the north side of Crane river, sir."

"Crane hall? Horses?" said the lawyer, pausing and placing his fore-finger on his forehead, as if striving to call some forgotten thing to mind. Then his face lighted up suddenly. "Oh! ah! yes! oh, you're Mr. Duck?"

"Why, sir, who the devil should I be but Mr. Duck? Every inch a Duck."

Mr. Duck was very fond of Shakspeare, and always quoted him when he was getting into a passion.

"Well, Mr. Duck," inquired the counselor, composedly, "what can I do for you?"

"You can give me my horses, sir?"

The counselor laid his pen down upon the table and looked surprised.

"Do you take me for a livery stable-keeper, sir?"

"Look you, Mr. Counselor," said Duck, drawing from his pocket a copy of the will, "there, sir, is my uncle's will; here he bequeathes to me, sir, his dearly beloved nephew, sir, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, sir, all the horses on his farm. The executors have refused them to me, and referred me to you. Will you have the kindness to give me an answer?"

"I see nothing here about horses," said Capias, after humming over the contents of the will.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Duck, losing his patience; "read that *claus*, sir; don't you see—all the four-legged quadrupeds, sir, 'to my dearly beloved nephew I bequeath all the four-legged quadrupeds,' sir, &c. &c. What do you say to that, sir?"

"Mr. Duck," said the lawyer, mildly, "I perceive you are not much acquainted with these matters. This document entitles a person calling himself Duck, to claim all the four-legged quadrupeds—all the four-legged, you see—now we contend that the quadrupeds on the Craneville estate have five legs."

"Fire and fury!" said Napoleon Duck, "quadrupeds with five legs? I did not expect to be insulted, sir. I'll commence a suit instantly—you are a—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Duck," interrupted the counselor. "I am well aware that, philosophically speaking, quadrupeds have only four legs. But philosophy is one thing, Mr. Duck, and law is another, Mr. Duck. Now *Barbeyrac*, in his notes on *Puffendorf*, accedes that four are not five; and your uncle, although *de mortuis nil nri bonum*, should have worded his will so as to include all animals, *fera natura*, as well as others, without any reference to legs whatever, for *Justinian*, lib. 2, tit. 1, section 12, declares that *fera igitur bestiae simul atque*—"

"The man's mad," thundered Duck, leaving the room and slamming the door violently after him. He went straightway to counselor Fifa, gave him fifty dollars, with orders to institute an action immediately against the executors. In due time a verdict was recovered for the plaintiff, who, however, had to pay a heavy bill of costs notwithstanding his success.

"Executors never pay costs," said lawyer Fifa. "Lord, sir, didn't you know that? I thought everybody knew that."

Fifa took a pinch of snuff, the clerk giggled, and Duck started for the office of counselor Capias, a little dashed with the bill of costs, but evidently gratified with the triumph he was about to consummate over his old friend.

"Counselor Capias," said he, with a smile of satisfaction bordering on scorn, "I suppose you'll give me the horses now?"

"Not at all, Mr. Duck."

"Why, I have gained the suit, have I not?" asked Mr. Duck, with a stare of astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"And the court decided that the horses should be delivered to me?"

"Oh, yes; but what of that? I'm going to carry it up."

"Carry it up!—carry what up?"

"The case, sir—the horses, sir. I'm going to *certiorari*. I told you you didn't understand these matters."

Duck absolutely evaporated with surprise, vexation, anger, and terror; and the next thing that was seen of him was that he was giving another fifty dollar note to lawyer Fifa.

"They've *certioraried*," said Fifa. "I'm glad of it. Don't be afraid, Duck, we'll beat them at last as sure as four aint five."

It being an issue in law, the case was argued before his honor, Mr. Justice Dobbs, of Dobbs hall, Dobbeville, in the county of Dobbs. Timothy Fifa, Esq. appeared for the defendant in error, and Casa Capias, Esq. for the plaintiff.

Capias for the now plaintiff. This was an action com-

menced in the court below, by the present defendant against the now plaintiff. The declaration states that Duck was entitled to twenty-seven horses from the estate of Crane hall, founding his claim upon a will, which bequeathed to him all the four-legged quadrupeds therein being. A verdict having been rendered for the plaintiff below, the defendant sued out a *certiorari*, and assigns for error, that the declaration, and the matters therein contained, were not sufficient in law to maintain an action. We rest our case on two points. The will gives the claimant a right to the four-legged quadrupeds being on the estate of the testator. Now, we contend, in the first place, that the testator, being dead, defunct, and not alive in law, cannot have an estate. The ambiguity of the document renders it utterly impossible and unjust for the claimant to recover. Secondly—the horses are not mentioned in the will. We think it may be easily proven to the satisfaction of your honor, that the horses claimed have legs. *Fleta*, *Bracton*, *Puffendorf*, *Locke*, *Barbeyrac*, and *Blackstone* declare that a leg is a part of the body. Now let me ask your honor what is a tail?—*Quicquid autem eorum ceperis, eo usque tuum esse intelligitur*, why a part of the body. Now, a leg is a part of the body, and a tail is a part of the body, ergo, in law, a tail is a leg, and a leg is a tail, ergo, a horse or quadruped with a tail has five legs, ergo, the quadrupeds in question here are not quadrupeds, but animals, *quinquepedanti*. *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

Fifa contra. May it please your honor, this is one of the most important cases that ever came under the consideration of a court of justice; a case which involves the liberties of millions; a case, the decision of which will go down as a precedent to posterity; a case which has the most direct bearing upon the happiness of the whole human race. For, your honor will perceive, that if quadrupeds or animals *quadrupedanti* can be metamorphosed into animals *quinquepedanti*, animals *quinquepedanti*, *vice versa*, can be turned into animals *quadrupedanti*—those into *trespedanti*, those into *bis pedanti*, those into *unus* or *monos pedanti*, and those into the Lord only knows what. Now, horses have always been considered animals *quadrupedanti*, as *vide Fleta*, b. 3. c. 2. p. 1008. *Bracton*, b. 2. c. 1. p. 700, therefore they can have but four legs. Secondly: the tail of a horse cannot be considered one of his legs, it being a distinct and less noble part of his body. *Cum vero tuam caesarii custodiam*, as *Justinian* saith. Suppose your honor cut off the tail of my horse, it will not prevent him from walking. But let your honor *rursus occupantis sit*, cut off one of his legs, and *multa accidere soleant ut eam non capias*, he will not be able to walk at all; therefore the tail of a horse is not one of his legs, ergo, a horse has but four legs.

Per curiam. The tail of a horse is one of his legs. It is evident that it is in a manner connected with his body. If you cut off the tail of a horse, the blood will run. If you cut off one of the legs, the blood will run. Ergo, the tail of a horse is one of his legs. The defendant in error, Mr. Duck, is not entitled to the horses. If there are any of them without tails, *deinde ut fera, ita inclusa sit ut exire inde nequeat*, then Mr. Duck is clearly entitled to them. D.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

BOSTON, April, 1831.

It must be confessed that a stranger coming into our city without acquaintances, or letters that would make them, must be in a very uncomfortable situation in respect to amusements. There are absolutely no public places of habitual and fashionable resort. The gallery of the Athenaeum exhibition of paintings is crowded with beauty a week or two in the summer; and our promenade place, Washington-street, for a couple of hours every fair day, is very proper for loungers and ladies. There are occasional concerts during the winter, that attract gontee audiences; and, once in a twelvemonth, some distinguished singer or tragedian may fill the boxes of the theatre. This absence of public amusements is accounted for, and in some measure compensated by the nature of our private society, and the number of balls, parties, and lectures which comfortably occupy the whole compass of the week.

You, of course, know that there is now but one theatre open in our puritanical city. The old establishment in Federal-street, that has witnessed the best acting of Cooke, Cooper, Fennell, the elder Kean, and Macready, has been obliged to yield to its younger and more showy rival. A year or two since, when it was first closed, there were propositions to convert it into a lecture-room; and subsequently, serious speculations on the practicability of turning it into a church. Both these

plans failed, however; and during the present season it has been beautifully fitted up for an assembly or ball room. The Cadet company were the first who danced in it since its transformation; and two or three quadrille parties have succeeded them. It is very prettily arranged, and well adapted for such occasions, though we cannot look upon such a profanation of a temple of the drama without regret. It reminded us of the passage in Johnson's prologue, spoken by Gerrick at the opening of the Drury-lane theatre:

"Perhaps where Lear has raved and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, for who can guess the effects of chance,
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance."

The Tremont theatre was taken early last fall by its present manager, Mr. Russell, who had been previously playing at New-Orleans. It was opened with a strong company, and every effort made to deserve success. It lagged along some time after with the stock performers, with small houses, and consequently very meagre profits. Mr. Hackett was engaged for a few nights, and drew, if we remember rightly, some very respectable audiences. Mr. Forrest played *Metamora* to full boxes; and other characters, we are sorry to say, to very indifferent ones. Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. Cooper, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, appeared and disappeared with but a beggarly account for their own purses, or the pockets of our enterprising manager. Young Kean sometimes drew a full house—but seldom. Madame Feron played a week or two to the walls, and on her benefit night to quite the fullest and most fashionable assembly that had as yet honored the house during the season. Theatrical matters were looking very dull. The clergy had fulminated from the pulpit, and lightened from the press. Shares could be bought low. The members of the *corps dramatique* behind the scenes were more numerous than their auditors before them. The manager looked very dejected in public, and had reason to scold very hard in private; and the players, we presume, were getting hoarse and sulky from the mortification of being obliged to talk to empty benches. It was foretold that the drama had suffered a total and perpetual eclipse.

You have all heard from the papers what little Burke did, in spite of the opposition. On the first evening of his appearance there were one or two fashionable parties, and places were to be had in good boxes till a late hour in the performance. There were no broken heads caught in fighting for tickets. The next morning, however, saw quite another sight. The box-office was besieged from an early hour by stout Irishmen and sturdy Africans; and hundreds were obliged to go away disappointed, who were unwilling to venture their tender bodies in the no-person-respecting crowd. The house was filled in every corner with all the beauty of Boston and the vicinity; and so it continued to be during the whole of the boy's stay with us; and so it probably would have been if he had remained a month longer. But Burke went, and the theatricals went with him; and after a considerable absence have but just returned to our metropolis.

What will be their present reception is a great deal more than I will undertake to prophesy; what Mr. Russell and his very excellent company deserve, is a point to be settled much more easily. The remainder of this letter, and the whole of another, may be not unsuitably devoted to the more prominent actors now on the Boston stage. I should dispatch them in a much more summary manner, if it were not a fact that there is a good deal of talent and merit among them; and that it is easier to praise or criticize at a distance than to praise or criticize near at home.

Mr. Finn, I suppose, is entitled to the first notice, as an old favourite, an inimitable actor, and a most worthy man. Some years ago he played in tragedy here, and within a few months, I believe, he has appeared in this line in some of the southern cities. To any one who has seen him in his farce or comedy, such an idea must be at once exceedingly ludicrous. The thought of turning the face of Dr. Pangloss or Beau Shatterly into that of Lear or Hamlet, though it may answer with some countenances, will not do with that of Mr. Finn. We should, of course, see at once that it was all humbug; and, like Letitia Hardy, refuse to be "come over with his *Jim-Jams*." There is, probably, no actor in the country who understands the details of his profession better than Finn. Being something of a scholar, he is familiar with the written as well as the acted drama, and with the lives of the most celebrated performers and dramatists who have flourished since the invention of the art. Having visited England, and of course profited by his visit, he has had opportunities of seeing the best examples, and availing himself of all the hints he could collect from them. He has studied costume and character, is perfectly familiar with all the stage-

trick and business, and knows how to use them to the best advantage. Add to all this, a mind delicately observant of the ludicrous, and a face that can catch and express the utmost of grotesque humor, and you can easily understand why Mr. Finn is so admirable in his line of character. He has written some plays, and dramatized a novel, or so; and one of his melo-dramas was published here, and performed a good many times. If we remember correctly, it possessed in some parts considerable poetical merit, as well as some broad humor. He has written also a good many convivial songs for public occasions, abounding in bad puns and worse rhymes, which were exceedingly paltry, and for which, we hope and believe, he is now heartily ashamed. At any rate, he ought to be ashamed of them, and will be some time or other, if he is not now. During the last Christmas and new-year holidays Mr. Finn, in conjunction with the caricaturist Johnson, published a comic annual, which we thought quite flat, till we saw the English abortions of the same description. These last effusions certainly eclipse it in point of stupidity, (and this is saying a great deal,) being the dullest abominations that ever disgraced the press. We see that the publishers of the American Comic Annual have issued an advertisement, inviting communications for their next number, which they promise shall be got up in all respects with greater care and excellence. We dare say that Mr. Finn, with his usual sense and tact, will correct the most glaring faults of the last, and send into the world a work worthy of himself, his fellow-humorist, and the patronage of the public.

Mr. Finn enjoys the most unexceptionable private character, and his society is a good deal courted on occasions of public and private conviviality. He abounds in humor and good nature, is full of anecdote and fun, sings a good song, and is very apt to keep the table in a roar. We will wish him many years of life to laugh and to cause laughter, and with the wish conclude our present epistle.

P. G.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In behalf of the unfortunate barbers of this revolutionary age, I beseech you to say something in favor of the obsolete custom of shaving. What with the fashion of wearing whiskers all round the face, and the industry of certain gentlemen in Wall-street, we are likely to be all starved to death, unless we can get up a society for our relief among the whiskers. I think this is the least they can do for us, having, as it were, taken the bread out of our mouths. My shop is actually forsaken, and I might shut it up were it not for a few aspiring young gentlemen who come now and then to get shaved for whiskers. Alas! good sirs, what is to become of us all? We shall have to turn our razors into scythes, and sally out to mow meadows instead of beards. O, for the good old times when the swallows built in old men's beards instead of young ones.

Every Liverpool packet that arrives brings an enormous accession of whiskers, and sets our young boys agog to become fashionable. I don't complain of the wee-bit thin things that trip along Broadway with little whalebone switches about as thick as themselves—the only way they can possibly pass for men is by means of their whiskers. So they are to be pitied rather than blamed. I wish the custom-house officers would examine the muzzles of passengers before they come ashore, for I have good reason to believe that smuggling to a great extent is carried on under cover of these whiskers. I know one man who secreted three gold watches and a quantity of lace by means of his mustaches, and another who regularly smuggles large quantities of jewelry in the same way. I have also heard, from good authority, that several baboons and monkeys have landed without paying duty, being mistaken for whiskered christians.

If times don't mend soon there will be an end of all shavers, except those in Wall-street. I shall be obliged to turn broker unless I can get a comet to shave, or something of that sort. And if the barbers go, what will become of the surgeons, who are an inferior branch of our profession? If the young ladies now would only denounce these filthy abominations as anti-christian, as they certainly are, being borrowed from the Turks, there might be some hope; but I suppose they have enough to do to look at home, and learn to dance the gallopade. I should certainly die broken-hearted if it was not for a ray of hope that sometimes beckons me forwards with a smile, (I got this out of Paul Clifford) in the shape of a change of fashion. Ye powers who preside over the beards of men and comets, what a glorious harvest we shall have when mustaches shall be no longer the rage, and men cease to be ashamed to show their faces! How the prices of hair mattresses and sofas will fall, and the heads of the barbers

rise! But alas! when will mankind be convinced, in the language of the immortal Huggins, that "man wants but little hair below, nor wants that little long."

I don't know that this letter will do any good, but at any rate there is comfort in complaining. I sign myself, in imitation of the great Partridge, yours, DOCTISSIMA TONSORUM.

N. B. I shall be happy to shave you gratis, Messrs. Editors, for a month, if you will only print this letter. If it happens to be considered clever, I don't know but I may turn author to keep myself from starving till times mend. Don't you think Sir John Falstaff's speech to Prince Henry—I go to the play sometimes—is a good definition of a whiskered gentleman? I forget exactly, but it's something about being "here apparent that thou art hair apparent," I believe. D. T.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I wear spectacles, am short-sighted, and one of the politest men in the world. Not being able to distinguish one face from another, I bow to everybody, for fear of offending my acquaintances by passing without knowing them. The other day I got a sort of a dim sight of what I supposed two or three ladies whom I know, standing in a window in Broadway, and began to bow according to custom. While I was paying my devoirs I heard a great explosion of a laugh inside the shop, whereat I was wroth, and approached to reprimand them for such ill-breeding, when, oh! the pangs of being near-sighted! I discovered by closer investigation, instead of three ladies they were three villainous stuffed corsets, such as are stuck up at some of the show-shops, in Broadway, as samples of the beautiful shapes that can be bought at the milliners. Since then I have offended one-half the ladies of my acquaintance by passing them without bowing, out of pure apprehension of being again taken in by stuffed corsets. Pray take your pen from behind your ear and point it at these vile imitations of heaven's last best work—the bust of a woman. Yours always, THADDEUS SECONDSIGHT.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE MIRROR.

POT LUCK.

"WHAT, here already, my dear fellow? I began to be afraid you would not come."

"How, break my word to a college crony? I am incapable of it."

"To be sure you have not kept us waiting, it's hardly four o'clock. Juliana, come and receive the gentleman—and you too, mother. Why, where are you?"

Thus was I received by Bonnard, one of my friends, whom I was going to dine with for the first and last time in my life. I had lost sight of him for several years, but yesterday he pressed me so strongly to take a family dinner with him that I promised to do so, though I ran the risk of foregoing a delightful party in the *Chaussée d'Autin*. I regretted this, though I did not at the time know my host's character, still I made up my mind with a very good will, if not with a very good appetite. The devil take pot luck!

Juliana and the old lady did not make their appearance.

"They are doubtless preparing dinner," said Bonnard, shouting to them again at the top of his voice. The repeated barking of a dog, whose slumbers my arrival had disturbed, was the only answer. The animal got up from his corner and Bonnard from his seat—one barked, the other swore, and to crown the whole, to this tumult was added the coarse laughter of an individual in top-boots, who had not yet noticed me. This noisy overture was very disagreeable to me, and as mildness is in my opinion the best way of going to work with everybody, even dogs, I took out of my pocket a dainty, intended for the children, and presented this Sibyl's cake to my Cerberus. The whip itself could not have operated so powerfully. The animal ceased barking, jumped upon me, fastened his huge paws on my coat, and swallowed at a gulp the morsel thus diverted from its original destination.

"Look at that, Rousseau," said Bonnard, addressing our laughing friend. "How unfortunate; I'm certain he meant it for my little girl. Make Fidèle be still."

Rousseau went in search of a coachman's whip, and gave a whistle to summon before him the culprit, who thus disturbed in his digestion, dragged himself slowly along, with his tail and ears hanging down. The correction customary in such cases was inflicted on him not without fresh confusion, after which each of the parties returned to his place, the one in a corner, the other on a sort of bench. The tumult had aroused Juliana and her mother, who made their appearance, followed by two children. I paid my respects to my friend's

wife and mother without being able to shake off the little ones, who twined round me like the serpents round Laocoon. Mr. Rousseau, who was what is called the *friend of the house*, jumped up:

"Well, what have we got for dinner to-day?"

"What have we got," answered Madame Bonnard, mysteriously; "you shall know, presently."

"Come, gentlemen," said the husband, with a frank and candid air, "this is a family dinner—nothing but pot luck. Do you, for your part, make yourselves perfectly at home."

"Oh," said the gentleman in boots, "I always make myself at home in an old friend's house." He said nothing more than the truth. "Besides," said he, "I've contributed my dish, a bottle of our country wine, grown in the Bourbonnais, which I assure you is not so bad. So much for the dessert."

"You are liberal, Mr. Rousseau," said the lady of the house, "but there is a dish of my manufacture at least as good as yours."

"What is it?"

"Guess—it's a dish—a dish of hash!"

"What! hash?"

And the countryman began rubbing his hands in glee and stamping on the floor with his iron-shod boots till the windows shook.

"Will dinner be ready soon, mother?"

"Yes, certainly, every thing will be ready soon. There's a dish of mine in it too, but I wish to surprise you."

The dinner was delayed half an hour longer, and I could see written on the cloth, as on the gates of the infernal regions, in Dante, "here there is no hope."

I filled the post of honor, opposite to Mr. Rousseau, who seated Madame Bonnard by his side, and my friend between his wife and mother; the two children had half the table to themselves. The neighboring kitchen sent its disagreeable emanations into the dining-room, and the coal smoke drew tears from all our eyes. The meagre side dishes argued no good, and when the tureen was uncovered the salt and watery bouillon was found to be nearly cold. I armed myself with patience, however, so far as to repeat the formula "no ceremony, just as if you were at home," and the repast commenced. During the first course Mr. Rousseau, who made pretensions to the character of a *bel esprit*, talked of himself at great length, gave me a grotesque description of his country-seat, his grounds, his hounds, and invited me to pass a month or two at his seat to see the wonders of the place. I excused myself the best way I could, and to escape from him proposed to taste the wine. My stomach was loaded with the warmed up bouilli of the day before. The devil take pot luck!

My eyes wandered round in search of a bottle "whose absence on its promise did lay blame," but alas! among the preparations for such an entertainment they had forgotten to go down into the cellar: we had no wine. The wife scolded, the mother, whose creed was economy, said nothing, Mr. Rousseau brought forward his Bourbonnais and seized the cork, but my friend opposed this heroic devotion and went down himself, while Madame Bonnard repaired to the kitchen and her lady mother to the pantry, and the two children drummed on the plates, made a harmonica of the decanter, and split my ears with their noise. There I remained *tête à tête* with Mr. Rousseau, the bouilli, the little rioters, and the side-dishes. I endeavored to excite by the help of pickles an appetite that was rather repulsed than exhausted, but they had only an insipid taste of raw cucumbers. I thought of making a second charge on the bouilli, but I found that the prudent mother had locked it up hastily in the sideboard, for fear of another attack. In utter despair I devoured the pretended fresh butter to keep myself in countenance. My friend at last made his appearance in a rage; he had gone down without a light, and nearly, as the song has it, "come tumbling down and broke his crown." He brought but one bottle with him, for the other had been broken on the way.

Madame Bonnard now arrived, marching slowly in with a huge dish of hash, the copious gravy of which overflowed the dish and stained the table-cloth.

"It's just pot luck," says she, "will you try some?"

I was about to plead that I had no appetite, but politeness was my destruction, and I, an epicure, took some hash!

"Try the wine, gentlemen, don't wait to be asked."

Madame Bonnard's advice was put in practice, and she herself officiously filled our half-rimmed glasses with their sour wine. I mixed a quantity of water with mine, though it had already as much as such a generous juice could well bear, and reflecting that sooner or later every dinner must come to an end, I consoled myself in the hope of a speedy deliverance.

"What is the matter with you, my friend, you don't eat?" said my entertainer.

A fearful tumult was heard all at once under the table, and on rising hastily and looking anxiously round, we found that the cat and Fidèle were fighting for the skinny carcass of a chicken. The females hurried to the kitchen. Their suspicions were but too well-founded—the roaster was empty. One of the contending parties had carried off the fowl, which the other wanted to share with him—hence the battle. Spits, canes, and whips were put in requisition, and passed from one to another. I more wisely laid hold of a decanter of water, and the two robbers thus inundated fled from the punishment they deserved. But the chicken, if it ever had been presentable, was no longer so, and it was transported to the pantry, in order not to give the culprits the benefit of their crime, or rather, for the next day's breakfast. For my own part, I could have wished that the whole dinner had met the fate of this unlucky fowl.

We resumed our seats at last, and I perceived to my great joy that my plate of hash had not escaped destruction.

"Well," said the friend of the house, "where is the dish you promised us, mother?"

"One moment, Mr. Rousseau," said the dame, "it is on the fire; you shall soon see a nosegay."

The countryman, who saw the table entirely vacant, gave free rein to his wit.

"Come, my friends, *vive la joie!* let us rise."

"Oh, by all means," said I hastily.

"Look, Bonnard," he resumed with his coarse laugh, "your friend is joking too. What, no more wine? Are you afraid of ghosts that you won't go to the cellar?"

"Curse that Rousseau," said I to myself with a sigh, "he'll dare him to it."

The host made a sign to his wife, who quitted us, and in ten minutes returned; a smell of sourcrot spread round, and this precious production of German industry declared open war to my olfactories. The mother followed close behind, bringing in a dish of eggs and tripe.

"There!" said she, proudly, "that's my favorite dish!"

To put the finishing blow to my sufferings a second bottle of vinegar, baptized wine by my host, was opened. Six o'clock and I had eaten next to nothing! In spite of myself, and for want of better, I had to undergo the sourcrot, the eggs, the vinegar, and Mr. Rousseau's compliments on my ravenous appetite.

Last came the desert, apples and a bit of cheese. A new adventure disturbed it. One of the children put his hand into the dish, like Judas, and in trying to lay hold of the fruit which caused our first parents' fall, upset the water decanter on me; whereupon, in spite of my entreaties, his grandmother inflicted on him that *striking* correction which is employed in schools to such advantage. But as every thing, even a bad dinner, must come to an end, we rose from table after two mortal hours, which seemed to me like two centuries. A walk and coffee, at my expense, assisted us to digest it, and I left this amiable circle swearing, too late, never to be caught in it again. The devil take pot luck!

LITERARY NOTICES.

The American Dictionary of the English Language. By Noah Webster. First quarto edition. Two volumes. S. Converse. New-York. 1828.

(THIRD NOTICE.)

THIS work is evidently acquiring the confidence of the American public. Through many difficulties, incidental to an effort towards reforming a language, it is making its way into colleges, academies, and other institutions of learning. Publishers, printers, and editors of literary journals have expressed their intention of adopting it as a standard; a testimonial of approbation subscribed by more than one hundred members of congress, among whom are Daniel Webster and J. S. Johnston, has appeared in the public prints; and a great number of letters from gentlemen and scholars, of the very first eminence in the United States, speak of it as in all respects superior to every other of the English language, and as destined to supersede all its predecessors. Whether or not the English will receive it as authority we do not know, nor can it be known at present; but many British journals have voluntarily borne the most flattering testimony to its superiority. The rules of spelling are particularly commended. Among these papers the *Atlas*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Sun*, the *Aberdeen Chronicle*, the *British Journal*, the *Monthly Magazine*, the *Aberdeen Journal*, and the *Aberdeen Observer*, are strongly in favor of its introduction as a standard. Many innovations upon the established systems of orthography and orthoepy will be perceived; but the decisions and opinions do not ap-

pear to be arbitrary or capricious. Valid and important reasons are furnished. These may not appear equally convincing to all, yet it should be observed that there are cases where, although nearly immaterial which mode is adopted, it is desirable to have the point distinctly settled. It would be impossible, without devoting several pages to the subject, for us to analyze all the claims possessed by Mr. Webster's dictionary, to rank above other similar publications; but there is a single point of syntax touched upon in the introductory remarks to his quarto edition, which does not seem to be understood with much uniformity by the majority of writers. It relates to the subjunctive form of the verb, as, *if he be; if he have; if he go; if he stay; if thou write; whether thou see; though he fall*; which, although generally used by the writers of the sixteenth century, Mr. Webster declares to have been, in a great measure, discarded before the time of Addison. Locke writes, "if these are;" Addison, "if the reader has a mind;" "if exercise throws off all superfluities, if it clears the vessels." Every observing reader must have remarked, that even the best authors are not consistent with themselves in the use of the tenses. Mr. Webster's reasoning upon the subject is clear and convincing. By his arrangement of the verb, a fact under condition, either in the present or past tenses, may be expressed by the indicative form, as, "if the man is honest he will return;" "if the ship has arrived." On the other hand, in speaking of a future contingent event, the ordinary auxiliaries *shall* or *should* may be used, as, "if it shall rain to-morrow."

Walker's dictionary contains thirty-eight thousand words, and the American edition of Todd's Johnson fifty-eight thousand. In the work now under consideration the number has been increased to seventy thousand. The *addenda* is composed of participles of verbs, terms of frequent occurrence in history, in law, and in the arts and sciences. The vocabulary has also been augmented by words of common use, which have escaped the notice of former lexicographers. Among these may be mentioned, as examples, *grand jury, eulogist, mammoth, iceberg, parachute, safety valve, lithographic, missionary, to quarantine, electioneer, &c.* There are many considerations which not only justify but render desirable this difficult and dangerous attempt to improve the character of our language, to simplify and fix the principles of orthography, to remove such errors as may be banished without injuring its structure; and to increase, as far as possible, its consistency and uniformity. The *w* and *k* are excluded from such words as *honor* and *music*. There are persons strongly opposed to all changes, which they deem innovations in language, and who question the advantage of attempting to purify it from its discrepancies and errors. They, however, mistake for innovations the results of the progressive spirit of improvement which has been at work upon our vernacular tongue since its earliest ages. Had our ancestors been of the same mind, it would now be in a state of confusion sufficient to form a very serious impediment to its extension, and to the advancement of the people by whom it is spoken. For instance, who will not acknowledge that in softening the old words *dag*, or *dag*, into *day*, *gear* into *year*, *bugan* into *bow*, and *feger* into *fair*, both harshness, obscurity, and unnecessary accumulation of letters have been cleared away.

As far as we have yet been able to examine, Mr. Webster has very judiciously employed the greater part of a long life in the most profound researches into the true origin and philosophical principles of language, and the result will undoubtedly be of the most extensive service to the cause of literature and science. The question of this work's authenticity, however, cannot be immediately settled. That it is not without defects, will not be denied by its author's best friends, as it is obviously impossible for a single individual to guarantee such a production from every inaccuracy. We deem, however, that the principle upon which it has been conducted is correct; and have little doubt that it will yet supersede the crowd of conflicting authorities which now bewilder the foreigner, who would become acquainted with the English, and which even perplex our own writers with contradictory opinions.

Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art. No. XVI. New series. Philadelphia, E. Little: New-York, G. & C. & H. Carril.

This is an agreeable and popular magazine, containing spirited and interesting extracts from the best British periodicals, selected with taste and judgment. It is eminently superior to similar publications of the day, whose cheapness forms but a sorry apology for their insipidity and charlatanism. While the superficial observer suffers himself to be deluded by the ludicrous system of puffery to which a modest publisher is ashamed to resort, and consequently encumbers his-

library with literary trash set off with gaudy ornaments, the intelligent reader will prefer a periodical like the present, where he is sure to meet "metal more attractive." We make room for part of the review, from the *Athenæum*, of Mr. Sprague's ode, pronounced before the inhabitants of Boston at the centennial celebration of the settlement of that city.

"This little poem has come rather unexpectedly into our hands, and we are well pleased to find it deserving sincere commendation. American literature has never yet had fair play in England. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* were and are essentially political engines—for years they carried on hostilities against American literature, in a spirit quite as angry and fierce as that with which the one nation warred against the other, and they have hardly yet learned that peace has been proclaimed. This, however, the Americans might have endured—these reviews were known to be state engines; it was known even in England, that they were influenced by what was felt to be political interests: but it was not to be endured that "little dogs and all" should come yelping after—that critics without political bias, and hardly affecting a critical judgment, should quietly pour out their affected scorn on American literature, and expect Jonathan humbly to submit to their partial judgment. Jonathan has no such spaniel blood in him—he kicked the curs in scorn, and characterized trading, time-serving, and ignorance as they justly merited.

"What, we would ask, could have been rationally expected from America that she has not done and exceeded? Are we to compare her infancy with our manhood? Are we to register against her, and to our own glory, the names of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon, and the constellation of genius that has shed its lustre over our early literature—and forget that these men were the associates and the countrymen of the forefathers of the Americans, and that the fame of such names is as much their birthright and inheritance as ours? From the day of the declaration of her independence, America has done great and glorious things: she fought for liberty and triumphed—she devoted the whole of her young energies to the best purposes, the permanent happiness and well-being of her people; and they are thriving and happy—she took her armed station amidst the nations of the world, and maintained it—with peace she has advanced *pari passu* in the great march of human improvement—and the names of Irving, Cooper, Leslie, Newton, and others, are second only to the greatest in modern literature and art. But this is hardly a fitting occasion to enter on so comprehensive a subject, and therefore for the present we defer it.

"This ode, as will be seen by the title-page, was pronounced; it is therefore oratorical, rather than poetical, and must, we think, have been powerfully felt by the assembled company. To judge it comparatively, we should contrast it with anniversary odes in England—with addresses to Literary Fund Meetings, and the small weak stuff with which we are favored upon such occasions; but in truth such comparison would do us no credit."

After making some copious extracts from the poem, the *Athenæum* closes its remarks in the following manner:

"Now there may be, and there are, critical objections to some of the passages we have extracted, but, as a whole, they are full of vigor and deep feeling—there is little of that maudlin, slip-slop, conventional nonsense that so often passes current for poetry, and a great deal of manly and original thought."

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

The exhibitions at the Park theatre have lately been quite attractive, and we are promised several additional novelties. Master Burke, whose performances delighted to the last, drew together an overflowing audience on the night of his benefit. Mr. Hackett at present occupies the boards. He has produced a new comedy, entitled the "Moderns, or a Trip to the Springs." It is an amusing trifle, and was favorably received. The scene of the school-room excited much merriment. The prize play, the "Lion of the West," will, we understand, be brought out on Monday evening next, for the benefit of Mr. Hackett. The manner in which this piece has been announced in some of the newspapers, with the most friendly intentions certainly, is, we think, calculated to excite expectations which will not be realized. It may, therefore, be proper to state, in justice to the author, and we do so at his request, that it does not aspire to the rank of a regular comedy. It was originally written with a desire to introduce Mr. Hackett to the public in a new character, and to aid in producing a taste for dramatic performances, founded on domes-

tic incidents and native manners. The author had no idea of becoming a candidate for the prize offered by Mr. Hackett, but circumstances induced him to consent that it should take that course. Another error has likewise been propagated through the same medium. It has been stated, that the principal part was designed to represent a member of congress, somewhat noted for his eccentricities. The author disclaims such an intention. It is obvious that a character having any pretensions to be drawn from life must resemble somebody. Originals will be found in society approximating to it in many respects, yet differing in others; such was the character attempted in the "Lion of the West;" and nothing but a general resemblance to a certain class of men, whose peculiarities have, no doubt, been exaggerated, was aimed at.

Mr. Forrest, Mr. C. Kean, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Clara Fisher will successively appear, and Master Burke will probably close the season.

At the Bowery the "Water Witch" and the "Demoniac," (the latter by Mr. Stone,) have been performed with much success, and promise to have a long and profitable run.

The Chatham has been recently closed, for the purpose, as we are informed, of undergoing repairs. It will re-open the second of May, with a new company, under the stage management of Mr. Blake.

For the New-York Mirror.

"THERE'S A SILENCE THAT SPEAKS."

There is a voice that's silent as the gloom
That girts the waters of oblivion's lake;
As tongueless, but emphatic, as the doom
That did upon Belshazzar's vision break.
A voice that speaks the language of the tomb,
The palsied tremor—the arms nerveless shake,
The drooping form, the head of silvery gray;
Are silent all—but eloquent of decay.

The eye is eloquence: there glows a pyre
That sparkles with the essence of the soul,
Concenter'd there are all that can inspire,
And the warm feelings of the heart control.
A living iris: shadowed from the fire
That burns within the breast, while upwards roll
Its many-colored passions, till they blend,
And from the eye their vivid rays descend.

There is more power in the silent tear,
That like a dew-drop trembles in the eye;
More of that touching pathos we revere
In the soft breathing of the deep-drawn sigh;
There is a witch'ry, to the soul more dear,
In the deep stillness of an evening sky,
Than in the Grecian gesture, or the rules
Of all the rostrum eloquence of schools.

Ye who have watched the form of beauty kneeling,
Unburthening in prayer the soul's communion,
The eye upturned, a seraph glance revealing,
The red lip trembling with divine emotion,
The pearly tear adown the pale cheek stealing,
And heard the murmurings of that devotion,
Have ye not felt a fullness of the heart
That the strong words of passion ne'er impart?

Did there not fall angelic calmness there,
That bound the soul in heavenly embrace?
Did there not float, upon the balmy air
That bore the breathings of those words of grace,
A deep and holy spirit, that did bear
Soothingly sweet upon the heart, and trace
Upon its core, as with an angel's power,
The heaven-born deep devotion of that hour?

Cold, passionless, and dark must be the breast
That feels not, warms not with these still appeals,
With which the soul on every hand is blest,
From the bright rapture that the eye reveals,
When flush with health in beams of pleasure dressed,
And sunny hope across its azure steals;
To that which bears conviction, drear, and dread,
When the gaze lingers o'er the newly dead. C—n.

TO MY LITTLE SISTER JULIA.

Her forehead is a page, unwritten yet
With any gloomy fear, or dark regret;
Fragrant her breath, as breezes from the south,
And, formed for kisses, swells her faultless mouth.
Beneath the lashes of her azure eyes
Tears spring, as showers fall from April skies;
Till sweet and sunny smiles break through—and then
Those beautiful heavens clear away again.
Light of my thoughts! whate'er my fate may be—
To toil on land, or plough the lonely sea,
To linger, sad, beneath a distant sky,
In gloom to live, in solitude to die,
I never can forget thee—for thou art
Grown, like a second nature, in my heart,
And oft I strive, in fate's dark leaves, to trace
Some fortune for thee, gentle as thy face. A.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Our Country.—We advert occasionally to this theme with feelings of congratulation. Possessing a fair and rich division of the globe, with a population sufficiently large to produce an imposing effect upon foreign nations—uniting to physical means all those important advantages which spring from the union of an extensive commerce, an expanded and highly productive agriculture, the arts in a most flourishing condition, and learning and the sciences, those fountains of liberty, following in the train, with such an assemblage of efficient means, knowing that the states are yet in the gristle of manhood, we think we betray neither vanity nor egotism in saying that we have abundant cause for joy. Nor should we be unmindful of the pure and beneficent source from which flow so many and such inestimable bounties.

Perhaps nothing is so strongly calculated to impress the mind with a becoming sense of all these things, and to unfold to us the inestimable value of so many privileges as a reference to the calamities and still threatening condition of many parts of Europe. The comparison of our favored land and well-secured rights with those of other countries, cannot fail to beget a thorough conviction how infinitely superior are our advantages. The pictures indeed exhibit a striking difference. Whilst anarchy and oppression are seen to hold an almost undiminished sway abroad, we experience the benign effects of a free government and well-defined prerogatives at home. The people being the sole fountain of all power, have wisely interposed insurmountable barriers to the exercise of improper authority by their rulers. The duration in elective offices being short, no time is allowed for perfecting schemes in their nature adverse to free institutions. What, therefore, is lost in experience, is perhaps more than gained by keeping our halls of legislation pure. The only evils we have to dread, are those generated in the hot beds of faction, or emanating from the distempered brains of political aspirants—those who are not of sufficient weight or consideration to be called to office by the deliberate voice of the people, but who endeavor to accomplish their object by means of deep intrigue and stratagem. This is the enemy we have most to fear, and which we are called on to combat; and it requires incessant vigilance to restrain the dangerous spirit of party within discreet bounds.

The prospect which now presents itself to the contemplation of our countrymen, is one of more than ordinary brightness. Whilst many parts of Europe already feel the pressure of scarcity, and are threatened with heavy sufferings, our land teems with a profusion of all the prime necessities, as well as the luxuries of life. Our great staple, flour, bears a present price which will abundantly repay the husbandman for his toil and perseverance. It is believed that at no former period was there such a surplus of produce as is now in readiness for exportation. A vast increase of wealth must be the necessary consequence. Such have been the facilities, during the past winter, of conveying bulky articles to boatable streams that the granaries in every direction are said to be stocked almost to overflowing. Our vessels, which at this time have unrestricted intercourse with every desirable port in the world, are in readiness to convey these rich productions of our exuberant soil to whatever clime may hold out to them the hope of reward. A profitable and active commerce may therefore be looked for by the merchant, both at home and abroad. Our people, in the mean time, gathering increased strength, will continue to multiply their means as the nation continues its march unchecked on the high road to distinction and glory.

Philadelphia Gazette.—The editor of this paper is an old correspondent and a valued friend, and has, therefore, a perfect right to quarrel with our opinions whenever he thinks proper to do so. To the *mysterious* article published in the *Gazette*, on the eleventh instant, however, we cannot reply at all to his satisfaction. The observations to which he alludes are too obviously true for us to retract, deny, or explain away. But what has put it into his head that we are bound to "go all lengths with the journal" from which we extracted the remarks on Bulwer's poem? "Opinion is a matter of right," says he, "in the possession of every man." Why, then, does he blame us for honestly expressing ours, and fortifying it with that of a scholar and a critic?

Epitaph.—Sir Albertus Morton died in the prime of life; Lady Morton, from the effect of grief, only survived him a week. The following lines, from the pen of one of the best of the old poets, are engraved on the monument under which they repose, in Southampton church, England:

"He first deceased, she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died."

I HAVE KNOWN THEE IN THE SUNSHINE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY—COMPOSED BY T. A. RAWLINGS.

Andantino.

I have known thee in the sun-shine Of thy beau-ty, and thy bloom; I have known thee in the sha-dow Of thy sick-ness, and thy gloom; I have loved thee for thy sweet smile, When thy heart was light and gay, But a-las! I loved thee bet-ter, When the smile had pass'd a-way.

SECOND VERSE.

When we first met, thou wert sporting
With the proud ones of the earth;
And I thought thee only made for
Nights of music and of mirth;
But thy virtues dwelt in secret,
Like a blossom that has furl'd,
All its sweet leaves from the notice
And the sunshine of the world.

THE CENSOR.

STRICTURES ON POETRY.

THE pervading character of our modern fugitive poetry is carelessness. The writer, as it gleams through his mind, catches a mere glimpse of the subject, which is consequently reflected just as imperfectly in his language. Hence, in the generality of pieces, we have a few fine ideas, visible among a host of pretty superfluous words and brilliant and inapposite images. The full and ample sense and thought, which should animate every part of a poem, and which insure immortality to the labored effusions of Pope, and other writers of his day, are, with few exceptions, unknown in the glittering sketches which are so apt to dazzle the eyes of the public. Some of the most popular productions, although sparkling with showy points, are full of admirably well-turned sentences, which mean absolutely nothing. We would instance a little effusion, widely circulated and much admired, from the pen of Mr. N. P. Willis, entitled "Better Moments." Thoughts really beautiful, and remarks destitute of signification, are crowded together without any arrangement. The first verse contains three errors:

"My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers."

The terminating words of the first and third lines, "creeps" and "sleep," do not accord in sound; the "healing sent on wings of sleep," conveys but an indistinct idea; and the word "unconscious," in the fourth line, indicates a point in the image which a more artful writer would have endeavored to conceal, instead of intruding it upon the attention. The force of the figure consists in the resemblance between the effects of the mother's voice, or, as he has it, the "cadence" of the voice upon his mind, and the influence of the dew

upon the flowers, which, poetically speaking, should appear conscious of its presence. We pass over the use of the word "creeps," which, however it may be invested with a dictionary correctness, rather reminds one of a caterpillar than a sweet voice. Again:

"The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give eye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be."

Paraphrase this, and we are informed that "the print of beauty on the whispering sea and the book of nature always give me some lineament (i. e. some feature, form, or outline) of what I am by education." He means to say, that some beloved being who has passed away has pointed out to his youthful understanding the loveliness of nature, and taught him to admire it. But this *whispering sea*, and the book of nature, and the pretty but inappropriate word "lineament," which, although imported on purpose to rhyme with "print," but badly executes the author's intention—are obscure and crude, *vox et prateria nihil*.

"I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing,
When all was beauty—then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myrrh on winds of *Araby*,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung;
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain,
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured her low and fervent prayer," &c.

The fourth line is one of those volunteer flourishes of fancy which make novel-reading young ladies turn up their eyes in admiration; but what is meant by "night had on her silver wing?" (By the way, these wings flap about the regions

of modern poetry on all possible occasions.) The second line assures us, in plain English, that it was a moonlight night; and we are not disposed to dispute the fact. This elegant incomprehensibility deserves to be laughed out of countenance, particularly when paraded in the composition of one capable of producing such admirable lines as occasionally occur in his verses; those, for instance, which we have italicized. The intelligent reader is bewildered in attempting to conceive how the "beautiful spirit," where the "evening's lamp is hung," could fling its golden chain over him. What "rests on some silver star," and what is the "spirit of a bended knee"?

The next verse is beautiful, and almost redeems the poem.

"I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray east; when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the trees;
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze.
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree
The arrows from his subtle quiver," &c.

But the author strikes off again into confusion; hears thrilling voices on the "still and rushing light," and "creeping" (again) from silent glens; then bursting into tears, with his forehead pressed against the "wet grass," he rises up,

"The gay—the wild,
As humble as a very child."

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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VIEWS OF THE CITY.

WE have the pleasure of offering to our readers, with the present number of the Mirror, a beautiful view of New-York, taken from Jersey city, and engraved in a style of the first excellence. On exhibiting it to an old friend of ours, who wears a cocked hat, and though carrying nothing sentimental in his dress or appearance, possesses more real feeling than three-fourths of the complaining bards of the modern school, he voluntarily offered to furnish us with some of the results of his antiquarian researches and early recollections. It may be supposed we gladly accepted this offer, when we apprise our readers that he is the same person who favored us with the articles illustrating the views of the little tiled cottage, and Knickerbocker-hall, in previous numbers.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

OLD TIMES IN NEW-YORK.

Old people, who outlive the fashions without losing the sensibilities of youth, are among the happiest of the universe. They enjoy a thousand pleasures, as harmless and as delightful as those of childhood itself; they have little to do in this world but look back on the past without regret, and forward to the future without apprehension. If it has pleased heaven to bless them with health and competency, and they are not subjected to the besetting sin of avarice, their days glide along smoothly; they take the enjoyments of life with a gentle zest, all nature administers to their satisfaction; and mankind revere and love them, because they join in their little pleasures, and partake in their rational amusements, in so far as smiles and sympathy may be called partaking.

It will seldom be found that old men talk for any length of time without at last making themselves the subject of their conversation. What they have seen and felt in days long past is the treasure whence they draw their resources of present content, and in detailing it they feel a sort of ideal superiority at being able to remember so much more than young people. I confess this is my foible; and the observations just made are intended for the express purpose of preparing the way for something of this kind, connected with my amusements and recreations.

Among the most charming of these is a ramble, in the spring of the year, ay and sometimes in the summer and autumn, along the banks of the Hudson, by Hoboken and Weehawk and the lofty rocks beyond. There is nothing in nature more beautiful than the scenery, both near and in the distance. All is fraught with life and beauty; the opposite shores are full of spires and houses, the river is all animated with boats; under your feet are little flowers peeping forth from among the rocks, and overhead the trees and buds. If you look from some projecting point towards the south, you behold the far-off entrance into the vast solitude of the pathless sea; and if to the north, the glorious course of the most majestic and picturesque of rivers, bounded on one side by undulating hills and dales, and on the other, by its perpendicular wall of eternal rocks.

If it should chance to be the latter end of May or the beginning of June, then all will be blooming and humming and chirping life in the groves and little patches of grass among the rocks. The one is filled with music, the other with fragrance; and when the twilight calm comes silently, and almost imperceptibly on, one can safely loiter long, and watch the parting day, as it sheds its tints of gold on the opposite groves of York island, and sets the windows in a blaze. On these occasions I have seen rich displays of nature's painting over earth and heaven. I have felt balmy breathings on my withered cheeks, and playing among my thin hairs; and heard rural concerts from the tree-tops, more grateful to me than all the delights of wealth, or the splendors of fame. I have at such times seen in the bosom of some crystal brook a little reflected world, more beautiful than ever poet described or painter drew, or than fancy ever feigned when she inspired her most favored offspring; whose tints no artist ever could equal, whose features no minstrel could ever describe; and I have heard the thrush or the mock-bird from the tip-top of some solitary tree discourse such exquisite music as, combined with the beauties of nature, and the inspiration of the scene and the hour, distanced the Italian opera, and threw the Signorina into the shade.

Next to these rural recollections, which I enjoy in secret and alone, with no other companion than the goddess who presides over the scene, one of my most ordinary recreations is rambling about this city, destined to be the queen of the west, noting its quick hasty progress, and watching the changes in its aspect and manners. Sometimes I stop in mute astonishment, to find that in the course of a few months, in which, by some chance, I have not visited a particular street, the old, low, homely little wooden houses—and, alas! that it should be so!—the triumphs of the architecture of mine ancestors—the sacred edifices, standing gable-end to the street, have all disappeared, while in their places have risen lofty palaces, four stories high; which, like the fabled erections of the eastern genii, seem to have risen up in a single night.

In no country are such extremes of time and space brought together as in ours; nor have such quick changes ever been exhibited to view. No where else has the life of one man presented such triumphs of industry and enterprise. Even I, though not yet old—that is, not *very* old—I am little more than three score—even I have lived to see the wilderness blossom like the rose—the haunts of wild beasts and wild men covered with harvests, houses, villages, cities. I have seen an empire, vast and almost boundless, peacefully emerge from the depths of interminable forests; and herds and flocks and prosperous people swarming over its once howling precincts. I have seen towns, not on the maps a score of years ago, become the capitals of great states that were not then in being; and cities arise out of little villages, aspiring to take precedence of the most renowned marts of the eastern world.

I contemplate these things with the feelings of an old man for a dear and single offspring, the full maturity of whose life he cannot live to behold. I say to myself, "I have no other child but thee, my country; and my affections centre in thy bosom. The future is full of anticipations of thy prosperity and happiness. Thy coming greatness dawns upon me in all my moments of thoughtful abstraction; and it is often a subject of serious mortification that I cannot live to see the full fruition of thy glories. I shall be dead and forgotten long before thy progress in arts, science, literature, and all thy peaceful triumphs in the empire of the human mind shall be consummated. But still I look forward with such a strong faith in what shall happen, as sure as the sun shines in the heavens, that the future may almost be said to be present already."

But the mind of man, most especially in his declining age, cannot support the burthen of enthusiasm for any length of time. I therefore almost always by degrees let myself down to the level of reflections of a more domestic every-day kind. My family, being somewhat in its decline, is naturally inclined to look to the past, and to cherish tradition; I am, consequently, full of particulars of times past, that have escaped the researches of history, which, like a sieve, retains only things of a certain magnitude. In addition to these, my own recollections furnish me with a clue to a comparison of the present with the past.

"Here," I exclaim, with even more enthusiasm than the classical antiquary feels among the ruins of Palmyra, Persepolis, or Rome; "here, where the merchants have reared their splendid habitations, once stood the renowned and impregnable fort George, which never opened its gates to a conqueror; partly because it never suffered a siege, and partly because it never had any gates to open. Here his majesty's puissant governor kept his state; and here the beautiful grandmothers of our still more beautiful belles set the fashion of admiring a red coat, which, unlike all other fashions of that day, still keeps its ground among us, to the desperate mortification of our young aspiring brevet-colonels, who, having no other foes to conquer, besiege the ladies' hearts. Here, on the eighteenth day of March, one thousand seven hundred and forty-one, happened that famous fire, which at length conquered this mighty strong hold, and reduced its wooden glories to ashes and oblivion."

Proceeding on at random I pause on the very spot, a little north of Trinity church, where was at that period a meadow, in which stood "Murray's haystack," the attempt to burn which was another circumstance that led to the detection

of the famous negro plot, so little known in history, so renowned in tradition. I am in possession of a record of the whole transaction, from the robbery of Mr. Hogg to the execution of poor Ury, the catholic priest, who, together with those renowned wights, Cuffee Philisse, Cesar, York, and Prince Aubineau, fell victims, either to their crimes or the panic of the good people of the city.

Not far from this haystack, the only one I believe recorded in history, westward towards the river, was the house of John Hughson, a place of resort for blacks, and the very lowest orders of white men and women. Here it was said this plot to burn the city and massacre the inhabitants was first conceived and organized. It was the haunt of colored dandies; here they displayed their Sunday clothes and white teeth; and here was established the infamous "Geneva club," all the members of which were sworn to consummate their diabolical purposes. Amid the obscurity of the times, added to the prejudices and fears which prevailed at the examinations and trials, it seems impossible to tell whether such a plot had any existence but in the drunken dreams of some of the frequenters of Hughson's house; whether, in fact, it was the result of a groundless panic, originating in the frequency of fires about that time, reinforced by the contradictory perjuries of Margaret Sorubiero, alias Salingburgh, alias Kerry, commonly called the Irish beauty, and Mary Burton, spinster. The following is a short abstract of the discovery of this plot and its consequences, taken from a detailed official account in my possession.

On the night of the twenty-fifth of February, 1740, a robbery was committed in the house of Robert Hogg, a merchant of the city. It was traced to the house of Hughson, and a young girl, of the name of Mary Burton, who lived there, was brought up for examination. She pretended to be, or really was apprehensive of her life if she disclosed what she knew. She was, therefore, taken from Hughson, in whose service she was, by order of the magistrate. Hughson confessed the fact of some of the property stolen from Mr. Hogg being in possession of Peggy, the Irish beauty, but would not sign the examination. Peggy was committed for trial, and Hughson admitted to bail.

On the eighteenth of March, that same year, at one o'clock in the day, a fire broke out in the governor's house in fort George, which was burnt to the ground. A week after the house of Captain Warren, near the Long bridge, took fire, but was extinguished without much damage. "When the matter came afterwards to be canvassed," says the journal, "it was not altogether clear of grounds of suspicion that it was done designedly."

Wednesday the first of April following, there happened another fire at the storehouse of Mr. Van Zandt, at the east end of the town. "It was an old wooden building, with deal-boards and hay stored in one end of it, and the fire was said to be caused by a man smoking a pipe there, and setting fire to the hay. But it was said again, that the fire was first discovered in the north-east side of the roof before it had taken the hay."

Saturday evening, fourth of April, there was another fire at the house of one Quick. As the people were returning from this there was another alarm of fire "at the house of one Ben Thomas, next door to Captain Sarly, on the west side." On Sunday morning following, "it was discovered that some coals had been put under a haystack, standing near the coach-house and stables of Joseph Murray, Esquire, in Broadway. It was said there were coals and ashes traced from the fence to a house adjoining the stables, which caused suspicion of the negro that lived there."

These fires happening in such quick succession, and under such circumstances, caused a suspicion that they could not be the result of accident. This was corroborated by the following circumstance, which took place the day on which the coals were found under Mr. Murray's haystack. "As threenegroes were walking up the Broadway, towards the English church," says our journal, "about service-time, Mrs. Earle, looking out of her window, overheard one of them saying to his companions with a vaporing sort of air, 'Fire—fire—scorch—scorch—a little—d—n it, by-and-by.' The person that thus spoke was 'Mr. Walter's Quaco.'" This

circumstance was communicated to a neighboring alderman, and by him to the justices at their meeting the next day.

On Monday the sixth of April there happened two fires, at the latter of which there was such evident proofs of its being the work of an incendiary, "that there was a cry among the people, 'The Spanish negroes—the Spanish negroes—take up the Spanish negroes.'" There had been some Spanish negroes brought in by Captain Lush, the prize condemned, and the negroes sold as slaves. Captain Sarly had purchased one of them, and as these two last fires happened next door to him, one on each side, and the last was so evidently the result of design, their suspicions turned on the Spanish negro, and produced the cry for the apprehension of the whole of them.

While the people were extinguishing the fire next to Captain Sarly's, there was another cry of fire, which drew most of them away, leaving but few behind. "A man who had been on the top of the house assisting to extinguish the fire, saw a negro leap out of the end window of one of them, and from thence making over several garden fences in great haste, which occasioned him to cry out 'A negro—a negro!' which soon improved into an alarm that the negroes were rising." This negro proved to be Cuffee Philipse, "a fellow of ill character. His master being a single man, and little at home, Cuff had a great deal of idle time, it seems, which he employed to ill purposes, and had acquired a general bad fame."

A general panic now spread through the whole city; persons in the neighborhood of these fires began to remove their goods; the common council met, and requested the lieutenant-governor to issue a proclamation, offering a reward of one hundred pounds and pardon; and, if a slave, freedom and twenty pounds to any who should inform against the supposed incendiaries. The lieutenant-governor accordingly issued his proclamation on the seventeenth of April. The same day Cuffee Philipse was interrogated, and though it was somewhat doubtful whether he was the person seen to leap out of the window during the fire near Captain Sarly's, it was thought proper to hold him in confinement to await further discovery.

On the twenty-second of April the supreme court convened, and Mary Burton, the young woman who had been in the protection of the magistrate since the expression of her fears on account of her testimony in the affair of the robbery at Mr. Hogg's, was examined before the grand jury. Her testimony for the first time went to establish the existence of a plot of the negroes, in conjunction with Hughson and his wife and the Irish beauty, to burn the whole city. The next day the Irish beauty underwent an examination, in which she solemnly denied all knowledge of the plot, and declared "that if she were to accuse anybody of any such thing, she must accuse innocent persons, and wrong her own soul."

About this time a letter was intercepted in New-Jersey, and sent to the common council of New-York, from Mrs. Romme to her husband, in which she says, "Vark's negro, he keeps his word steadfast for you." She advises him of the trial of Hughson and his wife, and enjoins him to keep out of the way. The third of May one Arthur Price, a servant of Captain Vincent, committed on a charge of having robbed his master's house, intimated to the magistrates that he had some important disclosures to make. He was brought before one of the judges, and deposed to various conversations with Peggy, the Irish beauty, in which she detailed some vague threats of vengeance uttered by several of the negroes in case Cesar and Prince, then in custody, should be punished, and that she was sworn not to say anything "about the fires." Just at this period the panic in the city was increased by the burning of seven barns at Hackensack, in New-Jersey.

The seventh of May, Peggy being examined in relation to her conversations with Arthur Price, made a confession, implicating Romme and his wife and several negroes in a plot "to burn the fort first, and afterwards the city, and then steal, rob, and carry away all the money and goods they could procure." "They were to carry these into the country, to be joined by the country negroes, and to return and perpetrate a general massacre of the whites."

The whole of this was denied by Mrs. Romme, the wife of John Romme. She acknowledged that Cuffee Philipse kept game cocks at their house, and that Cesar, Prince, and Cato came there sometimes to drink, but she neither knew or had ever heard of any plot to burn the city, or murder the white people. The several negroes implicated by Peggy were apprehended. Cesar and Prince were tried and sentenced to be hung, the former "on the island near the powder-house," the latter "in the city." "They were executed," says my account, "the day after the trial, according to sentence. They died

very stubbornly, without confessing any thing about the conspiracy, and denied that they knew of it to the last."

The thirteenth of May was a day of public fasting and humiliation: the shops were shut, and "persons of all ranks resorted to their respective places of worship, and seemed deeply affected with a sense of the calamities by which they had been lately visited." The thirtieth of May, Quaco and Cuffee were executed at the stake, and confessed the plot, each accusing Hughson as the contriver of all.

The second of June, Hughson, his wife and daughter, together with Margaret Sorubiero, alias Kerry, commonly called the Irish beauty, were brought to trial, all found guilty, and sentenced for execution the twelfth of June, the former in chains. The eleventh of June, Bastian, a condemned negro, confessed the plot in open court. Cesar was to be king, and Hughson ruler over all. The same day Hughson's daughter was reprieved till the nineteenth. The next day Hughson and his wife and Margaret Kerry were led to execution. Their appearance and behavior are thus described:

"The sheriffs observed John Hughson, when he was brought out of jail to be carried to execution, to have a red spot on each cheek, about the bigness of a shilling, which they thought very remarkable, for he was always pale of visage. These spots continued all along to the gallows. Amongst other discourse it seems he had said 'he did not doubt some remarkable sign would happen to him, to show his innocence.' He stood up in the cart all the way, looking round as if he expected to be rescued, as was conjectured by many from his manner. One hand was lifted up as high as his pinion would admit of, and a finger pointing, as if intending to beckon.

"At the gallows his wife stood like a lifeless trunk, with a rope about her neck tied to the tree. She said not a word, and had scarce any visible motion.

"Peggy seemed much less resigned than the others, or rather unwilling to encounter death. She was going to say something, but the old woman, who, being next her, gave her a shove with her hand, as was said by some, so Peggy was silent.

"But they all died, having protested their innocence to the last touching the conspiracy."

It would exceed the limits of this article to relate all the succeeding particulars of this singular affair; and the prevarications of Mary Burton, who deposed one day to what she contradicted the next, until, in the judgment of posterity at least, she became unworthy of belief in any case, much more one of life and death. Several persons suffered, principally in consequence of her testimony, and she finally received a reward of one hundred pounds from the authorities of the city. That such a plot was talked of and agitated, if not actually organized, and that many of those who suffered were guilty at least of arson I have little doubt. But there was one man who unquestionably fell a victim to the stern bigotry and intolerance of the age.

From the supposed agency of the Spanish catholic negroes in these fires, religion became in some measure a party to the conspiracy; and the attorney-general frequently took occasion to allude to a design on the part of the pope and the Spaniards to burn the principal cities in the British provinces. In the ferment of mingled fear and religious antipathy combined, an unfortunate catholic priest, named John Ury, was accused of instigating and participating in the plot of burning and massacre.

He was accused by a certain carpenter, who heard him preach, and deposed that "the drift of his sermon was against drunkenness and debauchery of life, and against deists; that he blamed the preachers of the city for their preaching up that faith without works was sufficient for salvation. He said this was destroying two grand attributes of God Almighty, justice and mercy, and that there must be good works."

These unheard-of blasphemies against the calvinism of the honest Dutch jury proved most probably fatal to poor Ury, by disposing them to put implicit faith in the vague testimony of suspicious witnesses, and misinterpret his most innocent actions. He was convicted and executed. His deportment on his trial, in prison, and at the place of execution, as described, even by a writer evidently believing in his guilt, has often called forth the sympathy of the author of this sketch, and brought the tears into his eyes, although an orthodox episcopalian; and his last dying declaration seems to him to be one of the most eloquent as well as solemn and affecting on record. It is as follows:

"Fellow-Christians—I am going to suffer a death of pain and ignominy, a death accursed of all mankind. But it is the cup my heavenly Father has placed in my hands, and I drink

it in willing submission to his will. It is the cross of my Redeemer, I bear it with pleasure, well knowing that all who live in Jesus Christ must suffer persecution. We must partake in his sufferings before we can share the glories of his resurrection. For he went not up to heaven before he ascended Mount Calvary, nor did he wear the crown of glory before he wore the crown of thorns. I am now about to appear before an awful and tremendous God—a being of infinite purity, unerring justice—too wise to be deceived, too just not to punish the attempt. Now this is the being at whose bar I stand. In the presence of that God, the possessor of heaven and earth, the dispenser of life and immortality, the avenger of falsehood, I lift up my hands and eyes fearlessly, and solemnly protest I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. I appeal to the great Being who holds the earth, the waters, and the heavens in his hand—who looks through the hearts of all his creatures, for my entire ignorance of Hughson, his wife, or the wretched woman who was hanged with them. I never knew them, living, dying, or dead; nor ever had any knowledge or confederacy with black or white in any plot. Upon the memorials of the body and blood of my dearest Lord, in the creatures of bread and wine in which I have commemorated the love of my dying Savior, I protest that the witnesses are false ones. I never knew or saw these perjured witnesses but at my trial. But to remove all scruples with regard to my faith, and the truth of this my testimony after my death, I shall give my thoughts on some points."

After attesting his belief that it is not in the power of man to forgive sin, and that those who pretend to do it, commit the sin against the Holy Ghost, he proceeds:

"I solemnly attest and believe that a person having committed or imagined crimes that might have proved hurtful or destructive to society, and who does not avow the whole scheme, and all the persons concerned with him, cannot obtain pardon from God; for it is not the taking of oaths that ought to deter him from confessing his guilt and that of others, such obligations being not only sinful, but unpardonable if not broken. A person firmly believing this, standing like me on the brink of an eternal life of suffering, if he shall lie with his last breath, and knowing his future state must depend on the performance or neglect of these duties, cannot, dare not trifle or prevaricate.

"I have no more to say by way of clearing my innocency, knowing that to a true, unprejudiced christian mind I must appear guiltless. But I am not very solicitous about it. I rejoice, and it is now my comfort in this last hour of mortal life, that my conscience speaks peace to me, now that I am going from a world of sorrow to a region of bliss, where there are no plots and no perjured witnesses thirsting for innocent blood, and where, blessed be God! the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"But least any serious christian should arraign the providence of God, in thus suffering the innocent to be slain like helpless lambs in the slaughter-house of the butcher, I, even I, will bear testimony that these are the dark dispensations of a being who is all wise and cannot do wrong, who is all merciful, and will not suffer the guiltless to perish in vain.

"And now I depart this waste and howling wilderness, with a mind serene and free from all malice, hoping forgiveness, bequeathing forgiveness to all, and praying that Jesus, who alone is the giver of repentance, will convince, conquer, and enlighten the souls of my murderers, who have borne false witness against me, that they may publicly confess their wickedness, and even though late, do justice to my injured memory when dead."

b.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The works of Cowper and Thomson, including many letters and poems never before published in this country, with a new and interesting memoir of the life of Thomson. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: J. Grigg. 1831, 8vo. p. 537.

This valuable work is elegantly printed, and issued at a moderate price. The "letters and poems never before published," will impart to it an additional value; and although the public are too well acquainted with the rare merit of these standard writers to render any strictures upon their works necessary, we cannot refrain from praising the neatness with which the publisher has prepared this edition. The volume is ornamented with a delightful frontispiece, and approaches nearer the excellence of the English style than the generality of similar American publications. Too little attention has been paid to the manner of reprinting the standard works of the British authors. We are pleased to observe that more care has lately been devoted to the subject; and of the enterprising publishers who have led the way, Mr. Grigg stands among the foremost.

Our Neighbourhood, or Letters on Horticulture and Natural Phenomena: interspersed with opinions on Domestic and Moral Economy N. York: E. Bliss. 1831. 12mo. p. 332.

The sinners and ignoramuses, of which many authors take it for granted that the world is composed, betray such a wilful aversion to moral and scientific instruction, that the sager and more virtuous part are compelled to resort to ingenious expedients to surprise them with a lesson or a sermon, which they receive as a child swallows physic, in sweetmeats. In this volume, there are some good directions relative to gardening and other branches of rural economy, conveyed through the medium of much detail, less interesting in itself than the information which it is intended to render palatable. The sketches of private life and family circumstances, although apparently modeled on the style of Miss Mitford, are totally unsupported by the judicious selection of incidents—the easy and singular power of graphic description, so charming in the delightful delineations of "Our Village." An ordinary writer, casually witnessing some striking event, or sublime scene, in the artless language of nature with which his excited imagination will supply him, may impart a degree of interest to his relation; but it requires a great poetic talent to fling a charm about mere every-day people and occurrences. The inexpressible archness and grace with which this has been accomplished by Miss Mitford, throws the tame ordinary characters, and tedious trifles of the present publication altogether in the shade. The author seems to forget that what is quite agreeable and interesting to one's self, in the routine of private life, is not sufficiently important to be printed in a duodecimo, and paraded before the world. As letters to a friend, who would naturally peruse them with partiality, or even as a private journal, "Our Neighbourhood" might be well enough to be admired by the parties figuring therein; but Mr. Allen, Mr. Allen—think of three hundred and thirty-two mortal pages of unentertaining, and, too often, uninteresting matter, inflicted upon us innocent citizens—about persons and places we dare not cherish a hope of beholding this side the river Styx! We quote a portion of the ninth letter, as a fair specimen of the principal part of the work:

"We are really grateful for a rainy day in the country, for while the sun shines we are very busy out doors with the plough and spade, and in preparing for winter. In consequence, a number of little, and yet very important matters, are left to accumulate until a rain drives us under shelter. Three days of incessant rain have brought us up again, and now there stands a goodly row of sharp tools, sound rakes and mallets, as well as some well-shaped axe and hammer handles. If it be a clear day to-morrow, we are to kill our hogs—six fine ones of the no-bone breed, and only eight months old. Peter acts as master of ceremonies, and has invited his neighbor, Brom, to assist us, promising in turn to go over to him when he is ready. Brom is Dr. Bentley's man. My little Sam is as knowing at it as his elders; and poor Dennis, as is the case with all that occurs, is giving his opinion with great fluency, but really knowing nothing of the matter.

"Peter came to me last evening to unburthen himself. 'I do not wish to injure the man, Master, but he will certainly make all go wrong. He killed his own pig at his own house last week, and such a poor disfigured thing I never saw. He has left half the bristle on, and it hung all lopsided for the want of a gamble.' 'A gamble, Peter, what is that? I fancy that I am no wiser myself than Dennis on the subject of gambles.' 'Why a gamble, Master, is a piece of stick, sharpened at both ends, to keep the feet of the hogs spread out. But cannot you set him at work at something else? Has Master no more beans and peas to shell?' said the black, grinning."

And again:

"We went into a noble pantry, or rather store-room, filled with preserves and pickles, cheese cakes and eatables of all sorts—in fact there was abundance throughout, and all so conveniently placed, so clean and so fresh that I was tempted to eat slice after slice of the cold tongue and turkey, and pumpkin-pies; nor could I resist the pressing entreaties to eat 'only one piece of plum-cake, and then just to taste the gooseberry-wine.'"

Now far be it from us to speak disrespectfully either of "cold tongue and turkey" or "pumpkin pies," or to insinuate any thing against the adroitness with which Peter brought the existence of that innocent and much-abused animal alluded to above, to a melancholy and premature close; but we would suggest that these things cannot be generally interesting. There is too much chaff to compensate the reader for the grains of wheat, of which, we must in justice confess, the work is not entirely destitute. The preface affords the reader grounds to hope that this is to be succeeded by two other similar volumes! We take the liberty of requesting the au-

thor to eat his pies in future behind the scenes, to kill off the principal part of his *dramatis personæ*, who appear rather odd and out of place, thus going through the simplest actions and conversations of their lives, in the broad glare of public observation; and particularly to compress his views on horticulture, and place them more immediately in the reader's possession. The public, to be sure, is an indolent person, rather fond of his own ease and pleasure; but we will venture to be his surety that he will bear all the *real information* upon rural economy, with which Mr. Allen's experience has enriched his mind, without the aid of the in-door sketches of character, or any other sly artifice to enlighten his mind by amusing his fancy.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE PAINTINGS OF COLONEL TRUMBULL.

THE exhibition at the gallery of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, in Chambers-street, is rendered interesting by the fact that all the productions, including nine subjects of the American revolution, with near two hundred and fifty portraits of persons distinguished in that period, are painted from the life by a single individual. The merits of Colonel Trumbull as an artist have been so frequently canvassed as to render, at this time, any opinion respecting his talents unnecessary: especially as it is well known that in 1816 the government of the United States passed a resolution authorizing him to execute four subjects for the nation. These were completed in a manner which gave general satisfaction; and, if we mistake not, adorn the rotunda in the capitol at Washington. Of them, four pieces in the present collection are miniature duplicates. The principal paintings which claim the attention of the spectator are the battle of Bunker's Hill, the death of General Montgomery in the attack on Quebec, the Declaration of Independence, the capture of the Hessians at Trenton, the surrender of General Burgoyne, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the resignation of General Washington. The interest of these pictures is much heightened by the circumstance of their being original likenesses. The American cannot look upon the representations of these important events without feeling a throng of spirit-stirring associations crowd upon his mind. From these originals several fine engravings have been executed, which many of our readers must have frequently seen, as they have been widely disseminated and much admired.

Although, however, Colonel Trumbull has devoted a very large portion of his life to paintings illustrative of the events of the American revolution, he has not confined himself to them exclusively. We have, among many additional pieces, copies of celebrated pictures of the old masters, landscapes, waterfalls, &c; besides numerous miniature heads of distinguished persons done in oil.

It is to be hoped that our citizens will not disregard the present opportunity of compensating the venerable and industrious artist for so many years of laborious exertion, in illustrating prominent periods in the history of his country.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ESTRANGEMENT.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

THOU too, e'en thou, the changeless one, thro' years' vicissitudes,
Hast bowed at length to fickleness, with earth's vast multitudes.
Thy heart has mingled with the world, its passions and its pride,
And stern collision, mind with mind, thy hidden powers has tried;
And in thy intercourse with men, its rivalries and fears,
Thou hast of little import deemed the friendship of past years.

Well, be it so—and may'st thou find the busy scenes of life,
The spirit-stirring warfare, and the deep commingling strife
Of men's pursuits, a recompense for the more quiet things,
The softer, sweeter joys, to which the heart of woman clings.
And may'st thou find *ambition's* path, a bright and pleasant way,
Nor e'er regret, in after-life, what thou hast cast away.

Go, then; I feel that thou art changed—the sign is on thy brow—
Its cold expression as I gazed in silence even now.
I cannot brook that altered look; we must not meet again—
We've come to the diverging point, where breaks the social chain
Of feeling's union, and we part—unbiased to pursue,
Each one, alone, the chosen path, the distant goal in view.

It is not that the thought was mine, e'en in the future far,
That e'er our destinies could form beneath one guiding star.
I never sought to win thy love, in that absorbing sense,
Which speaks of perfect union, and of perfect confidence.
I never dreamed that thrilling word, howe'er it be defined,
Applied to thee and me; or swayed the thoughts of either mind.

'Twas but the spirit's friendship, and opinion's interchange,
That e'er a moment came within imagination's range.
I miss thy bright, approving glance, or thy reproving smile,
In gentleness and kindness given, effectual too, the while.
I miss thee in the trifles of which happiness is made,
And in the more momentous scenes, where life is all display'd.

I would forget, if wish were will, all thou hast been to me;
But how when each familiar thing still speaks to me of thee!

How can I mix in fashion's throng, amidst each gay delight;
Or walk beneath the moon-beams, or the watching stars of night;
Or sketch with fancy's graphic power the *home-scenes* of the heart;
Nor see thee in each picture still, all altered as thou art?

But go—thy way is in the world, the rising-place of men,
The mart of deep, contesting thoughts, borne on the lip and pen.
Not in green fields, or smiling vales, or some loved solitude,
But where thick clashing interests meet, and jealousies intrude.
Amidst the hurry of the mind, the sick heart's weariness,
The strange excitement of the nerves, as hopes too wildly press.
Go, bear thy part in the vain strife—it is thy *destiny*—
While I must grieve that for such things thou art estranged from me.

ODE TO FRANCE.

BY JAMES NACK.

Queen of the world! canst thou forget
That lofty name was thine;
Or, if it be remember'd yet,
Must thou that name resign?
The nations that were once thy slaves
Are they thy masters now?
And when a foreign sceptre waves,
Must thou before it bow?
And must thy once exalted throne,
Degraded now, receive
A king, in name a king alone,
Who dares not for a moment do
A manly deed, that might pursue
His country's wishes, or his own,
Till Europe's despots give him leave?
Oh France! Awake!

Awake! I know thou wilt! Though deep
As death's, thy lion-spirits' sleep,
There is a name whose whisper'd breath
Can start thee from the sleep of death!
It little needs that I should tell
That name, of earth the mightiest spell;
Look in thy heart, and read the name
Most cherished there—the name of him
Who found thee sunk in crime and shame;
Thy strength decay'd, thy glory dim;
Who plying heard thy hopeless groans,
And raised thee by his giant might;
Who piled a pyramid of thrones,
To place thee on the sun-crown'd height.
Who rent away the brightest gem
From Europe's every diadem,
For thee, Oh France! to wreath thee all
In one resplendent coronal,
And bind its glories on thy brow—
What wast thou *then*? what art thou *now*?
Oh France! Awake!

Awake! Look up!—What means thine eye?
The spoils of Austerlitz,
Upon whose column, towering high,
A mighty phantom flits;
With melancholy glance, and stern,
His awful eyes upon thee turn,
While pointing to the sculptured name
Of all his hundred fields of fame!
Behold thy veterans faltering by,
And at that trophy of thy shame,
The trophy of thy glory erst
Their hearts with indignation burst,
And on the spot they die!
They die! it rather were a sight
To call the dead to life,
And pour them from their graves, to fight
Again in sternest strife!
They die! and *thou*—art thou not dead?
Or why so low reclines thy head?
Oh France! Awake!

Awake! Oh soon shalt thou awake,
And from thy throne the puppet shake;
Whose power, as conscience tells him, springs
But from the grace of foreign kings,
From whom he must receive, with awe,
For thee and for himself the law!

Thy children shall in arms arise
Around thy chosen one,
The star of all creation's eyes,
The lord of battle's son!
Though Europe's tyrants shall combine
To war with the imperial line,
And bid thee at their hands receive
A master from the race abhor'd,
Their purpose they shall not achieve
While thou hast yet a sword!

Remember that thou art not *free*
While foreign kings dictate to thee!
Then onward—onward to the fight!
Assert a nation's dearest right,
To heed no choice, except her throne,
For him who shall ascend her throne!

Though millions shall that right oppose,
In vain the number of thy foes!
The spirit of thy lord of war
Shall stalk thy stern array before;
Thy foes shall feel its secret power,
And in its awful presence cower!

Nay—were thy foes with conquest flush'd,
And thou beneath their numbers crush'd,
Oh then if one should breathe the spell
By them and thee remember'd well,
That sound, as awful to their ear
As that, which sent at dead of night
From heaven, compell'd Assyria's might,
Shall paralyze their souls with fear!
Thy dying shall forget to die,
And start again to arms;
The victors shall before thee fly
In agonized alarms,
While thunders every ear upon
The shout of "Vive Napoleon!"

BEGGARS.

A beggar once a glided courtier met,
And greeted him with "Welcome, brother;"
Which made the other fume, and swear, and fret,
And make a mighty noise and pother.
"Pooh!" cries the sturdy beggar, "good Sir Luce,
What mighty difference can you see
Betwixt a man, like you, who begs a place,
And one that only begs a *bone*—b-b-e-e!"

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

TIME AND TRUTH.—AN APOLOGUE.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

AMONG the daughters of Time, the youngest and best beloved, was a beautiful maiden, called Truth. It was foredoomed at her birth that she should be incapable of fraud or deception; that wherever she came she should remedy the evils of falsehood and calumny, put to flight forever the errors of mankind, and banish doubt, darkness, and uncertainty from the face of the earth. In short, she was to be omnipotent and eternal.

Time, who was forever in motion, and never staid a moment in one place, could not endure to be without the society of his favorite child, and as soon as she grew up, insisted on her accompanying him every where. Being about to make the circuit of the universe, he accordingly took her by the hand, and they journeyed together.

Time had wings, but Truth had none; and it was soon found she could not keep up with the old man, who, though his head was almost bald and his beard white as the driven snow, could travel day and night, over hill and dale, sea and land, through air and fire, without ever resting or being fatigued. Impatient of delay, and incapable of restraining the impetuosity of his motions, he soon grew tired of the slow and feeble steps of his daughter, who was timid as a young fawn, and looked about, before, behind, on every side ere she ventured forward; and telling her he could not wait for her tardy motions, bade her join him without fail at the end of the world.

Time soon finished his tour round the globe, but Truth was far behind; and as he had sworn never to wait for any one, the old man turned round to make another tour, and met his daughter about half way on her journey. As long parted friends love to tell each other all that has passed in their absence, they related their adventures.

"One day," said Time, "I met a wife whose rash husband had turned her from his door and divided her from her children, on account of some unfounded jealousy. I would have stayed to make up the quarrel and convince him of his error, but I knew you would soon come and set all right. I hope thou didst make my words good. Didst thou interfere in behalf of one of thy sex?"

"Alas! father, the poor abandoned wife was dead before I came. Grief and shame had driven her to despair, and she perished by her own hands."

"What a pity! but let us go on. Next I met a young man who had been crossed in love in consequence of calumnies that had poisoned the mind of his mistress. A little onward and I encountered the young woman herself, who was pining away almost broken-hearted at the supposed infamy of her lover. I could not stay to remedy their sorrows, but told them my daughter Truth, was just behind, and would soon bring about a good understanding."

"Alas! alas!" cried the maiden, with tears in her eyes, "I came too late. The youth had become a sot and a gamester, and the poor girl had died of a broken heart."

"Thou art destined, it seems, to be always too late. I wish thou wouldst go forward instead of looking all round, and feeling thy way like a blind man."

"Ah! father," replied she, "how should I be assured of being always right if I did not first see which way I was going?"

"Next," continued old Time, "I came into a city where a man had been condemned to death for a crime of which he was innocent. I would have stayed to do him justice, but my moments were too precious, and I knew you were close at hand. Didst thou save him from the gallows?"

"No—I did not arrive in season. I saw his body hanging in chains; but I did justice to his memory. Better late than never, father."

"Humph!" said the old man. "After this I arrived in a country where the people were preparing to murder their governor and all his family on account of a false report of his having attempted to betray them to their enemies. I looked behind, and thought I saw thee advancing, and being, as usual in a great hurry, left it to thee to dissipate the delusion."

"I grieve to tell thee, O father! that I was a little too late. The virtuous governor, with all his family, had just perished, and the wicked calumniator was in his place. I told them the true state of the case. But the lie had done its work, and the consequences were irremediable."

"I wish to the immortal Jove, cried Time, "I wish my youngest daughter Truth, would keep pace with my eldest daughter Falsehood!"

"How should I, my father, when she never stops to see whither she is going, and I am always seeking the true path?"

"Proceeding onward," resumed old Time, "I came to where the people were fighting, and cutting throats, and burning each other on account of a dispute about a word, which each party interpreted differently. I thought it a great pity they could not find out which was the right meaning. But, said I, my daughter is just behind and will clear up the matter, I have not a moment to lose. I hope thou didst not come too late here as elsewhere."

"Not altogether too late, father," replied the virgin, "but ere I came one party had exterminated the other; and when I offered to tell the conquerors the true meaning of the word, they said they knew it already as well as I did. I asked them how they came by it; they answered by virtue of the right of the strongest, and then left me shouting 'Truth is great and will prevail!'"

"Poor, ignorant creatures!" exclaimed Time, and shrugged his brawny shoulders. "As I travelled onward from thence, I came to a nation which sacrificed human beings to a great snake, and left particular directions with the priests to stop you when you came, and become convinced of their deplorable errors."

"I stopped; but I grieve to say it was only to lament over their misfortunes. The day before I arrived they had all been exterminated by a people who came to convert them."

"Sluggard!" exclaimed the old man, for he began to wax wroth. But he again resumed his narrative.

"A little while after I came among a people who worshipped graven images, and was exceedingly angry at their foolish idolatry. But I could not stay to argue the matter with them, and proclaimed aloud, as I passed, that my daughter was coming to set them right. Didst thou visit these ignorant people?"

"I did—but alas! father, the very day but one before I came they had all been swallowed up by an inundation!"

"Out upon thee!" cried Time, no longer able to restrain his impatience at the dilatory pace of his daughter. "Out upon thee! Of what use is it that thou art gifted with the power to correct error and remedy the mischiefs of calumny—of what consequence is it thou shalt ever prevail where thou comest if thou art thus always lagging behind the events which I bring about? Better not come at all than too late."

"Father," replied the weeping daughter, "it is not that I am too slow, but that thou art too swift. Remember that heaven hath given thee wings, and vigor to pursue an eternal flight, while the feet of thy poor girl are tender and her limbs slow of pace. If thou wouldst only slacken thy speed a little, I might always keep up with thee, and—"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old man, testily, "I have not a moment to waste in hearing you talk."

So saying, he spread his wings, shook his hour-glass at her in anger, and vaulted forth on another journey round the world. His daughter ran after him as fast as she could, and entreated he would stop; but though she has ever since been trying, she has never been able to overtake the flight of Time. Those who know best, however, affirm that she will undoubtedly catch him at last, for "Truth is great and must prevail."

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT CHARACTERS.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

THIS distinguished writer showed from his earliest years all the characteristics of a poet; a roving, unsettled disposition, fond of literary leisure, and averse to the anxiety and application of business. Poverty alone forced him to become industrious, and he entered the service of the Cardinal d'Este, as a sort of secretary. While in his employ, and at the age of thirty-one, he commenced the *Orlando Furioso*, on which he spent eleven years, and which appeared in 1516. The popularity of this work on its first publication was astonishing. More than sixty editions were published in the course of that century; and a contemporary says there were more copies of the *Furioso* in Italy than there were of Homer and Virgil. The Cardinal d'Este alone seems to have grudged him his popularity. The poet left him to attach himself to the duke of Ferrara. This prince gave him the superintendence of his theatres; and in his employment Ariosto, who had too much of the courtier in his character, was glad to pass the remainder of his life. His patron's scanty bounty he acknowledged by the grossest flattery of him and his family; and the fulsome panegyrics he pronounced on the house of Este, in the *Orlando Furioso*, immortalize the disgrace both of the sycophant and his master.

His great work is the *Orlando Furioso*. Voltaire said of it that he always hurried through it as fast as possible, to have the pleasure of commencing again; and the same compliment is paid to it by almost every reader. It is the history of the Paladins at the court of Charlemagne, their amours and adventures. There is, however, no pretension to unity of plan. Though the madness of Orlando has given name to the work, it is merely an episode, and does not occur till the twenty-third canto, the middle of the poem. It is, in fact, a continuation of the *Orlando Innamorato* of Berni, beginning where that leaves off, without preface or explanation. Ariosto imitates Homer in the abruptness as well as in the spirit with which he enters upon his subject. He rushes at once into his field of action, without preparation for egress. When his characters are crowded on his hands he is not puzzled, like Madame de Scudéri, how to "kill the king or marry the queen," he leaves all in confusion, and enters upon another theme, which he gilds, adorns, and confounds in the same way. He leads his hearers sometimes over rough and sometimes over barren spots; they are sometimes bewildered by the intricacy, sometimes wearied by the length of the way; often provoked, yet always pleased with his vagaries. We relish even while we condemn his whims and caprices, like grave age shaking its head, yet smiling at the follies of the frolic blood, and high spirits of youth. All his creations are dreams of fancy, without definite form or object. We receive no useful lessons of wisdom or prudence; we see no examples of practical, everyday virtue; we move in a world devoid of the charm of human interest, but abounding in "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces." His is that world of poetry and romance, "so dazzling to the dreaming boy," so enticing, we may add, even to grave wisdom and gray-haired eld; where love and honor are the only laws, where brilliant accomplishments are the only virtues, filled with all that can idly amuse or pleasingly deceive us. It is like Phantastic's chamber in Spenser,

"disappointed all within
With sundry colors, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yet,
Ne can devised be of mortall witt,
Some daily seen and known by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit,
Infernal hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,
Apes, lyons, eagles, owles, fooles, lovers, children, dames."

There is little character in his poems. The knightly Rugiero, the brave Orlando, and the gallant Astolfo, are no better distinguished from each other than Virgil's "fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum." The charm is in the nature and connection of the incidents, and still more in the unrivalled beauty of the style. He is indeed a most consummate master of the graces and elegancies of his delicious language. In beauty and melody of versification he is unrivalled; happy alike in the choice of epithets and circumstances, his descriptions are perfect pictures, and glow in the most vivid coloring of the imagination. His very negligence is pleasing, with here and there an unfinished line, a careless repetition; but the nicest critic would abandon in despair this task of correcting these more than venial errors. Often a playful turn is given, as in Beppo and Don Juan, to the ending of a serious stanza; and as he changes, camelion-like, his hue "from grave to gay," from sportive mirth to lofty eloquence or deep pathos, we follow him astonished, dazzled, and delighted. He possesses all that "curiosa felicitas" of Horace, denied to most modern authors, and that perfection of art which consists in its concealment.

"That which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place."

Cervantes undoubtedly far excels him in strong sense of the humorous and delicate strokes of satire; Le Sage is immeasurably his superior in the delineation of character, and in the living, breathing, practical spirit of his scenes; but, besides these, there are few works of imagination of such unalloyed, delightful, intense interest.

It is exceedingly difficult to institute any comparison between minds so different in their objects and their powers as those of Ariosto and Tasso. All parallels in fact from Plutarch downwards, are real parallels, that is, they run side by side, but never meet in a point. This question, too, has been a thousand times discussed, and as often left unsettled. It is a disputed point, on which each takes the side that pleases him; a field open to all, in which every critical aspirant is at liberty to break a lance.

There are two great classes of the beautiful, and two great sects among its admirers; the one those who love to follow nature into whatever extravagances or excesses she wanders; the other those who lay claim to nicer refinement and more fastidious taste; who prefer polished weakness and finished art to coarse strength and lawless energy. Each class has its favorites; the one kindles with the fire of Homer,

and are carried away by the power of Shakspeare; the other rather linger over the pensive elegance of Virgil, and sympathize with the graceful tenderness of Racine. The one is the English, the other the French school. The one generally prefer Ariosto, while the other award the palm to the more regular, finished beauties of Tasso. Tiraboschi, in his history of Italian literature, has decided the question with tolerable fairness. He gives Ariosto's beauties the preference as being more vivid, original, and varied. "Tasso," says he, "is like a miniature painter, unrivalled in the beauty of design, the delicacy of his touch, and the fineness of his coloring. Ariosto is a Giulio Romano, or a Buonarroti, who puts before your eyes, and almost makes you touch with your hand the gayest and the grandest scenes. Metastasio," continues he, "used to say, that if Apollo were to give him the choice of being one of the two poets, he would certainly hesitate, yet as certainly decide for Tasso; 'for my part,' says Tiraboschi, 'in such a case I should first ask pardon of Tasso, and then choose to be Ariosto.'"

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

SKETCH FROM THE DIARY OF A POET.

COMPIED BY PERMISSION.

ALTHOUGH no believer in astrology, I am sometimes inclined to think that certain men are born under a lucky star, and others under a malignant one. If so, I belong to the latter class. A hateful planet has shed down its dark influence upon me, or some fiend delights to thwart my wishes. So convinced am I of this, that I have ceased to expect the favor of fortune, who discovers her hatred towards me in so many instances; and when any incident occurs calculated at first sight to give me pleasure, I am so used to the old tricks of the goddess, misnamed blind, that I look upon it only as a misfortune mocking me under the mask of a blessing. Ever since I first began to note the circumstances of this poor fantastic world, I could perceive that while the barks of others were floating gaily, banners flying and music playing, with prosperous breezes and a favorable tide, I, a sad, neglected, solitary creature, have rowed my little boat against the current. My affections are deep, but no one loves me. My pride is high and haughty, but is continually mortified. Nature has created me with an ardent thirst for admiration and fame, but has made me totally destitute of the means of acquiring either. My heart sometimes swells in my bosom with the bitterness of despair, and I exclaim with the unhappy Dane, "What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?" There have been beings who understood me, in whose love I was blessed, in whose society I was happy; but my dreadful destiny gave them only that I might conceive the bliss of which I am capable, and feel more acutely the anguish I am doomed to suffer; for even those few the light, the talented, the gay, greet me no longer among the careless multitude who throng the surface of the globe regardless of my fate.

Monday. Last night I wandered forth alone, as usual. My feelings were melancholy and led me towards the place of sepulture. How the tumult of worldly passion is hushed among these quiet and pleasant graves. With what a sad beauty the rosy sunset-beams lighted up the mournful spot. The stir and din of the distant city were stilled. I remembered the times that were gone. Where were they whom I loved, with their bright faces and endearing words? Alas! alas! they were here—at my feet—yet they knew me not. The tenderness of a child was in my soul, and I hid my face. Then the sun went down and shadows were around me, the stars beamed brilliantly out, one after another along the deep summer heavens, and the moon trembled in the river. A pensive smile softened all the features of surrounding nature. The dewy flowers curled up their perfume-breathing leaves. I lingered in the deserted grove whose silence was unbroken even by the voice of birds. The pale queen of heaven gleamed down through the outspreading branches, and sprinkled the turf with touches of silver light. Child of mirth and fashion, who fliest the solitude of her home, and findest companionship only in the dazzling crowd, at such an enchanted hour as this, hither bend your steps—here pause above the graves of the newly dead whom you have loved, and learn what it is to be alone—utterly alone.

Thursday. What am I made for? I have not the strength of the clown, nor the skill of the artist. I cannot guide the affairs of others nor my own. I cannot even control the rapid current of my own thoughts and feelings. Wretchedness has been in my heart. Fate seems forever presenting the cup of happiness to my lips that I may see it dashed to the earth. Around me are spreading paths of summer beauty

which I cannot pursue. A cold feeling, like a dagger, is in my soul. Surely this poor overloaded existence is a burthen I would gladly lay down.

Saturday. Why has nature placed that mysterious power of consciousness—my soul—in a mean, diminutive form? Why has she shaped my features in a repulsive mould, given me a harsh voice, and no power of expressing my sentiments. I can feel, but I cannot speak. What burning and thrilling impressions scenes and events make on me! They sweep across my soul as a hand flung over a fine instrument, or the wind playing among the chords of the Æolian harp. The expression of a radiant face—the shadowless irrepressible gaiety of childhood, unconscious of the future—the contemplation of a fine scene in nature—poetry, eloquence, music. Could I but give utterance to the feelings they awaken—but my lips are sealed—the voice of my spirit dies away unanswered in the dark and silent chamber of my own thoughts. My soul yearns for another existence. I have nothing to do—nothing to hope in this.

Monday. I saw to-day an eagle confined in a cage. Magnificent wanderer of the trackless heaven. How proudly he has snatched the gale and floated in the blue expanse among his snow-capped mountains. Now his ruffled plumage was soiled—his useless wings drooped. Yet how haughty his gaze—how still, and stern, and lonely his spirit seemed. I almost cowered beneath his kingly glance. How grand in himself—how much more so when regarded as an emblem of man.

Friday. Nature's most exquisite charm is her simplicity. From the unutterably vast machinery of the universe to the bursting forth of a morning flower, for the first time crimsoning in the light and bending beneath the heavy dew, she is all simplicity. She is never the same, and her changes are made with the facility of thought. This afternoon brought a storm of thunder and lightning. Surrounded by romantic and picturesque scenery, I watched it as it broke gradually in upon the deep rich repose of the air and the valley. The banks of snowy white clouds which had been piled up gorgeously in the distant horizon, blackened the whole heaven and deluged the earth. Then the sun streamed through the broken masses and half the sky displayed the softest azure. The deep vale—the groupings of the rich giant oaks—the sloping meadows of verdure were illumined with a rejoicing beauty. The watery branches glittered as the rays struck through their heavy foliage, lighting up the dimly seen recesses of the solitary forest; the warbling of birds burst forth around me, the low of the distant cattle blended with the dashing of a brook, which swollen by the rain, inundated its grassy banks and poured its foaming and rapid flood over a ledge of broken rocks; and, as the exhausted clouds were driven lightly by the gentle wind across the blue heaven, the broad rainbow suddenly reared its arch—the fairy wonder of the heavens. How inexpressibly beautiful are all these to me; and yet being purely physical and uninformed by the mysteries of thought and feeling, how immeasurably inferior they are, in the philosophic eye, to the forms of life, and especially the human form in its fairest semblance—beautiful children. My affection for women is checked by the conviction that I am hideous in their eyes. The gay, the graceful, the accomplished win their smiles. I droop beneath their observing glances. But children, untaught in the sophistries and passions of maturity, do not perceive these distinctions. They return your love instinctively, and they have not learned to check their instincts.

Monday. I have blamed myself for suffering so much regret that nature has branded me with a dull and hateful aspect—that she has denied me all the attractions and graces, both of person, manner, and mind, which please in other men. This feeling I have ascribed to vanity, but unjustly. My regret is natural, and is founded in my affections. It is not that I crave to be admired, but to be loved. I never felt the malignity of fate in this, more sensibly than yesterday. It sprang from the idlest dream—but I have forgotten to observe that for the last several months, driven into solitude and at a loss for every recreation, I had with fear and trembling flung together some loose verses, which before I was aware had accumulated to a great number. One morning I missed them, and thought of them no more. Caroline—why do I pause at that name! What feeling of disappointment comes over me with its chilling shadow. Surely our paths lie far asunder. Among the stanzas missing were a few addressed to her, although never intended for her eye. The consciousness of my personal defects have rendered my manner cold—especially towards females in whom I find myself at all interested, for I am sensitive to ridicule to a degree that has embittered my life. In the stanzas alluded to, I had endeavored to de-

fine the thoughts which her presence aroused in my mind. What could I have in common with her in this existence? We are different beings. Nature has exhausted her art in shaping the beauties of her person—in framing the structure of her clear mind—her fond and endearing disposition. Yet she is unconscious that her every motion presents a picture which a master painter would seize as a treasure; display it to posterity and be immortal. What a perfect symmetry dwells in her form. What a full, soft, and Hebe loveliness—a creature of light, joy, and fascination—courted by all—while I move only to shock the sight: speak but to affright the ear; a detestable, wretched, misformed, forgotten outcast—with nature's displeasure marked on my countenance. I shrink from observation, and hide my head from the light. Therefore have I grown up in solitude, and have chosen the bee, the bird, and the forest trees for my companions.

Tuesday. What fatal chance flings me into the society of this bewitching girl. Is it possible that—or is fate but framing for me a new disappointment, of more refined cruelty than all others? What means the kindness of her manner—dare I?—but alas! no. She pities me—she never dreams of love. It is the entire impossibility of such a thing that suffers her to speak to me in the unguarded manner of her own gentle nature, even as she would caress a dog. We walked yesterday in company with several merry friends, she the lightest of all. Yet once, unobserved by the rest, she plucked a wild rose, that peeped brightly out from the green tangled bushes, and placed it in my hand. Hope filled my soul for a moment, but for a moment only. Stung with the thought of my own weakness, with the consciousness of my own unworthiness, I tore the floweret, and scattered its leaves on the ground. She rested her eyes on me with an expression which I felt tremblingly to the very core of my heart. Then her manner grew as cold as my own, and I could not catch her eye again.

Wednesday. After a week of separation I met her yesterday. We were both cold and civil. What cuts the soul more keenly than a look of contempt from one we love? Unable longer to endure it, I seized a moment of solitude, and wrote a few hurried lines. Company were around us—the careless and the happy—to whom life was all sunshine. Accident brought us again together, and alone, and I placed in her hand what I had written. She took it—grew pale, then crimson—then returned the paper.

"You have no other answer?"

"None."

"Then I may burn this?"

"You may."

"You hate me?" She was silent.

"I will never see you again—farewell." She grew yet paler.

"Caroline, dear Caroline, will you drive me from you for ever?"

"I am not the mistress of my actions."

"But if you were, might I hope that—"

She looked up, when a party, full of noisy mirth, were heard in the hall, and I found myself alone.

Twenty years after the date of the foregoing I was a traveller in a foreign country, under the most favorable auspices. Among the celebrated persons whom I was curious to behold, and to whom I had procured letters, was a poet, with whose verses the world is familiar, for they have shed a lustre around his name. By a peculiar train of circumstances, I acquired his most familiar friendship. His dwelling was such as a poet would select, and the spirit of the gifted possessor was visible in all its decorations. Among the rarest of these was his wife; a lady whose charms time seemed to have softened, not destroyed. Their conversations were full of instructive matter, to which I listened with much pleasure, and in which I mingled only as an inquirer and a pupil.

Among other subjects, we once discussed the nature of a poet. Such an interesting theme animated me to speak more than was my custom, for I am just sufficiently a poet myself to admire the works of genius.

"Poetry," said I, "is the loftiest gift of heaven. It hallows its possessor and makes him happy."

"The fame of his productions pleases him," said my friend, "and endows him with worldly advantages, but the feeling itself is no compensation for misfortune."

"It would be a curious subject of inquiry," said I, "to suppose one gifted with all the elements of poetry, yet unconscious of his own power, divested of the favors of fortune, and entirely unknown to the world—with perceptions he could not explain—affections not appreciated by others. There must be such men, and probably many of them pass to their graves unnoticed."

"That is not the case with all, however," said the wife with an arch smile, "as I have read among some of the early manuscripts of my husband, a very sage disquisition upon the subject, which you would scarcely deem consistent with his present goodly condition, both in mind, person, and estate."

"Among all the blessings with which fate has endowed my dear Caroline," said the poet, "the most valuable of female accomplishments, that of talking, you see has not been omitted. But since she has been a tell-tale, I will revenge myself by giving you a perusal of the manuscript."

The lady blushed and looked a little alarmed—the good-natured and contented author, enjoyed her confusion, and placing in my hand a manuscript volume which bore many marks, both of carelessness and time, I perused the sketch given above. It appears that the stanzas he alluded to were taken from him and published by a familiar friend, and immediately laid the foundation for the brilliant fame he has since acquired. His person, although he was by no means a handsome man, when rendered interesting by a very striking genius, does not seem to have been so particularly disagreeable in the eyes of the lady, who has made him a very affectionate wife and delightful companion, although without that immeasurable superiority with which the fervor of a poetic fancy had invested her.

C. S.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER, CONDUCT, SITUATION, AND PROSPECTS Of those who live by the labor of their hands.

BY MATTHEW CAREY.

What mean ye, that ye grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of Hosts.—*Isaiah.*

THE subject of the following essays is deeply interesting to a large portion of the human race, much of whose happiness, morals, and manners depends on its being correctly understood and rightly acted on. It therefore demands the most serious reflection of the wise, the good, and the liberal.

Some of the most material of the opinions herein contained are in direct hostility with those generally prevalent on the same subject, and even by some highly enlightened citizens. But few can be ignorant that men may be enlightened on a variety of topics, and yet may be radically in error on others. Bacon believed in astrology, Johnson in the Cocklane ghost, and the great judge Hale in witchcraft. He sentenced a miserable wretch to death for that imaginary crime. Need I add a word to prove the folly of placing implicit credit, without due examination, on opinions sanctioned by great names, or regarded as venerable by their antiquity?

All I ask for such opinions as at the first view may appear heterodoxical, is a fair, candid, and repeated examination. Let them not be cast aside with scorn, as mankind are too apt to do, because they do not coincide with preconceived views. If they cannot pass the ordeal, let them perish. If otherwise, I hope they will meet with that attention, and produce those practical results which the importance of the subject demands.

Let me most earnestly, but most respectfully conjure the ladies into whose hands these lines may come, to ponder deeply, and frequently, and lastingly on the deplorable condition of at least twelve thousand of their sex, who in the four cities of Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, are ground to the earth by an inadequate remuneration for their painful labors. Let them raise their voices, and exert their influence in their defence, and urge their male friends to enter the lists in the holy cause of suffering humanity. I am not so enthusiastic or deluded as to suppose that a complete remedy can be applied to so enormous and so inveterate an evil—an evil, the remedy of which requires more generosity and disinterestedness than usually falls to the lot of mankind. But by proper efforts the oppression of the mass of the sufferers may be at least mitigated, and no inconsiderable portion of them may be completely relieved.

The ladies will, I hope, pardon me for an observation which applies to some of them—but I trust to only a few. I have known a lady expend a hundred dollars on a party—pay thirty or forty dollars for a bonnet, and fifty for a shawl—and yet make a hard bargain with a seamstress or washerwoman, who had to work at her needle or at the washing-tub for thirteen or fourteen hours a day, to earn a bare livelihood for herself and a numerous family of small children! This is "a sore oppression under the sun," and ought to be eschewed by every honorable mind. "Let it be reformed altogether."

I propose in these essays to consider and attempt to refute certain pernicious errors that too generally prevail respecting

the situation, the conduct, the characters, and the prospects of those whose sole dependence is on the labor of their hands—who comprise, throughout the world, two-thirds, perhaps three-fourths of the human race—and on whose services the other third or fourth depend for their necessities, their comforts, their enjoyments, and their luxuries. Whatever concerns the comfort or happiness, the morals or the manners of such a large portion of mankind—whatever tends to increase or decrease the former, or to elevate or depress the latter, is deeply interesting to all whose views extend beyond their own narrow selfish concerns, and who, without the services of this class, would be forlorn and helpless.

The class in question is susceptible of two great subdivisions—those who are so well remunerated for their labors as to be able, not merely to provide, when employed, for seasons of stagnation and sickness, but by industry, prudence, and economy, to save enough in the course of a few years to commence business on a small scale on their own account. With this fortunate description, which is numerous and respectable, I have no concern at present. My object is to consider the case of those whose services are so inadequately remunerated, owing to the excess of labor beyond the demand for it, that they can barely support themselves while in good health and fully employed, and of course, when sick or unemployed, must perish, unless relieved by charitable individuals, benevolent societies, or the guardians of the poor. I use the word "*perish*" with due deliberation, and a full conviction of its appropriate application to the case, however revolting it may seem to the reader—for as these people depend for daily support on their daily or weekly wages, they are, when those wages are stopped by whatever means, utterly destitute of wherewith to support their existence, and actually become paupers, and therefore, without the aid above stated, would, I repeat, "*perish*" of want.

The crisis of suffering through which this class has recently passed here and elsewhere, and the occurrence of similar suffering in all hard winters, (and, in other seasons, from sickness and destitution of employment) often without receiving that extra aid which such a state of things loudly demands, appears to require a sober and serious investigation in order to probe to the bottom so deplorable a state of things, whereby the comfort and happiness of such a large portion of human beings are so cruelly shipwrecked, and to ascertain what are the causes of the evil, and whether it is susceptible of any remedy.

The erroneous opinions, to which I alluded in the commencement of this essay, are—

1. That every man, woman, and grown child, able and willing to work, may find employment.
2. That the poor, by industry, prudence, and economy, may at all times support themselves comfortably, without depending on eleemosynary aid—and, as a corollary from these positions,
3. That their sufferings and distresses chiefly, if not wholly, arise from their idleness, their dissipation, and their extravagance.
4. That taxes for the support of the poor, and aid afforded them by charitable individuals or benevolent societies, are pernicious, as, by encouraging the poor to depend on them, they foster their idleness and improvidence, and thus produce, or at least increase the poverty and distress they are intended to relieve.

These opinions, so far as they have operated—and, through the mischievous zeal and industry of the school of political economists, by which they have been promulgated, they have spread widely—have been pernicious to the rich and the poor. They tend to harden the hearts of the former against the sufferings and distresses of the latter—and of course prolong those sufferings and distresses. Many wealthy individuals, benevolent and liberal, apprehensive lest they might produce evil to society, are, by these doctrines, prevented from indulging the feelings of their hearts, and employing a portion of their superfluous wealth for the best purpose to which it can be appropriated—that purpose, which, at the hour of death, will afford the most solid comfort on retrospection—that is, "to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to comfort the comfortless." The economists in question; when they are implored by the starving poor for "bread," tender them "a stone." To the unfeeling and uncharitable of the rich (and such unhappily there are) these doctrines afford a plausible pretext, of which they are not slow to avail themselves, to withhold their aid from the poor. They have moreover tended to attach a sort of disrepute to those admirable associations of ladies and gentlemen, for the relief of the poor, on which heaven looks down with complacency, and which form a delightful oasis in

the midst of the arid deserts of sordid selfishness which on all sides present themselves to the afflicted view of the contemplative observer.

I. So far as regards the first position which I have undertaken to combat, it will scarcely be denied by any candid person that in the most prosperous times and countries there are certain occupations which, by the influence of fashion or other causes, suffer occasional stagnations. There are other occupations at which employment is at all times precarious, and others again which furnish little or no employment at certain seasons of the year.

To the first class belong all those who minister to the fanciful wants of society—wants contracted or expanded by the whim or caprice of fashion. For instance, the king of England or the Prince of Wales having, some years since, laid aside his shoe-buckles, and supplied their place with ribbands, shoe-buckles became unfashionable, and the journey-men buckle-makers were reduced to a state approaching to starvation. Cases of this kind occur occasionally in this country, though not to the same extent nor arising from exactly the same cause. But, whatever may be the cause, the effect is equally oppressive to the sufferer, deprived of his usual sources of support. Three instances occur to my mind at this moment. The custom of cropping the hair threw half the hair-dressers out of employment. The use of lamps produced a similar effect on the chandlers. And the introduction of marble cutting in the New-York prisons has operated perniciously on the stone-cutters of that state, particularly in the metropolis.

In the second class the most conspicuous are the spoolers and seamstresses employed on coarse work, who, being far more numerous than the demand for their service requires, a portion of them are at all times but partially employed.

In the third class may be enumerated laborers on canals and turnpike roads, hod carriers, wood sawyers, wood pilers, &c. &c.

Instances repeatedly occur in our cities of decent men, with the most satisfactory recommendations, seeking employment in vain for months as porters. There is at all times a superabundance of clerks. An advertisement for a person of this class will, in an hour or two, produce a dozen or two of applications. I have known persons of this description, burthened with families, obliged to descend to menial and degrading employments for support.

It is frequently said, as a panacea for the distresses of those people, "Let them go into the country—there they will find employment enough." To say nothing of the utter unfitness of most of those persons for country labor, this is taking for granted what remains to be proved. The country rarely affords employment for extra hands, except for a few weeks in the harvest. Farmers are generally supplied with steady hands at all other seasons. But were it otherwise, take the case of a man of a weakly constitution, with a wife and three or four small children; what a miserable chance would he stand of support by country labor!

So far as regards seamstresses and spoolers, the employment of the two classes, through the year, does not average above forty or forty-five weeks. One thousand of the former have been employed by the Providence Society in this city, during a winter, who could procure only four shirts per week, for which they received but fifty cents! Some of them, living two miles from the office, had to travel four miles for this paltry pittance—and above half of them had no other dependence. In the absence of all other evidence, this would be abundantly sufficient to establish the cruelty and injustice of the accusations brought against this ill-fated and oppressed class, when they are involved in the general censure passed on the poor for idleness and improvidence.

LETTERS FROM BOSTON.

THEATRICALS.

BOSTON, April 18, 1831.

My last letter, I believe, was in relation to that body of men whose ill report is worse than a bad epitaph. What has contributed to render the drama so little fashionable, that nothing but some unusual excitement can attract any thing like a numerous audience? A friend at my elbow suggests that it is a barbarous amusement, and must of course decline with the advance of civilization. Were the Athenians barbarous, or the Parisians, when the theatre flourished most splendidly in Paris and Athens? This decline may be attributed partly to the increased circulation and diminished price of amusing books, partly to caprice, and partly to the fact that talent can be better and more surely paid than by writing for the stage. Without good new plays it is the

natural course of things that interest in theatricals should gradually subside; without first-rate actors, the boxes which have been crowded with listeners to a Cooke or a Kean, will inevitably be empty.

But to continue with sketching the players—those who are worthy of it. Who can be better in their respective lines than the two Barretts—husband and wife? Through the range of genteel comedy, in the characters that have a dash of the gentleman and the blood—the Tom Shuffletons, for instance, or the Charles Surfaces—there can be nobody livelier or more natural than Mr. Barrett. He sometimes plays in tragedy too, as you all know, and all know, consequently, that it is not his forte. Mrs. Barrett, during the past winter, has been looking as beautifully, and playing as prettily as she did ten years ago, which is saying not a little for her fine appearance. She has one or two dresses which display her face and figure to such advantage that it is really worth the price of a theatre ticket only to look upon her.

Among the younger members of the corps is a gentleman whom I believe you have never had in either of the New-York theatres, but who promises very well in a line where we have very few who promise anything. I refer to Mr. Pearson. He made his *debut*, I have understood, about three or four years ago at Philadelphia. He has since been playing at Baltimore and New-Orleans, and during the present season here. He is a fine looking fellow, within a thought of six feet in height, with a good face, and a rich, powerful voice. In melo-drama—in the characters, for instance, of Rob Roy, Masaniello, Carwin—he is unsurpassed. The part of the distracted father, in a drama called the “Lear of private life,” he performed with great effect. This piece, by the way, was originally got up for Booth, at the Haymarket theatre, at the time Kean was playing Shakspeare’s Lear so successfully at one of the theatres royal. It had a great run originally, and was played here two or three nights in the early part of the season to very thin houses and then laid aside. Though the piece, as a whole, is more than sufficiently paltry, it affords in a single character good opportunities for fine acting, and Mr. Pearson improved them to the best advantage. During the season he has played Rolla, Pierre, Charles De Moore, Iago, (excellently) and, for his benefit recently, William Tell. When Mr. Pearson shall have learned to use more discretion in his violence, and acquired a better modulation of his fine voice, and a better command of his hands, which he now uses a little awkwardly, he will take a high stand on our stage.

Mr. Russell and Mr. Andrews are both in about the same line of business, and both excellent in it. But of all men to put on the air of a bumpkin, without sufficient sense to keep clear of burning or drowning, or, as the phrase has it, not knowing enough to go in when it rains, there is no one who can surpass Andrews. Off the stage he is very much of a gentleman in his character, manner, and appearance. But the shallowness of a self-conceited boor, and the stupidity of an empty-headed fool, you can find no where better represented than by Andrews when he makes up his face for it. He is well versed in stage trick, and makes it tell. But I should give a wrong idea of Andrews if I neglected to mention a character in which he has exhibited talent of the highest order. In the melo-drama of “Luke the Laborer” he plays with wonderful nature and effect. I have heard critics who have haunted the theatre for five and twenty years, mention it repeatedly as one of the finest performances ever given upon the stage. I have never seen him in it but once, and that two or three years ago, but my recollection of it is as fresh and vivid as if I had seen him but yesterday. It is impossible that there should be better or more impressive acting. Of course I do not tell you all this as news, for I am thinking you have had Andrews a couple of seasons in New-York, and if so, you unquestionably remember his Luke. In giving a complete list of the players, however, it is necessary to touch upon what you may already know much better than I do myself. Mr. Andrews is very popular here, and always draws a full and fashionable house at his benefit.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith are a handsome couple and clever in their business. The husband represents fops and hair-brained youths very well, but does wretchedly in tragedy, because his voice is about as little under his command as it well can be. Mrs. Smith is a pretty little woman, and behaves respectably in every thing she undertakes. Mrs. Russell, the wife of the manager, is pleasant, quite pretty, and plays well in lively comedy.

I have not as yet said any thing of Mr. Scott. He is in the tragedy line, and always plays the tyrants and villains. He has a marked face, and frequently an excellent conception of his character; but is too measured and forced in his

utterance—a fault which he had better mend as speedily as possible. Mr. Scott performs in quite a variety of parts, and is a very useful and improving actor.

From this account, brief and imperfect as it necessarily is, you may infer the general character of our stock company. It is an excellent one, and if a single deficiency in it were supplied, there would be nothing to desire. We want very much an actress for our Juliets and Lady Macbeths. Mrs. Sharpe, a perfect lady in every thing, and a fine performer, was here a month or two early in the season, but when she left, it was all over with us. Now there is not a tragedy in the English language that can be got up decently without the assistance of a lady of this description—the Q. E. D. from all which is that we have not had a tragedy performed throughout as it should be, since we parted with Mrs. Sharpe. Now a deficiency like this is very lamentable, and we hope that next winter it may be supplied.

I cannot conclude a letter upon the theatre without alluding to the excellent style in which its affairs have been conducted by the present manager. Entering upon his duties at a time when strong efforts were making in private against all theatricals, and publicly attacked from the pulpit and by the press, he has so carried himself as to conciliate the respect and regard of all parties. If he pursues the same course in which he has hitherto proceeded, we have confident hopes that the playhouse may be again a popular and fashionable resort.

P. G.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

PARK.—The new petit comedy of the “Lion of the West” was produced, for the first time, on Monday evening, for the benefit of Mr. Hackett. It was received by a numerous audience with decided marks of approbation. The honorable Colonel Nimrod Wildfire, a raw Kentuckian, just come to congress, found an able and very successful representative in Hackett, who kept the house in a roar by his comical and characteristic narrations. Richings dressed and looked the Count de Crillon (a pompous caricature of lofty deportment and high rank) extremely well, but the part is entirely out of his line; besides which, his ignorance of the French language should prevent him from assuming characters of that description. The count should have been sustained by Placide. Indeed, the injudicious cast of the piece in several instances detracted much from the effect which it would otherwise have produced. With a little more attention the managers might have rendered the ball-room scene quite effective. Mrs. Sharpe met a very favorable reception as Cecilia Bramble, which she performed with her usual spirit. This lady afterwards appeared in the farce of “Perfection,” as Kate O’Brien, a part not within her range, but in which she was quite successful, considering the strong impression made by Clara Fisher in the same piece.

Mr. Forrest, as Metamora, commenced an engagement on Wednesday evening. During his present stay in this city a new tragedy will be brought out under his direction. There are few candidates more distinguished by public favor than our American tragedian. New-York was the scene of his earliest successful efforts, and his occasional visits have been always greeted with enthusiastic welcome.

BOWERY.—We are pleased to observe that Mr. and Mrs. Barrett are once more connected with this theatre. Booth has also been advertised as a counter attraction to Mr. Forrest. A drama, founded on the popular story of the “Demon Ship,” as lately published in the Albion, has been represented. If the peculiarity of the title of the “Pirate Gibbs,” which has been added to the original one, serves to excite the temporary curiosity of the coarsest classes, its vulgarity will ensure the absence of respectable persons. We regret to perceive a repetition of these common-place appeals to the lowest tastes of the populace. Another little star has arisen in the person of Miss Alexina Fisher. She is several years younger than Master Burke, and yet bids fair to be his rival. Her enactment of Norval is said to have been surprisingly beautiful. The united powers of these two specimens of precocious genius (in Romeo and Juliet, for instance) would form a curious exhibition.

CHATHAM.—This establishment will re-open on Monday. The managers deserve credit for the engagement of Mr. Thayer, a performer always agreeable and amusing, and, in a certain line—light dandies and pert footmen—altogether unrivalled among us. His personation of the dandy, in the Caliph of Bagdad, is highly lauded by the critics. From our knowledge of his peculiar style, we are certain it must be a most unique and ludicrous affair.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The present number.—This impression of the New-York Mirror contains an engraving by J. Smilie, from a drawing by J. Burford. It is intended rather as a specimen of the art, than a satisfactory view of New-York, which, from Jersey city, is rendered indistinct by the distance. It has been our constant endeavor to effect a progressive improvement in the appearance and literary character of this paper, and the quality of the engravings. The number is composed entirely of original matter, mostly from well-known correspondents. We solicit the attention of our subscribers to the “view,” as altogether more skilfully executed and highly finished than any of its predecessors. The communication in a previous page, on the subject of the distress among the poorer classes of laborers, in consequence of the extreme low rate of wages, although rather inconsistent with the general plan of the Mirror, we hope will be found worthy of a perusal. The author has furnished us with two other short essays, in continuation, which we shall publish successively. A subject involving the happiness of many thousands of unfortunate beings, cannot be unworthy, at least, of a brief investigation. The verses headed “Ode to France,” are from the pen of a deaf mute, who has earned an extended reputation by his effusions. They discover taste and talent, although, in this instance, the *furor* of a poetic imagination may have betrayed the unfortunate young author into several political extravagancies, for which the beauty of the stanzas will, we trust, in the eyes of the indulgent reader, afford a sufficient apology. Arrangements have been made for the future, by which we are enabled to promise with confidence that a continual improvement may be depended on in every department of our journal; and that, in particular, the engravings will equal the best which can be procured in the country.

Distortion of the Spine.—This is a disease peculiar to females, and frequently originating in want of exercise or a too confined method of dressing. The principal symptom is an elevation of one shoulder from the weakness of the vertebrae of the spine. We have lately conversed with Dr. Grigg of Boston, whose views upon this subject are sound and interesting. His laborious examination of it, has resulted in the invention of a machine, which is said to afford the most desirable effect in restoring the true condition of the body. The elegant apparatus which has recently occupied so much of his attention, has been pronounced by the most distinguished surgeons, admirably well calculated to effect the purpose for which it is intended, and many of the Boston journals speak of it in the highest terms. It is of the utmost importance that females inclined to weakness and consumption, should be acquainted with this useful and ingenious machine. A timely application will not only have a tendency to correct awkward and injurious habits, but will, in many instances, rescue the patient from a premature grave. It may be proper to add, that the operations required by it are not attended by pain, or any other disagreeable consequences.

Style.—A contemporary, in speaking upon a political subject, uses the following elegant image:—“In this time of great excitement and party contest, and where political serpents are picking on the rudder of our free institutions, let us look out for talented men to fill our high stations!” This eloquent burst of imagination, reminds us of an oration delivered some time ago, by an orator whose elegance of diction gives him a distinguished rank among public speakers!

“The latent recesses of ignorance and pollution were eviscerated for the promotion of this scheme of inordinate ambition; subsidies were lavished, business neglected, and strolling magicians, onerated with electioneering incantations, were ablegated to expedite with their vociferations the political millennium which this combination of redoubtable patriotism was effectuating. This war has had no immunity from factious malediction since the period of its promulgation; its prematurity and impolicy are the flagitious absurdities with which factional garrulity is employed, and even futurity is permeated in search of predictions of its unfavorable termination.”

Omnibus.—An accommodation coach, of uncommon dimensions, bearing the above classical title, and drawn by four white horses, has made its appearance among the Broadway stages. Its exterior is as showy as the interior is capacious and convenient. A ride in it for several days after it started, subjected the passenger to as much attention as the adventurers in the first ship that approached the shores of the Indians. We notice it, however, at present to recommend the owners of the other, cumbersome vehicles of a similar kind to adopt the example of the “Omnibus,” in attaching an additional pair of horses.

YES, E'EN IN PARTING THERE'S A PLEASURE.

MUSIC BY GEMINIANI—WORDS BY S. WOODWORTH.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE following ballad is a beautiful specimen of the old school. If there is a tinge of formality in the style, which fashion and change of ideas have banished at the present day, it yet retains that firm and regular progression of the bass, which is characteristic of the old masters, and is justly considered an eminent beauty in their compositions. To the readers of the Mirror who are familiar with Dr. Arne's writings, a striking analogy will be presented in this air by Geminiani. Giordani is another author of the same school. Great sweetness of melody is the attribute of the three, and the amateur who has been basking in the sunshine of Rossini will be often happy to repose himself in the tranquil and unassuming melodies of such masters. The general and unworthy effect of change produced in music by fashion is oblivion of the past. In this country the evil tendency of this state of things is remarkable. We have not ascended regularly to the top of the mountain, but have been conveyed there (if we may be allowed so to speak) by a pair of wings, invented by Garcia; and, consequently, we not only cease to remember the various resting-places on the road, but our passage has been so rapid, it is not quite clear that we know of their existence. We can, however, take upon ourselves to assure our readers that a retrospection of our musical path at leisure will afford the observer an opportunity of finding many beautiful gems, although of an unpretending description; and we venture to point out the present melody as one.

Yes, e'en in part - ing there's a plea-sure, One bal-my sweet re - deem - ing trea-sure, Long che-rish'd in the

ho - ver's heart, Else, who, a - las! could live to part? It is the sweet con - fess - ing tear, It is the tell-tale sigh we hear, It is the

kiss of love sin - cere, It is the kiss of love sin - cere. love sin -

21—Thus, lovers, too, in absence borrow,
From mem'ry's store, a balm for sorrow;

While Hope, with smile divinely sweet,
Still whispers of an hour to meet;

When eyes shall beam with pleasure's tear,
While rapture's sigh salutes the ear,

Breath'd in the kiss of love sincere,
Breath'd in the kiss of love sincere.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NUMBER I.

Dr. B——, of New-Jersey, is not only one of the most learned, experienced, and sagacious physicians in this country, but the most free from pedantry and pretence. A gentleman once asked him the reason why certain diseases, such as measles, whooping-cough, and small-pox could only be had but once. After considering a moment, the doctor replied, "Eh!—if you will tell me why people have them once, then I will tell you why they never have them twice."

A GIGANTIC CRANE.—I have somewhere read of a bird that stood in the sea and touched the bottom with his feet where it was so deep that the head of an axe had been seven years falling without reaching the bottom!

SMELLING A DINNER.—Plutarch and Pliny both tell us of a nation in India that lived upon odors; and it is related of Democritus, that he lived seven days on the smell of hot bread.

GOOD FORTUNE.—Though some people get rich by sheer good luck, yet to sit down, fold our arms, and wait her coming, would be to act like the fool who waited on the bank of the river till he was nigh perishing with hunger, expecting that the water would run out at last, and he be able to pass over dry shod.

WASHINGTON CITY.—The Abbe Correa de Serra, formerly minister from Portugal, was not only a great scholar but a great wag. He defined the city of Washington—"A city of most respectable distances."

CIVILIZATION.—A savage once said to a white man, who reproached him with wanting the conveniences of life, "Your whole life is spent in laboring for things we have learned to do very well without."

A POET.—A poet is one that always looks through the spectacles of fancy.

EARTHQUAKES.—Earthquakes are the agues of the earth; volcanoes the fevers.

POWER OF MUSIC.—Philo, the Jewish rabbi, says that Moses was enabled to subsist forty days and nights in the wilderness without food by listening to the music of the spheres.

GENIUS.—It appears to me that strong sense and acute sensibility together constitute genius.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC.—His life was one infinite series of apprehensions, and he died at last of the fear of dying.

MEMORY AND HOPE.—Hope is the leading-string of youth, memory the staff of age.

FAWNING.—A cur will fawn even on a beggar, if he has a bone to throw away.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1831.

NUMBER 44.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—In looking over the previous numbers of your journal, I observed a very interesting memoir of Rossini, whose brilliant compositions are now the admiration of the city. From the sudden impulse with which the art of music has progressed in this community, I read it with more than ordinary interest, and it occurred to me that many, besides myself, would be pleased with brief sketches of the most eminent musical composers. Permit me, therefore, to enclose to you, for publication, the following outline biography of Mozart, the offsprings of whose wonderful genius are frequently represented in our theatres. It has just appeared in the London Musical Bijou, is fresh from the pen of a distinguished writer, and has never been published in this country. An insertion of it, therefore, would be gratifying to several who are accustomed to peruse your work with pleasure.

PORTIA.

REMINISCENCES OF WOLFGANG MOZART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROUE.

There was scarcely ever an infancy more remarkable than that of Mozart. Before he had attained his eighth year he had exhibited his musical talents in the principal courts of Europe, to the great admiration of his royal and courtly auditors, exciting no small degree of envy among the most experienced professors.

Handel displayed an astonishing love of his science as early as his eighth year, but Mozart had scarcely attained his fourth birthday before he astonished his father, no mean musician himself, by his proficiency at the piano.

It is true that every opposition was made by the parents of Handel to his inclination for music, while that of Mozart was encouraged and applauded by his father, who held the situation of vice kapell-meister and violinist in the chapel of the archbishop of Salzburg, and who was too happy to perceive in his son such early indication of excellence in his own science. Mozart was scarcely three years old when his father began to give lessons on the harpsichord to his sister, who was then seven. His astonishing disposition for music immediately manifested itself. His delight was to seek for thirds on the piano, and nothing could equal his joy when he found this harmonious chord.

At four years old, Mozart would learn a minuet in less than half an hour, and pieces of greater extent in less than twice that time; playing them immediately with the greatest clearness and perfectly in time. He was not, however, even at this early period content with playing, but already exhibited the extraordinary precocity of his musical mind by the composition of minuets and other little movements, which displayed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design that promised a maturity of the highest genius; a promise which all the world acknowledges to have been fully realized. Arithmetic was the only pursuit that had the power to draw him even for a moment from music, and he made great progress in the science of figures; a science in which it is curious that there are many instances of infant precocity. During this period, so ardent was he in the pursuit, that the walls, chairs, and tables were covered with his figures. But he displayed the same ardor in every thing he undertook, and before he confined himself exclusively to music, he was so fond of the usual amusements of his age, that he frequently sacrificed even his meals to them. From the moment, however, he became acquainted with music, his relish for these amusements vanished, or to render them pleasing to him, it was necessary to introduce music into them. Sometimes they carried their playthings in procession, and the infant Mozart would sing a march, or some one would play it for him on the violin.

Music soon began, however, to engross him entirely, and he made such rapid advances that his parents could not help regarding him as a prodigy.

He was scarcely five years old when, on his return from church, his father discovered him writing, and inquired what he was about.

"I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, and have almost finished the first part of it," replied the infant Mozart.

"Let us see this fine scrawl," said his father, taking up the sheet full of notes, which could scarcely be deciphered for the blots of ink, and was at first inclined to laugh heartily at the labors of his son. But as he read he became silent; the apparent confusion disappeared, and what had seemed a chaotic assemblage of blots, grew, upon perusal, into a systematic composition.

Tears swelled in the father's eyes, as turning to a professional friend he exclaimed, in a tone of joy and wonder, "Look, every thing is composed according to the strictest rules—it is a pity that the piece cannot be made use of, but it is too difficult; nobody would be able to play it."

"It is a concerto," replied the infant, "and must be well studied before it can be properly played." Then, sitting down to the piano, he continued, "This is the style in which it ought to be executed." He accordingly began to play, but succeeded only so far as to give them an idea of what he intended.

This anecdote is related by an eye witness, who says, that at that time the young Mozart firmly believed that to play a concerto was about as easy as to work a miracle, and, accordingly, the composition in question was a heap of notes, correctly placed, but presenting so many difficulties that the most skillful performer would have found it impossible to play it.

Every day now afforded fresh proofs of Mozart's exquisite organization for music. He could distinguish and point out the slightest difference of sound; and every false and rough note, not softened by a chord, was a torture to him. That such a gifted child should be considered a prodigy, and that the praises of all his friends should be lavished upon him was natural—but this had no effect upon his vanity, or upon the sweetness of his disposition, which was remarkably affectionate. The affection and sweetness which characterize so many of his airs were inherent in his disposition, and seem to have been drawn from the deep fountains of his own warm feelings. He loved his parents, particularly his father, so tenderly, that every night before going to bed he used to sing a little air that he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing second to him. During this affectionate ceremony he often kissed his father, and as soon as the singing was over, he was laid in bed, perfectly contented and happy.

On every occasion he manifested a kind and feeling disposition. There seemed a vast fount of love in his heart ready to be bestowed upon his fellow-creatures, and this was naturally accompanied by a strong desire of being loved in return. He would therefore frequently say to those about him, "Do you love me?" And whenever in jest they said no, the tears would roll down his cheeks. That this tenderness of his nature was a part of that organization which led to his excellence in his art, there can be little doubt; and there is scarcely a melody which he has left us, from his earliest composition to the requiem which he died in composing, that does not, in a greater or less degree, partake of this characteristic of his nature.

The infant composer so astonished his father by his progress, that before his son had attained his sixth year the Mozart family, consisting of the father, the mother, the sister, and our young hero, made a journey to Munich. Of this first expedition, which took place in January, 1762, little account is preserved. The two children performed before the elector, and astonished the royal family by their precision and execution.

At the court of Vienna the family was received with marked favor by the Emperor Francis the First, who playfully designated the young Mozart his "Little Magician." Compliments and praises now flowed from all quarters; the whole court were astonished, and the young Mozart became the wonder of all who heard him. The emperor, in particular, was very partial to him. His majesty one morning lingering near the piano said to him jokingly, "There is nothing wonderful in playing with all the fingers, but to play with one finger and the keys covered would indeed be surprising." Without manifesting any degree of surprise at this proposition, he immediately began to play with a single finger, with as much neatness and certainty as if he had long practised it. He afterwards desired them to cover the keys of the piano, and continued to play in the same manner with the greatest clearness and precision.

The father in another letter to his friend at Salzburg writes: "You will scarcely believe me when I tell you how graciously we have been received. The empress took Wolfgang on her lap, and kissed him heartily." With all this he was a complete child. One day on a visit to the empress, little Mozart was led into her presence by the two princesses, one of whom was afterwards the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Being unaccustomed to the smoothness of the floor, his foot slipped and he fell. One of the princesses took no notice of the accident, but the other, Marie Antoinette, lifted him up, and consoled him; upon which he said to her in his childish accent, "you are very good—I will marry you." On this being related to the empress, she asked him how he came to make this resolution. He answered, "from gratitude; she was so kind to me." Here was another instance of that tenderness of disposition, which was so prominent a part of his character.

From his earliest age Mozart seems to have been animated with the true feeling of his art, and was never vain of the compliments paid him by the great. He used, even at this early period of his infancy, a remarkable discrimination with regard to his auditors, and only performed insignificant trifles when he had to play before people unacquainted with music, of whatever rank they might be. On the contrary, he played with all the fire and attention of which he was capable when in the presence of connoisseurs; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, and to make the great men before whom he was to exhibit pass for such with him.

Once, just before he commenced a concerto, seeing himself surrounded only by persons of the court, he asked the emperor, "Is not M. Wagenseil here? He understands these things." The emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him by the side of the piano. "Sir," said the infant Mozart, "I am going to play one of your concertos—you must turn over the leaves for me." He was at this period only six years of age!

As yet, Mozart had only played on keyed instruments, but having been presented with a small violin during his residence in Vienna, he practised frequently upon it on his return to Salzburg. A short time afterwards Weulz, a skilful violin player, who had then just begun to compose, came to Mozart the father, to request his observations on some trios which he had written during the journey of the former to Vienna. Schachtner, the archbishop's trumpeter, to whom Mozart was particularly attached, happened to be at the house, and we give the following anecdote in his own words: "The father," said Schachtner, "played the bass, Weulz the first violin, and I was to play the second. Mozart requested to take this last part, but his father reproved him for this childish demand, observing that as he had never received any regular lessons on the violin, he could not possibly play it properly. The son replied that it did not appear to him necessary to receive lessons in order to play the second violin. His father, half angry at this reply, told him to go away and not interrupt us. Wolfgang was so hurt at this that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin, I begged that he might be permitted to play with me, and the father, with a good deal of difficulty, consented. 'Well,' said he, 'you may play with M. Schachtner, on condition that you play very softly, and do not let yourself be heard, otherwise I shall send you out directly.' We began the trio, little Mozart playing with me, but it was long before I perceived, with the greatest astonishment, that I was perfectly useless. Without saying anything I laid down my violin, and looked at the father, who shed tears of affection at the sight. The child played all the trios in the same manner. The commendation we bestowed upon him made him pretend that he could play the first violin. To humor him we let him try, and could not forbear laughing on hearing him execute this part, very imperfectly, it is true, but still so as never to be set fast."

The peculiar delicacy of Mozart's organization is displayed in the fine sense of hearing which he evinced at a tender age. This same Schachtner had a violin that Wolfgang was very fond of playing upon, and which he used to praise exceedingly for its soft tone. On one occasion, as the boy was amusing himself with his own little violin, he said to Schachtner, "If you have left your violin tuned as it was when I last played upon it, it must be full half a quarter of a note flatter

than mine." Those present laughed at a nicety of distinction upon which the most critical ear could hardly pronounce; but the father, who had many proofs of the extraordinary memory and exquisite feeling of his son, sent for the instrument, and it was found to be precisely as the boy had said.

It was most probable from this cause that, until he had attained his tenth year, he had an insurmountable horror of the sound of the trumpet, when it was used otherwise than as an accompaniment. The sight of this instrument produced upon him much the same impression as that of a loaded pistol does upon other children, when pointed at them in sport. His father thought he could cure him of this fear by causing the trumpet to be blown in his presence, notwithstanding his son's entreaties to be spared that torment; but at the first blast he turned pale, fell upon the floor, and would probably have been in convulsions if they had not immediately ceased.

Though the child every day beheld new proofs of the astonishment and admiration inspired by his talents, it neither rendered him proud nor self-willed; a man in talent—in every thing else he was an obedient and docile child. He understood, and obeyed the slightest signs made by his parents, and carried his obedience so far as to refuse the sweetmeats which were offered him when he had not their permission to accept them.

In 1763, the seventh year of Mozart's age, his family set out on their first expedition beyond the boundaries of Germany; and it was in this third tour that the fame of Mozart extended throughout Europe, and that the commencement of his celebrity is to be dated.

The tour commenced with Munich; and at Augsburg, Manheim, Frankfurt, Coblenz, Brussels, and other places the two children gave public concerts, or played before the principal persons in the place, and received every where the greatest commendations. But as they were generally rewarded with costly presents, swords, snuff-boxes, trinkets, &c. instead of money, the father had much anxiety on that account.

He says, in a letter from Brussels, "at Aix we saw the Princess Amelia, sister to the king of Prussia, but she has no money. If the kisses which she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been louis d'ors, we might have rejoiced."

In Paris little Mozart performed feats which would have done honor to the most experienced professors; transposing at sight into any key whatever any airs that were placed before him, writing the melody to a bar and the bar to a melody, with the utmost facility and without premeditation. His deep acquaintance with harmony and modulation surprised everybody, and his organ playing was particularly admired.

When the family were at Versailles, Madame de Pompadour had young Mozart placed upon a table, but as he approached to salute her she turned away from him; upon which he said very indignantly, "I wonder who she is that she will not kiss me—the empress has kissed me." At this place the whole court was present to hear a little boy of eight years old play upon the organ, and he was treated with a great deal of distinction by the whole of the royal family, particularly by the queen. When she dined in public, young Mozart had the honor to stand near her, to converse with her constantly, and now and then to receive some delicacy from her hand.

It was at Paris, during this visit, that Mozart composed and published his first works, consisting of two sonatas for the harpsichord, with accompaniments for the violin; one of them was dedicated to Madame Victoire de France, the second daughter of Louis the fifteenth, and the other to the Countess de Tess. In the midst of all these triumphs the tenderness of his disposition remained the same. One morning on awaking from a deep sleep, and perhaps from a dream of his home, he began to cry. On his father asking him the reason, he expressed his sorrow at not being able to see his friends Hagenaur, Wenzl, Spitzede, and Reibl, musicians in the chapel of Salzburg. One can easily imagine his true remembrance at this moment of their kindness to him, and this is but one among a crowd of instances of the sensibility he evinced during the whole period of his childhood. In April 1764, the family arrived in England, where the young artist excited quite as much attention, and admiration as he had done on the continent. On their first arrival the father fell ill of a dangerous sore throat, and as during its continuance no practising could go on, his son employed himself in writing his first sinfonia. It was scored with all the instruments, not omitting drums and trumpets. His sister sat near him while he wrote, and he said to her, "remind me that I give the horns something good to do."

When playing before the English royal family, the king placed before Wolfgang not only pieces of Wagenseil, but of

Bach, Abel, and Handel, all of which he performed at sight. At last the king gave him the bass part of one of Handel's airs, to which he composed so beautiful a melody that all present were lost in astonishment. That the king was delighted with him one may judge by the elder Mozart's writing that "a week after, as we were walking in St. James's Park, the king and the queen came by in their carriage, and although we were differently dressed, they knew us, and not only that, but the king opened the window, and putting his head out and laughing, greeted us with head and hands, particularly Master Wolfgang." Nothing can be more characteristic of George the third. After dedicating a set of sonatas to the queen, and experiencing great patronage from the nobility, Mozart, with his father and sister, crossed over to the Netherlands in July 1765.

At the Hague a fever attacked both children which at first endangered their lives; determined, however, not to remain idle, the young Mozart composed six sonatas during his return to convalescence. At length, after an absence of three years, and having composed a quodlibet for all the instruments at the installation of the prince of Orange, the family returned to Salzburg.

It is a remarkable trait that during this absence none of the younger Mozart's letters contain a word about his own extraordinary triumphs, nor any account of the applause he received, or the admiration he excited, but are filled with tender inquiries after those friends whom he had left behind him.

The young Mozart now enjoyed a year of quiet, and he spent it in uninterrupted study in the higher walks of composition. Besides applying to the old masters, he was indefatigable in perusing the works of Emmanuel Bach, Hape, Handel, and Eberlin, and by the diligent performances of these authors he acquired extraordinary brilliancy and power with the left hand. Here was a precociousness in the power of steady application as well as of talent; but it was all the effect of that fire of genius which was the very principle of his existence.

In 1767 the family again visited Venice, where Mozart, by command of the emperor, wrote his first opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was never performed, owing to the envy and cabals of the musicians and singers. In the presence of the father the performers lauded their parts to the skies, but their secret cabal against the work ultimately prevented its performance. Nothing can be a greater proof of the talent of young Mozart than this general rising of the established musicians to drive him out of the field of competition.

The Italian singers and composers, who were the established musicians in Vienna, did not like to find themselves surpassed by a boy of twelve years of age; and they therefore not only charged the composition with a want of dramatic effect, but they even went so far as to say that he had not scored it himself. To counteract such calumnies, Leopold Mozart afterwards obliged his son to put the orchestral parts to his compositions in the presence of spectators, which he did with wonderful celerity before Metastasio, Hape, the duke of Braganza and others. He had before, both in Paris and London, been driven to the same necessity by the same calumnious assertions of envious composers.

Writing upon the subject of this opera, for which Mozart did not receive a kreutzer, his father says, "The whole hell of music here has risen to prevent the talent of a child from being seen. The singers have sworn that if they are obliged to perform it, they will give it as miserably as they can, and do their best to spoil it."

He now again devoted himself to arithmetic, and made frequent requests for books in that science; and in this love for numbers may perhaps be discovered the foundation of that regularity and symmetry which distinguish his compositions; and had he not joined exquisite imagination and acute sensibility to his faculty for numerical calculations, he might have fallen into the dryness of a pedantic contrapuntist.

Such is an outline sketch of the infancy of Mozart, which was passed in a series of precocious triumphs unparalleled, we believe, in the history of any other man; and though our sketch has brought us only to the twelfth year of his age, yet his future progress was so rapid and displayed so much manliness of intellect, as well as the fire of original genius, that we dare no longer designate him a boy.

Young Mozart, having now mastered the Italian language, he and his father made the tour of Italy, and before he had attained the age of fourteen, when we find him delighting the famous contrapuntist, Martini, by the correctness of his answers in the *rigore modi* to any subject of fugue that might be laid before him—astonishing the cardinal, amateurs, and professors of Rome by bringing away the famous Miserere of Allegri from the Sistine chapel, and writing and performing

it from his memory—elected unanimously a member of the Philharmonic academy at Bologna—and producing his opera of "Mitridate, Re di Ponto" at Milan. During this period he was idolized in Italy, and received with honors in every city that he visited. Every poet was ready with his effusions in honor of the young composer. Anacreontics, extempore sonnets and verses of all sorts were literally showered upon him. "Al Signore Armadeo Mozart, Giovinetto ammirabile—dulcissimo l'uero et elegantissimo Lyrista," &c.

On his return to Rome he was surprised at being addressed by the Cardinal Pallavicini as "*Signore Cavalier*," and thought it was a jest, until the cardinal presented him from his holiness with the order of the cross, the same honor which had before been conferred on Gluck. He playfully communicated the honor to his sister by finishing his next letter to her by "*Mlle. J'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble serviteur et frère, Chevalier de Mozart*."

His opera of Mitridate was performed at Milan the twenty-sixth of December, 1770. It met with great success, many parts of it being encored, and scarcely an air played without being followed by loud applauses and cries of "*Evviva il Maestro—Evviva il Maestro*."

His works now so rapidly succeeded each other, that they can only be enumerated in some more elaborate biographical notice than such a mere sketch as this. But, melancholy to relate, as childhood and boyhood passed away, his patrons ceased to wonder at, or feel the same interest in his genius; and Mozart, whose early years had been passed in familiar intercourse with the principal nobility of Europe, who had been caressed by royalty in almost every kingdom he had visited, and received distinctions and caresses unparalleled in the history of his art, had now to earn his bread, as well as his fame, in the midst of worldly cares and annoyances, deceived by pretended friendship, persecuted by open enmity, and with all his genius, all his industry, and all his exertions, never obtaining any situation worthy of his acceptance.

Can any one read this and not blush to think of the sums lavished on many ephemeral composers of the present day, whose works are forgotten almost before the publisher has time to give them to the world; and whose names would never have been heard of but for the caprice of fashion, or the assurance and quackery of the composer?

Disappointed in his attempt to obtain the humble situation of music master to the royal family at Manheim, by which his talents might have been retained in that city for about forty pounds a year, he accompanied Wendling to Paris.

His wish for such a humble situation arose from that affectionate disposition which led him to prefer the society and praises of his friends to his hopes of more extended fame.

In Paris his life was far from comfortable through the cabal and envy of his competitors. In one of his own letters he writes, "If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, hearts to feel, who only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things; but as far as regards music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle. How can it be otherwise? they are just the same in all their joys and sorrows, and in every thing else." He concludes by saying that he daily prays God he may bring honor to Germany, and become rich enough to help his father out of his straitened circumstances, that they may all live happily together. Here was a sentiment and a wish worthy of the tenderness of Mozart. But his life is full of these traits. From Paris he went to Vienna, which was a city much more congenial to his habits.

It is not to be supposed, that although occupied as Mozart was with his science, he could possess so much sensibility without experiencing the passion of love. The first person who seems to have inspired him with this feeling was Made-moiselle Aloysa Weber, a singer at Manheim. The sentiment was mutual, and they parted, depending upon each other's fidelity. The lady, however, broke her plighted vows, and on his return to Manheim would hardly recognise him. Mozart did not give himself up to despair, but transferred his regard to the younger sister Constance, whom he afterwards married. It was during the commencement of this new passion that he wrote his opera of Idomeneo, which, it is said, owes a great number of its beauties to the influence which his love had upon his mind. During the composition of this opera, the kindness of his disposition was shown by the alterations he made to please the performers. "I have still another alteration to make," he writes, "which is Raft's fault; he is, however, in the right, and if he were not, still one must do something to give his gray hairs pleasure."

To give any history of his compositions, or of the instances of his readiness and invention would require a volume, but notwithstanding the variety and number of his compositions

he found time for the enjoyment of his friends. He became the admiration of Haydn, who declared him the greatest composer that ever lived; and even Haydn's friend and admirer, the Baron Swieten, prophesied that he would surpass Haydn himself. Like Raphael, Mozart embraced his art in its whole extent: opera, sinfonias, songs, airs for dancing, sacred music—he was great in every thing. Of his piano-forte playing Haydn said, "I never can forget Mozart's playing, it went to the heart."

Such was Mozart in music, proving an almost singular instance of a remarkable child becoming a great man.

Mozart possessed no advantages of person, though his parents were remarkable for their beauty. He never reached his natural growth, and used in his letters to designate himself playfully "*My Littleness*." During his whole life his health was delicate. His hands were small and beautiful, and he used them so softly and naturally upon the piano that the eye was no less delighted than the ear. It is said of him that he was vain of his hands and feet, but not of having written Don Giovanni and the Requiem.

This man who, from his earliest age, had shown the greatest of mind in what related to his art, in other respects remained always a child. The management of domestic affairs, the proper use of money, the judicious selection of his pleasures, and temperance in the enjoyment of them, were not virtues much to his taste.

His exertions, added to that inextinguishable fire of genius which burnt within him, were too much for his frame. Yet in the last four months of his life, when his life was fast declining, he wrote "*Die Zauberflöte*," "*La Clemenza di Tito*," two "*Cantatas*," a "*Concerto for the Clarinet*," and the "*Requiem*" which he died in composing. "*La Clemenza di Tito*" was begun in the coach, on the road to Prague, and was finished in a fortnight; Mozart had already fallen sick, and looked pale and melancholy, though sometimes among his friends his spirits would revive.

From the moment, however, that he commenced his Requiem he seemed to think that it would be his last work, and that his death was nigh at hand. One fine day in autumn, to distract him from his work, his wife drove out with him to the Prater; as they sat down in a solitary spot he began to speak of his death, and said that he was writing the Requiem for himself, and as he said this tears came into his eyes. This idea never left his mind, and perhaps it was impressed the more strongly from the mystery with which the commencement of this task was attended. A stranger handsomely dressed was one day introduced by his servant to Mozart; he was dignified and of impressive manners, and stated himself to have been commissioned by a man of considerable importance to call upon the composer.

"Who is he?" demanded Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known," replied the stranger; "he has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a Requiem."

Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole seemed to be involved.

He agreed to the proposition, and demanded a month for the completion of the work; he began rapidly, but as he proceeded, his strength failed him, and his task proceeded but slowly. The month being expired, the stranger made his appearance, received the composer's apology and gave him another month to finish the Requiem, but refused to tell his name or by whom he was employed—he departed, saying, "in a month's time I shall return."

Mozart immediately called one of his servants and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, but the man returned without being able to trace him. Poor Mozart was then persuaded that he was no ordinary being; that he had a connection with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end.

This prophesy was unhappily accomplished; he died during the composition of the Requiem, laboring at it almost in the hour of death. Of this melancholy event his sister-in-law writes thus:—"As I approached his bed he called to me, 'I am glad to see you here—you must stay to-night and see me die.' I tried to persuade him out of this, but he answered, 'I have already the taste of death upon my tongue, I can feel it, and who will be with Constance if you are not?' I only went away for a short time to give my mother some intelligence I had promised her, and when I came back to my disconsolate sister, Siissmaier was by Mozart's bed-side. Upon the counterpane lay the Requiem, and Mozart was ex-

plaining his meaning to him, that Siissmaier might complete the work after his death."

Thus, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, expired one of the greatest composers that ever lived, leaving his wife and two sons utterly unprovided for.

Mozart was the Shakespeare of music; and as long as the immortal bard is read, Mozart will live in the admiration of mankind. He has reached the passions through the ear as Shakespeare did through the mind, and no works will live that do not touch the passions and the heart—they are the same in all ages, and will make Shakespeare and Mozart a poet and a composer.

"For all time."

Two great lessons may be learned from Mozart by his successors in his own art, as well as by every man of talent. The one, his modesty which never led him to depreciate the composition of others or be vain of his own; and the other, the perseverance and industry with which his genius was cultivated. Great as he must have felt this genius to be, he never depended upon its inspiration, but studied as hard as though his mind were as dense as those of so many of his contemporaries.

From his childhood to the last moment of his life Mozart was wholly a musician. The foregoing anecdotes speak his early precocity; and his voluminous productions are the best attestation of the unwearied diligence of his maturer years.

Ever striving after higher and higher degrees of excellence, he existed only for his art. During the last month of his life, though weak in body he was "full of the god;" and a few hours before his death took place, he is reported to have said, "now I begin to see what might be done in music."

MYTHOLOGY.

THE MONTH OF MAY IN NEW-YORK.

ALTHOUGH the month of May, on which we have just entered, has been celebrated, time out of mind, as the season of 'genial airs,' fragrant flowers, and nature's most ravishing charms, still we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that there is more poetry than truth in such descriptions. There are, no doubt, some favored sections of this terraqueous globe where poetry's most vivid pictures of the third and last vernal month are annually realized. Such paradisaical regions, however, must lie under oriental or Italian skies, or in more southern latitudes of the western hemisphere. At any rate, they are not found in the vicinity of New-York, or in any portion of New-England. Our autumns are delightful, but our springs—it is a chilling subject.

It is true that some of nature's sweetest smiles are shed abroad during the month of May, but they are generally like Campbell's 'angel-visits,' and the comforts of coal fires and camblet cloaks are not unfrequently discussed in the mornings and evenings of this boasted "season of blossoms," love, and poetry. At the risk of being charged with literary heresy, we do not hesitate to avow a decided preference for the sister of this cold-hearted damsel, viz. honest, cherry-cheeked, glowing, buxom, romping June.

The name of the present month is derived from the Latin *maius*, or *majus*, so called by Romulus, from *maiores*, [noble ancestors.] The Saxons designated it by a word which signifies *three milkings*, because at that season their kine were milked three times a day.

With respect to memorable events, this month can boast of several. The first day is distinguished by the birth of Addison and the duke of Wellington, and the death of the celebrated poet Dryden. On the second Mary queen of Scots escaped from the prison of Lochleven, as described in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Abbot. On the fourth was fought the great battle of Tewksbury, in which Edward the fourth defeated Queen Margaret, who, with her son Edward, were made prisoners, and the latter murdered by Gloster and Clarence. Henry the sixth was at that time a prisoner in the tower, where, on the twenty-first of the same month he was assassinated by the "crooked-back'd Richard." On the fifth Mahomet was born, and on the twenty-ninth Charles the second of England was restored to the throne of his father.

May has her saints also; the first day being devoted to St. Philip, St. James, and St. Tammany; and the sixth to St. John the evangelist. The seventh (this year) is Rogation Sunday, the twelfth Ascension-day, and the twenty-second Whitsunday, (or white Sunday,) in allusion to the white robes of the catechumens. Trinity Sunday falls on the twenty-ninth.

On the twenty-first of this month the sun enters the sign of Gemini, or the twins, whose Grecian names are Castor

and Pollux. Their story is extant, not "in choice Italian," but in classic Greek, and is briefly as follows:

The same pride of ancestry that renders many of our modern gentry ridiculous, induced some of the good society of antiquity to claim even a divine origin. This was peculiarly the case among the Greeks; and, consequently, there is little doubt that even the father of their gods was made to *father* many a transgression of which he was innocent. Be this as it may, the Spartan (not Siamese) twins, of whom we are speaking, were said to be the sons of Jupiter; though Sparta's king, Tyndarus, "good easy man," it appears, had to maintain them. They were educated at Pallena; and, as soon as they attained to years of maturity, they embarked with Jason, on board the good ship Argo, to go to Colchus in quest of the golden fleece.

In this expedition the two brothers behaved with superior courage. Pollux conquered and slew Amycus in the combat of the cestus, and was ever after considered the god and patron of those refined and polite accomplishments, ycleped boxing and wrestling. Castor, on his part, distinguished himself in the management of horses. Modern prize-boxers and horse-jockies are devout worshippers of these worthies; for the exercises of the *ring* and the *turf* are said to be *twins* amusements. These heroes also cleared the Hellespont and the neighboring seas of the pirates with which they were infested, from which circumstance they have always been deemed the friends of navigation. Why don't they protect our West India trade from such lawless freebooters? During the Argonautic expedition, (so called from the name of the ship in which they were embarked,) they were assailed by a violent storm, in the midst of which two flames of fire were seen to play round the heads of the twins. The tempest immediately subsided, and the sea became tranquil. From this occurrence their power to protect sailors has been more firmly credited; and the two mentioned flames, which are still very common in storms, have since been known by the name of Castor and Pollux:

"Fair Helen's brothers, whose bright glittering forms
Rekindle hope amid the fiercest storms."

When both appear, it is considered a sign of fair weather; one only indicates an increase of the tempest.

Castor was finally killed by Idas, whom he had sought to injure in the tenderest point. Pollux, who was immortal, immediately avenged his brother's death by slaying Idas. He then entreated Jupiter either to restore Castor to life, or take away his own immortality, deprecating a separation as the greatest evil that could befall him. Jupiter compromised the matter, by permitting them to share the gift of immortality alternately between them; and, in order to reward this instance of fraternal affection, he made the two brothers constellations in the zodiac, under the name of *Gemini*, which never appear together, but when one rises the other sets, and so on alternately. The ship in which St. Paul was wrecked at the isle of Malta, (see Acts of the Apostles,) was called the Castor and Pollux, and was decorated with a double figure-head, representing the Spartan twins.

May in New-York makes her *entrée* under very peculiar circumstances. The great hive is then swarming, and half our population are "on the wing."

"At every door, behold the ready cart
Receive its cumbersome load; the horse throws round
A glance of meek compassion, which to me
Speaks in a language, plain as brutes can speak,
'What a poor fool is man!' His driver swears,
Wives scold, dogs bark, cats mew, and children cry,
Pots bang, chairs crack, pans ring, and jarring notes
Of harshest discord rise on every side.
There goes a matron with her looking-glass,
A legacy from mother to her child
For several generations, and she'll trust
None to remove it but her careful self.
But better had she stow'd it on the car
Where all her baggage rides; for fate has doom'd,
(By sudden contact with a porter's load,)
To dash the sacred treasures from her hand
On the unchristian pavement, where she views
Her scatter'd hopes in rude disorder spread,
Reflecting houses, passengers, and skies.
Here a full barrow, piled with feather-beds,
Push'd by a sturdy porter, runs you down,
Ere you can shun the danger; yonder goes
The sweatfog bearer of a precious load,
Baskets of china-ware, and sweetmeats-jars,
And the cold relics of some late repast.
And here, a lumbering cart moves slowly on
Piled high with bureaus, bedsteads, tables, desks,
Chairs, cradle, rubbish, wash-tubs, kettles, pots,
Old empty barrels, benches, trammels, pans,
The fire utensils, carpet-rags, old books,
And musty pamphlets, oil-jugs, bottles, frames,
Mats, brooms, Dutch-ovens, gridirons, griddles, jacks,
Trunks, piggins, toasters, pickle-pots, and all.
'Tis bustle, tumult, noise, and sore dismay
Throughout the city; sleepless was the night,
And foodless is the day, for all must fast!
On every face is seen an anxious gloom,
From him who owns a half a dozen blocks,
Down to the humblest tenant of the least;
And e'en my favorite dog, with terror struck,
Gazes askance upon the troubled scene,
And sneaks to some lone corner for repose."

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 109.

I HAVE sometimes inquired of what use to me is the Little Genius. It is true that he has displayed a thousand specimens of enchanting power. He discloses the wondrous works of nature and of man. He visits me in the innumerable varieties of my moods and of my adventures. He has come in the hush of the starry midnight; in the soft beauty of the opening day; in the glare and dazzle and fashionable splendor of the crowded town; and in the green haunts of the odor-breathing and blossoming woods, where silence hangs like a spell upon the glen, the grove, and the valley, or only such sounds arise as put away from the weary soul all the fever and vain hope and idle affections which turn the thronged scenes of human life into a mockery—in all those opposite times and places, his voice has broken in upon my reveries, his smile has cheered my meditations—but I look in vain for any positive advantage from his influence. He invests me with no blessing; he puts not away from my path toil, weariness, and disappointment; he piles my floor with no golden treasures; he guides my solitary steps through the mazes of no fairy adventure; his visits are but as the dreams which cross my midnight slumber, and shed over the bleak path of life a momentary and fantastic glory, which passes utterly away with the shades of darkness.

As I wandered forth alone in the depth of the night, these thoughts were revolved in my mind. It was an hour almost too hushed and beautiful for the world. The moon was up and the stars, and there were no clouds but such as added splendor, with their silver shapes, to the glory of heaven. Sleep was upon the multitudes; and stillness, like that of a burial place, on the high dwellings of the great, and the humble sheds of the poor and wretched, on the broad street, and the decorated square. What magic is in the night. I am a different being under its thought-awakening influence. The stirring vicissitudes of day fill me with hope, fear, and passion; and my heart is overgrown with feelings, which then close up and shrink away, like the plant which withdraws its leaves from the touch; but in this strange time they unfolded themselves freely, and hope and interest gave place to memory. The reality was as a dream. The great world appeared like a story I had read of, fancy became the reality, and the Little Genius was before me.

"Wherefore, ungrateful student," said he, not with the severity of anger, but the gravity of anxious affection, "wherefore dost thou accuse thy friend? Where will rest thy ever-climbing wishes, when even the favors I have already shown thee but waken instead of satisfying thy restless desires? When I first selected thee from thy fellow-mortals, as my favorite and my friend, thou wast humble, melancholy, and hopeless. I listened to the whisperings of thy thoughts. Thou didst look around upon the wide arena, where the atoms of mortality were mingling together in love and warfare, and thy highest hope was one being on whom to pour out thy compressed and wasted affections. I appeared before thee and became thy friend. From my realms of light and power I have descended to cheer thy lonely chamber, to be the companion in thy obscure and melancholy walks, to reveal to thee hidden things of the past and the future; and I endeavored to arouse thee, by opening to thy understanding the nature of thy human situation, and nerving thee with a manly resolution to bear with firmness all the revolutions of fortune. What besides didst thou expect?"

"By enlarging my understanding," answered I, "thou hast inspired me with a knowledge of advantages which, by thy power, I might attain. In revealing the miseries of life thou hast also disclosed its blessings, and the one only shines more brightly from contrast with the other. Why hast thou broadened the sphere of my contemplations, and yet left my station the same?"

"Because," replied the Genius, "I would teach thee less how to gain pleasure than knowledge. I have labored to extinguish thy thirst after mere earthly gratifications, and to lift thee, in a measure, above sensual schemes. Instead of heaping thy floor with riches, I would enlighten thy mind with wisdom."

"But of what use is wisdom if it brings not happiness?"

"It guards thee," replied he, "against prostrating sorrow. It gives to thy life calmness and dignity, and enables thee to encounter death with tranquil composure, as a necessary and inevitable consequence. These are treasures better than gold; age confirms them, and renders them more valuable; and when the countless changes of external circumstances show the physical advantages of those whom the world term

prosperous, to be unsatisfactory and evanescent, these grow into the character, give it a vigorous and healthy tone, which render you permanently contented, while others are only occasionally happy. To such a spirit life itself is enjoyment—to breathe the scented air, to mark the beauty of nature, to investigate the wonders of the universe, and to cherish those temperate and natural tastes, feelings, and affections for which sufficient food is found abundantly in the common path of life; even as the simple wild flower which peeps out by the road side, and excels in beauty the golden vase and sculptured marble. The civilized world teems with useless and sickly wishes, inconsistent with happiness and nature, by which man is rendered equally unfit to live and to die. Hence weariness to the great and want to the poor. Thou hast stood by the bed of the dying?"

"Even so," said I. "Youth, innocence, and beauty have so faded before me that I trembled to gaze; and the bright ethereal spirit hath grown dim and feeble in the manly form, and the warm features become cold and strange, till gushing tears blinded my eyes, as the faltering voice was hushed, and I bent in agony over icy death."

"Then hast thou marked the uses of adversity. All that is sorrow to thee now, dissolves a link of the chain that binds thy hopes to earth, therefore would I rather teach thee to endure than to avoid it. The hideous tyrant that breaks in with inexpressible horrors upon the delightful dreams of the happy, comes to the unfortunate more like a friend and benefactor. The momentary pang with which he pierces their bosoms is less acute than the gnawings of human disappointments; and when the gloomy abyss to which he points the spirit, is lightened by the rays of religion, if the victim cannot altogether check the startling fear, he sinks not in the darkness of despair. Although even thyself hast long since acknowledged that contentment is to be acquired rather by adapting the character to circumstances, than by attempting to realize the idle visions of fancy, in the ever-changing events of the world about thee, still thy passion is stronger than thy reason. Like the adventurer wrecked a thousand times on the ocean, thou wouldst trust again to its unstable billows."

"Yet does not he sometimes escape its perils, and receive profit from his daring?"

"Ay; and if you rate feelings and hopes as you do merchandise, imitate his example."

"Am I then," asked I, "for ever to abandon my search after happiness? Must I never expect to banish the causes of discontented feelings?"

"No; you should rather strive to overcome the feelings themselves by the conviction that the causes which excited them are found almost in the same degree in all situations. You are to seek satisfaction if not happiness in common things, and cease to repine at the accidents of an existence that is so fleeting. The miseries of a mortal are too often those of imagination. Happiness itself would tire him, for he would be haunted by wishes of fancy, and fancy has no bounds. Every thing in his possession would present to his mind desires, of which before he knew not the existence; therefore can you never be perfectly happy except in moments. Look in the mirror."

A sick boy was lying on a couch, in a darkened chamber. He seemed in pain, for his face was of a death-like hue—his lips quivered, and groans of anguish often escaped him.

"Oh," said he, "for the blessing of health. Wretch that I am, that fate should deny me so simple a boon."

As he spoke the pain left him, and the color came back into his cheeks, and he arose, and went forth over the fields and among the hills. Sometimes he paused to listen to the birds, or to look down into the water, and to breathe in the scented air as it blew over the blossoming trees and gardens. Suddenly he came to a spot of surpassing beauty, where a fine palace, surrounded with lofty groves, stood upon the bank of a river.

"Unhappy wretch!" he exclaimed, "what have I done that fate should strike me with the blight of poverty? What is the use of life without the means of enjoying it?"

By one of the innumerable caprices of fortune, the lordly dwelling became his, and he lunched into all the splendors of wealth. In the morning he chased the deer through his stately parks, and in the evening the glare of lights, the sound of laughter, and the bursts of inspiring music seemed to prove with what zest he tasted the gaieties of fashionable pleasure.

"Happy, happy man!" exclaimed I, "would that I also might—"

But the Genius beckoned me to observe a figure which issued from the illumined hall, and leaned with folded arms against one of the tall oaks which overshadowed the mansion.

I deemed him some unfortunate being who sickened with envy as he contemplated the splendor with which fate had invested his fellow-creature. But, as he raised his sad countenance, I perceived it was even the master of all this magnificence himself.

"My soul sickens," he murmured, "at this tedious riot and hollow joy. Without her, death were preferable to life. To fold my arms and look upon her face is a blessing—but to acquire her affections, and share with her this gorgeous scene, and all the glories in my possession, is more than I dare ask of fate."

A blooming girl, who had stolen out after him unperceived, startled him from his reveries. He knelt down before her, and poured out the feelings which had been swelling in his bosom. She frowned not upon him, and he thanked fate for having made him the happiest of men. But days passed away and he turned from her caresses. Again he stood in the shadow and mourned.

"Worthless creature that I am," he said, "wasting my existence in effeminate pleasures. Shame burns on my cheek, that like a boy I have been satisfied to bask in the glances of weak women, to dally with her silken ringlets, and listen to her idle words. There is nothing noble in my history. Obscurity wraps my name. I am enervated with mean pleasures, which pall on my taste and destroy the energy of my intellect."

Years fled away, and he went forth in battles, amid the roar of cannon, the clash of arms, the trampling of steeds, and the shrieks of the dying—and achieved mighty victories. His brow was bound with laurels, and poets and historians wrote his name in their everlasting tablets. The nation adored his heroic spirit and made him a king. And at length he sat on his throne, surrounded by the dazzling court, with princes and nobles watching the changes of his face—but time had wrinkled his forehead and silvered over his hair, and his limbs and his heart were chilled. And amid the bursts of martial music, while banners waved around, and the sun glanced from bright armor, I read the thoughts of his mind:

"Alas! alas!" such were the whispers of his secret soul, "what a mockery. Wherefore has fate plunged me into the tumult of this vainglory. Perhaps to-morrow these aged limbs will be laid in the dust."

"Complain no more," said the Genius, as the pageant faded away and we stood again alone in the hushed and silent moonlight of the deserted streets, "complain no more that I have been a useless friend. To awaken you to the conviction of one moral truth, will benefit you more than to pile your floor with gold, and realize your wildest wishes." F.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER, CONDUCT, SITUATION, AND PROSPECTS OF those who live by the labor of their hands.

BY M. CAREY.

On the second and third opinions a few facts will suffice to convince the most sceptical of their destitution of foundation.

A primary element in this discussion is a consideration of the wages ordinarily paid to the class of persons whose case I attempt to develop, and whose cause I have undertaken to plead—and first, of the very numerous class, laborers on canals and turnpikes.

By the annexed letter from Joseph M'Ilvaine, Esq.,* formerly secretary of the board of canal commissioners, it appears that the average wages of this class in common times are from ten to twelve dollars per month and found; that in winter they may be had for five dollars; and that sometimes in that season, when labor is scarce, they work for their board alone.

It is important to observe, that in this and similar cases, averages do not afford a fair criterion to form a correct decision. This may at first glance appear unsound doctrine, but a very slight reflection will remove all doubt on the subject. Suppose A and B to work, the one at seven dollars and the other at

* Philadelphia, Feb. 14th, 1831.

DEAR SIR—It is difficult to answer with precision your inquiry as to the average wages of canal laborers. They vary with the seasons, and are still more dependent upon the proportion of laborers to the work required to be done. In the winter season men can be had at five dollars a month and found. In some cases I have known them work a whole winter for merely their food. On the contrary, at the busier periods of the year, fifteen to twenty dollars a month have been given when hands were scarce. I incline to think, however, that ten to twelve dollars a month and found, might be taken as a pretty fair average. Contractors, in making their calculations, set down seventy to seventy-five cents a day for each man employed, including wages and food. This would give about twelve dollars a month as the average of wages. Very respectfully, &c. J. M'ILVAINE M. CAREY, Esq.

ten—the average would be eight and a half. But would it be fair to calculate the capacity of A to support his family by this average? Surely not. The calculation must be made on his actual wages: I will therefore assume ten dollars for ten months, and five dollars for two, and take the case of a laborer with a wife and two children. Many of them have three and four.

10 months at 10 dollars.....	\$100 00
2 months at 5 dollars.....	10 00
Suppose the wife to earn half a dollar per week--	26 00

Total..... 136 00

I now submit a calculation of the expenses of such a family, every item of which is at a low rate.

Shoes and clothes for self and wife, each 12 dollars	\$24 00
Washing at the canal, 124 cents per week.....	6 50
Shoes and clothes for two children, each 8 dollars	16 00
Rent, 50 cents per week.....	26 00
Soap, candles, &c. 8 cents per week.....	3 12
Fuel, 15 cents per week.....	7 80
Meat, drink, vegetables, &c. 8 cents per day, } each, for wife and children.....	87 60

\$171 02*

Deficit..... \$35 02

This is one of a large class whom some of our political economists of the new school are not ashamed to stigmatize as worthless and improvident, because they do not, forsooth, save enough out of their miserable wages to support themselves and families in times of scarcity without the aid of benevolent societies, whereas it appears that their wages are inadequate to their support even when fully employed.

Here, let it be observed, there is no allowance for a single day in the whole year lost by accident, by sickness, or by want of employment—no allowance for expense arising from sickness of wife or children—no allowance for the contingency stated by Mr. M'Ilvaine, of working during the winter months for board alone. It is assumed that no unfavorable circumstance has taken place—that every thing has “run on with a smooth current,” and yet the man's earnings, and those of his wife, fall short of their support thirty-five dollars!

But we will present the case in another point of view. Suppose him to have twelve dollars per month for ten months, and five dollars for two—that his wife earns half a dollar per week—that neither of them loses a day by sickness or otherwise, and let us see the result.

10 months at 12 dollars each.....	\$120 00
2 months at 5 dollars each.....	10 00
Wife's earnings per week, 50 cents.....	26 00

Expenditure as before.....

Even on this supposition he falls short fifteen dollars a year of a meagre support; what an overwhelming commentary on the idle and vapid declamations against the improvidence of the poor! and what an irresistible argument in favor of benevolent societies!

I am persuaded the allowance for food and drink is too low. The rations in prisons and almshouses are from five to eight cents per day. In those cases the supplies are furnished by contract, under the influence of eager competition. The articles are all purchased by wholesale, and on a large scale. How immense the difference between this case and that of the poor, who purchase all in the small way, and generally on credit, at a price enhanced by the risk run by the sellers. The difference in the price of wood may afford a tolerable specimen of the disadvantage under which the poor labor in their purchases. By the measurement of some wood recently purchased on a small scale, it appears that oak wood, sold out by three or four cents worth at a time, (the mode in which it is too generally purchased by the poor) produces from ten to twelve dollars per cord!

* I now give a statement in detail of the expenses of such a family per week, exclusive of clothes and rent, which, I trust, will be found moderate.

Bread.....	\$0 624
Meat.....	30
Potatoes.....	15
Butter.....	15
Tea.....	10
Sugar.....	12
Milk.....	7
Salt, pepper, and vinegar.....	7
Fuel, soap, candles, &c.....	21

Per week..... \$1 794

Per day, about..... 254

Although I have allowed fifty cents per week for the earnings of a wife, it must be obvious that a woman with two or three small children to attend, and making shirts for six, eight, ten, or even twelve and a half cents each, can contribute little to the support of a family. So far as regards canal laborers, the sickness and mortality among them form a painful drawback on the benefits mankind derive from their labors. It is not at all improbable, indeed it is almost certain, that among the whole number employed, five per cent. return to their families in the winter with broken constitutions, by fevers and agues, one-half of whom are carried off to an untimely grave. Those that escape this state, often linger for years in a state of debility, subject to occasional returns of their painful and enervating disorder.

I have too good an opinion of human nature, although by no means a believer in its perfection or perfectibility, to doubt that those speculative citizens, who have for years employed their time and their talents in denouncing the idleness, the worthlessness, and the improvidence of the poor, will, on a cool examination of the subject here presented to view, be filled with astonishment and deep regret at the infatuation, whereby they have attempted to dry the sources of charity and benevolence in the breasts of the rich, and, as far as in them lay, doomed the poor to remediless pauperism—an unholy and ungodly employment. To superior beings, looking down on human affairs, nothing can be a more just subject of amazement than a wealthy man, with an income of five, six, or seven thousand dollars a year, enjoying not only all the comforts but all the luxuries of life, and laying the four quarters of the globe under contribution for his raiment and the gratification of his appetite, who denies occasional relief to persons circumstanced as I have stated in the case cited, from a conscientious apprehension of injuring society by affording encouragement to idleness and improvidence! and nothing can be a more genuine subject of holy indignation than a wealthy person, not laboring under such a delusion, and yet refusing aid in such cases.

Calculations respecting city laborers, hod-men, wood-pilers, scavengers, and various other classes, whose sole dependence is on the casual employment of their hands, are attended with considerable difficulty. I have made inquiries of different persons, particularly of master-builders, as regards laborers and hod-men. Their statements vary extremely. One eminent builder, who employs a number of hands, states, that allowing for occasional heavy rains in spring, summer, and fall, and the partial suspension of building in winter, those persons are not sure of employment more than two hundred days in the year. This appears to be quite too low. Another, who states that wages vary from twenty-five to thirty-seven and a half cents per day in winter, and to sixty-two and a half, seventy-five, eighty-seven and a half, and one hundred cents, in spring, summer, and fall, assumes an average of sixty cents per day throughout the year. This again is apparently too low. Be this as it may, whatever the wages assumed of the various estimates, it will be manifest that the most rigid economy will not secure persons of the description in question from occasional distress, in the event of any of the calamities to which they are subject, that is, accidents, sickness, or want of employment, &c.

They are, however, a sufficiently near approximation to satisfy every candid mind of the enormous and pernicious errors which prevail on this subject.

When a laborer has a wife and only one child, or neither one nor the other, he undoubtedly fares well, and does not fall within the scope of this essay. When, on the other hand, he has a sickly wife, and three or four or five children, and is himself occasionally sick, his case is truly deplorable; and many of them have four, five, and six children. Their children are, I believe, generally more numerous than those of the rich.*

I might extend these views to greater lengths, and embrace various other occupations, which stand on nearly the same ground as those I have specified. But I presume it cannot be necessary, and hope I have established a point of infinite importance to the poor, and highly interesting to the rich—that is, that even among the occupations of males, there are some, which are so indifferently remunerated, that no industry—no economy—no providence, in times when the parties are fully employed, will enable them to save wherewith to support themselves and families in times of stagnation and during severe seasons; and that of course they must rely, on those occasions, upon the overseers of the poor, or benevolent societies, or charitable individuals, or on such extraordinary aid as, to the honor of our citizens, the late distressing winter called forth. If I succeed in deeply imprinting this important truth on the public mind, so that it may produce the proper effect, by removing the injurious prejudices that prevail on the conduct and character of the laboring poor, on the effects of benevolent societies, and on the claims of those societies for extensive support, I shall regard myself as signally fortunate.

* Let me here state a story, recorded, I believe, by Montaigne:—A lady who had been long married, and never had a child, paid a visit to one of her tenants, who had ten or eleven. The farmer's wife was complaining to the lady how hard she found it to provide for her numerous family; the lady soothingly said, “Be comforted, good woman; when God sends mouths he always sends meat.” “Yes, truly, my dear madam; but unfortunately he sends the meat to you, and the mouths to me.” Such is the case with many of our wealthy men, who are blessed with a superabundance of all the good things of this world, with few or no children—while many of our weavers and laborers, who have half-a-dozen, or a dozen, have not means to afford them proper nourishment.

There is one idea on the subject of benevolent societies, which deserves serious consideration, and appeals not merely to our charity and beneficence, but to our selfishness. It often happens that individuals who have for a long time struggled with distress and difficulties; and, with a laudable spirit of pride and self-respect, which cannot be too carefully cherished, shrunk from the degradation of a dependence on the guardians of the poor, are on the point of giving way in a time of severe pressure, but, being then temporarily relieved by a benevolent society, are rescued from this painful necessity; whereas they might otherwise sink into the state of permanent paupers, and ultimately cost the public ten times as much as the amount which produced this salutary result.

Let it not be for a moment supposed that I carry my defence of the poor to such an extravagant and ill-judged length as to contend that all their distresses and sufferings arise from inadequate wages, or that they are all faultless. Far from it. I know there are among them, as among all other classes, worthless persons—and some supremely worthless. Among the heavy sins of this class is that of desertion by some of them of their wives and children, or, what is equally bad, living in a state of idleness on the earnings of their wives. Indeed, so far as regards their ill-fated partners, the latter course is the worst. In the one case, the husband only withdraws his aid—in the other, he not only commits that offence, but adds to the burdens of his wife.

I venture to assert that so far as regards the sexes, among the poor there are twice as many worthless males as females; idle, dissipated, and intemperate. The females are, with few exceptions, orderly, regular, and industrious, and husband their slender means with exemplary economy—an economy without which they would frequently suffer from hunger.

From the most attentive examination and inquiry into the subject, I am fully satisfied that the worthless bear but a small proportion to those who are industrious and meritorious. Unfortunately the worthless occupy a more prominent space in the public eye, and with many are unceasing objects of animadversion and reprobation—their numbers and their follies and vices are magnified; whereas the industrious are always in the back ground, and out of view.

The industry of the laboring poor appears undeniable from the fact, that there is no occupation, however deleterious or disgraceful, at which there is any difficulty in procuring laborers, even at inadequate wages. The labor on canals in marshy situations, in atmospheres replete with pestilential miasmas, is full proof on this point. Although the almost certain consequence of laboring in such situations is a prostration of health and danger of life—and that no small portion of the laborers return to their families in the fall or winter with health and vigor destroyed, and laboring under protracted fevers and agues, which in many cases undermine their constitutions, and return in after years, and, as I have already stated, too often hurry them prematurely into eternity—their places are readily supplied by other victims who offer themselves on the altars of industry.

This is one of those decisive facts which ought to silence cavil for ever on this important subject.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Poems by Edgar A. Poe. 18mo. pp. 124. New-York. E. Bliss. 1831.

THE poetry of this little volume has a plausible air of imagination, inconsistent with the general indefiniteness of the ideas. Every thing in the language betokens poetic inspiration, but it rather resembles the leaves of the sybil when scattered by the wind. The annexed lines, which close a short poem, entitled the “Doomed City,” are less incomprehensible than most in the book, although the meaning is by no means perfectly clear:

But lo! a stir is in the air!
The wave! there is a ripple there!
As if the towers had thrown aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if the turret-tops had given
A vacuum in the filmy heaven:
The waves have now a redder glow—
The very hours are breathing low,
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell rising from a thousand thrones
Shall do it reverence,
And death to some more happy clime
Shall give his undivided time.”

It sometimes happens that poetry, at first sight unintelligible, is discovered, upon a repeated and more careful examination, to be fraught with the treasure of thought and fancy. The “Rime of the Ancient Mariner” belongs to this class; but we cannot flatter Mr. Poe with any similar hope respecting his own composition, although it occasionally sparkles with a true poetic expression, and sometimes a conflict of

beauty and nonsense takes place, in which the latter seems to have the best of it. It is indeed encumbered by numerous obscurities, which we should be pleased to see either very much brightened or entirely expunged. What is the meaning of this?

"A heaven that God doth not condemn
With stars is like a diadem—
We liken our ladies' eyes to them."

Or these lines, (with which we close the article,) from "Fairy Land?"

"Huge moons—see! wax and wane
Again—again—again—
How they put out the starlight
With the breath from their pale faces!

Lo! one is coming down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence!
Down—still down—and down—
Now deep shall be—O deep!
The passion of our sleep!
For that wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Drowsily over halls—
Over ruin'd walls—
Over waterfalls,
(Silent waterfalls!)
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—
Alas! over the sea!"

The Romance of History. France. By Lettice Ritchie. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 290, 247. New York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

These volumes are composed of a number of interesting stories—ingeniously imagined and well told, for the materials of which the author has drawn pretty copiously upon French history. His style is clear and rapid—but occasionally a little more swelling than the subject requires: and although he is far from being a copyist, it is easy to perceive, that while preparing his stories of chivalry, the strongly painted and unfolding pictures of Scott were in his imagination.

THE FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

EVERY one is surprised and delighted at the advancement we have made in music. It is to be hoped that painting will keep pace with its sister art, and enjoy an equal share of the public favor. In order that this desirable state of affairs may be produced, it is requisite that a certain degree of indulgence be extended towards the early efforts of the artists to present a number of original native pieces really worthy of admiration. The institution to which we now solicit the attention of our fellow-citizens, has just opened, for the sixth time, at Clinton-hall, in a room well calculated for the purpose; and the collection consists of the best which have been previously exhibited. Not being schooled in the mysteries of the art, we shall advert but briefly to the principal pieces, with the hope that our readers will feel sufficient interest in its prosperity, to attend and form their own opinions. We cannot, however, refrain from the remark, that the pleasure to be expected from the exhibition is greatly diminished by the fact, that instead of the higher order of pieces, the room is nearly filled with portraits, leaving the visitor to derive all the pleasure and profit which could be possibly gained from knowing that the gentleman in a very blue coat is Mr. Jenkins, and the lady with her hand bent over the back of the chair is Mrs. Jackson. The admission of a few heads, representing eminent individuals, is not objectionable; and there are several among those in question which, both as specimens of the art, and from the beauty or celebrity of the subjects, we should be sorry to lose; but, in general, to strangers, portraits are rather monotonous affairs, and should not be expected to interest out of the domestic circle. If the artist, who devotes himself to this branch, wishes, among other candidates, to display his success, let him paint public men or beautiful women, something to please the eye and awaken the imagination: of these Inman's Macready and Van Buren, and Ingham's Girl with Flowers and White Plume are examples.

No. 1. Portrait of Dr. Stamford. Mr. Morse. A fine likeness, and admirably painted.

2. Sunset. R. W. Wier. A quiet and delightful image of nature. The glow of the sun yet overspreads the cloudless heaven, and reflects a charming light over the landscape.

3. Moonlight view of Breakneck Mountain. R. Hoyle. There is a kind of beauty in the moonlight very difficult to represent on canvass. This is a fine night-scene, from a promising young artist.

4. Samson and Delilah. A. B. Durand. A very creditable design, and executed with much effect.

5. Full-length of a Little Girl with Flowers. Ingham. A fair, fresh, sweet face, and the form beautiful in the soft light shed down through the branches. The surrounding scenery is too sombre, and seems to have received little attention. It is to be regretted that the landscape could not be filled up

and finished. The figure is charming. Look at her hat, filled with flowers. How light, fresh, and full of summer associations.

7. Subiding of the deluge. T. Cole. The grandeur of the subject strikes the mind with emotion, and the conception of the artist is highly poetic. The vast flood, gradually subsiding, leaves the peaked mountain tops visible; and the drenched world, as it again meets the light, has an air of deep solemnity and solitude extremely impressive. The effect is increased by the skull in the foreground. Fancy pictures the wretched relics, thus scattered beneath the waters.

10. The Last of the Mohicans. T. Cole. We have here the same richness of coloring and gorgeous portraiture of scenery for which this artist is peculiar.

13. Calvary, or the moment before the crucifixion. A composition of merit.

14. The Vintage. Mr. Weir discovers a fine taste in selecting subjects; he not only chooses charming scenes, but he bathes them in the most pleasing light. His pieces are full of expression, and are clearly the offspring of one familiar with the wood, the mountain, and the river, in all their shapes and moods, and imbued with a true sense of the beautiful things in nature. This feeling, which is the common fountain from which both painter and poet draw their materials, in this instance, as well as in most others, is closely allied to a perception of the ludicrous. We can trace these through all his productions—in the Sunset view, the luxuriant beauty of the Vintage, Don Quixote, the Dying Greek, the Antiquary, the Merry Wives of Windsor, Red Jacket, the Greek Boy, Family Groupe, and in all his finished and delightful landscapes. The Don Quixote is ludicrous in the extreme. The Dying Greek is a brilliant picture, and bears a prolonged examination. There is a fine sweetness in the face of the young girl in the "Antiquary," which makes Lovel's situation an enviable one; the Merry Wives of Windsor is truly Shakespearian, and we hope will be succeeded by many others of the same description. The gentlemen who have confined themselves to portraits will at once perceive the obvious superiority of Mr. Weir's subjects.

19. Monument of Prince Caraccioli.

27. Ahasuerus and Esther and Capuchin Charity. G. Marniglia. The effect of a stream of light in a darkened hall is finely displayed in these three pictures.

24. The detection of Harry Wharton. Dunlap. A very good subject, and well executed.

25. Portrait of a Race-horse. A. Fisher. This artist is celebrated for his skill in portraying animals. There are several fine specimens of this in the Academy.

39. Full length of Mr. Macready as William Tell. Inman. A celebrated piece; full of fire. The coloring is plain and natural; and the spectator must admire the haughty grandeur of attitude, and the fierce and lofty hate glaring from his features. By its side (31) is the White Plume. Ingham. A face to be gazed on with bended knee. It is a seducing vision of female loveliness, as soft and soothing as the other is vehement and ferocious. The shadow of a graceful bonnet never fell on a countenance more radiant and beautiful. How perfectly unclouded the features; how lightly the tresses repose on the soft shoulder; what a brilliancy of complexion; a mouth which you wish to fold your arms and gaze on forever, instead of going back to bargaining and business; and the eyes blue and beaming—

"Oh! he who knows
His heart is weak, of heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those."

We do not pretend to judge whether these bright and very highly-finished portraits by Ingham are precisely what they ought to be; but, as a colorist, he has no superior within our knowledge. His faces are not only perfectly soft and brilliant, but animated and expressive.

The Garden of Eden. A well known picture. T. Cole. Both conception and execution splendid—an assemblage of the most beautiful features of nature. The distant mountains, the deep rich verdure of the valley, the transparent river, now tumbling over the rocks, and now stealing quietly through the green and shaded recesses of the forest, form a landscape of gorgeous luxuriance, imbued with the very spirit of repose, beauty, and happiness, and awakening the mind to a thousand delightful associations.

33. Portrait of Miss Clara Fisher. Inman. A charming piece, characteristic of both the artist and subject, and a spirited resemblance of this favorite and gifted young actress.

40. Groupe of three figures. A study for the Christ Rejected. Dunlap. One of the happiest of this artist's contributions.

45. The Young Drummer. A. L. De Rose. There is an

improvement visible in the works of Mr. De Rose. The full-length of a gentleman and horse (No. 138) is quite prettily done. This style of portraits is effective. He should, however, occupy himself with some original subject for the next exhibition.

55. Boys quarreling after school. W. S. Mount. A humorous delineation, and eminently successful.

105. View of Galeta Island, in the Mediterranean. A. J. Bennet. Water colors. An almost living transcript of life. Observe the bend of the vessel, as it cuts through the waves, and the natural color of the water.

124. The Dead Child. F. S. Agate. Much effect is given to the body of the infant.

130. Full-length portrait of the Hon. Mr. Van Buren. Inman. A very faithful likeness of the ex-secretary, but already familiar to our readers.

139. Cattle piece. One of Fisher's quiet and luxuriant glimpses of nature in her better moments. It is pervaded by a delightful languor, and the gaze rests on it with pleasure.

140. Portrait of an old Revolutionary Soldier. J. Freeman. Small, but invaluable for its characteristic expression. The face is full of meaning.

We have not given a very extended account or particular enumeration of all the pictures in the Academy, as most of them, having been presented at previous exhibitions, are known to the public. It is a rule of the institution that only such works of living artists shall be received as have never before been exhibited; but at the expiration of every sixth year, selections are made from the preceding, and the present is intended as one of those reviews of the progress of our artists. We have no doubt this collection will be attended by numerous visitors, and that the art of painting will receive a new impulse from this appeal to the liberality of our fellow-citizens.

NEW MUSIC.

Professors and amateurs will be pleased to learn that Bourne has now in the course of publication, the entire score of Cinderella, which may be obtained either in single pieces or in a connected form. A number have been already issued, among which are the following:—the "Overture," "Once a king," "Morning its sweets is flinging," "What demon's opposing malice," "Swift as the flash," "Let thine eyes on mine mildly beaming," "Sir, a secret," "Now with grief no longer bending," and "the Grand March." These are printed on a variety of the most costly colored paper, and in beauty and accuracy, excel any thing of the kind which has come under our notice. Nothing can be more desirable at the piano, than the entire music of a fine opera, and no American publisher has hitherto been found sufficiently enterprising to try this experiment upon the public taste and liberality. To Bourne is therefore due the credit of first presenting us with a copy of a complete opera. The truth is, that notwithstanding all that has been said in his praise, his great services to the cause of music have scarcely yet been justly appreciated. Under his direction this branch of the fine arts has been brought to great perfection; and, as its principal impulse has been derived from him, it is but fair that he should reap the reward. In addition to the foregoing, this indefatigable publisher has issued, in his usual style, and with appropriate vignettes, the "Sicilian Knight," from the opera of Rekeby, and the "Mellow Horn," composed and sung by Mr. Jones. Also, "Merrily, merrily sound the bells," from the American, Miss Clara Fisher's fine ballad, "Behave yourself before folk," and the favorite airs of Cinderella, arranged as cotillions by Signor Pons.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Forrest is the principal attraction at the Park theatre. He was welcomed with the warmest approbation in *Metamora*, which he sustained with his usual ability. Strong as are the claims of this universally popular tragedian upon the public attention, from his intrinsic excellence as a performer, they are considerably enhanced by his exertions to elicit the dramatic talent of the country. Of the tragedy which he is about to produce during his next engagement, report speaks very favorably. The *Lion of the West* and the *Moderns* were repeated, for the benefit of Mrs. Hackett, on Saturday, to a full house. A singularly stupid affair was also enacted on the same occasion, with the laudable design of introducing a man as a monkey, Mr. Richings as a sailor, Mr. Woodhull as an African gentleman, whose morals appear to have been sadly neglected, and a goat in his own character! As the principal part of this highly tragic piece seems to have been composed extemporaneously by the *dramatis personæ*, it would be scarcely just to criticize it; but one of the soliloquies of Mr. Woodhull, and the facetious dia-

logue between Mr. Blakely and Mr. Richings, about the "backey," were so disgustingly true to nature, that we seemed rather in the lowest place of vulgar resort, than within the first theatre of the Union. The poor little goat was positively ashamed of himself to be seen in such company. He came on with evident reluctance, and made his final exit immediately. We trust the Park theatre will not be disgraced by a repetition of this silly trash.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PASSAGES FROM MISS SHADOW'S JOURNAL.

April 14. Rainy and cloudy—felt capricious and changeable—as much like the weather as possible. Looked out of the window, yawned, played backgammon, and was beaten six times in succession, drank tea at an early hour, and being in no expectation of seeing Henry, inasmuch as he was some hundred miles off, went to bed as the clock struck eight. N. B. First time I have been to bed before twelve these three months.

April 15. Miss Evergreen's magnificent party in the evening. Henry not there, but as it was no fault of mine, thought myself at liberty to be amused. Colonel Hunt had the honor to dance with me three times—and he is handsome—there is no denying it. That brainless Spencer insisted upon the pleasure, but I was always sure to be engaged six sets in advance. Think, upon the whole, it was hardly proper for me to waltz so much with Tom Meredith when H. is away. But then we were at school together, and have been old friends so long. H. hates him like—but no matter, he shall know nothing about it.

April 16. Nothing to do, and exerted myself so much as to read two pages of some French melanges. Found there an anecdote of Le Brun. He met an old beggar, with long matted locks, and an exceedingly thick, bushy beard, and said to him, "My good fellow, come to my house to-morrow, for I should like to paint you." The beggar shaved his beard and combed his hair, and the next day called upon Le Brun. "Ah, friend," said the painter, "what the deuce have you been about? You have ruined your bristling hair and your shaggy beard, and your beauty is entirely spoilt." Reminded me of Miss Legere before she had been circulated at all in society. Rough, red-haired, and ill-attired; next day with black hair; (!) and, by Mrs. Sylvester's skill and taste, metamorphosed into quite a decency.

April 17. Tom Meredith offered himself, and requested me to elope. It would occasion quite an excitement, to be sure, but I stood upon my dignity, and told him to disappear.

April 18. H. returned—delighted to see me. Walked Broadway with him, the envy of every woman I met. He is the finest looking creature ever born. Passed Tom, and bowed very cordially. His request was a compliment to my beauty rather than my principle. Poor fellow, I hope he will not die of disappointment.

April 19. Those three Misses Blight are the vilest creatures on earth. They go round in a body to pay calls, and make everybody feel uncomfortable that comes near them. Nothing but scandal and backbiting. Insult my friends and me over their shoulder. Pert, conceited, insolent, and ill-bred—if they ever cross my door-step again, shall be very much disposed to forbid them the house.

April 20. A letter from H. Tells me during his absence I have been flirting desperately with half-a-dozen single gentlemen, and consequently he must break off the connection. For this I am probably indebted to the Misses Blight. Heigho! Weather quite capricious.

April 21. Married Tom Meredith. Beautiful day, and I am no longer Miss Shadow.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ON LAKE ST. CHARLES,

LOWER CANADA.

My bark-canoë is on the lake,
The moon upon the flood is shining,
And gentle winds the forest shake
Where pine and beech their boughs are twining.
The blue jay on the maple sleeps,
The clamorous night-hawk cries alone
Where fire-flies quiver round the steep
Bright flashing like the diamond stone.
And the low voice of winds glides there
As if by harps Æolian sung;
Soft murmurs steal along the air
In tones from hill to valley flung.
The cedar green—the weeping yew
Their shadows cast upon the floods;

The mournful gale comes sighing too,
And wakes the echoes of the woods.

But while our paddles break the waves,
And the pale moon lights up the scene,
Far other thoughts my bosom craves
Than those of solitude I ween.
A pensive sigh for home is there—
A sigh for friends I ne'er may see—
For friends who may forget to share,
Perchance, their hallowed thoughts with me!

What memories to my bosom cling
Of joys that ne'er may smile again,
The bright buds of life's blooming spring,
That crowd like visions on my brain.
The glees of youth I taste once more,
I see the fields I went to roam,
I hear the songs I sung of yore,
Dear relics of a by-gone home!

Home? ah! I am among the lakes—
The woods—the wilds—the hills—my dream
Hath been a mockery, which awakes
Delusive smiles that idly gleam.
Away, dark thought, too much of wo,
Albeit, warps the path of life!
I would the pensive theme forego,
And fling a sunshine over strife.

Row on—row on, my Indian boy,
Let hope our flickering beacon be—
The faintest hope permits of joy
And kindles up life's apathy.
See! *Kamouraka's* lake is blue,
And stars are playing on its tide;
The mighty woods their unbrage too
Are flinging o'er the waters wide!

Row on, *Pecôri*—thou art the child
Of nature's solitude—unborn
For aught but thoughts of rude and wild,
A chief in thy own realm forlorn!
How often by this ancient pine
Reposed thy bands in days gone by!
The chase—the dance—the song—all thine—
Bright glories of thy liberty!

Row on, *Pecôr*. The woods are still
Where erst thy whoop from ambush broke,
Where nations met to feast or kill,
As songs of death the night awoke!
The land you tread was all your own,
Your friends the beast—the bird—the tree;
But now the desert hears your groan,
As wailing to its wilds ye flee!

We are the fierce o'erwhelming wave
That sweeps ye from the wilderness!
And we will leave ye but a grave
Of all this mighty land, I wis!
Your foot-print marks the distant hill,
The far wood echoes to your wrong,
And ocean answers to its thrill
In many a deep funeral song.

Row on—the moon is set. The sky
Is dark. The wind is in the bowers.
The mighty hemlock groans. A sigh
Comes whispering through the couch flowers.
Their scarlet blossoms catch the dew
Where sumach-berries kiss the wave.
How calm the wave! How silent too!
Blue emblem of the peaceful grave!

THE VAMPIRE TO HIS VICTIM.

Written after seeing Mr. Barry's able personation of that character in the "Bride of the Isles."

Once more the dread alternative,
The dark, the fatal hour is nigh,
When I the sacrifice must give,
Doomed yearly for my guilt to die;
Or all that yet of life remains
Must vanish from these withered veins.

And thou, the loveliest of all,
Who, e'er the year's last moon is set,
By my accursed hand must fall—
How short a time is left thee yet;
Sweet Margaret! and must thou die
For one so guilty, lost, as I?

The all of heart that yet remains
To throb within this wizard form
Which yet a demon's soul contains,
Shrinks from the task I must perform;
Yes, beautiful unfortunate!
The heart that wills, laments thy fate!

But see! the moon's descending rays
Shed o'er the wave their fatal smile—
A sight that blasts my frenzied gaze,
Margaret! thy doom is fixed the while!
Yes, thou must perish ere too late,
Or one dark moment seals my fate.

THYRA.

* The Huron name of this lake.

† Ignace *Pecôr*, a Huron of Lorette, in whom I apostrophize his nation, was the guide and companion of many of my rambles through the magnificent wilds of Lower Canada.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Monuments.—A correspondent requests information respecting the monument of Washington which was to have been erected in the Bowling-green. We are unable to enlighten him upon the subject. Such a measure has been, during several years, an occasional topic of conversation; but whether it was to depend on private subscription, or a resolution of the common council, and whether the design is still in contemplation, we cannot say. The New-Yorkers are not much given to this species of public ornament; and we suspect the immortal defender of our liberties will live only "in the hearts of his countrymen," unless the statue could be made a matter of speculation, a company incorporated with banking privileges, and the stock-holders entitled to the proceeds of exhibiting it for the first thirty years. Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore are all much before us in this respect. Even the solitary monument erected in Trinity church-yard to the memory of Captain James Lawrence, has been suffered to fall into decay. Little is done here from the spirit of public improvement, separate from private interest, and there is no reason to hope that the statue in question will be raised in this city. We are informed that our friends in Connecticut have completed the "Groton monument," in memory of the storming of Fort Griswold. It stands near the old fort, opposite the centre of New-London, one hundred and thirty feet above tide water. It is said to be of great height, and to command a fine and extensive prospect.

The first of May.—A stranger must be forcibly struck with the ludicrous custom of our fellow-citizens, visible in the general anarchy which ushers in this month. When the Russians were evacuating Moscow, what would they have said, had they been told that the inhabitants of a city, containing a population of more than two hundred thousand, annually volunteered to endure nearly equal confusion, in an almost universal change of domicile? Much ridicule has been attached to this custom, but it is, in many instances, the result of an injudicious increase of the rent by the landlords. A light article upon the subject of this month, from the pen of a favorite correspondent, will be found in another page.

Business hand-writing.—Mr. Ely is deservedly celebrated for his superiority in teaching the art of writing, as well as for his own skilful and rapid powers of execution. He is, without doubt, one of the most adroit of chirographers, and has an inimitable off-hand way of decorating albums, visiting-cards, diplomas, and marriage-certificates, which ladies and gentlemen who are in want thereof, would do well to examine. As all young ladies keep albums, and most gentlemen are addicted to fits of poetic inspiration, and at some time or other compelled to "write themselves" dull fellows, for the gratification of Miss Juliana Tomlinson, or other fair admirers of native talent, they had better call on Ely, in some of their lucid intervals, and learn to express their sentiments in intelligible characters. We have read somewhere of a gentleman who used three different kinds of penmanship, one of which only he and his clerk could read, the other only himself could understand, and the third neither he nor his clerk, nor any body else, could decipher. This latter style of chirography, to judge from the manuscripts of our correspondents, is the prevalent one; and if from such a chaos of materials, Mr. Ely can produce any thing resembling order and legibility, the printers of the city should pay him honor, return him a vote of thanks, and give him a public dinner.

The legitimate drama.—A Mr. Farnes is amusing the lovers of the drama in England, by placing a real *donkey* alive on the top of a ladder, and balancing the same on his chin, without any deception. The admirers of a certain style of theatricals would be gratified by the importation of these two interesting animals into this country, "to wake the soul by tender strokes of art," &c. It would cast even the graces of *Mushapug*, the monkey, noticed in a previous paragraph, into the shade.

Laboring classes.—An English nobleman, (the earl of Shrewsbury) in a sensible pamphlet, lately published, has suggested several plans for improving the condition of the poorer classes in England. We have read extracts from the work well deserving attention.

March of improvement.—The grand sultan has issued a decree forbidding the Turks to address Christians with the usual appellation of "dog." "It is really gratifying to find one's self properly appreciated."

Turkish honesty.—Tournefort says, "Children may be sent to market in Constantinople with perfect safety if they can only ask for what they want." No one will impose upon them by taking too much.

HAST THOU NOT FELT THE WOUNDING THORN.

Andante con espressione.

Hast thou not felt the wound - ing thorn, That guards the rose? That guards the

rose? And he full ma - ny a love-ly morn, In tem-pest close, In tem-pest close. Hast thou not known that sweet - est flow - ers Would still de - cay? Would still de -

cay? And that the dear - est hap - piest hours, Must pass a - way? Must pass a - way? And that the dear - est hap - piest hours, Must pass a - way? Must pass a - way?

2d—But do thy roses bloom in vain,
Nor charm thee more?

Do not bright days return again,
Though tempest pour?

Though flowers must wither, yet their bed
With buds is ripe;

And still blest hours, returning, shed
Their light on life.

For the New-York Mirror.

A CHAPTER ON CORPORATION DINNERS.

BY THE LAST OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS.

OF late years there has been a great deal said about civic feasts; and because, forsooth, the fathers of this good city spend the trifling sum of five thousand dollars annually for wine, turtle, venison, and such other absolute necessities as they may be fond of, the papers, (or rather the lean and hungry conductors of them) cry out against those lovers of good cheer, and keepers up of hearty old customs, as if they had never before heard of such an affair as a corporation dinner! Indeed, however incredible it may seem, it is said that a bilious-looking editor of one of the daily papers, was actually heard to declare that he doubted much whether the common council were justified in appropriating two thousand dollars for a fourth of July dinner! I hear, likewise, that a conspiracy has been organized for the purpose of doing away with those relics of by-gone days, when the portly aldermen and their rotund assistants, the fat little *schepens*, (whence have sprung the assistant aldermen of these degenerate times) could eat and drink as often and as much as they pleased for the good of their country, and that too, when no person had the hardihood to question their right to do so. Now it would be much more mannerly in editors to publish the feats of the different persons at the various dinners; describing and applauding, after the fashion of Homer, the manner in which alderman A. swallowed turtlesoup, or in which alderman B. devoured venison; condemning, at the same time, the irresolution and comparative indifference with which alderman C. carved the haunch. These accounts would be much more acceptable to the citizens, than the dull "reports of the common council,"

which grace the periodicals of the day, and consist of pithy touches of eloquence upon the moral obligation of not cleaning the streets, or on the necessity of having the people's land taken from them, and their necks broken into the bargain, that a few speculators may sell off their lots to advantage. Although the inhabitants of this community cannot be present to assist in the great masticatory feats so frequently performed by the common council in their service, (deeds of *derring do*, as Walter Scott hath it) they would, nevertheless, be gratified to know in what manner, and for what things their money is expended. But alas! the honest old times of Dutch hilarity have passed away for ever. Even as the Indians, stern, sad, and silent, are gradually disappearing from the scene of their former glory, so are the contented, comfortable, and pipe-smoking descendants of the Hollanders, now seen but seldom in the busy thronged streets of this contentious city. Bear with me, lovely and gentle reader, whose eye peruseth these my impotent murmurings against the decrees of destiny, bear with me in my melancholy contemplations. I am the last of the happiest race of human beings, around whose broad and honest countenances ever curled the blue wreathed smoke of the luxurious and fragrant Havana. In my sunny youth these regions were the abode of peace, quiet, and plenty. The newfangled disturbers of human happiness, metaphysics, belles, rail-roads, dandies, and operas were unknown. The buxom sun shed his warming beams on our quiet gardens and simple dwellings, and our lives glided on their course like a clear and gentle river, whose waters flow on dreamily through fields of rich clover, groves of locusts and oaks, and meadows waving with the golden harvest. Alas! alas! my head is silvered over with time—my once contented visage is seamed and stamped

with wrinkles—my eyes grow dim, and my hands tremble as I write. I look abroad upon nature as on a sweet friend from whom I am soon to part forever; and when the weary sun, whose jolly face once lighted me only to hope and happiness, rests his red disk on the western horizon, and flings a sad farewell glance over the world, before he sinks gradually from my sight, "Thus," I think, "after a few more hours will I descend into my grave, and oblivion, like the shadows of evening, shall rest upon my name." Yet, reader, is my bosom warmed with old recollections. Yet a tinge of shame suffuses my withered cheeks when I behold the narrow spirit which would abolish the hospitable customs of my fathers, and a tear swells silently in mine eye when I compare the dignified, peaceable, and profound stillness of the former rulers of Mannahatta, with the bargain-driving, speculating, street-opening, house-shifting race of their descendants. Listen, fellow-citizens, listen to the voice of age and wisdom, and be not ashamed, ye electioneering, speechifying politicians of the rising generation, to adopt the advice of an old man whose pilgrimage is almost completed, and who can, therefore, be influenced by no interested motive in pointing out to you the path of propriety and justice. In your future contests for aldermen and their *schepens*, put in none but men of portly bodies, and great eaters withal, and do your best to keep out of office all aspiring patriots with pale faces and little appetites, who, in general, are notorious friends of business, opposed to squandering money, and likewise enemies to good cheer. D.

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POISONING A STILETTO.

In a private collection at Florence, among other remarkable pictures of females, I was particularly struck with one representing a very beautiful and richly dressed girl poisoning a stiletto. The story that follows is the tradition attached to it.

She was of noble rank, and nature gave
At birth a noble spirit; and the blood
Mantled her cheek, and her dark eye flashed fire
At mention of unworthiness; and love
Was a deep passion, and neglect—despair.
Long had she loved him; his society
Was her sole happiness; and in his fame
And glory was her joy; and in his love
She had wrapped up her heart and soul and life.
But he has wronged her deeply, for his vows
Were basely broken, and her many dreams
Of after happiness, and hopes of bliss,
Were turned to darkness by his faithlessness.

And she who loved so deeply, and gave up
Her feeling and her fondness to a heart
That was unworthy and unkind—can hate.
The heart that lived in its own fervent love—
Is burning with the purpose of revenge.
The lip that whispered gentleness has learned
To mutter curses, and the delicate hand,
White as the snow, soft as the cygnet's down,
Is stained by tampering with unholy things.
Her brow has lost its smoothness, and her eye
Gleams with the fire of death.

The hour is come,
When he, the false one, shall lead forth his bride,
The fairest maid in Florence, to the altar,
Where he will pledge to her his perjured vows.
And there is joy in all the palaces—
And gaiety on every careless brow—
And smiling gladness in all hearts—but one.

And is all this to make the sacrifice
Only more splendid? Is the joyous music
Only to sadden to a darker strain,
And breathe a death-dirge for a marriage hymn?
Ay! in her bridal robes, in the fond hour
That was to consummate her promises,
And give her to the husband that she loved—
Wo for the dying! Bring the sad pale flowers
To strew above her bier, and deck her grave!
And is it then that woman's gentleness
Can be thus changed to madness?—Ask the dead!

ORIGINAL TALES.

A LEGEND OF AMSTERDAM.

From a Dutch manuscript.

EVERY body has heard of St. Nicholas, that honest Dutch saint, whom I look upon as having been one of the most liberal, good-natured little fat fellows in the world. But strange as it may seem, though everybody has heard, nobody seems to know anything about him. The place of his birth, the history of his life, and the manner in which he came to be the dispenser of new-year cakes, and the patron of good boys, are matters that have hitherto not been investigated, as they ought to have been long and long ago. I am about to supply this deficiency, and pay a debt of honor which is due to this illustrious and obscure tutelary genius of the jolly new-year.

It hath often been justly remarked that the birth, parentage, and education of the most illustrious personages of antiquity are usually enveloped in the depths of obscurity. And this obscurity, so far from being injurious to their dignity and fame, has proved highly beneficial; for as no one could tell who were their fathers and mothers on earth, they could the more easily claim kindred with the skies, and trace their descent from the immortals. Such was the case with Saturn, Hercules, Bacchus, and others among the heathens; and of St. George, St. Dennis, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and the rest of the tutelaries—I speak it with great respect and reverence—it may justly be said that nobody would ever have heard of their progenitors but for the renown of their descendants. It is, therefore, no reflection on the respectable St. Nicholas that his history has hitherto remained a secret, and his origin unknown.

In prosecuting this biography, and thus striving to repay my obligations for divers, and I must say unmerited favors received from this good saint, after whom I was christened, I shall refrain from all invention or hyperbole, seeking the truth industriously, and telling it simply and without reserve or embellishment. I scorn to impose on my readers with cock and bull stories of his killing dragons, slaughtering giants, or defeating whole armies of pagans with his single arm. St. Nicholas was a peaceful, quiet, orderly saint, who, so far as I have been able to learn, never shed a drop of blood in his whole life, except, peradventure, it may be possible he sometimes cut his finger, of which I profess to know nothing,

and, therefore, contrary to the custom of biographers, shall say nothing.

St. Nicholas was born—and that is all I can tell of the matter—on the first of January; but in what year or at what place, are facts which I have not been able to ascertain, although I have investigated them with the most scrupulous accuracy. His obscurity would enable me to give him a king and queen for his parents, whereby he might be able to hold up his head with the best of them all—but, as I before observed, I scorn to impose such doubtful, to say no worse, legends upon my readers.

Nothing is known of his early youth, except that it hath come down to us that his mother dreamed, the night before his birth, that the sun was changed into a vast new-year cake and the stars into *oily cooks*—which she concluded was the reason they burnt so bright. It hath been shrewdly intimated by certain would-be antiquaries, who doubtless wanted to appear wiser than they really were, that because our worthy saint was called Nicholas, that must of course have been the name of his father. But I set such conjectures at naught, seeing that if all the sons were called after their fathers, the distinction of senior and junior would no longer be sufficient, and they would be obliged to number them as they do in the famous island of Nantucket, where I hear there are thirty-six Isaac Coffins and sixteen Pelegs.

Now, of the first years of the life of good St. Nicholas, in like manner, we have been able to learn nothing until he was apprenticed to a baker in the famous city of Amsterdam, after which this metropolis was once called, but which my readers doubtless know was christened over again when the English usurped possession, in the teeth of the great right of discovery derived from the illustrious navigator, Henorus Hudson, who was no more an Englishman than I am.

Whether the youth Nicholas was thus apprenticed to a baker on account of his mother's dream, or from his great devotion to new-year cakes, which may be inferred from the fact that he was called Nicholas, I do not know, but he was so apprenticed, and that is sufficient to satisfy all reasonable readers. As for those pestilent, curious, prying people, who want to know the why and wherefore of every thing, we refer them to the lives of certain famous persons, which are so intermingled and confounded with the lives of their contemporaries, and the events, great and small, which happened in all parts of the world during their sojourn on the earth, that it is utterly impossible to say whose life it is we are reading. Many people of little experience take the title-page for a guide, not knowing, peradventure, they might almost as safely rely upon history for a knowledge of the events of past ages.

Little Nicholas, our hero, was a merry, sweet-tempered catiff, which was, doubtless, somewhat owing to his living almost altogether upon sweet things. He was marvellously devoted to cakes, and ate up numberless gingerbread alphabets before he knew a single letter.

Passing over the intermediate years, of which, indeed, I know no more than the man in the moon, I come to the period when, being twenty-four, and the term of his apprenticeship almost out, he fell desperately in love with the daughter of his worthy master, who was a burgomaster of forty years standing. In those unprecocious times, the boys did not grow to be men and the girls women, so soon as they do now. It would have been considered highly indecent for the former to think of falling in love before they were out of their time, or the latter to set up for young women before they knew how to be any thing else. But as soon as the worthy Nicholas arrived at the age of twenty-four, being, as I said, within a year of the expiration of his time, he thought to himself that Katrinchee, or Katherine, as the English call it, was a clever, notable little soul, and eminently calculated to make him a good wife. This was the main point in the times of which I am speaking, when people actually married without first running mad either for love or money.

Katrinchee was the toast of all the young bakers of Amsterdam, and honest Nicholas had as many rivals as there were loaves of bread in that renowned city. But he was as gallant a little Dutchman as ever smoked his way through the world pipe foremost, and did not despair of getting the better of his rivals, especially as he was a great favorite with the

burgomaster, as indeed his conduct merited. Instead of going the vulgar way to work, and sighing and whining out romance in her ear, he cunningly, being doubtless inspired by Cupid himself, proceeded to insinuate his passion, and make it known by degrees, to the pretty little Katrinchee, who was as plump as a partridge, and had eyes of the color of a clear sky.

First did he bake a cake in the shape of a heart pierced half through by a toasting-fork, the which he presented her smoking hot, which she received with a blush and did eat, to the great encouragement of the worthy Nicholas. A month after, for he did not wish to alarm the delicacy of the pretty Katrinchee, he did bake another cake in the shape of two hearts, entwined prettily with a true lover's knot. This too she received with a blush, and did eat with marvelous content. After the expiration of a like period, he did contrive another cake in the shape of a letter, on which he had ingeniously engraven the following couplet:

"Wer diesen glauben wöht, hat die veranft verschworen,
Dem denken abgesagt sein eigentham verlohren."

The meaning of which, if the reader doth not comprehend, I do hereby earnestly advise him to set about studying the Dutch language forthwith, that he may properly appreciate its hidden beauties.

Little Katrinchee read this posey with a sigh, and rewarded the good Nicholas with a look which, as he afterwards affirmed, would have heated an oven.

Thus did the sly youth gradually advance himself in the good graces of the little damsel, until at length he ventured a downright declaration in the shape of a cake made in the exact likeness of a little Dutch Cupid. The acceptance of this was conclusive, and was followed by permission to address the matter to the decision of the worthy burgomaster, whose name I regret hath not come down to the present time.

The good man consulted his pipe, and after six months hard smoking came to a conclusion that the thing was feasible. Nicholas was a well-behaved, industrious lad, and the burgomaster justly concluded that the possession of virtuous and industrious habits without houses and lands, was better than houses and lands without them. So he gave his consent like an honest and ever to be respected magistrate.

The news of the intended marriage spoiled all the bread baked in Amsterdam that day. The young bakers were so put out that they forgot to put yeast in their bread, and it was all heavy. But the hearts of the good Nicholas and his bride were as light as a feather notwithstanding, and when they were married it was truly said there was not a handsomer couple in all Amsterdam.

They lived together happily many years, and nothing was wanting to their felicity but a family of little chubby boys and girls. But it was ordained that he never should be blessed with any offspring, seeing that he was predestined to be the patron and benefactor of the children of others, not of his own. In good time, and in the fullness of years, the burgomaster died, leaving his fortune and his business to Nicholas, who had ever been a kind husband to his daughter, and a dutiful son to himself. Rich and liberal, it was one of the chief pleasures of the good Nicholas to distribute his cakes, of which he baked the best in all Amsterdam, to the children of the neighborhood, who came every morning, and sometimes in the evening; and Nicholas felt his heart warm within his bosom when he saw how they ate and laughed, and were as happy, ay, and happier too, than any little kings. The children all loved him, and so did their fathers and mothers, so that in process of time he was made a burgomaster, like his father-in-law before him.

Not only did he entertain the jolly little folk of the city in the manner heretofore described, but his home was open to all travellers and sojourners who had no other home, as well as those who came recommended from afar off. In particular the good pilgrims of the church, who went about preaching and propagating the true faith, by the which I mean the doctrines of the illustrious reformers in all time past.

The good Nicholas had in the latter part of his life, embraced these doctrines with great peril to himself, for sore were the persecutions they underwent in those days who departed from the crying abominations of the ancient church, and had it not been for the good name he had established in

the city of Amsterdam, among all classes, high and low, rich and poor, he might, peradventure, have suffered at the stake. But he escaped, as it were by a miracle, and lived to see the truth triumph at last even throughout all the land.

But before this came to pass his faithful and affectionate helpmate had been taken from him by death, sorely to his grief; and he would have stood alone in the world had it not been for the little children, now grown up to be men and women, who remembered his former kindness, and did all they could to console him—for such is ever the reward of kindness to our fellow-creatures.

One night as he was sitting disconsolate at home, thinking of poor Katrinchee, and wishing that either she was with him or he with her, he heard a distant uproar in the street, which seemed approaching nearer and nearer. He was about to rise and go to the door to see what was the occasion, when suddenly it was pushed open with some violence, and a man rushed past him with a little ceremony. He seemed in a great hurry, for he panted for breath, and it was some time before he could say,

"I beseech thee to shut the door and hide me, for my life is in danger."

Nicholas, who never refused to do a good-natured act, did as he was desired, so far as shutting and barring the door. He then asked—

"What hath endangered thy life, and who art thou, friend, that thou art thus afraid?"

"Ask me not now, I beseech thee, Nicholas—"

"Thou knowest my name then?" said the other, interrupting him.

"I do—everybody knows thee, and thy kindness of heart. But ask me nothing now—only hide me for the present, and when the danger is past I will tell thee all."

"Thou art no murderer or fugitive from justice?"

"No, on my faith. I am sinned against, but I never injured but one man, and I was sorry for that. But hark, I hear them coming—wilt thou or wilt thou not protect me?"

"I will," said the good Nicholas, who saw in the dignified air and open countenance of the stranger something that inspired both confidence and awe. Accordingly he hastily led him into a remote apartment where he secreted him in a closet, the door of which could not be distinguished, and in which he kept his money and valuables, for he said to himself, I will trust this man, he does not look as if he would abuse my confidence.

"Take this key and lock thyself in, that thou mayest be able to get out in case they take me away."

Presently there was heard a great hallooing and banging at the outward door, with a cry of "open! open!" and Nicholas went to the door and opened it. A flood of people rushed in helter-skelter, demanding the body of an arch heretic, who, they said, had been seen to take refuge in the house. But with all their rage and eagerness they begged his excuse for this unceremonious proceeding, for Nicholas was beloved and respected by all, though he was a heretic himself.

"He's here—we saw him enter!" they cried.

"If he is here, find him," quoth Nicholas quietly. "I will not say he is not here, neither would I betray him if he were."

The interlopers then proceeded to search all parts of the house, except the secret closet, which escaped their attention. When they had done this, one of them said,

"We have heard of thy having a secret place in thy house where thy money and papers are secured. Open it to us—we swear not to molest or take away aught that is thine."

The good Nicholas was confounded at this demand, and stood for a moment not knowing what to say or what to do. The stranger in the closet heard it too; but he was a stout-hearted man, and trusted in the Lord.

"Where is thy strong closet?" cried one of the fiercest and most forward of the intruders. "We must and will find it."

"Well, then find it," quoth Nicholas quietly.

They inspected the room narrowly, and knocked against the walls in hopes the hollow sound would betray the secret of the place. But they were disappointed, for the door was so thick that it returned no hollow sound.

They now began to be impatient, and savage withal, and the ferocious leader exclaimed—

"Let us take this fellow then. One heretic is as good as another—as bad I mean."

"Seize him!" cried one.

"Away with him!" cried another.

"To the stake!" cried a third.

They forgot the ancient kindnesses of the good man; for bigotry and over-heated zeal remember not benefits, and pay no respect to the obligations of gratitude. The good Nicholas

was violently seized, his hands tied behind him, and he was about to be carried away a sacrifice to the demon of religious discord, when the door of the closet flew open, and the stranger came forth with a step so firm, a look so lofty and inspired, that the rabble quailed, and was silent before him.

"Unbind this man," said he, in a voice of authority, "and bind me in his stead."

Not a man stirred. They seemed spell-bound, and stood looking at each other in silent embarrassment.

"Unbind this man, I say!"

Still they remained, as it were, petrified with awe and astonishment.

"Well, then I shall do it myself," and he proceeded to release the good Nicholas from his bonds while the interlopers remained silent and motionless.

"Mistaken men!" then said he, looking at them with pity, mingled with indignation, "you believe yourselves fulfilling the duties of your faith when you chase those who differ from you about the world, as if they were wild beasts, and drag them to the stake, like malefactors who have committed the worst crimes against society. You think that the blood of human victims is the most acceptable offering to your Maker, and, worse than the ignorant pagans, who made martyrs of the blessed saints, sacrifice them on the altar of a religion which is all charity, meekness, and forgiveness. But I see you are ashamed of yourselves. Go, and do so no more."

The spirit of intolerance quailed before the majesty of truth and genius. The poor deluded men, whose passions had been stimulated by mistaken notions of religious duty, bowed their heads and departed, rebuked and ashamed.

"Who art thou?" asked Nicholas, when they were gone.

"Thou shalt soon know," replied the stranger. "In the mean time listen to me. I must be gone before the fiend, which I have, perhaps, only laid for a few moments, again awakens in the bosoms of these deluded men, or some others like them get on the scent of their prey, and track their victim hither. Listen to me, Nicholas, kind and good Nicholas. Thou wouldst have endangered thy own life for the safety of a stranger—one who had no claim on thee save that of hospitality—nay, not even that, for I was not thy guest by invitation, but intrusion. Blessed be thee and thine, thy house, thy memory when thou art dead, and thy lot hereafter. Thou art worthy to know who I am."

He then disclosed to him a name with which the world hath since rung, from clime to clime, from country to country. A name incorporated inseparably with the interests of truth and the progress of learning.

"Tell it not in Gath—proclaim it not in the streets of Ascalon," continued he, "for it is a name which carries with it the sentence of death in this yet benighted city. Interests of the deepest nature—interests vitally connected with the progress of truth—the temporal and eternal happiness of millions living, of millions yet unborn, brought me hither. The business I came upon is in part performed; but it is now known to some that I am, or have been in the city, who will never rest till they run me down and tear me in pieces. Farewell, and look for thy reward, if not here, hereafter—for, sure as thou livest and breathest, a good action, done with a pure and honest motive, is twice blessed—once to the doer and once to him to whom it is done."

The good Nicholas would have knelt to the mighty genius that stood before him, but he prevented him.

"I am no graven image, nor art thou an idolater that thou shouldst kneel to me. Farewell! Let me have thy prayers, for the prayers of a good man are indeed blessings."

Saying this, the illustrious stranger departed in haste, and Nicholas never saw him more for a long time. But he said to himself,

"Blessed is my house, for it hath sheltered the bright light of the universe."

From that time forward, he devoted himself to the good cause of the reformation with heart and soul. His house was ever the refuge of the persecuted; his purse the never-failing resource of the distressed; and many were the victims of bigotry and intolerance whom his influence and entreaties saved from the stake and the torture. He lived a blessing to all within the sphere of his influence, and was blessed in living to see the faith which he loved and cherished at length triumph over the efforts of power, the arts of intrigue, and the fire of bigotry.

Neither did he forget nor neglect the customary offices of kindness and good will to the little children of the city, who continued still to come and share his goodly cakes, which he gave with the smile and the open hand of kind and unaffected benignity. It must have been delightful to see the aged patriarch sitting at his door, while the little boys and girls gather-

ed together from all parts to share his smiles, to be patted on the head, and kissed, and laden with his bounties.

Every new-year's day especially, being his birth-day, as it came round, was a festival, not only to all the children, but to all that chose to come and see him. It seemed that he grew younger instead of older on each return of the season; for he received every one with smiles, and even his enemies were welcome to his good cheer. He had not the heart to hate anybody on the day which he had consecrated to innocent gaiety, liberal hospitality, and universal benevolence. In process of time his example spread among the whole city, and from thence through the country, until every village and town, nay, every house, adopted the good custom of setting apart the first day of the year to be gay and happy, to exchange visits, and shake hands with friends and to forgive enemies.

Thus the good Nicholas lived, blessing all and blessed by all, until he arrived at a happy old age. When he had reached fourscore years, he was sitting by himself late in the evening of the first of January, old style, which is the only true and genuine era after all—the new style being a pestilent popish innovation—he was sitting, I say, alone, the visitors having all departed, laden with gifts and good wishes. A knock was heard at the door, which always opened of itself, like the heart of its owner, not only on new-year's day, but every day in the year.

A stately figure entered and sat down by him, after shaking his hand right heartily. The good Nicholas was now old, and his eye-sight had somewhat failed him, particularly at night.

"Thou art welcome," quoth the old man.

"I know it," replied the other, "every one is welcome to the house of the good Nicholas, not only on this, but every other day. I have heard of thee in my travels."

"Thou knowest my name—may I not know thine?"

The stranger whispered a name in his ear, which made the heart of the good Nicholas leap in his bosom.

"Dost thou remember the adventure of the closet?" said the stranger.

"Yea—blessed be the day and the hour," said the old man.

And now they had a long conversation, which pertained to high matters, not according with the nature of my story, and therefore I pass them by, more especially as I do not exactly know what they were.

"I almost fear to ask thee," at length said Nicholas, "but thou must partake of my cheer, on this the day of my birth. I shall not live to see another."

Old people are often prophetic on the duration of their lives.

"Assuredly," replied the other, "for it is neither beneath my character nor calling to share the good man's feast, and to be happy when I can."

So they sat down together and talked of old times, and how much better the new times were than the old, inasmuch as the truth had triumphed, and they could now enjoy their consciences in peace.

The illustrious visitor staid all night; and the next morning, as he was about to depart, the aged Nicholas said to him,

"Farewell—I shall never see thee again. Thou art going a long journey, thou sayest, but I am about venturing on one yet longer."

"Well, be it so," said the other. "But those who remain behind will bless thy name and thy memory. The little children will love thee, and so long as thy countrymen cherish their ancient customs, thou wilt not be forgotten."

They parted, and the prediction of the good Nicholas was fulfilled. He fell asleep in the arms of death, who called him so softly, and received him so gently in his embrace, that though his family knew he slept, they little thought it was forever.

When this news went abroad into the city, you might see the worthy burgomasters and citizens knocking the ashes out of their pipes, and putting them quietly by in their button-holes; and the good housewives, ever and anon lifting their clean white aprons to their eyes, that they might see to thread their needles or find the stitches, as they sat knitting their stockings. The shops and schools were all shut the day he was buried; but it was remarked that the men neglected their usual amusements, and the little children had no heart to play.

When the whole city had gathered together at the side of his grave, there suddenly appeared among them a remarkable and goodly-looking man, of most reverent demeanor. Every one bowed their bodies, in respectful devotion, for they knew the man, and what they owed him. All was silent as the grave, just about to receive the body of Nicholas, when he I have just spoken of lifted his head, and spoke as follows:

"The good man just about to enter the narrow house"

never defrauded his neighbor, never shut his door on the stranger, never did an unkind action, nor ever refused a kind one either to friend or foe. His heart was all goodness, his faith all purity, his morals all blameless, yea, all praiseworthy. Such a man deserves the highest title that can be bestowed on man. Join me then, my friends, old and young—men, women, and children, in blessing his memory as *the good saint Nicholas*; for I know no better title to such a distinction than pure faith, inflexible integrity, and active benevolence." Thus spake the great reformer, John Calvin.

The whole assembled multitude, with one voice and one heart, cried out, "Long live the blessed memory of the good St. Nicholas!" as they piously consigned him to the bosom of his mother earth.

Thus did he come to be called St. Nicholas; and the people, not content with this, as it were by a mutual sympathy, and without coming to any understanding on the subject, have ever since set apart the birth-day of the good man, for the exercise of hospitality to men, and gifts to little children. From the old world they carried the custom to the new, where their posterity still hold it in reverence, and where I hope it will long continue to flourish, in spite of the cold heartless forms, unmeaning ceremonies, and upstart pretensions of certain vulgar people, who don't know any better, and therefore ought to be pitied for their ignorance, rather than condemned for their presumption. b.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Lives of the most eminent British Painters and Sculptors. By Allan Cunningham. 3 vols. pp. 305, 273, 315. Being the 17th, 18th, and 19th numbers of the Family Library. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

AMONG the publications of the past fortnight there is not one which has afforded us so much gratification as we have found in the three neat volumes bearing the title that is put forth in the caption (as the lawyers call it) of this article. In point of mere amusement, biographical writings must be admitted to rank only second to those which are purely fictitious; on the score of utility they are to be preferred—that is, when good. It requires no small talent, and that of a peculiar and not very common kind, to write a good biography. There must be taste and judgment to select, sagacity and penetration to investigate, impartiality to decide, and last not least, there must be skill in narration to adorn and charm, and practice in writing that the sin of tediousness may be avoided. All these requisites are possessed to a very satisfactory extent by Allan Cunningham, the author of the sketches (for they are but sketches) which we have just finished. His narrative is easy and unambitious, yet clear and appropriate to the subject. His greatest anxiety seems to have been to condense his matter, and in this he has succeeded to admiration, yet without appearing to have omitted anything that might be necessary to a just or at least vivid portraiture. We could read more with pleasure, though all, so far as we can perceive, is told.

Of all men, living or dead, the lives of artists as a body, afford the most interesting materials for biography. We read of them with a delight akin to that which is derived from their society. The causes of this fact are not difficult of discovery. Their profession brings them constantly into the best and the most diversified circles; their intercourse is with all classes and conditions of men; they become almost involuntarily acquainted with literature and the world, and have their faculties sharpened in the society of the witty and the learned. By nature they are observant, for the faculty of observation is one of those ingredients which combine to form what we call a genius for the art: the consequence is, that they are shrewd discriminators of character, and have always something pleasant to tell; some striking or characteristic reminiscence of each of those distinguished personages whose features they have immortalized, and whose traits of private character all men are so eager to catch. The grand or gorgeous imaginings of the poet are nursed in solitude and seclusion, and treasured up as they arise, till they can be matured and combined for the delight of posterity; it is the nature of the artist to produce his fresh from the mint: silent thought is the province of the former; the policy as well as the taste of the latter leads him to exhibit, even in the very act, the workings of his mind, and the process by which they are matured. In general they are men of ardent temperament, with little skill and less desire to conceal their ideas and their feelings. It is no wonder, then, that their biographies are in the highest degree amusing and instructive.

But there are yet other points in the general character of artists which assist in giving to their actions and conversations a peculiar charm, and to the history of their lives no

small portion of its universal attraction. They, more than any other class of men, not even excepting the poets, inhabit a world of their own creation, of more than earthly splendor; imagination surrounds them with an atmosphere of light and living beauty; forms of surpassing loveliness, or of immortal majesty, such as are sought in vain amid the tame realities of life, are ever hovering near them, and are summoned at the will of genius to the presence of its privileged possessor; everything of fair and glorious and god-like, that the most glowing imagination can conceive, assumes for the eye of the painter a more perfect semblance of animated existence, than can be commanded by the wish or the will of other men; for him the cloud that shadows, not obscures, their glory, is withdrawn, and they stand before him in all the gorgeousness of their created magnificence, the majesty of intellect, the pomp of power, or the softer radiance of unsurpassable beauty. By this rare and glorious communion, his mind, his very nature becomes in a measure spiritualized and set apart, as it were, from those of his fellow-men; some few faint rays, at least, of the intellectual splendor in the light of which he lives, cannot but be reflected from his intellect; it would be difficult for him, even were it his will, to avoid imbibing some portion of the spirit which animates his conceptions and gilds his waking dreams: his character is tinged even unconsciously, with the hues his fancy loves to call into existence.

The moral attributes of the artist too are not without their distinguishing characteristics; with very few exceptions we see him indifferent to money, that great cynosure of worldly eyes; enthusiastic, industrious, and persevering in his labors, but not for gain alone; fame is his first idol, the advancement of his art the second: these are the objects of all his actions, the never-absent subjects of his thought, the real origin even of his words. Unskilled to subdue or disguise his sentiments, unconscious even of the sad necessity of doing so, he pours lavishly forth the wealth of his ideas, teeming with originality, and scatters about him praise or censure with the most unsuspecting candor. The great tidings of the world's doings are idle to him, except as affording a theme or materials for a picture; there is but one instrument in the world, and that is his pencil.

Of such materials it would almost be difficult to construct a dull book: Mr. Cunningham has done infinitely better; he has made one that is most interesting and worthy of the subject.

We should be pleased to offer some selections, but where all is so graphic and so entertaining it is difficult to extract. We have marked passage after passage, till the multitude of selections has become actually oppressive; and to avoid the difficulty of a choice, which must necessarily be limited, we can only advise all those of our readers who have any respect for our recommendation, to read the three volumes from beginning to end. We are confident of the thanks of such as shall be induced by our advice to procure for themselves so great an enjoyment.

Notes on Italy. By Rembrandt Peale. Written during a tour in the years 1829 and 1830. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 8vo. p. 328. 1831.

We confidently solicit for this volume the attention of our readers. Among numerous well written sketches of Rome, Florence, and Naples, accounts of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and brief observations upon London and Paris, it contains nothing to mar its general interest. It is difficult to find fault, because the author has undertaken nothing which he was not fully competent to accomplish. He describes, in clear and unaffected language, the impressions made upon him by the scenes, both of nature and art, of the celebrated places through which he passed, and without bewildering himself in the regions of either political or religious speculation. The reader is borne rapidly along, and enabled to take a brief survey of the most important objects which both instruct and amuse, without fatiguing his understanding. Indeed it is precisely the work one might anticipate from an intelligent painter, in whose journal, as in his portfolio, we would naturally look for sketches, at once accurate and picturesque. We are strongly tempted to subjoin a few specimens of his pleasant and terse narratives, but must postpone them until some future period. At present we can only afford space for the following observations on the decease of one of our fellow-citizens:

"A sad occasion for the assemblage of the few Americans who were in Rome, occurred to cloud the cheerfulness of spring by the death of Mr. Hone, of New-York. It is not easy to express the loss thus sustained by his relations and friends, nor to say how much the fine arts have suffered by the early death of one whose taste, zeal, and liberality were so favorable to their cultivation in America. He was interred in the ground allotted for strangers, close to the *Pyramid* or tomb of *Caius Cestus*. A number of curious Italians fol-

lowed the unusual procession of carriages, to witness the solemn ceremony as performed by an English episcopal clergyman; during which they respectfully remained uncovered. I could not repress a most melancholy feeling on finding myself in the midst of so many tombs, bearing inscriptions in all the languages of Europe, over the remains of many amiable and distinguished persons, who had died so far from their homes."

As a painter, Mr. Peale ranks high among American artists, and is now in Philadelphia, exhibiting his copies of the Italian master-pieces.

The Cabinet of History. Conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner. Assisted by eminent literary men. Outlines of History. Philadelphia. Carey and Lea. 12mo. p. 327. 1831.

This useful work has already run through one American edition. It comprehends a brief epitome of the world from the earliest ages until the pacification in 1815. While an attentive perusal of it would prove highly instructive to the young student, more matured scholars will find it valuable as a book of reference.

Annals of the Family of M'Roy. By Mrs. Blackford. New-York. William Burgess. 12mo. pp. 243, 214. 1831.

This tale is something in the style of Mrs. Opie's writings, wherein a useful moral is attempted to be illustrated by conducting the heroine through the various scenes of domestic and fashionable life. From a cursory perusal, we were pleased with the simplicity of the language and the excellent tendency of the plot. Female beauty, however brilliant, is so much more enchanting when unaccompanied by vanity and affectation, that we advise young ladies, inclined to think rather too highly of their personal charms, to read the volumes and be instructed.

The Catechism of Health: or plain and simple rules for the preservation of the health and vigor of the constitution from infancy to old age. Philadelphia. Journal of Health press. 18mo. p. 195. 1831.

In this little volume will be found much sensible information; but we object to the catechetical system of communicating knowledge to grown persons. It may be pursued with young children, but the general reader grows fatigued with the monotony of continual interrogation. By a different arrangement also the book might have been condensed into half its present size, an advantage, in this age of teeming presses, by no means to be disregarded.

Our correspondent appears to have imbibed a strong predilection for the "imperial seion," whose situation at present does, in truth, render him a fine subject for poetry. It would, however, be needless to observe, that we publish these verses without any reference to their political bearing.—Eps.

For the New-York Mirror.

TO PARIS.

Oh, Paris! thou beautiful city!
Thy glory and beauty are o'er!
The stranger but names thee to pity,
Who once could but name to adore.
Oh! how can thy spirit be quiet,
While thou must remember the day,
When swine in thy palace run riot,
And the lion stalked sternerly away!
And whom hast thou now to control thee?
The timid and politic fox!
And what has he done but cajole thee,
And dandle thy eagles to cocks!
No wonder that emblem must please him,
It puts him in mind of his prey;
But he fear'd that the eagle would seize him,
And shake his vile carcass away!
Oh yet shall the whelp of the lion
In the might of his father arise,
And yet the imperial seion
Its branches shall toss to the skies!
Thine idol shall rival the story
That haunts Napoleon's urn;
Then, Paris, thy beauty and glory
In triumph again shall return!

JAMES NACK.

A SPRING EVENING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

Bright with the changing colors of the skies
The many dew-drops gleam,
The image of the varied landscape lies
Clear on the silent stream.
Bright as the crystal spring, the blossoming tree,
The meadow tinged with gold;
The star of evening, peeping timidly
From the cloud's purple fold.
The valley's green is beautiful, the heath
And flowery-mantled hill;
The little lake girt with its sedgy wreath,
And alder-shaded rill!
O! how the influence of eternal love
Circles life like a band!
The glow-worm, and the star that shines above,
Each shows a Father hand.
It is thy power that bids the bud uprear
Its beauty to the day,
That bids the burning planet disappear
From its unnumbered way!

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REMARKS ON THE
CHARACTER, CONDUCT, SITUATION, AND PROSPECTS*Of those who live by the labor of their hands.*

BY M. CAREY.

LET us now turn to the appalling case of seamstresses employed on coarse work, and to that of spoolers, and here "I will a tale unfold" "to harrow up the soul" of all those endowed with feelings of humanity.

Coarse shirts and duck pantaloons are frequently made for eight and ten cents. The highest rate in the United States, with two most honorable exceptions, which I shall notice presently, is twelve and a half cents. Women free from the incumbrance of children, in perfect health, and with constant uninterrupted employment, cannot, by the testimony of ladies of the first respectability, who have fully scrutinized the affair, make more than nine shirts per week, working from twelve to fifteen hours per day, and possessing considerable expertness.* Those incumbered with children, or in indifferent health, or inexpert, cannot make more than six or seven. They are, moreover, as I have already stated, very partially employed. But laying aside all the various disadvantages and drawbacks, and placing the circumstances in the most favorable point of light, let us consider the case of a woman in perfect health, without children, and with uninterrupted employment—and see the result of her painful labors, and how little attention is paid to the awful denunciation against those that "grind the faces of the poor."

9 shirts per week—\$1 12½	Per annum,	\$58 50
Rent at 50 cents—		\$26 00
Clothes, suppose—		10 00
Fuel per week, say 15 cents—		7 80
Soap, candles, &c. 4 cents—		2 08
Remain for food and drink 24 cents per week, or about 3½ cents per day!!!!!!		12 62
		\$58 50

* Philadelphia, June 5th, 1830.

"The subscribers having perused with attention and deep interest the following statement, signed by thirty ladies of respectability, intelligence, and competence to decide on the subject, respectfully submit it to the consideration of their fellow-citizens:

"The undersigned having seriously considered the case of those seamstresses who work in their own lodgings, and whose dependence is on their needles, are convinced that the prices they receive for their work are inadequate for their support; that expert seamstresses, if fully employed, and unincumbered with children, cannot make more, working early and late, than eight or nine shirts, or duck pantaloons, per week; that the highest price paid here for those articles is twelve and a half cents each; which only amounts to one dollar twelve and a half cents per week; that the women in question almost universally pay fifty cents a week for their lodgings, which leaves but sixty-two and a half cents per week, or nine cents per day, for meat, drink, clothing, fuel, &c. for an expert woman, constantly employed, and without children! that cases very frequently occur, of the above articles being made for ten, and even for eight, and sometimes for six cents; that these women are frequently unemployed; that many of them are widows, who formerly lived in affluence; that no small number are aged and infirm, and unfit for any other occupation; that the occasional want of employment and sickness make a serious drawback on their slender means of support; that many of them, but for the assistance they receive from charitable individuals and benevolent societies, would not only be unable to pay their rent, but be often sorely distressed for the common necessities of life! Taking the whole of these afflicting circumstances under consideration, they strongly recommend their case to the consideration of the public at large, but more particularly to that of those by whom they are employed, in the hope that some alleviation of the sufferings of this numerous class may be devised and effected.

"Various other species of female labor are equally ill paid, particularly those of spoolers and winders of thread; but they have not judged it necessary to go into more particulars."

Philadelphia, May 24th, 1830.

The ladies names are omitted from motives of delicacy.

It is impossible to peruse this statement without extreme regret and surprise that such a state of things should have existed in this flourishing city, wholly unknown, as it must have been, to the mass of our citizens. That the case of the unfortunate women referred to calls loudly for a remedy, so far as may be practicable, cannot for a moment be doubted. That a complete and radical remedy is practicable we do not flatter ourselves, while the demand for employment so far exceeds the demand for that species of labor. And we regret to say, that there are cases in which the competition among the sellers of the articles produced by those women may have so far reduced their prices, as to render it impossible for the employers to raise the wages, without injustice to themselves. Yet we fondly hope there are very many cases in which the employers may be able to reconcile more liberal wages with a due regard for their own interest. And when the extent and intensity of the suffering that must inevitably arise from the present low rate of wages are duly considered, we rely that every man of generous and liberal feeling, who can afford to raise the compensation for the labors of those women, will cheerfully obey the dictates of humanity and justice.

CADWALLADER EVANS,	PAUL BECK, JUN.
MATTHEW L. BEVAN,	HENRY TROTCH,
SAMUEL RICHARDS,	J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.
HENRY KUHLE,	SAMUEL HILDEBURN,
THOMAS LATIMER,	BENJAMIN TUCKER,
ROBERT RALSTON,	JAMES GRAY,
WILLIAM MEREDITH,	PETER HILL,
ALEXANDER HENRY,	L. P. GEBHARD, M. D.
REV. G. R. LIVINGSTON,	SAMUEL D. BREED,
SOLOMON ALLEN,	W. GARRIGUES, JUN.
JAMES TAYLOR,	CHARLES D. MEIGS, M. D.
COLEMAN ELLERS,	MATHEW CAREY.
ANDREW BAYARD,	

But suppose the woman to have one or two children, to work for ten cents, to be a part of her time unemployed—say one day in each week—and to make, of course, six, but say seven shirts.

7 shirts, or 70 cents per week, is per annum,	\$36 40
Rent, fuel, soap, candles, &c. as before—	\$45 88
Deficit—	9 48
	\$36 40

Such is the hideous, the deplorable state of a numerous and interesting portion of the population of our cities in the most prosperous country in the world! And be it noted, to the discredit of the wealthy portion of the nation, of both sexes, particularly the ladies, that this subject has for three years been pressed on the public attention, in almost every shape and form, without exciting a single efficient effort in Boston, New-York, or Philadelphia—I will not say, to remedy or alleviate this horrible state of things—but even to inquire into it, and ascertain whether it was or was not remediless. It is impossible to regard this apathy without astonishment and indignation.

I have not lightly thrown a higher degree of censure on the ladies in this case than on the gentlemen. It was peculiarly the cause of the former. Their sex are "ground to the earth," and it was the peculiar duty and province of the ladies to stand forth in their defence. In such a holy cause of humanity their efforts could not have failed of success. They might readily have stimulated their fathers, brothers, husbands, and cousins, to meet and devise some plan to mitigate sufferings which drive numbers of unfortunate women to DESTRUCTION—to ruin here, and perhaps hereafter. Half the zeal, the effort that they make in other causes, not calling so loudly for their interference, would have sufficed to render the defence of those oppressed women fashionable. But they have looked on with calm indifference. I have applied in Philadelphia and New-York personally, or by letter, to above fifty ladies in each city—and every one of them expressed deep sympathy for the sufferers, but the sympathy was barren and unproductive.

In speaking of the effect on some of those unfortunate women to drive them to licentious courses, I ought to use the strongest language the subject would admit of, in order to make a deep impression on the reader, somewhat commensurate with the magnitude of the evil, and the enormity of the oppression under which they groan. A due consideration of their actual situation, and the gloomy prospects before them, would lead to anticipate such a result. Beseet on the one side by poverty and wretchedness—with scanty and poor fare, miserable lodgings, clothing inferior in quality and often inadequate in quantity; without the most distant hope of a melioration of condition, by a course of honest and unremitting industry—and on the other side, the allurements of present enjoyments; comfortable apartments, fine dress, with a round of pleasures; all these held out by vice and crime to entice them from the paths of virtue, is it wonderful that many of them fall victims, and enter on the "broad path that leads to destruction?" Is not the trial almost too severe for poor human nature? Let those who pass a heavy censure on them, and are ready exultingly to cry out, with the pharisee in the gospel, "thank God, we are not like one of these," ponder well what might have been their conduct in similar circumstances.

But that this is too often the result, does not depend on an elaborate process of reasoning, which, notwithstanding its plausibility, might lead to erroneous conclusions. We have the evidence of various citizens, whose opportunities duly qualify them to decide the question by the infallible test of facts.*

* Extract of a letter from Dr. Van Rensselaer, of New-York.

"My profession affords me many and unpleasant opportunities of knowing the wants of those unfortunate females, who try to earn an honest subsistence by the needle, and to witness the struggles often made by honest pride and destitution. I could cite many instances of young, and even middle-aged women, who have been 'lost to virtue,' apparently by no other cause than the lowness of wages, and the absolute impossibility of procuring the necessities of life by honest industry."

New-York, 5th April, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR—The subject of conversation at our last interview is one of great importance in every well-regulated community, and cannot fail to interest every benevolent mind. I mean the inadequate price usually paid for female labor, particularly to poor widows who are burthened with small children. It is a subject which ought to arouse the feelings of every philanthropist; for I have no hesitation in saying, from my own observation, as one of the acting magistrates of this city, that no inconsiderable portion of female distress and female depravity is to be attributed to the very scanty remuneration they receive for honest industry. I hope, therefore, most sincerely, that your unceasing efforts in the cause you have so disinterestedly espoused will be crowned with ultimate success. Yours, sincerely,

JOHN W. WYMAN.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D.

"From intimate acquaintance with many of the industrious poor for eighteen years past, both in New-York and in this city, I am constrained to say, that your remarks concerning the inadequate payment which females receive for their labor are just, and ought

But we are gravely told that these women ought to go to service—that servants are scarce; if they would condescend to fill that station they might have comfortable homes, abundance of good food, light labor, and high wages, so as to enable them to dress handsomely.

On the subject of servants I wish to offer a few observations, which, I am well aware, will be unpopular, and of course condemned by many; but fully convinced as I am of their truth and justice, I risk that consequence. No man is fit to write for the public who can be deterred from a free and bold expression of his sentiments, because they are likely to be unpalatable.

That there are as many servants as there are places for them, I am persuaded; and if the two classes of seamstresses and spoolers were at once converted into servants, there would be as great a redundancy of this class as there is now of the others. I do not deny that there are bad servants, and many of them. But are there not harsh and unreasonable masters and mistresses? Surely it would be miraculous if the twenty-eight thousand housekeepers in the city of Philadelphia, were all immaculate, and treated their servants with propriety. Those that are harsh, difficult to please, and use their servants ill, are as well known among that class as a dishonest merchant or trader is known on 'change. Such persons can rarely procure good servants. These know their own value, are high-minded, and will not go to places where they are likely to meet with harsh or improper treatment. Of course masters or mistresses of this description are often without servants, and when they do procure them, they are constantly changing, constantly complaining, and bringing discredit, as far as their testimony goes, on the whole class. Fifty persons of this description will do more to disparage the character of servants than one thousand who have good ones can do to defend them. The latter never make their servants a topic for the entertainment of their company. They are satisfied to enjoy the advantages without proclaiming them. Whereas those who are annoyed by bad servants, make their sufferings a constant subject of conversation; and there are persons who, slenderly endowed with the conversational powers, find this an unending and inexhaustible topic.*

But be this as it may, I would observe that among the class of persons depending on sewing and spooling there is a large proportion of aged widows, who are wholly unfit for service, and there are among them many young widows, with two or three small children, who are as dear to them as theirs are to the rich—whom, of course, they cannot bear to part with—and whom their wages, as servants, would not enable them to support at nurse.

The pernicious consequences of the inadequate wages paid the women of the classes I have in question, is strikingly displayed by the state of the out-door paupers in the city of Philadelphia. Of four hundred and ninety-eight females there are

Seamstresses—	142	Spoolers—	28
Washerwomen—	62	Shoe-binders—	10

—242

Being nearly one-half of the whole number. There are four hundred and six widows.

It may excite wonder how the seamstresses, spoolers, &c. are able to support human nature, as their rent absorbs above two-fifths of their miserable earnings. The fact is, they generally contrive to raise their rent by begging from benevolent citizens, and of course their paltry earnings go to furnish food and clothing.

I stated that there are two honorable exceptions to the low rate of wages paid to seamstresses. They are entitled to a high degree of applause, and are worthy examples, which ought to be generally followed. The one is the "Female

deeply to affect every benevolent person, who has any wish to do justly, and see honest industry suitably rewarded. A common slave, in the states of Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, is much better compensated for his labor, by his necessary food, clothing, lodging, and medicines, than many respectable mothers and daughters in this city, who apply themselves diligently to their work two hours for every one occupied by the negro in his master's service. Your remarks will apply to the folding and stitching of books, to the sewing of carpet rags, to the binding of shoes, no less than to the work done for the army and navy."

* I well know I am treading upon delicate ground, but I meet the consequences unhesitatingly. Masters and mistresses are too apt to expect perfection in their servants, and to make no allowance for small faults, never taking into consideration their own imperfections. This is the source of three-fourths of all the discomforts that arise in the intercourse between masters and servants. All trivial errors, and indeed all errors resulting from inadvertence, ought to be overlooked, or very gently rebuked. This is a plain, simple rule, the observance of which would prevent most of those changes, which are among the chief causes of the complaints of bad servants. How often does it happen that a trivial fault, resulting from a pardonable inadvertence, which ought to be overlooked, produces a serious quarrel, which occasions the loss of a faithful servant, who has been in the family for years! A sharp and rough rebuke produces a part and hasty reply—warning is given on one side or the other; and both parties, when too late, regret the petulance and peevishness which led to the separation, equally disadvantageous and uncomfortable to both.

Hospitable Society of Philadelphia," the other the "Impartial Humane Society of Baltimore." The former has uniformly paid eighteen and three-quarter cents for making shirts and duck pantaloons, and in the same proportion for other articles. The scale of prices of the latter is as follows:

Fine linen shirts.....	87½ cents
Fine muslin shirts.....	50
Common muslin shirts.....	25
Unbleached muslin shirts.....	18½
Fine waistcoats.....	62½
Second quality waistcoats.....	50
Common waistcoats.....	37½
Fine pantaloons.....	75
Second quality.....	50
Common quality.....	37½
Drawers.....	18½
Roundabouts.....	62½

It is deeply to be regretted that in such a wealthy and public-spirited city as Baltimore, this institution has but three hundred subscribers, although the subscription is but one dollar per annum—whereas for so glorious an object as rescuing such numbers of interesting females from penury and distress and all their demoralizing consequences, had the annual subscription been five dollars, there ought to have been one thousand subscribers.

The ladies who conduct the business of the society complain that the printers of newspapers, with one or two exceptions, do not afford them that powerful aid which the press owes to all useful establishments—and few are more pre-eminently useful than this association.

The case of the spoolers is at least as hard, and their sufferings as great as those of the seamstresses. By no degree of industry and skill can they earn in summer more than a dollar and a quarter, or a dollar in winter—and during the latter season they are, for the most part, employed but half their time.

IV. The fourth position which I undertook to controvert is, that

"Taxes for the support of the poor, and aid afforded them by benevolent societies, are pernicious; as, by encouraging the poor to depend on them, they foster their idleness and improvidence, and thus produce, or at least increase the poverty and distress they are intended to relieve."

If I have proved, as I hope I have satisfactorily, that there are classes of people, male and female, whose dependence is on their hands for support, whose wages, when fully employed, are not more than sufficient for that purpose; that when unemployed they must be reduced to penury and want; and that there are classes of females whose wages are inadequate, even when regularly and constantly employed; it follows, of course, that the poor rates and the aid of benevolent societies, far from producing the pernicious effects ascribed to them, are imperiously necessary, and that without them numbers would actually perish of want, as I have stated, or would have recourse to mendicancy, and mendicants impose a far heavier tax on a community than the same number of paupers supported by poor rates. The support of the five hundred and forty nine out-door paupers of Philadelphia, averages forty-six and a quarter cents a week—or less than seven cents per day. Some of them receive only a quarter of a dollar a week. I submit a statement of the whole number:

42 at 25 cents; 2 at 31; 186 at 37½; 259 at 50; 17 at 62½; 42 at 75; 1 at 100—Total 549.

If these were strolling mendicants, as, by the abrogation of the poor laws and the annihilation of benevolent societies, they would become, instead of an average of seven cents per day, the average would more probably be twenty-five or thirty cents, thus increasing the burthen on the community three or four fold. Many of them, with a wo-begone appearance, calculated to excite sympathy, whether real or fictitious, would probably realize fifty cents, and often a dollar a day.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

HERNANI.

OUR readers have heard of this celebrated tragedy, by Victor Hugo, which occasioned such a stir among the theatre-going people of Paris, and so much excitement between the schools of the Classicists and Romanticists. It has recently been translated into English, and brought out at one of the royal theatres in London, with what success we have not yet learned. It is founded upon Spanish incidents, and of course illustrative of Spanish manners and character. We have no idea of entering into an analysis of the plot of this play, for two reasons; one of which is, that such analyses are usually very stupid; and another, that it has already been done at length in a late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review. The scene which we have translated below is one of the best, and may be thus very briefly explained. We shall talk something like a prompter's copy, when we say—

time, midnight; Donna Sol at her balcony, expecting the coming of her lover Hernani; and Don Carlos the king, who had overheard the appointment, in waiting to arrest Hernani, and carry away his mistress: Donna Sol, having heard the signal agreed upon, descends from the balcony, and finds herself in the grasp of Don Carlos.

Donna Sol. O! It is not his voice, and I am lost!
Don Car. What sweeter accents would you listen to
Than to a lover's accents, and a king's!
Donna Sol. The king!
Don Car. I throw a kingdom at your feet!
Behold from whose embrace you would escape,
At once your sovereign master—and your slave!
Donna Sol. Help! Help! Hernani!
Don Car. Proper and worthy fear!
It is the king who clasps thee, and not thy bandit.

Donna Sol. Is there no shame in man and royalty?
I blush for your disgraced nobility.
Is this a triumph that a king should boast of,
To overcome by force a poor weak woman?
Hernani then is worth an hundred kings.
Don Carlos, if the soul might mark the man,
And honor stamped the bandit and the king,
Then thou wouldst wield the sword and he the sceptre.
Don Car. Madam!
Donna Sol. Forget'st thou that my father was a count?
Don Car. I will make thee a duchess.
Donna Sol. Go! 'Tis shameful.
My father in your cause has shed his blood,
And I am jealous of my father's honor;
Too proud to be a monarch's favorite,
Too poor and humble to adorn his throne!
Don Car. Share then my name, my honors, and my throne!
You shall be queen and empress.

Donna Sol. No!
I am above such snares. I tell thee, king,
If I must tell thee, I had rather far,
With my Hernani lead the exile's life,
Outlawed and banished from the crowded world,
Enduring hunger, thirst, and wretchedness,
Sharing his destinies in bitter woe,
Deserted, doomed to want and misery,
Than sit an empress on a monarch's throne!
Don Car. How happy is this man!
Donna Sol. Proscribed and poor!
Don Car. Poor and proscribed perhaps, but he is loved.
I am alone, an angel follows him.
Thou hast me, then?
Donna Sol. I do not love thee.

Don Car. Well, and what matters it?
Donna Sol. O heavens, my lord!
You are a king: duchess or marchioness,
Or countess, you have only to select;
The ladies of the court have always love
To barter for thy love. Proscribed and exiled—
What has Hernani, then, received from heaven?
You have Castile, Navarre, and Arragon,
Murcie and Leon, twenty other kingdoms,
And India, with its boundless mines of gold!
You have an empire that no king can equal,
So vast the broad sun never sets upon it!
And with all this will you, would you, my king,
Tear me from him whose all is my affection?
Don Car. Come, come, I will not listen to you. Love,
I will divide my empire with you. Say
What kingdom you will choose?
Donna Sol. (Struggling in his arms.) For mine honor,
I only ask of you, my lord, this dagger.

(Snatching at the poinard in his girdle. He disengages himself from her, and steps back.)

Don Car. The beauty!
I no more wonder that she loves a rebel. (Advancing.)
Donna Sol. One step you perish, and I—
(He recoils—she turns and cries.)

Hernani!
Don Car. Be hushed.
Donna Sol. (Raising her dagger.) One step, and all is finished.
Don Car. If all my kindness ends in this, my lady,
I have with me three officers of my suite—
(Hernani suddenly rises behind him.)

Hernani. You have forgotten one of them.
(The king turns, and sees Hernani standing fixedly behind him in the shade, his arms folded under the long cloak which envelops him. Donna Sol utters a loud cry, runs towards him, and clasps him in her arms.)

Heaven is my witness,
How gladly I had met thee elsewhere.
Donna Sol. Hernani, save me from him.
Hernani. Be composed.
Don Car. Monterey! What, then, are my friends about,
To suffer this Bohemian prince to pass?
Monterey!
Hernani. Your friends are in my keeping;
So do not clamor for their powerless swords.
For three to do your bidding I have sixty.
Sixty, of whom one is worth four of yours.
Here, then, we will arrange our difference.
What! Lay a finger on a noble maiden!
It was unworthy of a king of Spain,
A cowardly and miserable act!

Don Car. What, my lord ruffian, are you teaching me?
(Smiling disdainfully.)

Hernani. He scoffs at me! Indeed I am not king,
But when a king insults and injures me
Vengeance alone can soothe my wounded honor.
Beware! A monarch's crest may wear less terror
Than the just wrath burning upon my brow.
You are a fool—if still deceived by hope. (Seizing him by the knee)
Know'st thou whose hand thus holds thee in its grasp? (Arm.)
Hearken a word—your father murdered mine—
I hate you. You have taken from me all
My honors and possessions—I despise you.
You would deprive me of my love—I curse you.
Ay, from my soul I hate, despise, and curse you!

Don Car. Sir!
Hernani. This night, however, all my hate is fled!
All that I sought I find.
Don Carlos, in your own toils you are taken;
There is no hope of flight or timely succour.
You are my prisoner. Enemies surround you.
You are alone. What will you do, my lord?
Don Car. Away!
Hernani. Go, go! You fall by no unworthy blow.
My vengeance asks a fitting sacrifice—
My arm shall do the deed. Defend yourself! (Draws his sword.)
Don Car. I am your master and your sovereign.
Strike!

Hernani. My lord, remember, yesterday your sword
Was crossed by mine.

Don Car. And yesterday we met upon a level—
Your rank unknown to me and mine to you.
To-day, my friend, we are no longer equal;
You know my dignity, and I know you.
Hernani. Perhaps!
Don Car. You may assassinate—I cannot fight with you.
Hernani. Think you that we shall stand upon such trifles?
Defend yourself.

Don Car. You may assassinate.
What, think you, ruffian, that your desperate hordes
Shall safely spread themselves over my cities?
That you, a robber and a murderer,
Shall put the noble on and play the hero?
That I will deign to honor your vile dagger,
By crossing its foul steel with my bright blade?
No! crime has stained you, and his crimson blots
Have steeped your garments. Hence! Away!
(Hernani, sombre and pensive, plays some minutes with the point of his sword, then turns quickly towards the king, and breaks the blade upon the pavement.)

Hernani. Go, then!
(The king turns towards him with a look of disdain.)

Go! we shall find more fit occasion!
Donna Sol. My Hernani!

Don Car. It is well.
In a few hours and I, the king, am safe
Within my ducal palace. My first care
Shall be to look into my treasury.
Has a price yet been put upon your head?
Hernani. There has.
Don Car. From this hour I consider you a traitor
And rebel, and I give fair warning of it.
The ban of the kingdom is upon your head.

Hernani. I am already exiled.
Don Car. Well!
Hernani. But France is next to Spain, and there are ports
For entrance to her soil.

Don Car. I shall be emperor of Germany,
And banish you beyond the empire's limits.

Hernani. At your pleasure.
Still remain lands beyond your feeble sway;
From them I will defy you. There is refuge
Where thy hand cannot reach me.

Don Car. And when I shall have won the world?
Hernani. I still shall have the grave!

Don Car. Your insolent plot shall be discomfited.
Hernani. Vengeance is tardy, slow of pace; in time
She is sure to come!

Don Car. To lay her fingers on this royal dame
Who loves a bandit.

Hernani. Think'st thou I hold thee still?
Forget not, future emperor and Cesar,
I hold thee weak and helpless, in my power;
And with one grasp of my too loyal hand,
Can crush the imperial eagle in his shell.

Don Car. Do it.
Hernani. Go, go—away!

(Takes off his cloak, and throws it over the shoulders of the king.)

Away! and take this mantle,
Or in our ranks I fear some harm to thee.
I seek some fitter opportunity
For vengeance.

Don Car. And words like these, spoken by such as thou,
Shall surely meet the punishment they merit.

(King retires.)

LETTERS FROM BOSTON.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Boston, May 1831.

I BELIEVE I never told you that my correspondence should touch upon anything but Boston, and if so, you may skip this letter as not being mentioned in the bond. But if you are, notwithstanding, disposed to continue friends, and go along with me, I will endeavor to be as instructive and entertaining as possible. I wish to carry you to Cambridge, and if you are not too particular in the mode of conveyance, step with me into the hourly accommodation, which is running from six in the morning to six or eight at night, between the metropolis and this old seat of learning. Suppose then we have rattled over a long bridge, passed through a mile of the most disgusting and abominable piece of town on earth—to wit, Cambridgeport—and having suffered from all the vile sights, sounds, and odors which can possibly assail the senses, you will be rolled along to quite a decent and reputable spot, which is the seat of Harvard University.

This institution, as you well know, is the oldest in the country. In the year 1636, the general court of Massachusetts appropriated four hundred pounds to the establishment of a college at Newtown. In 1638 the Rev. John Harvard, who had received the degree of A. M., at Emanuel college, in England, bequeathed seven hundred and seventy-nine pounds and twopence towards establishing a college, and in honor of him the institution, which had the benefit of his legacy, adopted his name. In 1640, Mr. Henry Dunster was chosen the first president: an officer whose duty at that time was "to inspect the manners of the students, and unto his morning and evening prayers to join some exposition of the chapters which they read from Hebrew into Greek from the Old Testament in the morning, and out of English into Greek from the New Testament in the evening."

The different schools connected at present with the university, are a medical school in this city, the theological school, which is an unitarian establishment, within a few hundred yards of the principal college enclosures, and the law school, which has been recently revived and gone into very successful

ful operation, under the superintendence of Messrs. Story and Ashmun.

The various edifices which are occupied by the University, are Stoughton hall, Massachusetts hall, Holden chapel, Harvard hall, Holworthy hall, and University hall. These buildings, with the exception of the last, are of brick. University hall was built in 1814 of Chelmsford granite, and contains a chapel, recitation and lecture rooms, four large dining halls, with kitchens, baths, and probably a dozen et ceteras. These edifices stand on an inclosed plain of some dozen acres, ornamented and surrounded by shrubs and forest trees.

The library of the University consists of about thirty thousand volumes, which are deposited in two spacious rooms in Harvard hall. Large additions to it are annually making. Many of these works are exceedingly rare, and some of them, probably, are single copies; and if not, we shall risk little in saying that a number of them ought to be, as for any good they will ever do. These volumes have been accumulated principally within the last fifty years by liberal donations from a great variety of sources. Some of the donors have their names preserved and handed down by signs stuck up in the alcoves, a species of embalming, which, though not exactly like being laid up in lavender, is still a very respectable sort of perpetuation. One of the most distinguished of these was Mr. Hollis, on whose books we have noticed a number of queer devices, in relation to which we have copied the following paragraph from an old magazine.

"Mr. Hollis employed Mr. Pingo to cut a number of emblematical devices, such as the caduceus of Mercury, the wand of Æsculapius, the owl, the cap of liberty, &c.; and these devices were to adorn the backs, and sometimes the sides of books. When patriotism animated a work, instead of unmeaning ornaments on the binding, he adorned it with caps of liberty. When wisdom filled the page, the owl's majestic gravity bespoke its contents. The caduceus pointed out the works of eloquence, and the wand of Æsculapius was a sign of good medicine. The different emblems were used on the same book when possessed of different merits, and to express his disapprobation of the whole or parts of any work, the figure or figures were reversed. Thus each cover exhibited a critique on the book, and was a proof that they were not kept for show, as he must read before he could judge. Mark this, ye admirers of gilded books, and imitate."

But what do the fair and fashionable readers of your journal care about all this? In my next, to make amends for the dustiness of my present researches, and as an apology for their stupidity, I will tell you a little something about the various gentlemen connected with the University who have done anything to distinguish themselves from the general run of humanity. For personality is always interesting, even when it does not degenerate into scandal. P. G.

THE FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

SEVERAL subsequent visits to this fine collection of pictures, exhibited at Clinton-hall, have discovered to us so much worthy of praise, but overlooked in our first cursory glance, that we take pleasure in recurring to the subject. Indeed only a very lengthened and careful survey enables one to judge accurately of so many productions, and to enter properly into their individual merits. For a time the mind is too much divided by a multiplicity of impressions to compare and reason justly, and a glaring picture sometimes monopolizes the attention, while a thousand quiet displays of taste and genius escape the notice.

No. 8. General Lafayette, full-length. Mr. Morse. Nearly every body caught a glimpse of the veteran soldier during his visit to the United States. They will recognize the strong resemblance in this representation. He stands by two pedestals supporting busts of Franklin and Washington, while his right hand rests upon another unoccupied. Long may it be, before death unites him to his immortal associates. It is to be regretted, however, that the painting is not worthy the reputation of the president of the academy.

11. Full-length portrait of a lady. Another brilliant specimen by Ingham, and bearing the impress of his style. The folds of the dress are reality itself.

15. Morning scene. K. Hoyle. We do not wonder that artists are never weary of painting morning, yet it requires the devotion of a life to picture the sky. The clouds are too frequently dense and bold. Nature has made them all ethereal softness, floating, airy, and full of light. In the difficult

delineation of this, the artist has approached near the reality, and afforded an agreeable contrast with his moonlight view. They should be together.

17 and 18. Marine views. Thompson. In one the water rough, the sails swollen, and boats scudding before the wind; the other calm, water spread out into a mirror—both very well done.

21. Landscape. Ward. All wanderers through the country have paused to admire just such scenes, and will appreciate the excellence of this production.

22. Family groupe, Italian costume. Weir. A mother bending pensively over her sleeping infant, and a little girl by her side. Valuable both as an illustration of the female attitude in that part of the world, and for the picturesque beauty of the groupe. One of Mr. Weir's strongest claims to praise is, that he completes his pictures. His figures are fresh with an almost living beauty, his landscapes touched with extreme care and delicacy; and in the present specimen the furniture of the apartment, particularly the cradle, is portrayed with great force and truth.

30. Portrait of a gentleman. Inman. A first-rate painting, and an uncommonly striking likeness.

31. The White Plume again. Gentlemen who have accounts to cast up, persons with a reputation for business-habits, youths addicted to sonnets, we recommend to keep clear of this face. The eyes are dangerous. We envy the ex-secretary on the opposite side of the room, who, from one week's end to another, does nothing but look at them. If he had such a countenance before him when he penned the late lucid communication to a distinguished individual, the obscurities which have puzzled the nation are satisfactorily accounted for.

34, 35, 129, 132. Portraits of Ladies. Ingham. "Talk'st thou of nothing but of ladies." This gentleman seems to possess the same perception of the human face, as it is displayed in a certain pleasing class of our fellow-creatures, that breathes in Weir's delineations of natural scenery or moral beauty. The latter spreads before the awakened fancy the heavens glowing with the radiance of the setting sun, a Greek expiring in the arms of his friend in the cause of freedom, knights doing battle in bright moonlight, winding rivers, luxuriant meadows, or verdant hills; the former leaves the hills and rivers to exhibit their own charms, and gives you faces—sweet, glowing, beautiful female faces. All his various conceptions are charming, and full of the earnestness of a fervid imagination.

44. A small full-length. H. Page. Finely drawn. The perspective of the room and the coloring of the figure very effective.

54. Peter and John curing the lame. Weir. Although small, this deserves a careful study. The idea of distance is happily given, and the light falling softly on the street in the back ground, is not surpassed by any picture in the academy.

57. Rialto of Venice, moonlight. A. Richardson. There is much to be admired in this production.

58. Letter of Introduction. J. Dorn. The awkwardness of a youth, who seems afflicted with the uncommon misfortune of being modest, is here neatly illustrated. The bearer endures the broad glance of the company around the table, while the host peruses the letter. It is a very natural groupe, and well executed.

64, 71. Design and front view for the Record-office. If the dark and gloomy structure, which has, for so many years, answered the purpose of a jail, can be metamorphosed into any resemblance of the neat and chaste edifice represented in these drawings, it will certainly be an improvement gratifying to our citizens.

68. Hay Sloops, Duane-alip. W. J. Bennet. Water colors. The great reputation which Mr. Bennet has already obtained in this kind of painting will, we hope, prevent the visitor from passing over his pieces carelessly. This is one of superior merit. It shows like a reflection of the real scene in a camera obscura. It has everything of nature but sound and motion.

75. Half-length miniature of a Greek. H. C. Shumway. A delineation full of majesty and grandeur, which cannot be too much admired.

91. Boy and Pigs. W. S. Mount. Notwithstanding the rather unpleasant operation which closes the earthly career of this respectable class of animals, they certainly enjoy a degree of gentlemanly ease and retirement not often allotted to their keepers. They are here luxuriating in the straw, and with the boy, who leans lazily on the fence, form a very comfortable, though not poetic, emblem of tranquillity and contentment.

109. Flower Piece. Pretty, natural, and by a lady.

109. Pen Drawing. View of the tomb of Archimedes. C. Edwards. A very labored and beautiful specimen of industry and skill.

141. Portrait of the artist. W. Dunlap. True as life.

164. Portrait of a Little Girl coming from School. W. Dunlap. The girlish expression of this face could scarcely be surpassed, and proves the fame of the painter to be well merited.

168. Professor Griscom. Waldo and Jewett. We do not remember to have ever beheld a more faithful likeness.

170. Little Girl and Book. J. Freeman. Full of expression. She looks as if she had misspelled a word, and expected to be sent down to the foot of the class.

178. Cavern and Waterfall at the Kaatskill Mountain. G. Marsiglia. One of the most striking pieces in the collection.

197. Fish. Mount. In themselves beautiful objects, especially when, as the artist has painted them, overspread with various bright hues. The substantial air of raw beef in another part of the room, is by no means so appropriate a subject.

We have been tempted to bestow more attention upon these paintings than we originally intended, partly from having discovered, since our last notice, that many of them have not before been offered to the public inspection, and partly because a more careful examination convinces us that the present is altogether superior to any previous exhibition of the institution. It is indeed extremely creditable to the contributing artists, and richly merits the encouragement with which, we perceive, the fashionable world is already beginning to reward their labors. By the way, it is a consideration not to be forgotten, that while a crowd of charming faces smile upon the amateur from the canvass, he stands a fair chance of meeting others equally agreeable, unpainted but by "the cunning hand of nature."

ENGRAVING.

We may safely congratulate ourselves that a taste for the fine arts is annually becoming more widely diffused throughout the land. The impulse with which music has advanced is obvious to all; painting is by no means stationary; and, among the rest, engraving is making rapid progress; and the American people manifest an increasing disposition to encourage it. But a few years ago it was considered hazardous to publish any plate above mediocrity, and even then not until patronage had been secured by previous subscriptions. The public are, however, no longer indifferent to these subjects, and their liberal support has already produced several deserving artists, and numerous pieces of superior excellence. Among others we have before us the proof impressions of Peabody's "Views of New-York," now in the course of publication. They are among the most beautiful which have come under our observation. The work is printed in handsome style, and will soon be ready for delivery.

THE DRAMA.

We have once more three theatres in full operation. It cannot be expected, nor would it be agreeable to our readers, that we should enter into a particular criticism of all their performances. Besides, it often happens that each establishment puts forth its strongest attraction on the same evening; and it would require a certain power of ubiquity, not possessed by us, to notice them all, unless we were to fall into the custom prevalent with some, but, we beg the reader to believe, contrary to our practice, of animadverting upon pieces which we have never seen. When Cinderella is announced at the Park it is fashionable for everybody to be there—"us, of course." The Chatham has re-opened, under very favorable auspices. The interior is quite tastefully decorated, and in the company are several first-rate performers. At the Bowery, Messrs. Booth and Hamblin have been driving a pretty heavy tragedy business, as also Mr. Forrest at the Park and Mr. Pelby at the Chatham. At his benefit on Monday evening Mr. Forrest produced the new tragedy of "Caius Marius," which was completely successful, if we may judge from the repeated plaudits of an overflowing house. We intended to have given an analysis of this play, but have been prevented by a pressure of other matter. The following lines on "duty" are good, and were delivered by Caius with great effect:

"There's not a virtue in the human heart
But may be cancelled by that little word;
And when men do what fiends would startle at,
They lull their conscience with a sense of duty."

It has been said that the town is unable adequately to support three theatres, and we are inclined to the same opinion, unless a very different mode of management shall be adopted from that hitherto pursued. What the proper plan is we leave to the discernment of those most concerned.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 110.

"The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it."

THERE are many crimes not within the pale of law; crimes against generosity and feeling; and, somehow or other, they have always seemed to me more contemptible because they are committed in safety. Although my secluded and sedentary habits have, in a great degree, chilled the ardor of passion, yet even my blood passes with increased warmth and rapidity through my veins, when I behold a man, who, from the ostensible performance of the duties of an honest citizen and a good christian, acquires a reputation for piety and virtue, beneath which he tyrannizes over the poor, and tramples on the hopes and interests of the helpless and unhappy. The wretch who breaks recklessly through all the laws of society; who scours the seas in search of booty, waging fearless war against every nation, although he excites our abhorrence and indignation, is not totally destitute of a power to command something like respect: a tribute which the soul involuntarily pays to talent and courage; but there is nothing to qualify the contempt with which we regard him who perpetrates depredations upon the unfortunate, whenever he can do so without compromising his personal safety, who cringes down like a fawning spaniel to the laws, whose spirit he violates, and who thus betrays all the evil propensities of the open villain without his daring. If any thing can deepen the hue of such a character, it is when religion is his disguise, and woman is his victim.

The Genius came to me the other day, as I was engaged in meditation. His brow was dark with anger, and I feared that he was about to display some dreadful feature in the disposition of my fellow-creatures.

"Alas," I observed, "what new scene of grief awaits me? Observation has taught me but too well that, while hundreds of outcasts from society, under a different train of circumstances, might have borne, with happiness and honor, all the relations of social life; others, who grow up with unsullied name, and who move on equal terms with the great and the learned, want only freedom from restraint to render them despised. What new malefactor will you unmask?"

"He whom I am about to place before you," said my companion, "is not malefactor, at least as you mortals use the phrase. He is honest and industrious. He pays his debts, he loves his family, and he moreover believes himself to be a christian; for he goes through the ceremonial of worship with regularity and apparent sincerity. But thou knowest, Master Student, christianity is not a system of words and forms. It finds not vent in pompous donations to win public applause, nor even in the prayer ascending from the carved and lofty church. It is a spiritual essence, dwelling in the soul, with benevolence and affection; and shaping the thoughts, feelings, and actions according to the rules of moral justice. However the blind and giddy world may be deceived by false show, be assured that the benevolent Creator of man reads the heart, and if kindness and charity are not written there, the rest will pass for nothing."

"And yet," said I, "when we reflect upon the immense opportunities possessed by the better classes, in a thronged and commercial metropolis, to increase the source of human happiness, or cheer the sorrows of the wretched, by the exercise of the most simple virtues, it is strange that the noble and graceful impulses of nature could be so much checked and thwarted by mean and paltry interests."

"The subject," said my companion, "is one of deeper importance than even you imagine. Nothing is a more pleasing object of contemplation than a good man anxious to render those about him happy. Nature has not given us all genius, wit, or beauty; but every man may be kind and charitable, and may regard his own necessary interests sufficiently without entirely forgetting or sacrificing those of others. All the anguish resulting to society from the acts of avowed criminals, and which subject the perpetrators to the dungeon or the scaffold, is less than that which grows out of those violations of good feeling, in the innumerable walks of private life, over which the law exercises no jurisdiction. The glass will discover to you an example, wherein you may perceive the result from the one and the other."

I beheld a man struggling against the world. He was haggard and poverty-stricken; and while crowds of cheerful beings, in comfortable and often elegant attire, were hastening by on every side, and the sounds of laughter broke on his ear, and the flashes of each glittering and costly garment

dazzled his eyes, as they rolled by, and bore the wealthy in pursuit of pleasure, this ragged, wretched, friendless, and hopeless old man—for on his sick countenance were the marks of age as well as the print of sorrow—stood the meanest object in the throng, and wondered why he was born. He wished to die. His soul delighted in the idea of resting, even though it were in the grave, from the weariness, the privation, the bleak and desolate misery which, in the place of all these splendors, fate had allotted to him; but while the young, the beautiful and the happy were cut off from their summer joys, and languished on the sick bed, and then died, and were borne in their cold and mournful loveliness, to lie with the sleepers in the church-yard, he, in his misery, still lived on. And then he felt the gnawings of hunger; and, in a kind of desperation, he stole a pocket-book from a wealthy man, was detected—tried—condemned. Nothing could appease the rage of him against whom the theft was committed. He cursed him, and cast him into prison.

"Unhappy man!" I exclaimed.

"Pity him not," said my companion. "It is not my wish to shed a false interest around the fate of the guilty. He has broken the laws of his country—it is just that he should pay the forfeit. Cast another glance into the mirror."

There was a poor woman at labor in a mean hovel. She had once known better days, but that was over; and although to her, also, the world was bleak and dreary, she was industrious—not dishonest. Her character she cherished, for the sake of her children as well as for her own; and, by the exercise of her skill in making artificial flowers, which, in bygone times, she had learned as an accomplishment, she had been enabled to keep her little household clean and neat; and often—for brief gleams of sunshine sometimes fall upon the lowliest and darkest path—often happy. They were friendless, it is true, but they were also innocent, affectionate, and pious; and when the world threatened them, and the cloud of some impending calamity darkened over their heads like the brooding tempest, they lifted up their hearts to God, and were soothed and elevated by their conviction of his mercy. Among other misfortunes it was their lot to be in the power of a cruel landlord, a cold-hearted and bad man, who closed his eyes and his soul against every thing but money. He had labored to amass wealth, and would forego nothing of his income. "Other people must take care of themselves," and when the widow or the orphan pleaded, he retorted with the brutality of Shylock. Mercy was not in his "bond," and he would have his "pound of flesh."

The poor widow and her little family had been long occupied in fashioning the pretty flowers that adorn the brow of beauty, perchance, in the midnight revel. Alas! she dreams not that its leaves have been nourished with the tears of the wretched! A few weeks' delay would have enabled her to dispose of them to advantage; but her tyrant would not brook delay. So she set off mournfully to part with her little stock at an auction sale, where she hoped to receive at least sufficient to discharge the rent. They were put up in neat boxes with some expense, for the poor woman knew how much farther appearances went with the careless world than considerations of kindness for the afflicted. But few attended the sale; and, among others, the very man whom I had seen so enraged at the unhappy wretch who stole his money. This individual purchased them for a few cents a box, for nobody bid against him, and bore them to his place of business. When the widow knew that all she had to depend on had been sacrificed, she declared herself ruined; but a bystander, touched by her distress, took her aside and advised her to appeal to the generosity of the purchaser.

"I know him well," said the stranger. "He is one of the most respectable of our citizens. He is himself a husband and a father, and can, therefore, fully appreciate your situation. Besides which, he is a member of the church, and, should his natural feelings fail to prompt him, he will restore your little property from the dictates of a religion which commands him to 'do unto others as he would have them do unto him.'"

Trifling as this incident was, I watched the denouement with increasing interest, for I began to perceive that the Genius was no longer leading me through the regions of fancy, but was actually disclosing an occurrence of real life. The child of misfortune dried her eyes, and hope was once more cheerful in her bosom. She went tremblingly to his store, and, as well as her diffidence would permit, narrated the simple circumstances of her history and the cause of her errand. But her expectations were not realized. He had just sold a box; and he found that every shilling he had paid would produce him several dollars.

"My good woman," he exclaimed, "I cannot assist you

I live by my business, and must make the best of it. If I had made a bad bargain I should have borne the consequences. This is a good one; I cannot yield the advantage."

The widow went to her home—and found it desolate, for the landlord had distrained on her goods. The successful speculator on so small a scale, hied him to church and bent his head in prayer!

"Mark," said the Genius, as he disappeared with a pensive smile; "mark how piracies may be committed under the mask of religion even at the thresholds of your doors, in the broad streets of this great city. This is the way to be rich, but not to be a christian."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Mr. Carey's Essays.—We conclude the publication of these papers in the present number. Although not light and gay, like those whose only aim is to amuse, so clear and authentic an exposure of facts cannot be uninteresting, and a general knowledge of them may relieve the distress of thousands. We trust, therefore, that, for their appearance in our columns, the indulgent reader will require no better apology than our desire to facilitate the exertions of their author in improving the condition of the poor, but honest classes. The subject possesses more powerful claims upon general attention, from its close connection with the moral character of a large portion of the community.

American Dictionary.—Recent accounts bear testimony to the increasing interest which the literature of this country is exciting, not only in England, but on the continent.—The publisher of the American Dictionary in London had nearly a thousand subscribers before the work was half printed. At the head of the list are some of the royal family and several of the ministry and nobility; and on the continent many subscribers, in Germany, and the Netherlands, and some in Vienna. In a number of periodicals and papers, the work is commended in as favorable terms as its best friends can desire.

As this dictionary is now adopted in many, if not all our universities and colleges, by the higher officers of government, and by congress, as their standard, it becomes important that the primary schools of the country should procure the author's elementary books, in order to insure uniformity in orthography and pronunciation. Incessant and unwearied efforts are making to introduce, or continue in use other elementary books, whose different orthography tends to keep the language in perpetual fluctuation, and confound both teachers and pupils. Most of these are sold cheap—very cheap—but really for more than they are worth. They have the old orthography of the age of Elizabeth, copied most absurdly from Walker, but long since obsolete, and now ridiculed in England. The orthography of Webster's elementary books is modern and uniform; and his scheme of notation is universally admired for its simplicity.

Love and suicide.—A young girl, aged sixteen, and described, in a late London paper, as of prepossessing appearance, has lately added one to the numerous and melancholy list of females who have fallen victims to a passion generally regarded with ridicule. The object of her love was a young man named Alders. She left her home in Chancery-lane, and went to Richmond, with the intention of committing suicide, in which she too well succeeded. Since the coroner's inquest the following letter, addressed to "Mr. G. Alders," was discovered in her bed-room at her father's house:

"Once more, and for the last time, I venture to address you. That my love for you is hopeless, is beyond question, but a wound is implanted in my heart that time will never eradicate, nor shall I ever love another. To live, then, is impossible. I cannot. Farewell then, farewell for ever. Ere this letter reaches you, the unhappy and rejected Clara will have met a watery grave. Adieu for ever, Clara."

This is not to be classed among the fictions of the day, but seems to have come from an authentic source. While the unhappy victim of neglect, but more of her own unregulated feelings, affords a proper subject of compassion, we may easily trace in her character the effects of a careless education. It is probable that her mind has been rendered morbid by an injudicious perusal of novels and poetry. Nothing is more fatal to a sensitive disposition than a habit of turning from the practical realities of life, and contemplating the images with which gifted writers people the world of romance.

Concert.—A concert of sacred music will be given at the Paraclete church, on Wednesday evening, the eighteenth instant. We have only room to observe, that Mrs. Austin will appear, with other powerful attractions.

THE WIDOW.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—COMPOSED BY BISHOP.

With mournful expression but not too slow.

I can-not love an-o-ther, I can-not cast a-side The dark weeds of a wi-dow For white robes of a bride. I ne-ver more may

lis-ten To Love's be-guil-ing voice, The sad heart of the mour-ner Can make no se-cond choice

SECOND VERSE.

Oh! offer nought but friendship,
And I will be your friend;
Speak only of the lost one,
And mark how I'll attend;
His portrait hangs above us,—
Dare not to breathe love's name,
Those dark eyes, could I listen,
Would frown upon my shame.

THIRD VERSE.

And, see, my child clings to me,
And looks up in my face,
He has no other parent
To fondle and embrace.
Unconsciously his finger
My wedding-ring hath prest,
As if it were to chide me
For smiling on my guest.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

THE BARBER.

THE barber is *ex officio* a politician. He will discuss you the merits of the candidate, for office, as well as the most jaded beer drinker of his ward. Now this is saying a great deal, for a beer drinker is also a politician, *ex officio*; and many old politicians choose to shave themselves, sooner than to be out-talked and out-vied by the knight of the brush and basin. The barber is indeed a most astonishing fellow. If the person he is torturing be a merchant, he talks of flour and cotton, indigo and tobacco, and if he discovers him to be from the land of nullification, he denounces the tariff, and declares that he would like to see every mother's son of the down-easters smothered in mush-and-molasses. If the operator be a lawyer, the operator modestly (for lawyers are a superior class of beings, and even Monsieur Shaver bends the knee to them) asks his opinion of the revised statutes; but the dread in which he is held by him is not a sufficient guarantee from the incessant fire of his tongue. If the doctor comes in, he wishes him joy of the wet weather, asks him if sore throats, coughs, colds, and consumptions are plenty, and slyly hints that he has heard his patients are as grave as ever. He is also a good physiognomist, and knows well whom he has to deal with, and it is his own fault if he is not a good craniologist. The village barber mortally hates a Yankee pedler, having suffered so much by way of excellent razors, shaving soap,

washballs, &c., and no sooner does he see one of these wooden clock, horn-flint, and oak-leaf Havana cigar-makers approaching his shop, than he makes up his mind to shave for half price, and be cheated into the purchase of a razor which will be warranted to shave into the bargain. The barber is—in short, he is a thing that shaves and talks and talks and shaves until his unlucky hearer wishes him at the bottom of the sea, and never ceases except when he stretches forth his hand to receive the reward of his labor, and then he thanks you, but whether for your money or your patience is a problem not yet solved.

Epigrams.

"NON-INTERVENTION."

As understood by the "five great powers."

Non-intervention used to mean
To let a man alone,
To settle matters as he could,
And quiet pick his bone.

But now, in this enlightened age,
It means just the reverse;
Not what you please, but what we please—
We bear both sword and purse.

Thus the "five great dispensing powers"
To honest Belgium say,
"Choose whom you will to be your king,
"For certes choose you may

"But mind, my honest friend, if you
"Fase by the king we choose,
"A man might better just be hanged
"Than in that rascal's shoes."

"THE UNION."

England and Ireland ever are at strife
About the mastery, just like man and wife;
They quarrel, swear, and fisticuff away,
And can't keep quiet even when they pray;
At court, at feasts, at church, and every where,
They scratch, and caterwaul, and tear their hair.
A century they've held this rare communion
Of sweet domestic bliss, and called it "Union."

"THE THREE DAYS."

Quoth Hodge, a country bumpkin of renown,
To an old neighbor just returned from town,
"What do they mean down there by these three days,
'Bout which they such a mortal potter raise?"
His friend replied, "O 'twas a glorious thing,
The people rose against a tyrant king;
The bristling bayonets met with dauntless breast,
Resolved to die or see their wrongs redressed;
For three whole days the stubborn fight maintained,
Won a great victory—and nothing gained!"

IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

We have so few real sources of happiness in this world,
that I am always glad to get as many imaginary ones as I can.

MUSICIANS.

Musicians are apt to be jealous of each other. I once heard
of one who experienced envy at hearing a mock-bird sing.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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YES, ONCE MORE I AM FREE.

Yes, once more I am free
From her bright and silken chain,
Her lip, with all its witchery,
Shall smile on me in vain:
Her eye is very bright,
And her cheek a modest red,
And her neck a very lily white—
But her stony heart is dead.

In my verses once I said,
That she was quite a Hebe,
And the pert reply she made,
Was "pray, sir, who may she be?"
It cut me to the heart,
But I never let her know it—
That a word from such as she, should start
The feelings of a poet.

And now the unkind girl
Has sent me my dismissal,
And my brain is in a rapid twirl,
From reading her epistle;
When my faith has thus been plighted,
It is very, very cruel,
That my hopes should thus be blighted
And myself shot in a duel.

I—who had pinned her shawls,
And tied her shoes and bonnets,
Gallanted her on morning calls,
And loaded her with sonnets;
Who gave her rings and other things,
In such expensive numbers,
And always flew on Cupid's wings
To serenade her slumbers!

But once more I am free
From her bright and silken chain,
Her lip, with all its witchery,
Shall smile on me in vain:
Her eye is very bright,
And her cheek a modest red,
And her neck a very lily white—
But her stony heart is dead!

ORIGINAL TALES.

RANDOM SKETCHES.—THE MAD POET.

I HAVE ever had but little compassion for that numerous class of individuals who set out in their career with the intention of doing nothing, and after a variety of revolutions are wound up with having nothing to do. Their usual resort, under such circumstances, is to become misanthropic, groan over unmerited misfortunes, and complain of the uncharitable coldness of the world. After a while, they begin to talk of the little there is in this life worth living for. They speculate upon the easiest method of going out of the world, and try it upon their neighbor's dog. They purchase poisons for their own taking, and are the death of all the cats in the vicinity. And after this, if they avoid the insane hospital, and gain wisdom from experience, they will sometimes settle down into very domestic, paternal, and honest men.

I have a personage of this description in my eye at present. From the circumstance that I have called him, by way of distinction, the *mad poet*, you will perceive that I do not consider lunacy at all essential to the perfection of this character. The greatest living bard is probably one of the most sane, quiet, and harmless of mortals. But my friend, Mr. Silver, thought differently. He imagined craziness to be the height of inspiration, and founded his whole system of conduct and composition upon this very erroneous principle. The natural consequence was that in worldly estate he soon found himself completely in the vocative; and though entering life with a considerable fortune, he was blessed at the age of twenty-three with the disagreeable incumbrances of a wife and a couple of children, without a cent, a friend, or a prospect in the world. I have said without a prospect, but it would be more proper to say with but one prospect—that of utter starvation; for he had no business, or knowledge of business, and though he was certainly entitled to affix Dr. to his name, it would have been only to signify debtor, and not a doctorate of law, physic, or divinity.

I was first introduced to Mr. Silver about six years ago, in a coffee-house in Boston. He was a genteel young man, with a fair address and agreeable conversation, but in his ideas altogether too diabolical. A modest man, and no poet, like myself, could not stand it. His language was a continual hyperbole. He dealt only in superlatives, and those of the most desperate description, affected Byron, thought well of pirates, and indulged quite a partiality for highwaymen. He had always considered it beneath the dignity of his art to at-

tend in the slightest degree to sublunary matters, and the sole recourse, in his present embarrassments, was to the feelings, and through the feelings to the purses of those of his friends who would be proud to relieve a poet and a man of genius!

The fellow had really some talent and attraction about him, in spite of all his *diablerie*, and those of his acquaintance who were able to indulge their inclination, freely offered him the use of their pocket-books. But when these calls became more and more frequent, without any prospect of discontinuance, it is more than probable, judging from the analogies of human nature, that they began to fight shy of him. It occurred to them that he ought to be doing something for himself. As soon as Mr. Silver perceived this, he commenced the introduction of his wife and children. He exhibited them upon the canvass in all the brilliant and attractive colors in which his fancy could invest them—bright, affectionate, and happy. And then, reversing the scene, represented them in poverty, darkness, misery, suffering from cold and hunger—and in the back ground a domestic thunder-storm ready to burst over their heads. This took for a while amazingly, and answered for a number of weeks. But this also eventually lost its charms. At every recital he accumulated new images of horror, new epithets to express aggravated misery; but images of horror and epithets of misery began to pall. For the last resort, he talked misanthropy.

"He had lived long enough—too long. He had survived his means and his hopes, was buried in distress, and had but one way left by which he could extricate himself; and to this, sooner or later, and he did not know how soon, he should be obliged to resort."

It was while acting under these impulses that he honored me with a visit on a midsummer afternoon. He was evidently in one of his insane intervals. He stalked into the room and closed the door violently behind him: then folding his arms and gnashing his teeth, he began to promenade my apartment at the rate of ten knots an hour. I was seated quietly at my desk, gazing on him in utter astonishment, and finally threw down my pen to wait patiently for the issue. He at length stopped short, drew a chair violently towards me, and began, after having worked his face into uglier contortions than you ever saw upon the stage:

"Mr. Pennlesse, I have had dreams—horrid dreams. You are my friend, and I am willing to confide in you, for I respect and esteem you. I believe you to be an honest man—and this from me, sir, who never met but one honest man in my life, and who scorn to flatter, you may consider no mean compliment."

I bowed a suitable acknowledgment, and he resumed his discourse:

"Mr. Pennlesse, I am tormented by a fiend that whispers shocking things to me. I have long been tormented by him, and it is strange that I have not before acted upon some of the impulses he has put into my crazed brain."

I crossed my legs and leaned forward in an attitude of earnest attention.

"From my childhood upwards he has haunted me like a shadow, and my whole life has been a continual struggle with him."

I looked the very essence of sympathy.

"Last night he came to my chamber; it was a bright moonlight, and I could distinguish his features: it was still as death, and I could hear his voice. He drew the curtains of my bed, and whispered one word—it was enough." He threw himself back in the chair and covered his face with his hands, when suddenly rising he re-commenced pacing my apartment.

"This is a vile world—a vile, vile world!"

"But pray tell me to what conclusions you have come from the suggestions of the fiend. What did he advise?"

"Shooting myself."

I knew all along what he was driving at, but started back in feigned amazement.

"Shoot yourself—it is impossible!"

"Neither impossible nor improbable, it is strictly true! I have made up my mind."

"But, my dear fellow, consider—you don't know what you are about."

"O, but I do. What have I to live for? I am neglected, cheated, abused. I am overwhelmed with debts and difficul-

ties, and how can I desire to remain a moment longer in a world which has thus treated me?"

"Think of your wife and children."

"No, sir, the thought drives me to desperation. I am resolved—you are my friend, and I wish you to assist me."

"Well, Mr. Silver, to tell you the truth, I am glad to see this. You are a man of courage, and I respect you. Any assistance in my power I shall be happy to furnish. I will not be your executioner, but anything short of that you may command."

I observed that this took him by surprise, and he was at a loss what course it would be proper for him to pursue. He hesitated, however, only for a moment, then rushed forward and grasping my hand, exclaimed,

"I thank you, sir—from the bottom of my heart I thank you."

"But, Mr. Silver, what mode of exit do you intend to adopt?" I asked coolly.

"Why, Mr. Pennlesse, I really have not made up my mind—they are so cautious about selling poison, and I have no pistols."

"Well, Mr. Silver, since your resolution is taken, it is desirable that you should go about this matter as deliberately as possible. Have you any last requests that you wish executed?"

"Very cool to be sure," thought the insane bard, though he did not exactly like to say so. He muttered in a tragedy tone, "No, sir—none."

"Very well, sir, then we can settle it in a few moments. I am not the man to see my friend suffering in this way when I can assist him. You shall not be balked, sir. You are a brave fellow, and we will have it all attended to in the twinkling of an eye."

I then carefully turned the key of my apartment, to prevent all interruptions, went to a small drawer in my secretary, and brought out a brace of pistols, one of which I very carefully loaded, primed, and cocked. Mr. Silver meanwhile was looking aghast on all my movements.

"Here, sir," said I, when the operations were completed, "this little instrument is as sure as fate. There is nothing to fear. My rooms are entirely at your service. Good by, my dear fellow," shaking him affectionately by the hand, "good by. I trust I have been to you a friend in need."

Mr. Silver turned as pale as the wax figure of Niobe in the museum.

"You need not be afraid of getting me into difficulty from this affair's taking place in my chambers. I will get rid of that by some device or other, never fear. Here is the pistol, sir; take it, and I have no doubt that every thing will go off well."

Mr. Silver could not have trembled more violently if I had been threatening to shoot him myself.

"I am afraid, Mr. Pennlesse," he at length articulated, "I am afraid you do not exactly understand me."

"O, but I am sure I understand you perfectly. There can be no manner of doubt about it. You wish to shoot yourself, and I, like a true friend, am desirous of giving you all the assistance in my power—this is the long and short of it."

A man of common calibre, under such circumstances, would have shot himself in self-defence; but, fond as he was of talking, Mr. Silver was altogether too courageous to act upon compulsion.

"My dear Mr. Pennlesse," he exclaimed, "I am aware of your kindness, but it would certainly involve you in inextricable difficulty."

"My dear sir, don't think a moment about me. Don't believe, sir, that I could be so entirely selfish as to waste a thought on my own situation. There is the pistol, sir—do take it."

Mr. Silver paced up and down the floor in very evident agitation. There was a decanter upon the side-board; he approached it, turned out a copious draught of the dark sparkling liquid, and diluted it with a trifle of water. I followed his example, and we pledged each other. When we had drank, I turned to him:

"I see how it is, Mr. Silver, you are fearful on my account, and I admire your delicacy. But, sir, my pistol is entirely at your service—you may take it to your own chamber."

He took it as a thing with which he was not desirous of a nearer intimacy.

"There is one request you will be kind enough to attend to. I set a great deal by that little pop-gun, and I wish you would leave a line on your dressing table, directing that it should be returned to me."

"I will, sir. Good by, for I shall probably never see you again."

I never did see him again. He took seats that very night in the southern stage, leaving my *vade mecum* directed to my address, without note or comment. I have recently heard that he is now very respectably situated in a comfortable clerkship, and attentive to its duties. He has ceased from his mouthings and tragedy heroism, is as sane as his neighbors, and as happy with his beautiful wife and fine children as he ought to be. Without vanity, I think some of the credit of it belongs to myself.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—In my way, I am a moderate man; I indulge in sweeping denunciations only as a last resort; and where anxious to convince, would deprecate undue excitement; but, upon my honor, gentlemen, the present fashion of ladies' hats is insufferable. I, for one, have borne with them until I can bear no longer; and I feel that we "lords of the creation" are daily becoming martyrs to the cause of patient endurance under these flaring prodigies.

Pray, sirs, what connection have they with the symmetry of the human form? What, with the original purpose for which a hat was designed? Are they like anything but themselves, and for anything but a chaotic display of extravagance? Did you ever happen to sit behind one of them in the theatre, or under its umbrageousness in a church? and if so, what think you of the splendor of "Cinderella," or the tranquillity of humble devotion? Oh, quakeress simplicity, how do I honor thee! modest and retiring—promoter of thy own comfort, and disturber of no philosophy, (excepting as thou addst a tenfold lustre to the brightest eyes in the world, and thereby dost mock all philosophy,) how charmingly dost thou illustrate, exemplify, and adorn the creed of creeds, "meddle with thine own affairs, and intrude not on the meditations of others!"

Ah! I could tell a tale, sirs, "of one who loved;" how the eyes won a heart, and how the hat lost it; but it matters not; this is an unsympathizing world, and people listen much more readily to their own than another's grievances. I assert, then, that every man in this community, whether married or single, whether young or old, has a wrong to be redressed, which is identified with these monstrosities. All husbands and fathers, for example, must pay for the necessities or extravagancies (the words are growing synonymous) of their respective charges; and, excepting a ring for each finger, a change of bracelets, and a gold chain for every day in the week, I ask, what proportion of a year's expenses appears in the milliner's bill?

Didst ever rusticate in a stage coach, reader? Bandboxes, (ominous prologue!) bandboxes once could be carried in one's lap, or stowed in a corner; time was, even, when, with the traveller's undress privilege, one hat was sufficient for a six weeks' tour; ay! and time was, too, when, bating the bandboxes, the stage-coaches aforesaid were habitable by reason of the then unoccupied space, where now feathers and bouquets, ribbons and points, dart hither and thither, as lawless and as illimitable as summer lightning, to the infinite jeopardy of eyes and good temper. But, alas! those halcyon days of old-fashioned notions and comforts are not among the blessings of the nineteenth century. Two bandboxes are now a full freight for anything with four wheels, excepting only the "Omnibus," and a complement can be laden on board of no craft that floats in our waters. I would not complain of all the afflictions which these anomalies bring upon the community; I could not enumerate them if I would; one might as well count the bows on a bonnet, or the sands on the sea-shore. But there are some considerations which ought not to be passed over in silence, and others which cannot well be endured. I say nothing of an impoverished purse—nothing of the stage-coach monopoly—nothing of the exclusiveness of steamboat occupancy—I bow with something of submission, but more of despair, to the fact that Mrs. Austin was invisible at the last Musical Fund; and I try to remember with patience that, excepting the morning when Miss Blank fainted, and, sky-scrapers and all, was carried out of church, I have not seen the benignant face of

my minister, either in the desk or the pulpit, for the last three years. But I will not attempt to describe whatever else is indescribable, nor to recapitulate that which is without the scope of both poetry and prose; yet, when these aerial wonders choke up our Battery, and render our very sidewalks impracticable, I may be permitted to proclaim that "something must be done."

But be it remembered, the denouncers of this fashion are not the only sufferers. I can appreciate the excitement which sustains the ladies under this mountain of millinery, for I have been a "soldier" in my day, and know that the broiling of a July sun, the insidiousness of July dust, the grinding of a heavy cap, and the expression of tight boots, are small matters when set off against those concomitant advantages, which everybody understands; and thus the ladies, for the satisfaction of the display, can afford its trifling penalty. But how is it in a sudden shower, or an unexpected gust of wind? Their banners are drenched and droop forever; they cling, instinctively, to their bonnets, and sometimes, by a mere miracle, are not blown under the wheels of a carriage, or waisted to the skies.

Now, seriously, what is the cause of all this? Is it vanity? Is it an experiment upon the tolerance of the age? Is this huge head-dress a token of rank? Is it the prerogative of nobility in other countries—of aristocracy in our own? Is beauty heightened by it, or are beauty's conquests extended? Are these beau-killers really displayed as beau-catchers? Does good taste approve them? Does any taste tolerate them? If a negative reply be conceded to these queries, common sense would say, (and swear to it,) that the cause is disproportionate to the effect; but common sense knows nothing of the matter; it is unacquainted with the despotism of fashion, and it is removed that it has no concern with its creations!

Good Mistress Candor, decide thou the question—ought, or ought not, we gentlemen to rise in open rebellion against fashionable hats?

There are yet a chosen few who soar above the trammels of fashion, and are not afraid to enshrine their loveliness under a dunstable; who prefer the approval of gentlemen to the stare of impudence—convenience to ostentation—propriety to extravagance; who have enough of benevolence to consult the wishes of others, and of judgment to discriminate between the genteel and the ridiculous; to such I offer my feeble attempts at commendation, the homage of my heart, and the service of my pen.

CASBIO.

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED LETTER,

From Miss Belinda Zephyr to Olivia Avenel.

MY DEAR OLIVIA—I need not say that I am infinitely obliged to you for introducing me to that delightful creature. His name it is useless to mention, you must know the gentleman I refer to; if not, call to mind all those agreeable and handsome gallants I met at your father's house during my long stay there, the most agreeable, beautiful, and divine. You cannot mistake. Though to leave these generalities a moment—say a black, quick, and speaking eye—a classically shaped nose—a couple of rubies cut by a line of pearl for what mortals call a mouth—and dimpled chin—just in that condition to have suited the capricious Beatrice, neither with a beard, nor with no beard. Add to this a well-cut ear, dark hair, not curled, a fine figure, genteel dress, a heart, a soul, and an intellect, and you have the whole picture. There he is to the life, and you will not have the impertinence to tell me that I am a bad painter. They say love paints to the life. If it is true, though to be sure that cannot be reasoned from in my case, because I am hardly in love—but if it is true, why then—no matter.

All the young ladies who have seen him at our house have been delighted with him. He called the first day after my return to bring me the trinket I left on your toilet, (how kind in you to think of it!) and besides that a flower or two he picked at Mr. Doubloon's hot-house, of the most beautiful description you ever saw. He talked an hour or two on botany, and it has quite spoiled me for the lecturer's. I shall never go near his stupid classes again. There was so much life, so much poetry about him; so much of the spirit that can enjoy the woods, the streams, and the flowers, that he talked absolute music. You would have been delighted to hear him. I thought before that Mr. C. was interesting, but I have given Susan my ticket for the rest of the course.

Since then he has been here almost every day; he seems quite pleased with something or somebody—I don't know what or whom—probably my father's conversation and Susan. How delightfully he plays upon the flute! Did you ever hear any thing sweeter or richer than the tones he draws from that fine instrument? When we were at school

we used to read about Orpheus—I suspect that Mr. P. is a revivification of the old musician,

"Eurydice the woods—
Eurydice the floods."

I believe they called his lady's name Eurydice, and he was very much attached to her. I wonder if P. will love his wife as much?

I hear that he is very highly spoken of at the bar, and if so he must really be perfect. A botanist, a poet, a musician, an advocate, handsome, agreeable, correct, and affectionate. What more can be desired to render a man perfect? My dear, dearest Olivia, ten thousand times ten thousand thanks for introducing him to me; and your attention in sending him over to me with that little trinket I left behind I shall never forget. Blessings on you forever, my love, and believe me yours,

BELINDA.

P. S. I understand that he is not rich, and papa may consequently object. But if he does, and P. proposes an elopement, I shall not hesitate. Would you?

THE PATRIOTIC DESCENDANT OF A HERO OF '76.

Mr. Jeremiah Jogtrot had the misfortune to be (in vulgar diction) a gentleman born; I say misfortune, because his gentility was all he had to depend upon. He was a true chip of the old block, (the Jogtrots had for centuries been office-hunters, *ex familia*), hated business, but loved politics. A sixteenth cousin of his grandfather had had the lucrative appointment of commissary-general during the revolution; and on the strength of the services which Captain Abimelech Jogtrot (that was the commissary's name) had rendered his country, the whole family of the Jogtrots were continually petitioning government for pensions, rewards, &c. and as continually exclaiming against the ingratitude of their countrymen. Whole reams of paper were blackened with accounts of the services of this sixteenth cousin, and all the sympathetic words in the English language were exhausted to paint the distresses of this family of neglected patriots; at length, after the last quire of the tenth ream of paper (which had been bought for the purpose, but not paid for, it being the motto of the Jogtrot family that payment of debts was beneath the dignity of a true patriot) was exhausted, and which, by the way, had been filled with diabolical accounts of their sufferings, Mr. Jeremiah Jogtrot received an appointment of about eight hundred dollars a year. Then it was that the family of Jeremiah Jogtrot began to look down upon the other branches of their race. Mr. Jeremiah himself cultivated his whiskers, put on the look of a statesman, and shook his head whenever politics were introduced. Mrs. Susanna Dorothea Jogtrot commenced a series of masquerades and balls; and, somehow or other, always forgot to invite her relations to them; but if any of them came to see her, they were sure to be treated with so much politeness that, ten to one, it would be their last visit. A year passed on. Mr. Jeremiah looked graver than ever, and Mrs. Jogtrot still continued her balls. The salary of Mr. Jogtrot, as we have mentioned before, was eight hundred dollars per year, and he spent at the moderate rate of three thousand; at length it was discovered that, true to the customs of his ancestors, he had been living at the expense of Uncle Sam, and, at the time of the discovery, he was a defaulter to the tune of ten thousand dollars. Being promptly removed from his office, the feelings of Mrs. Susanna Dorothea were so deeply wounded by the ingratitude displayed by her country, that, under the signature of Mrs. Jeremiah Jogtrot, invectives without number, were heaped upon the powers that were, every third line figuring with the words "descendant of a revolutionary hero," "son of a patriot," "proverbial ingratitude of republics." At the same time her sight began to improve, and the myriads of Jogtrots again became friends; another ream of petition paper was produced; and, when all hopes had failed, Mr. Jeremiah Jogtrot, being a man of sentiment, took to drinking beer, and spouting at ward meetings, whilst his charming better half employed herself in acquainting the world with the wrongs of her husband and the deeds of her ancestor, Colonel Abimelech Jogtrot.

Those incidents happened some years ago, since which time Mr. Jeremiah held an office under the common council of this our goodly city; but he was removed from that partly on account of its being suspected that he entertained feelings hostile to corporation feasts; but more especially because he neglected to laugh himself into a fit at one of Alderman Adleplate's jokes, which, although repeated a thousand times, never failed to excite general approbation before, an offence which the good alderman never could forgive. What became of them afterwards I know not; it is likely, however, that they

have removed to some more patriotic city, where they have, doubtless, received the reward due to the descendants of the hero of seventy-six. Be this as it may, we have no reason to regret their disappearance, for we have but to look around for hundreds who are as much like the Jogtrot family as can be wished.

W. B.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

Mr. Croly is acknowledged to be an agreeable writer; but his late work has, in several instances, been severely handled. Our correspondent, although he can be expected to throw very little additional light upon a subject which has been so long and repeatedly scrutinized by the nation most interested in the discovery, has, nevertheless, given the author of the *Life of George the Fourth* a very deserved reproof. We insert his communication, less as arguments in favor of the identity of Junius and Tooke, than as a critique upon that production.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—In glancing over the "*Life and Times of George the Fourth*," by Mr. Croly, I observe that the author takes a rapid view of men and things, without being over solicitous in regard to facts, and thereby subjects himself to draw erroneous inferences from unsubstantial premises. I will cite a few instances in corroboration of this assertion.

In speaking of the authorship of Junius he says, "Burke had more of the vigor, the information, and the command of language; but he was incapable of the virulence and the disloyalty. Horne Tooke had the virulence and the disloyalty in superabundance; but he wanted the *cool sarcasm* and the *polished elegance*, even if he could have been fairly supposed to be at once the assailant and the defender."

This, it is believed, is the first time that Mr. Tooke was ever considered deficient in the use of sarcasm and tartness of language in controversy; for which, indeed, he has been distinguished in a pre-eminent degree. His biographer, Stephens, gives the following description of him:

"His eye was eminently expressive; it had something peculiarly keen, as well as arch in it; his look seemed to denote an union of wit and satire. When he surveyed a stranger, he seemed to take a *peep into his heart*; and in argument it was difficult to withstand the piercing sharpness of his vision, which appeared but to anticipate the triumph of his tongue. No one was better calculated for colloquial disputation; or that *dual-like controversy* exhibited by two disputants when pitted together, with the breadth of a mahogany board only between them. In such an arena he was invincible; wit, humor, learning, temper, genius, all came in aid of argument; and when he made his most deadly thrusts, it was with a *smiling countenance*, and without any seeming effort or emotion.

"He always reminded me of Ulysses, as described by Homer, both in person and address, artful, insinuating, and dauntless. At first his appearance was unpropitious, but gaining on his audience by degrees, after some time he seized and retained possession at pleasure, both of their hearts and understandings; and, when obliged to contend for superiority, he conducted himself with seeming modesty; unassuming and temperate, he received the charge of his antagonist without emotion, repelled his assault with interest, and finally ended by becoming victor.

"The sarcastic remark of Mr. Wilkes in early life, that the 'parson never laughed,' was, in some degree, verified in his latter years. It was evident that no one could tell a story or enjoy a joke better; but he seemed in general to keep his passions under control, and seldom or never exhibited signs of that obstreperous and convulsive merriment which others so frequently display and enjoy.

"In political affairs Mr. Tooke was prone to suspicion, and always seemed to think himself justified on such occasions, in attributing the springs of human action to the worst motives. When he found his jealousy realized, he would then freely indulge in attacks, both personal and political; and, on such occasions, no one was better calculated to 'give the bastinado with his tongue.' Wit, ridicule, sarcasm, were each employed in its turn."

To the above I will subjoin an extract from a review of the *Life of John Horne Tooke*, by W. H. Reid, contained in the *London Quarterly Review* for June, 1812. The article is said to have been written by Lord Ward. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the author and publishers were inimical to the political principles of Mr. Tooke. The passage referred to is as follows:

"He (Tooke) had a quick sense of the ridiculous, and was a great master of the whole art of raillery; a dangerous talent, though the exercise of it in his hands was always tempered

by politeness and good humor. No man, we believe, ever provoked him by a hostile attack without having reason to repent of his rashness. He was possessed of all the means that can make his retort terrible; ready poignant wit, *perfect composure and self-command*, boldness confirmed by the habit of victory in that species of combat, and a heartfelt bitterness, which, when he was once emancipated, by the indiscretion of his adversary, from those restraints which good breeding imposes, poured itself forth in a torrent of keen, unsparing, irresistible invective."

If the character given of Tooke in both the above works can be relied on, it would appear that he was not incapable of using *sarcasm*, either *cool or ardent*. As to *polished elegance* of writing, any one who will critically compare the letters which passed between Junius and John Horne, in their supposed quarrel, will have reason to be convinced, not only that in elegance of style neither has the preference, but, in fact, that they were all written by the same hand.

The object to be attained by the fictitious quarrel was evidently to give the writer an opportunity more fully to expose the character of John Wilkes, with whom a serious dispute had been carried on, and who had declined any further correspondence with John Horne. It had also the double effect of blinding the eyes of the public in regard to the authorship of the letters of Junius.

Mr. Croly says, that "the discovery (of Junius) is now beyond rational hope; for Junius intimates his having been a spectator of parliamentary proceedings even farther back than the year 1743;" and then inconsistently hazards a conjecture, "that Junius will be found, if ever found, among some of the humbler names of the list," mentioning Lloyd, Boyd, Greatrakes, &c., who were *private secretaries* to men of eminence at the time, and young men when the letters were written.

I am not aware of any such *intimation* from Junius as alluded to by Mr. Croly; but, admitting the fact, it is not entitled to the least consideration, being no more than one of the many arts made use of by Junius to delude his pursuers, and thereby escape detection.

Mr. Croly, after taxing his brains pretty severely on the subject of Junius, and hazarding an extravagant conjecture, concludes, like the fox in the fable, that "the question is not worth the trouble of discovery." Why did he take up the subject at all, seeing he could throw no light upon it? His ignorance of the character of one of the candidates at least, whose claims he undertakes to invalidate, is apparent.

In fine, Mr. Croly, to give variety to his book, and, perhaps, to gratify his own vanity, has written upon a subject for which he was not prepared. Many superficial readers, notwithstanding, will probably, from his dogmatical assertion, be persuaded that Horne Tooke did not possess the *cool sarcasm* displayed in the letters of Junius, and therefore could not have been the author; but those better informed will perceive that he was *tout-a-fait* fitted for the work; and that the incidents of his eventful life are so interwoven with the spirit and sentiments contained in those letters, as to extinguish every vestige of doubt upon the subject.

MARCUS.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

The literature of Spain is less known among us than it ought to be. With the exception of Don Quixotte, there is scarcely a Spanish work which has attained to a general circulation in Europe or America. Yet there are many writers, especially those belonging to what is called the golden age of poetry in Spain, richly deserving the attention of the rest of the world, among whom may be enumerated Garcilasso de la Vega, Villegas, the two brothers Lupercio, Bernardo Rebolledo, Argensola, Luis de Leon, Francisco de Borja, Lope de Vega, and Francisco de Quevedo, who are called, by way of distinction, the nine Castilian Muses. To the works of these distinguished authors may be added the history of Friar Gerard, by Father Isla; with the exception of the inimitable Don Quixotte, perhaps the wittiest satire to be found in any language, ancient or modern. The object is to ridicule the faults and bad taste of the preachers of that day; and it is not the least singular circumstance attending this work, that it was written in Spain: in an age of bigotry, by an ecclesiastic, and praised by the inquisition. There is nothing in English literature comparable to it, except it be Echard's "*Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy*;" which is, however, inferior to Friar Gerard in humor, variety of character, and in the want of a connected narrative.

The gravity of the Spanish character and language associates admirably with humorous satire; and the literature of no country I am acquainted with, contains more exquisite specimens of this species of composition. Among these the

works of Quevedo are great favorites with his countrymen, little known abroad, though they were translated anonymously, and printed in Edinburgh in 1798. His satire is more harsh and his humor less amiable, if I may so express it, than those of Cervantes and Father Isla; but he possesses a great capacity for exhibiting knavery and folly, and correcting the foibles and vices of mankind.

His "*Treatise of all things whatsoever and more besides*, by the most learned and expert Dr. Wiseacre; dedicated to the company of busybodies and the society of babblers," though written early in the seventeenth century, has a shrewd application to some of the grave laborious triflings of the nineteenth century.

MAY DAY.

This was, in old times, one of the most charming rural festivals of England. The morning was consecrated to walks and rambles into the woods and fields, with music, blowing of horns, and adorning the broken branches of trees with nosegays and crowns of flowers. The afternoon was employed in dancing round the May-pole, which was hung with flowers, and left standing all the rest of the year.

This custom is also common in Italy, and is derived from the ancient heathen festival of Flora, the goddess of flowers, adapted to the manners and habits of a more polished, or at least a more decent people. The honest old chronicler, Stow, beautifully tells us that "on May day in the morning every man, (in London) except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their music." He adds, "in the reign of Henry the sixth, the aldermen and sheriffs of London being on May day at the bishop of London's wood, and having there a worshipful dinner for themselves and other comers, Lydgate, the monk of Bury, sent them by a pursuivant a joyful commendation of that season, beginning thus:

"Mighty Flora, goddess of fresh flowers,
Which clothed bath the soil in lusty green,
Made buds to spring with her sweet showers,
By influence of the sun shee, shee,
To do pleasure of interest full cleane,
Unto the states which now set here,
Hath Ver sent down her own daughter dear."

There have been better rhymes than these on a May day, but they are curious, as being written by one of the very earliest poets of England.

Mr. Strutt says the Mayings are still kept up in England, but the exhibition is but the shadow of the original sports. It was never general in the United States, probably on account of the little inclination the early emigrants had for rural dances and sports, and the circumstance of our lagging northern climate too often presenting the first of May in the disguise of north-eastern winds and cold pale sunshine. The day, it is well known, is however celebrated in New-York by a general moving, and a fearful exposure of the household gods.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine, as he is called, was a presbyter of the primitive church, beheaded under the Emperor Claudius. In the old illustrations of the common prayer book, we are told "he was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity that the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival, (which is still practised,) took its rise from thence." Mr. Brande, in his illustrations of the *Antiquitates Vulgares*, maintains that there is no authority for supposing St. Valentine was more famous for love and charity than other saints. The probability is, that the custom of sending Valentines and using divinations on this day, originated in the popular opinion that the birds choose their mates about this time. Almost every day in the calendar was consecrated to some saint in the Romish church, and the coincidence of the martyrdom of St. Valentine with the supposed period of the choice of the birds, naturally made him the patron of the day.

The custom of sending Valentines and drawing lots for future husbands and spouses, I believe was never much practised by the people of the United States, and is now almost unknown. Gay, who of all the later English poets, is the most faithful bard of genuine rural life and manners in England, thus describes the ceremony of a Valentine's morning:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their tender mates with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
There first I spied, and the first again we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true love be."

PARABLES.

Precepts are the more easily comprehended and retained in the memory, when clothed in parables.

For the New-York Mirror.

STANZAS.

To Miss M. C. E. on the demise of a young sister by a distressing and sudden casualty.

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone.
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
Oh, best, departed one!
Whose all of life—a rosy ray—
Shed into dawn, and passed away."
"Weep not for the youthful dead,
Sleeping in their lowly bed;
They are happier than we,
Howsoever brief we be!"

She hath passed away, like the breath of spring—
Like the bloom on its new-born flowers;
Ere a sullying world could its shadow fling
O'er her pure and youthful hours;
While her heart was soft—while her cheek was fair
As morning's blush on the summer air.

She hath gone where existence is pure and bright,
A cherub, to glory given,
Where her young eye swims in untold delight
Midst the vernal scenes of heaven;
And in pastures green, where no ills betide
Thy gentle sister is glorified!

In the sunny glow of her primal hours,
Like a budding rose, she faded
As the dews exhale from the spring-time bowers
Ere their gorgeous hues are shaded;
Now, by "living waters," her footsteps stray
In the golden light of a perfect day.

Should we mourn that death, on a fiery plume,
O'er her shrinking form hath driven?
That she sunk to sleep in the quiet tomb
When the fetters of earth were riven?
That she sighs no more on her mother's breast,
But smiles in the regions of endless rest?

Ah! life is bright to the young and fair
When the fountains of love are gushing;
Then a stainless beauty invests the air,
And the skies with its glow are flushing;
Then every feeling is pleasure's own,
And hope beguiles with her syren tone.

But earthly love is a passing dream,
And the heart, too soon awaking,
Must implore in vain for its vanished gleam
O'er the clouded spirit breaking;
Tis a matin ray on life's stormy shore—
It passeth soon—it returns no more!

Yes! the heart swells high in the coming on
Of that joyous spirit-fever;
Yet how soon love's smile from the brow is gone,
And from life's uncertain river;
Like the tints, dissolving on Alpine snow,
Or a cloud that melts in the sunset's glow.

Then weep no more. Bid thy tender heart
Restrain each throb of pity;
From earth the sinless and young depart
To a glad "celestial city."
When the shore of time is a desert strand
Who would weep for those in "the better land?" W. G. C.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES FROM THE DIARY OF AN EDITOR.

TUESDAY. Read and reviewed three novels, a quarto dictionary, and three octavo volumes of travels; wrote an account of the present state of the world, cut up the legislature and the corporation, and criticized the performances at the two theatres last evening; also the grand oratorio and Mr. Wiseacre's lectures on ornithology; received and rejected nine communications, and went to dinner.

Afternoon. Three beautifully bound volumes on my table. Albums! from the three Misses Damper, with a request to hand them over the next morning to Mr. H., then to Mr. W., Mr. J., and indeed nearly all the letters of the alphabet. What would the fair nymphs have said could they have heard the welcome I gave them? What must be, however, as some learned logician declared, must be; so I sat me down, and endeavored to put my poetic machinery into operation.

"Confound the women!" I muttered, as I dipped my newly mended pen into the inkstand, and with contracted brow prepared to compose something soft and airy. "Confound the women. I wish the whole sex were at the bottom of Lake Asphaltites." And so I wrote—To Miss Clementina J. Damper,

Could these bright eyes, whose every glance
Sends blissful raptures through my frame,
Could they but—

A knock at the door introduced to my notice a little person, with spectacles and a cane—an imitation gentleman; whom, although arrayed in new attire, you could detect for a vagabond and a quack by a single glance. With a bow, which was evidently intended as a graceful one, he said,

"I presume I have the honor of addressing the editor of the—?"

"I am the editor, sir."

"Then, sir, I appeal to you to enlighten the world upon the subject of my new pectoral, mysterious, revivifying, anti-dyspeptic syrup. It relieves every thing, sir. Consumption, croup, cancer, colds, fever and liver complaints. It renders the voice clear and sonorous, and is therefore extremely beneficial to vocalists and public speakers. It makes the hair grow, and prevents the tooth-ache. I wish you to mention

me in your paper; and also publish this certificate, which I assure you is a voluntary thing on the part of the person by whom it was drawn:

"This is to certify that I, John G. Brown, of the state of Missouri, did for many years labor under—"

I cut him short, and having succeeded in sending him about his business, not without difficulty, sat down once more to Miss Damper's album. I had not, however, read further than "blissful raptures," when a man came in with a piece of sponge, about as large as my head. He flung it down on the table, so that it upset the inkstand on Miss Damper's album, and said,

"Do you see that, sir?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, what do you suppose it is?"

"Why a piece of sponge."

"Well, but is it not a very beautiful specimen—soft as satin, and almost as white as snow?"

"It is really a very pretty piece, indeed."

"Very well, sir; now I want you to say just so much in your paper. I live five hundred and seventy-nine Barlow-street, opposite Patrick Quin's grocery-store, and I want you to give me a puff."

As he departed a fellow about six feet high entered, with a large cow-hide, and walked gravely up towards my chair. I hastily ran over in my memory all my satirical pieces, for I thought my time had arrived.

"Are you the editor of the —?"

"I am, sir," said I, boldly.

"Well, Mr. Dickenson desired me to hand you this."

"And pray who is Mr. Dickenson?"

"Why he makes gentlemen's fashionable canes, and wants you to give him a little lift in your paper. He says he makes the best canes, horse-whips, and cow-hides in the city."

"Cow-hides, fellow!" said a strange voice. "What do the public care about cow-hides? Let me speak. Have I the honor of seeing the editor of the —?"

I nodded assent, perhaps a little impatiently, for I thought there was a pretty fair prospect of the three Misses Damper's albums going home spoiled by one of my worst incipient efforts. The new intruder, with many flourishes, informed me that he was a schoolmaster.

"I, sir," said he, "belong to the new system. I teach on improved principles; so easy and expeditious, that my scholars learn more in one week than by the ordinary method they would be able to acquire in a year. I not only teach them quick and well, but you see I teach them cheap. My plan is to begin at the foundation and to proceed upwards, on such short, clear, comprehensive, and extraordinary terms, that the natural eye and the understanding are both struck at the same moment, and study becomes an actual delight. You see, Mr. Editor, I've a natural tact. In six lessons I teach drawing; in six more three or four different kinds of painting, including botany; I perfect a boy in English grammar in twelve; and in a fortnight he is completely competent to write the best poetry, and indeed every species of composition; a few more lessons, and he understands elocution, singing, and playing on the piano, guitar, and harp, flute, flageolet, and violoncello; and, by a few familiar lectures I communicate the art of chirography, so that no one can fail to write a neat, rapid, and beautiful hand. The tyro is instructed in geography by the aid of a machine, wherein the oceans, seas, lakes, &c. &c. are represented by real water; where little mountains are erected, and continents and islands resemble the real world. Now, sir, I have written an editorial article, which I wish you to print as your own, and—"

But I will not longer trouble the reader with my pedagogue, whom I dismissed as soon as I could in decency. I immediately proceeded to finish Miss Damper, when the devil broke in upon my poetic aspirations with the awfulest cry of copy.

"Copy, Peter. You have enough. Why the critique on the theatres last night takes up two columns."

"Yes, sir, but one of the plays was changed, and we thought you'd wish to wait till some other time."

"The deuce—and the literary notice of the quarto dictionary?"

"It's lost, sir. We looked in all the drawers, and it's nowhere to be found."

"And how is the state of the world?"

"Set up, sir, and the men waiting for more."

"Mistress sent me for the books, sir," said a little, red-headed fellow, with a green baize apron.

"Books?" What books? And who is your mistress?"

"The albums, sir. Miss Damper sent me for 'em. She's going out of town."

"Pray, sir, what may you want?" said I to a bald-headed, stupid-looking fellow, who stood bowing and scraping at some distance, with a bottle in his hand.

"Sir, I'm the man that invented the compound Asiatic mercurial syrup for the growth of the hair. I wish you to say something about me in your paper."

I was prevented from replying by a boy, who came running breathless into the room.

"Well, sir, what now? More mercurial cerate, or have you come to announce the invention of a plan to keep people in a hurry from getting out of breath?"

"Mr. Hopson, sir, told me to give you this as soon as possible."

Mr. Hopson was one of my most valuable correspondents; he had written an article in which the word "communication" occurred three times in four lines, and, to obviate the tautology, I had taken the great liberty of substituting "information" in the place of one which did not at all interfere with the sense. This note informed me that I had spoiled his article; he wished the press stopped, and the piece taken out. He would write for me no more. It was my privilege to reject what did not please me—a privilege which no one could dispute—but never to alter."

Before I had finished his epistle another was handed me from a young poet, some of whose verses I had rejected. They were not even fit for an album. The note ran thus:

"Sir—If you refuse my poetry, which has been pronounced by competent judges to be a piece of very superior merit, I should like to know why you publish such stupid trash as you do every week in your silly paper?"

This cost me thirty-seven and a half cents postage.

"What shall I give the men for copy?" said Peter.

My friend Jennings dropped in at this crisis. He is a professional lounge, and an interminable talker. He entered puffing a long whiff of blue smoke from his lips, with the air of one who luxuriates in the enjoyment of the real Havana, and as he stretched himself out on three chairs, he exclaimed, "How d'ye do? What an easy time you editors have. Nothing to do but scribble a little. No responsibilities, no fears, never offend any body, never get offended; who would not be an editor?"

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRENCH OPINIONS OF ENGLISH ACTORS.

Translated from a Parisian periodical for the N. Y. Mirror.

YOUNG was educated under the patronage of John Kemble; and, wanting creative talent, he had the good sense to model himself upon this great tragedian. John Kemble himself could hardly have been called an actor of genius; he had talent, judgment, ambition, extraordinary diligence; and these qualities, aided by the advice and inspiration of his sister, the inimitable, sublime, perfect Mrs. Siddons, enabled him to overcome his defects of natural genius, as well as the disadvantage of a bad voice and embarrassed utterance. In a certain line of characters he reached the perfection of his art. He has been surpassed in the representation of the fiercer and stormier passions; but in heroic warmth and elevation, in those brilliant traits of character and sentiment which an ordinary actor never attains, and which few readers comprehend, he has never been equalled in England. He was of a noble figure, of an antique physiognomy approaching the Roman—and it seemed that the toga was his usual garment, so gracefully did it sit upon him.

Young is smaller; his features are fine, but ~~unfeminine~~ as iron. He possesses great power of lungs, and exercises it without pity; his energetic declamation fills the ear with such imposing sounds, that he disguises not only a natural imperfection in his speech, but the terrible havoc he makes with the sentiments and metre of his author. It is impossible to imagine a situation with more comic desperation in it than that of a poor author at his first representation, while Young is improvising new readings in the text, and maiming the measure of his verse. In spite of all this, his declamation is so majestic that passages mutilated even to absurdity are received by the multitude without a murmur, sometimes even with applause. Young wants inspiration; he never created a part; he was never successful but in imitating the style of Kemble, or when parts have been expressly composed for him, as in the pieces of Mr. Shiel. We must except, however, the part of Iago, which he plays understandingly, but without flexibility or trick, and in which he does continually wear the mask of profound perfidy. His favorite part is that of *Pierre*, in *Venice Preserved*; a character audacious, reckless, braving danger and death like a hero of male-drama.

and consequently a favorite with the mob in the galleries. He represents also with much force and truth, the death of Beverly, in that medley of low wickedness and pitiful horror which passes for a tragedy, under the title of the *Gamster*. Many people have been struck by the resemblance between Young and Saint-Prix.

KEAN appeared like a meteor upon the stage at London, without being preceded by any reputation, even provincial, and was received as a *prodigy*. It was the last year but one of John Kemble, and this veteran of tragedy suffered the mortification of being deserted for a *debutant*. We will not undertake to decide whether this was infatuation or charlatanism, or real rivalry of talent. Some years before, Kemble had received a still more humiliating affront: the public had abandoned him to attend the miserable representations of a precocious child, who, at an advanced age, was hardly a respectable actor. However that may be, Kean proved the possession of original talent and very rare powers: he displayed a terrific energy, a true imitation of the passions, and succeeded particularly in the expression of malice and cruelty; he retraced the rude traits and savage passions of gothic tragedy with great historical fidelity. He appeared for the first time in the *Shylock* of Shakspeare, and this part was always one of his best. *Richard the Third* is his master-piece in the eyes of the multitude; but connoisseurs are of a different opinion: he shows energy in it, malignity, sarcasm, but no trait of that courage and grandeur inseparable from the remorseless but not undignified ambition of this tyrannical prince. Among his poetical and historical characters, one of the most admired is that of Sir Giles Overreach, an ambitious usurer and hardened villain, enriched by the spoils of the widow and orphan, and eventually foiled in the grand object of his enterprises. But in the opinion of men capable of judging, his great success has been in the third act of *Othello*, in which he exhibited himself for the first time, simple and pathetic.

The career of MACREADY has not been a noisy one. If the journals have praised him it has been with reluctance, and because they could not withhold it. He appeared in London about ten years ago, and advanced, step by step, to the highest rank in his profession. He commenced with the pieces of Shiel, then played *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard the third*, and finally created the character of *Virginus*, one of the most brilliant on the English, or even on any other stage. When Mr. Harris retired from Covent-garden, on account of ill health, Macready left the theatre a long time before his genius was entirely developed, or his character perfectly formed. From this moment he seemed to retrograde. His manner became affected; he aimed at striking and original points. His frequent provincial excursions confirmed him in his bad taste. He renounced the heroic school; his playing lost its noble correctness and simplicity. One would have thought him infatuated by the style of Kean. The public journals blamed with justice this abuse of his happy dispositions. Macready is reserved, not to say haughty, difficult in the choice of his connections, consecrating his time to the pursuit of literature; for he is a profound scholar, and lives in the bosom of his family, or in the society of his intimate friends. He is consequently by no means popular, and has fewer partisans than envious or prejudiced detractors. His faults have been exaggerated and his talents diminished with the most marked injustice. He has latterly reformed his playing, and abandoned affectation and charlatanism for a noble simplicity. This reform has not yet won for him either the mob or the journalists, but it has been the occasion of his brilliant success at Paris. Macready possesses neither the grace nor the dignity of John Kemble, but he infinitely surpasses him in warmth and pathos. He does not equal Kean in the expression of a fiendish malice, but is at least as excellent in the imitation of violent passions, surpasses him in dignity, and knows how to employ more powerful and more varied arts of exciting the emotions. Young is advanced in years, and has no creative power, and Kean is too much exhausted to study new characters; and it is upon Macready that the tragic art in England chiefly depends. ***

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.—The only criterion of national prosperity with most people is their own. Yet the excessive wealth of one portion of the community is always balanced by a corresponding poverty of the others. The same money cannot be in more than one hand at the same time. Generally, if not universally speaking, the gain of one is the loss of another, and thus the national wealth remains the same. The circulation of money is like that of the blood, which, in proportion as it rushes to one part of the body, leaves the others pale and impoverished.

For the New-York Mirror.

SONNETS ON THE BLUES.

I.

Grim-visaged imps, that in your dusky flight
Circle about my miserable head,
Bringing clouds darker than the darkest night,
And heavier than a canopy of lead;
Called by whatever name you bid me write,
Glooms, horrors, devils black, blue, brown, or red,
Hence let your sullen course be quickly sped,
And bid the cloudless skies once more be bright,
Or I shall soon be numbered with the dead,
Whom poets fable by the Stygian river,
On their own melancholy fancy fed,
Standing in groups to meditate and shiver:
Scatter these clouds, this darkness dissipate,
Grim-visaged imps, or seal my silent fate!

II.

Delicate creatures, with dark glossy hair
Streaming down necks that mock the driven snow,
With eyes like stars, lips that like rubies glow,
Cheeks glowing with the rose, they are so fair!
Who love to wander where the wild-flowers blow,
And find hard names for them in scholar's books;
Who linger where the silver waters flow,
By the far-stretching lakes and running brooks;
Who love to ponder on the poet's pages,
And offer incense at the poet's shrine,
Who listen to the learned lore of sages,
And scorn not lay as light and gay as mine:
Come to my dreams, come to my waking hours,
Bright creatures, with your poetry and flowers!

III.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Savonarola: an attempted tragedy, in five acts. By J. C. M. Harrisburgh. H. Welsh. p. 77. 1831.

THIS tragedy contains more original flights of genius than any similar effort since the days of Shakspeare. It was elicited by the reward which Mr. Forrest recently proposed, and is dedicated to him; but, with the modesty naturally attendant on true talent, was not presented among the other pieces. The author now submits it to the world in a printed form, from the consideration that "managers and distinguished actors are so continually pestered with manuscript dramas, that they rarely attempt to peruse them."

Notwithstanding the touches of pathos, and the familiar colloquial beauties liberally sprinkled over its pages, we are constrained to fear that the fullness of managers, and the blindness of the public are such, that this truly interesting production will not be represented on the boards of our theatres; although we frankly declare, as good and true critics, that we should derive more gratification from witnessing the very first line betrays a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and a sort of presentiment of what would be the reader's own thought before he had completed the perusal.

"Accursed be the hour I learned to read," &c.

The dialogue between Julio and Savonarola is highly dramatic, and affords a veteran player opportunity to show off his attitudes, &c. and is what adepts insure histrionic literature term stage effect.

Savonarola. Julio, my boy, come sit with me.

Julio. Gladly, father.

Sav. Father!

Julio, my love, what didst thou study last?

Jul. Some poetry, father.

Sav. Ha—indeed, what was it?

They are interrupted by the entrance of Luca Corsini, a gentleman of Florence, who, in the course of a little chat with his host, puts a very impertinent question to him, and one not always likely to receive a satisfactory reply.

Cor. ——— and the house—

Sav. Is mine.

Cor. Ha! proprietor?

Where didst thou get the cash, my honest friend,
To build or buy it with?

Now that was going a little too far, and against all the rules of genteel society. Savonarola, however, turns the conversation like a sensible fellow.

In the next scene Rinaldo, the leader of the banditti, forms a wicked resolution, the execution of which is prevented by some weighty considerations.

Rinal. I'll kill him! [Aside.]

Jacopo. Brother—canst thou doubt my love?

Sav. Oh no, it is your interest to be faithful;
Your life depends upon my breath; I save it
Because, though we were born of different mothers,
My father's blood doth circle in thy veins,
But warns them not, for thy base mother's mixture
Adulterated the pure stream.

Jaco. You shall not slander my dead mother, sir!

I care not if you slay me on the spot,
You shall not jibe at her.

Sav. I do crave thy pardon, brother, dear brother—

'Twas rashly spoken, and most undeserved.

Jaco. You ask my pardon!—oh, it is enough.

No offence.

Sav. (to Rinaldo) As for you—

I leave your life as an acquaintance—you

Saved mine once—now we're even, fare ye well.

You may retire. Farewell Jacopo,

I admire thy spirit.

Jaco. Farewell, dear brother.

Rinal. Farewell, dearest friend.
(Aside) He has some feeling, so I will not kill him,
He's a good swordsman too.

Among other attributes of this author is a neat and easy way of getting rid of his characters.

Trefina. I shall not trouble thee, nor any, long.
Girolamo, I crave but one embrace
Before we part for ever. [She embraces him.]
Farewell, my love—'tis done; I've swallow'd poison.
How I adored thee! Thou believ'st me now—
I loved and love— [Dies.]
Sav. Indeed she loved.

He is also happy in avoiding the necessity of entering into details. Nothing is more unpleasant for a man of real genius than to be examined on particulars. It reminds us of a famous hand at telling a story, who was relating how he once outstripped a deer in fleetness. "It was a beautiful summer morning," said he, "and I was hoeing corn, when a fine doe sprang by me, and I after her, and in less than ten minutes I succeeded in catching her." "Well, that was very extraordinary," said an incredulous friend. "Why, the truth is," added the other, "I should not have done it so easily, but for the fact that there was a pretty hard crust of snow on the ground, which the animal's hoofs broke through, while I ran easily on the surface." "How could there be a crust of snow on the ground when you were hoeing corn on a beautiful summer morning?" asked his auditor. "And pray what's that to you, sir?" said his companion.

We do not know whether the author of *Savonarola* is as successful in replying to impertinent interrogatories, but he nicely conducts his friends behind the scenes on such occasions.

"Come, as we walk I'll tell thee all about it."

And in another place,

"Come in with me and I will tell thee all."

This Rinaldo mentioned above, is evidently a cunning fellow, and knows the value of things. In one of his soliloquies he says,

"What a wise villain Girolamo is.
How well he duped the whole society:
They chose him *treasurer*—and but made me king!"

As in Shakspeare, we continually find hit off characters existing everywhere around us. How many of these valuable citizens do we meet?

Austina. Thou know'st the doctor, (true he was unlicensed,
But yet a learned and skilful doctor.)

Giuseppe Nerli and Signior Corsini, it appears, did not live on the best of terms.

Giuseppe. [To Nerli]—

Nerli. [To Giuseppe]—

Cor. My dearest friend, I meant none I assure you.

How truly tragic, and who can deny the verity of the following?

Gla. The grave is voiceless, and the dead prate not."

How naturally the friars are painted:

Austina. When I proclaimed—

"Girolamo Savonarola is
Duly elected Prior of San Marco,
According to the senate's just decree,
Empowering us to choose one in the stead
Of him appointed by the banish'd tyrant,
Who held illegally that dignity,
And now has doubly forfeited his rank,
By treason to the commonwealth."
With startled looks and dropping under jaws,
They gazed upon me—why the very friars
Who voted for him, little thought that he
Would be elected—they did so to scatter
The votes, and thereby stand some chance themselves;
They would have voted for themselves, if they
Had not been sworn against it, and besides
Afraid lest their hand-writing should be known.

What heart so dead to all the finer feelings as not to be moved by the affecting recital of Lorenzo Savello?

"By some strange fatality none of my letters ever reached my friends," [Mr. William T. Barry, the post-master general, will be gratified to learn that there is neglect in the post-office department of Florence, as well as of the United States,] "and a relation, supposing me dead, has taken possession of my property," &c.

We cannot sufficiently admire the prudence of Savonarola, as exhibited in the closing line of the subjoined extract:

Cor. I know the man is craz'd—yet he may do
Your sacred character much harm, with those
Who know you not, throughout all Italy,
Where there are myriads on the watch—and anxious
To wound the cause of liberty through you.
Sav. What would you have me do? I'm innocent.
Cor. Quiet this brain-sick wretch with gold—or—
Sav. I understand thee, but I will not do it,
Unless all other means should fail, and then
I would not do it either.

A lover breaks forth in the following impassioned strain to his mistress. What female heart could stand it?

"Stop
Velino's cataract with thy little finger, [fine! what a picture!]
And then thou canst control resistless love.
But not before; ah! not before!"

Another energetic piece of imagery:

Sav. Shall we, who dreamed not the lion's roar,
Shrink at the crowing of a Gallic cock?
Citizens and Counsellors. No! no!

The envoy in whose presence the above address was made

very naturally concludes that they are not going to accept his terms, so he prepares to depart.

Envoy. Is this your answer?—then I pity you,
And take my leave.

He must, however, have been rather unpleasantly surprised on finding that he had to stay and have his head cut off.

The critical reader will be able to perceive the great merit of this tragedy without further examination, which indeed we have prolonged beyond our usual limits, in consequence of a desire to bring this indigenous shoot of talent into the notice which it merits.

Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814. By the author of *Cyril Thornton*. 3 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1831.

Although these annals are from the pen of a successful novel writer, the subject, in a great degree, excludes the play of fancy, and indeed original composition of any kind. The labors of his contemporaries have already furnished able and accurate histories of the important occurrences which ushered in the nineteenth century. The author, however, frankly acknowledges himself indebted to the works of Colonel Jones, Colonel Napier, and Mr. Southey, and declares that the object of the present publication is merely to embody, in a more familiar and attractive form, the elaborate details and most interesting events embraced in the accounts of the others. He was himself present in several great battles of the peninsular war, and therefore hopes that he has been able to acquire, "by personal observation, a knowledge of many important localities, which he trusts will be found to have produced a beneficial influence on his narrative." This is true only to a limited extent. An actual examination of the scenes of the campaign is certainly calculated to impart a more accurate knowledge of localities, and to strengthen the confidence of the reader in his representations; but a soldier, personally engaged in a battle, is not, of all others, likely to possess either the most general understanding of the surrounding occurrences, or the clearest impartiality in describing what really took place within the sphere of his observation. In the present instance, however, we will do our author the justice to say that he writes boldly, and yet with the greatest apparent candor. There is about his descriptions an air of truth, which excludes the idea of any intentional deception, and the writer has rendered his subject, which is intrinsically of such deep interest, more agreeable by the charms of a graceful style. The work is printed with the neatness which characterizes every thing from the prolific press of Carey and Lea.

The Talba, or Moor of Portugal. A romance. By Mrs. Bray. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 201, 183. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

Mrs. Bray is already known to the reading world as the author of the "White Hoods," the "Protestant," and one or two other productions much above mediocrity. Although it may appear unjust, yet it is impossible to refrain from comparing every thing in this shape with the romances of Scott, and they are so immeasurably superior to any thing of the kind which this generation can hope to see again, that we are inclined to peruse the efforts of less successful writers rather as a duty than a pleasure. It is, therefore, creditable to the present story that it fixes the attention. It is interesting, and, in point of style, occasionally eloquent and poetic. A scene in the second volume, between the prior and the Moor, Cassim, is described with force and satire. Indeed, had the work been produced previous to the publication of the *Waverley* novels, it would have certainly made a more decided impression. But like many of the same tribe, its real merits are dimmed by contrast. Had it been written when the triumph of the "northern enchanter" was in its meridian, it would not have been read at all. Not to be hyperbolic, we would resemble the *Waverley* novels to the sun, whose decline is the signal for the re-appearance of the thousand lesser orbs, which the brightness of his presence had long rendered invisible.

The Museum of Foreign Literature.

The May number of this journal contains its usual quantity of spirited, amusing matter. We have before had occasion to name it to our readers as one of the best publications of the kind in this country. Although merely a re-print, it is *crowdedly* so, and its selections are made with great taste from the most ably conducted periodicals extant. We extract the following from the last number, in which it is credited to the *Englishman's Magazine*:

"I spent all save the dawning of a long day of hard service, far from the din of European strife, under the scorching suns of the east. Even amidst the forests of Nepal the name of Bonaparte sounded like a spell. While his ambition was condemned, his genius was admired, his misfortunes deplored; often have I wished to encounter him face to face; the closest

approach, however, that fortune enabled me to make to him was by a pilgrimage to his tomb.

"When at St. Helena, I started one morning with a small party of brother officers to survey the spot where the remains of the world's agitator are deposited. The peculiarities of the locality have been laid before the public so often and so amply, on canvass and on paper, that further description is needless. The character of the scene is profound and awful loneliness—a dell girt in by huge naked hills—not an object of vegetable life to relieve the general aspect of desolation, except the few weeping willows which droop above the grave. The feeling of solitude is heightened by an echo that responds on the least elevation of the voice. With what singular emotions I took my stand upon the slab which sheltered the dust of him for whom the crowns, thrones, and sceptres, he wrung from their possessors, would of themselves have furnished materials for a monument! There the restless was at rest. There the emperor of the French, king of Italy, protector of the confederation of the Rhine, grand master of the legion of honor, reposed with almost as little sepulchral pomp as the humble tenant of a country church-yard:

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

I withdrew my foot—removed with my handkerchief the traces it had left upon the stone, and gave a tear to the fate of the exile. I, also, was a soldier of fortune—our party quitted the place with dejected faces, and scarcely a word was spoken until we reached our quarters.

"On the following morning a French frigate arrived from the Isle of Bourbon, having on board a regiment of artillery. The officers solicited and obtained permission to pay a tribute of respect to their old leader's ashes. I accompanied them to the ground, and rarely have I witnessed enthusiasm like theirs. On the way not an eye was dry, and some who had served immediately under 'the emperor,' wept aloud. As they drew nearer to the spot, their step became hurried and irregular, but the moment they saw the tomb, they formed two deep, and advanced with uncovered heads, folded arms, and slow and pensive pace. When within five or six yards of their destination, they broke off into single files, and surrounding the grave, at uniform intervals, knelt silently down. The commander of the frigate and the others in succession, according to their rank, then kissed the slab; when they arose every lip was fixed, every bosom full.

"In a few days subsequently, the officers of both countries met at Soliman's table, and after dinner the first toast proposed by the French commodore was 'the king of England—three times three; I really thought that the 'hip—hip—hurra' of our ancient enemies would never have an end. An English gentleman returned thanks, and proposed 'the memory of that great warrior, Napoleon Bonaparte.' The pledge went solemnly round, each wearing, in honor of the mighty dead, a sprig of his guardian willow. The evening was spent in concord, many patriotic toasts were reciprocated, many good things were said, and the blunt sincerity of military friendship presided over our parting."

The Young Draftsman's Companion.

This little work forms a useful auxiliary to students in the art of drawing. It contains thirty-two pages of letter-press, and upwards of thirty engraved designs, well calculated for the use of beginners, with some sensible rules and lessons on the method of engraving in aquatinta.

A WISH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

Would I might once before my spirit sink
Into the blest, elysian world of shades,
Visit the happy fields where childhood,
Leapt in its dreams of heaven, joyous reposed.

The humble bush which hides the linnet-nest
In its cool shade, waves with a sweeter hum,
My friend, than all the groves of laurel
Over the ashes of a conqueror!

The brook that cuts the meadow, where a boy
Lathered violets, runs with a sweeter murmur,
Through alders which my father planted,
Than the Blandinian silver fountain.

The hill, where many groups of happy boys
Swung on the branches of the linden tree,
Delights me more than the high mountain
Bathing its summit in the golden sunbeams!

Would I might once, before my spirit sink
Into the blest Elysian world of shades,
Visit the happy fields where childhood,
Leapt in its dream of heaven, joyous reposed.

Then may the minister of death, in smiles,
His torch extinguish. I will gladly haste
To Zenophon and Plato's wisdom,
And to Anacreon's bright myrtle wreath.

On the marriage of William Off to Miss Eliza Moore.

She's taken Off—that maid so dear,
Her frolic plays are o'er;
She once was more than angel here,
But she is now no Moore.

THE FINE ARTS.

ORATORIO AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

THE spring oratorio given by the Sacred Music society of New-York, took place on Wednesday, the twelfth instant, and was attended much better than the preceding one, of which we published a full report. Mrs. Austin and Madame Brichta were the *donne* engaged, and a Mr. Taylor, whom we never heard before, and are not exceedingly anxious to hear again, afflicted us as the principal tenor singer. There was no principal bass singer engaged. The orchestra was full of individual talent, of which a fair specimen is afforded by the following names: Mr. Hill, principal violin; Mr. Taylor, lately of the ancient concert, London, first double bass; Mr. Boocock, first violincello; Mr. Schott, principal clarinet; Mr. P. H. Taylor, principal flute, and Mr. Norton, principal trumpet. Yet, notwithstanding this array, if we are asked did the band play as well as that of the Park theatre, we answer directly—no; nor can any band arrive at perfection which is not accustomed continually to meet under one leader. It is strict unity of idea and action which creates orchestral perfection, and that, practice alone can achieve. Nevertheless, we by no means charge this as the fault of the society; we know, on the contrary, that it results from the impossibility of obtaining musicians who can devote their time and attention to the interests of a performance which occurs, perhaps, only twice in a year. The *musicien d'état* naturally adheres to those institutions which furnish continual employment and a regular salary throughout the season, as is the case in the theatres. Talented professors, such as we have named, who have pupils in the city, occasionally lend their aid, it is true; but they cannot afford to lose their valuable time for the sake of rehearsal, and yet rehearsal is as necessary to general effect as individual talent to a concerto. For this very reason we have to compliment the choral department of the society. We really cannot conceive the "Hailstone Chorus" to have ever been executed with more precision and spirit, and the difficult double chorus, the "Horse and his Rider," demands our warm approbation. The chorus, likewise, which has been selected from Mozart's opera, "*La Clemenza de Tito*," was admirably given—we cannot say the same of the accompaniment. Mr. Norton's beautiful and silvery tone in the *marcia* with which it commences, was direfully contrasted with the dead tin-kettle kind of sound which emanated from the *tuba* and the second trumpet, whoever filled it with air. This was also very perceptible in Handel's "Occasional Overture," which, however, on the whole, was well performed. "Let the bright Seraphim" and "Angels ever bright," were sung by Mrs. Austin, with the *soli* parts of the "Horse and his Rider"—and, on the part of Madame Brichta, a bravura by *Cianchettini*, with violin obligato accompaniments, and an Italian air by *Morlacchi*, also the *soli* parts of a *motetto*, by Mozart. The beautiful and pathetic song, "Angels ever bright," afforded a fine example of the "*portamento di voce*," as laid down by the great masters, lately quoted by our correspondent B., and a triumphant specimen of Mrs. Austin's ability in giving effect to *legato* movements. The fire and truth imparted by the simultaneous execution of "Let the bright Seraphim," with Mr. Norton's accompaniment, is an additional proof that, whether in the orchestra, or in obligato passages, for a voice and instrument, the continual practice together of professors is the surest road to success. Hence it is, that the *morceaux* for voice and trumpet are better executed by Mr. Norton with Mrs. Austin, than with any other vocalist in the country. We have heard him essay them with Mesdames Feron, George, and Gillingham, but never with decisive effect. With Madame Feron, her infirmity of voice, when opposed to the clear and powerful tones of the trumpet, appeared to disadvantage; with Miss George there was a want of power to assist the beauty of her quality of voice, and an evident absence of union between it and the instrument; in the case of Miss Gillingham, we thought her style too tame; but it is only justice to add that the pitch of the trumpet and band, when we heard her, were at variance, and therefore further comparison is impossible. Madame Brichta sang the Italian air, "*Notte Tremenda*," (by the way an odd selection for a church) sweetly, and with much chasteness. She was accompanied on the organ very effectively by Mr. Blondell, and by Mr. Taylor on the flute. The bravura which she sang during the former oratorio, by *Cianchettini*, was repeated, and accompanied brilliantly by Mr. Hill. Madame Brichta is improving fast in the acquirement of the shake, which is indispensable as an embellishment of sacred music. In conclusion, after being regaled by such a performance, it only leaves us anxious that this society should renew its efforts. It is not almost disgraceful that no one

torio has been given in this city in a complete form? Why can we not have the "Messiah," the "Creation," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," or Heber's "Palestine," by Dr. Crotch? The choral department of such oratorios could be executed finely; and assuredly there is vocal talent enough to secure a *quartette* or *quintette* of principal singers in the town.

THE THEATRES.

Miss Kelly has appeared at the Park. This lady has experienced some critical asperity, to which she is exposed by several glaring faults in her style of playing; but, it would be treating her with undeserved injustice to deny her many excellent qualities. She is full of animation, and, when not tempted to overstep the sphere for which she is best fitted, both by nature and education, she rarely fails to command attention and elicit applause. There are many, even among the intelligent classes of the community, who consider her an actress of very superior merit, and who will sincerely regret that the present is her farewell engagement. Mr. Barry, as Joseph Surface, in the "School for Scandal," was even better than usual. In such parts he is inestimable. Mr. Barton, as Charles, would not bear comparison with Barrett in the same character. A new afterpiece, entitled "Comrades and Friends," has been produced, as performed in London with, we presume of course, "unbounded applause." It is very interesting, and full of striking and beautiful incidents, and would deserve most unequivocal approbation if, unfortunately, we had not seen precisely the same thing in Damon and Pythias; except that the tyrant of Syracuse is disguised in a cocked hat and red coat, under the title of Colonel Somebody, and the two heroic friends appeal to the exhausted sympathies of the public as privates in an English regiment, stationed we do not exactly remember where. We have not seen such a piece of barefaced impudence for many a day. The utmost stretch of ingenuity to which this truly original dramatist has spurred himself, is in altering the mode of preventing the "Damon" man from returning according to promise. With the most extraordinary exertion of skill, he makes the Lucullus (who, by the way, is promoted to the rank of a silly midshipman) set a vessel on fire instead of killing a horse. The only real claim to originality was the character of Mrs. Blake, which, we must do him the justice to confess, it has never been our good luck to encounter, either on the stage or in real life. It was, however, performed uncommonly well. Cinderella has passed its thirty-fourth night, and continues to attract numerous and fashionable houses.

The Bowery and Chatham are going on prosperously. Mr. Hamblin, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett at the former, with little Miss Fisher; and Thayer, Blake, Hyatt, Mesdames Hughes and Giffert at the latter. We were both surprised and delighted the other evening with Thayer and Mrs. Hughes, in a "Day after the Wedding." Several pieces of this kind are produced at this house with much effect.

NEW MUSIC.

Since our last, Firth and Hall have published several new pieces of music, among which are six ballads, arranged in a familiar manner for the piano-forte, some of them with variations. These will be found agreeable assistants to the learner who has made some proficiency on the instrument. The titles are, the "Swiss Boy," Monro's celebrated "Sweet Jenny, the maid of the moor," Ollive's "Listen, ladies, listen," Meves's "Muleteer," Kirby's "They are all gone from the mountain home," and "Lieber Augustine." Printed on colored paper of various hues.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Our commonwealth.—We think we shall not subject ourselves to the imputation of vanity, nor be exposed to criticism, in assuming the position, that within the limits of the state of New-York are combined a greater number of natural advantages than are to be found in any other area of the same extent on the globe. Its dimensions, too, (forty-six thousand square miles) fall little short of some European kingdoms; and its position, in relation to this division of the earth, is most felicitous. In its figure it may not unaptly be compared to a majestic oak, standing on the margin of the vast Atlantic, its roots deeply and strongly imbedded, and spreading its magnificent branches even to the inland seas and rivers of the north and west. Not only is its soil eminently prolific, as is evinced in the immense amount of its rich and varied productions, and which in quantity and quality are not exceeded; but its general health and large population (now two millions) are unquestionable evidences of the

salubrity of its climate. Its topographical features are singularly imposing. The majesty of its rivers, and the expanse of its waters; its noble cataracts; its extensive plains and valleys; the "lonely grandeur and chaotic beauty" of some of its lofty mountains, when taken collectively, are but in few instances surpassed.

In the amplitude and grandeur of our policy, as respects internal improvements, (those perennial fountains of wealth) we have left every other member of the confederacy as far behind us as we exceed the rest in numbers. Our canals, turnpikes, and rail-roads are of such extent and utility, that those who were once most sceptical concerning them, have become their zealous advocates; and the revolution of a few years will be sufficient to enable us to derive from them a revenue that will not merely be adequate to all the exigencies of government, but to authorize such an extension of the system, as will confer upon the most distant angle of the commonwealth, the cheapest possible modes of transportation.

Our commercial emporium, now comprising a population of considerably more than two hundred thousand souls, and fast rising in the scale of wealth and magnificence, is becoming as much an object of pride to its citizens, as it is of admiration to strangers. Its commerce increases in a ratio that places it altogether beyond the reach of example. And if it is now second to one or two others only of Europe, we believe that before the lapse of half a century, it will, on the score of commerce, take precedence of any other.

A persevering and commendable spirit is every where visible in multiplying those accommodations and comforts so acceptable to visitors and travellers. And since we have such constant influx from almost every portion of the Union, as well as from Europe and the West Indies, the wisdom of the policy is very manifest. Our public hotels and boarding houses are very numerous, and in the highest degree respectable. The epicure may here indulge himself to the extent of his desires. The tables are not merely spread with a rich profusion of solid food, but are garnished with delicacies from every clime. Nor is this by any means confined to the metropolis. The interior towns are not behind in their efforts to increase their reputation, and secure custom. Some travellers have said, that in a few instances they even excel those of long established character in the city. This seems extraordinary, inasmuch as it may appear too great a tax on ingenuity and skill, and incur such burdensome expenses as would defeat the objects of the undertaker. Nevertheless, we cannot withhold the expression of our wish, that such liberal expenditures and generous enterprise may meet with a corresponding reward.

The citizens of every part of our state look with lively solicitude to the annual visits of our southern neighbors. Of all guests, they are among the most welcome. Their liberality, their refinement, their intelligence, their known hospitality, will for ever make them acceptable. There is yet no impediment to this desirable and valuable intercourse; and while those of our citizens who have leisure and means to travel, may derive much pleasure from a visit to the south during the winter, they, on the contrary, will find it equally agreeable to escape from the heat of their summers, by an excursion to the northern places of fashionable resort.

Fright.—Although the custom of frightening children into obedience is, we trust, in a great measure banished from intelligent families, it is yet of too frequent occurrence. No system of government could be pursued more pernicious. All the experience of age, all the efforts of reason, cannot, in many instances, eradicate the fatal impressions of terror on the youthful mind. The United States Gazette mentions a case, which lately took place in Philadelphia, of more than ordinary interest. A little boy, named Isaacs, had been employed in the theatre, where a Mr. Wilkins, who was rather intoxicated, undertook to frighten him; for which purpose he produced a rope, which he said was the one used to hang Porter. He also exhibited an old coffin, shook at the lad some skull bones, and committed other indecent fooleries, until he became so frightened that he fell into violent fits. The master of the child entered a complaint before Alderman Binns, who, after hearing the case, held the accused to bail. It was soon after made known to the magistrate that the boy was dead!

Artificial eyes.—The idea of imitating the most beautiful of all nature's creation, so accurately as to render it nearly impossible to detect the deception, would have been considered a short time ago, utterly absurd; and although Dr. Scudder has been perfectly successful in the attempt, he informs us that there are people even yet incredulous. They do not believe their own eyes nor the Doctor's either. We confess that we also have had doubts upon the subject, until satisfied by *ocular* demonstration, and compelled to acknow-

ledge that his skill is extraordinary and unparalleled. He brought one of his patients into our office the other day, and, according to his custom, challenged us to distinguish the natural eye from that of his own manufacture, which we were scarcely able to do. There is no pain in the operation of setting the ball in the socket, and the gentleman whose misfortune had been, at least in appearance, so unexpectedly remedied, assured us that he never suffered from it the slightest inconvenience, although he had worn it for more than two years.

Improvement in type metal.—We have before us the detached sheet of a work, from the press of Mr. James Conner, of this city, and intended as a specimen of printing types. The impression is uncommonly distinct and clear, the face of the letters being also much lighter than usual. In passing accidentally through the spacious type and stereotype foundry of this publisher, we were struck with the peculiar color of the metal, and were informed that it arose from the introduction of copper, in addition to the antimony, lead, and tin, of which the type has been generally composed. This, although understood by the founders in Boston and Albany, has never before been successfully attempted in this city. Mr. Conner, the sole individual, as we learn, whose experiments here have not failed, has not only discovered the secret, but improved upon it very materially, by the admixture of another ingredient, which he is unwilling to disclose, and by which the type becomes much lighter, harder, and more durable.

The Southern Review.—This journal, which, although supported by some of the most able writers and eminent men of the south, was discontinued for want of sufficient encouragement, has lately re-appeared. In the new number Mr. Bulwer's Siamese Twins is severely criticized.

American Quarterly Review.—All the contents of the eighteenth number of the American Quarterly Review have been given to the press, and it will be issued at the regular period. The titles of the several articles are, "College Instruction and Discipline," "Croly's George the Fourth," "Hieroglyphic System," "Iron," "Siamese Twins," "Europe and America," "Webster's Speeches and Forensic Arguments," "Poland," "History of Maryland," "Peale's Notes on Italy."

Mr. Graham.—The friends of this unfortunate poet, have called a meeting, for the purpose of adopting measures to relieve his necessities, as he is destitute of sight and of every method of obtaining support. He has occasionally written verses of much merit. Would it not be a more judicious and efficacious method of bringing him before the public, to print these pieces in a neat form, with the first proceeds of the subscription? It is probable that an extensive edition would, under these circumstances, command a ready sale.

New papers.—A morning journal, entitled the Daily Freeman's Advocate, and printed neatly on a large imperial sheet, has been recently established in Albany. Its editorial department is under the charge of Mr. E. V. Sparhawk, a gentleman fully competent to conduct the concerns of a paper with success. The New-York Whig has also lately appeared in this city, edited by Mr. Orville H. Holley, lately of the Troy Sentinel, and by Mr. Henry Dana Ward, both known as ready writers.

The Annuals.—A late English journal says, that the annuals have not flourished this season: "proprietors, publishers, sellers, and buyers, all unite in the same complaint. We were going to say, we did not regret the intelligence—they have not done much good for art, and we know they have done very little for literature. The engravers have been crammed with subjects that must be ready to a day, to the exclusion of works of higher claims; and, we believe, they would rejoice at the reign of steel being on the brink of a revolution. Landscape Annuals are, however, yet in vogue, and the rival productions of Standfield and Harding are giving busy note of preparation."

New Animal.—At a meeting of the London Eclectic society, a Dr. Johnson read a paper on the *planaria torva*, an insect something like the leech, of about half an inch in length. On decapitating this curious creature, new heads form in a few days.

Excessive love!—A Miss Susan Coster has been tried in the state of Alabama, for firing a pistol at a false lover, as he was escorting another fair one to church. She was acquitted on the ground that there was no malice, but on the contrary, an excess of love!

Waltzing.—A young gentleman, who was waltzing on Monday evening, became suddenly faint, called for a glass of water and died immediately. It is supposed that the violence of the evolutions occasioned the rupture of a bloodvessel near the heart.

WHY COMES HE NOT?

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—COMPOSED BY CHARLES E. HORN.

Andante.

Why comes he not? Why comes he not, Oh! sis-ter, can you say? My boy and I have watch'd the path To-ge-ther all the day; I'm jeal-ous of the ea-ger child, I fain would be a-lone: That his first com-ing may be seen By no eye save my own; By no eye save my own; By no eye save my own.

2d—He comes—'tis he! I hear his steed.
Ah, would he were in sight.
You think I am deceived? But hark,
You hear him—I was right.

Fool that I was—had I gone forth,
Beyond that shadowy grove,
I might already have beheld
The form of him I love.

3d—He darts like lightning from the trees;
He waves his hand aloft:
Again I hear those words of love,
That I have heard so oft.

I envy not the dame whose lord
Is never forced to roam;
She never knew the boundless joy
Of such a welcome home!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

LIBERAL PROFESSIONS.—A country fellow hearing the law called one of the liberal professions, employed three lawyers in a suit he had. He gained his cause, but the counsel fees were more than the sum recovered. "By zounds!" said he, "but this is the most curious liberal profession I ever heard of; in our part of the country we should be apt to call this mercenary."

GOOD NATURE.—It was said of a good-natured fellow, that he was as apt to forgive injuries as most people are to forget benefits.

THE SIX PLAGUES.—Sorbiere says that the six plagues of a small town are—a lawyer with great knowledge, great sophistry, and no sense of justice; an eminent physician with little skill or manners; a preacher without any conscience; a quarrelsome soldier; a politician without principles; and a man of letters who eternally dogmatizes.

AGREEMENT OF OPINION.—Men naturally associate with those who agree with them in opinion. This agreement not only flatters their self-love, but relieves them from the task of defending their tenets, which very often is no easy matter.

THE CENTRE.—Wherever a man is, that is the centre of the world to him.

DESCRIPTION AND DEFINITION.—To describe a thing is comparatively easy; but to give a definition of it, is a work of difficulty, and requires great clearness of comprehension as well as of language.

ORIGINALITY.—It is much more difficult to make a thing from the beginning, than to make great additions to it afterwards.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

NUMBER 47.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—I enclose you several stanzas from the pen of *Kashprashad Ghosh*, a Hindoo of Calcutta. Although of great poetic merit, they have never been published in this country. Few are aware of the high intellectual attainments which characterize many Hindoo gentlemen. They possess a curious facility in expressing their conceptions with much purity and elegance in the English language, of which the following verses may be considered a fair specimen:

THE BOATMEN'S SONG TO GANGA.

Gold river! gold river! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow.
In the pride of her beauty, how swiftly she flies:
Like a white-winged spirit through topaz-paved skies.

Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is calm,
And o'er thee the breezes are shedding their balm;
And nature beholds her fair features portrayed,
In the glass of thy bosom serenely displayed.

Gold river! gold river! the sun to thy waves
Is fleeing to rest in thy cool coral caves;
And thence, with his tiar of light, at the morn
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

Gold river! gold river! how fair is the beam,
Which brightens and crimson thy soft flowing stream;
Whose waters beneath make a musical dashing,
Whose ripples like dimples in childhood are flashing.

Gold river! gold river! the moon will soon grace
The hall of the stars with her light-shedding face;
The wandering planets her palace will throng,
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

Gold river! gold river! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won;
And now, as the bright sun who drops from our view,
So, Ganga, we bid thee a cheerful adieu!

ORIGINAL TALES.

RANDOM SKETCHES.—THE PIRATE.

It was soon known through the little village of Henriton that Tom Beach had returned from sea; and it was soon rumored, through the jealousy of an old enemy, the attorney, that more gold jingled in his purse than had been put there honestly. He was a fine-looking fellow; free, daring, and as liberal with his money as a prince; but his good character had never before been attacked, and all these vague suspicions were soon silenced. People could only guess and imagine, and it was hard that a man should be ruined by guesses and fancies; and so it all died away, and Tom was a clever fellow again. He married a lovely girl, established her in a pleasant house, and was soon once more on the waters.

His absence continued for three years. He left the vessel in which he had shipped, at the first port she touched, and nothing was afterwards heard from him till his arrival home. Where he had been, what he had been about, and all the accompanying et cetera, were left entirely unexplained.

"I'll tell ye what," said Farmer Stevens, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and looked wise, "I'll tell you what, I more than suspect that young Master Beach is an older one than we think for. It isn't honest people that do what they have to do in the dark. Eggs and spinnage! to be sure, nobody knows what he has been about, and yet he has oceans of cash."

The Hon. Asahel Smith, who was representative from Henriton, and occupied all the offices of the town, was occasionally accustomed, for the sake of preserving his popularity, to take a glass of beer and a cigar with the assembled politicians at the sign of the golden ball. He happened to be there at the time Farmer Stevens let fall the above remark. His constituents looked at Asahel; Asahel looked at his constituents. There was a dead silence, and the representative, who did not like to commit himself, shook his head solemnly, put on his broad-brimmed hat, and quietly walked away.

"I knew there was something in it; and 'squire knows more about it than he is willing to tell. He acts with statesman-like prudence," rejoined Farmer Stephens.

"Something in it! I guess there is a good deal in it," added the multitude; if we can be allowed to class four honorables and five esquires under so promiscuous a title."

The golden ball was soon deserted, and all its temporary occupants ran home as rapidly as they conveniently could, to inform their wives and families, as a great secret, and in as confidential a manner as possible, that the Honorable Asahel Smith knew more about Captain Beach than he was willing to tell.

"I had it from his own mouth," said Farmer Stevens: "it was publicly mentioned; but I don't wish anything said about it as coming from me. It may not be true after all, and then it would get the young man into difficulty."

Mrs. Beach was a beautiful woman, and the young couple were really the only people in their native village who had made any considerable advances in civilization. They lived in a very pretty way, and I have drank a good glass of wine at their table. It was a sad thing to me that these rumors or suspicions, or rather these shadows of suspicions, should get about, for I did not know what they might lead to. They were, of course, entirely unfounded. Captain Beach was a daring, enterprising man, and had followed up some branch of business with extraordinary success—and this was the amount of it. That he should have been guilty of any fraud, or engaged in any contraband or illegal trade, was altogether out of the question.

Mrs. Andrews gave a large tea-party. It was a delightful afternoon, and we stepped in just as they had got to their toast and tea—to say nothing of pie and apple-sauce. The company were all dallying with their forks or spoons, as if they were thinking about anything but the toast, and the pleasant beverage that Queen Anne used to "take" so many years ago. There was something weighing upon the guests, which no one could be prevailed upon to touch first.

"What a dreadful thing," commenced Miss Babcock.

"Very dreadful!" simultaneously groaned the company.

"What a dreadful thing it was," she continued innocently, "that there should have been so many lives lost at that great fire in New-York."

"That is not what you referred to, Mrs. Smith, is it?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Smith, placing her cup emphatically upon the waiter, and putting her cap a little back from her prominent forehead; "I was thinking what a dreadful thing it was for poor Mrs. Beach."

"So was I," exclaimed several voices, in various tones and semi-tones of horror and compassion.

"Why," observed Miss Simplicity Sweetbriar, "did she lose any friends at the fire?"

"How, then," said Mrs. Andrews, "is it possible that you have not heard? I thought everybody knew all the particulars."

"Particulars of what?" rejoined the amiable Misses Babcock and Sweetbriar.

"Mary, you may leave the room," said Mrs. Andrews. Mary left the room very obediently, and placed her ear at the keyhole.

"If I may not see, I suppose I may hear," soliloquized the submissive domestic.

"You must know, then," began Mrs. Andrews, "that this is not a new thing. They have had suspicions of Tom Beach these ten years. The select men have had their eye on him ever since Deacon Bronson whipped him for stealing his cherries to give them to that poor lame boy he used to go to see so much. Then he was hardly three feet high. 'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.' You remember how we used to read it at school—and I'm much of that man's mind."

"What man was that?" interrogated Miss Sweetbriar.

"It was an observation of the pope's—and a sensible pope too. Well, as I was saying, this is not a new thing, though it was never thought he was half so bad. But, before I begin, I will just mention that you will be kind enough not to repeat this after me, as I have no wish to say anything against him, and so should not like to be brought into any difficulty. 'Twas told me that 'Squire Smith stated it as a thing he had good reason to suspect, that there were very bad suspicions afloat respecting Captain Beach?' And then Mrs. Andrews rolled up her eyes, with a mingled expression of sorrow and admiration.

"I knew," said Mrs. Stevens, "when those splendid silks and satins came home, that everything was not going on as it ought to. I said nothing—but who once thought it would come to this?" And the conclave broke up, lamenting that Captain Beach should have turned out a—pirate! Miss Sweetbriar retired to her chamber, and dreamed that being on board a packet-ship, bound to London, the vessel was attacked by pirates, and every mariner and passenger except herself massacred; that she escaped by means of her piteous shrieks,

and the fact was, that one of the wretches, who knew her perfectly, and called her by name, turned out to be—her own waiting-maid, standing by her bedside, and vociferating, in no gentle language, that if she "did not get up pretty quick she would have a cold breakfast." Mrs. Andrews sat up till most morning, talking it over with her spouse. The Honorable Asahel Smith, on the motion of Mrs. Smith, thought it a "subject proper to be submitted to judicial investigation."

"Mary," said Captain Beach one day after dinner, "Mary, my love, where is that switch with the ivory head I brought home with me the other afternoon?" for he had heard the rumors in circulation, and traced them to their author. His wife sent for the switch, and he repaid her trouble by a kiss. "This will hardly answer," thought he, looking at its slender proportions, and taking up his walk rapidly towards a shop, where he knew they could provide him with a more suitable instrument.

"This is the article I am looking for," quoth the captain, as he opened his purse to pay for it.

One can hardly wonder that he was taken for a pirate, when he indulged the extravagance of settling his purchases by cash. He tried the article once or twice across his boot. It was what in vulgar parlance is called a cow-hide.

He knocked at the door of a large house in the centre of the village. A brawny lass opened it at the knock, and told him that 'Squire Smith would speak with him in a few minutes; he was busy just then with a client. "Tell him there is a gentleman waiting to speak with him immediately. Oh, good day, Mr. Smith. I have a little business to transact, and if you will be kind enough to walk down with me as far as the golden ball, I shall be your very humble servant."

"Certainly, Captain Beach, certainly, sir, with a great deal of pleasure;" and they walked along, arm in arm, to the sign of the golden ball. It was a pleasant afternoon, and as several political matters were at this time agitating the community, there was a great number of illustrious personages collected about the door of the tavern.

"Now, sir," said Captain B., "I intend taking the law into my own hands, and to punish your manifold transgressions. I am going to whip you, and leave you to guess what it is for. So take off your jacket, and bear it as well as you can."

The Honorable Asahel Smith stood aghast. His constituents looked in wonder; but they offered him no assistance, and he was obliged to submit to the indignity of corporeal punishment.

"Sir," said Asahel, "I shall prosecute you and recover at the next term, and am certain to recover."

"Oh, sir," retorted the captain, "I intend to beat you beyond all chance of recovery."

This was the only proof that my friend ever condescended to bring forward to clear up his character. All rumors were speedily dissipated. The next year he succeeded the Honorable Asahel in his seat in the state legislature, and has since represented his native county in congress.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN.—In looking over the late numbers of your miscellany, I was much amused by a sketch delineating, with a great deal of truth, the dangers and disadvantages of attempting to read aloud to ladies. Your correspondent seems to have taken the picture fresh from life, as many a rash male individual can testify; but, if he possesses the same sensibility in respect to music which he feels on the subject of the *belles-lettres*, he might have added another chapter to his narrative of domestic troubles. I allude to the rude conduct of certain people, who pretend to be fond of music, but, whether in the theatre, the drawing-room, or in private societies, who make no ceremony of offering any impertinent interruption to the efforts of others to play or sing. It is getting to be quite fashionable for us to congratulate ourselves upon our refined taste for, and wonderful improvement in the art. Yet, however assiduously it may have been cultivated, and with whatever visible satisfaction we may sound our own praise, I must take the liberty of observing, that there are many loud

boasters among us untouched with the real inspiration, and whose actions convince me that, if the matter could be accurately ascertained, it would be discovered, notwithstanding their pretended raptures, that they would rather employ themselves in discussing syllabubs, creams, pickled oysters, and similar dainties, than in listening to the happiest productions of the best masters. For my own part, with whatever zest I might endeavor to amuse my family, if circumstances permitted, fate has, alas! denied me both wife and sisters. My appearance is rather odd, not to say ugly—and I am not versed in the little graceful artifices which seem necessary to conciliate female affections. I have, therefore, brought down my once ardent hopes to a philosophical resignation to live and die a lonely, reckless, unloving, and unloved old bachelor. Well, no matter. So much the smaller chasm shall I leave in society, when the sure but awful tyrant grasps me with his icy fingers, and drags me away even from the few amusements with which I now strive to cheer the solitude of my situation. Among these my love of music offers one, both innocent and delightful. I believe it is almost the only feeling which has remained faithful to me among all the fresh and simple sources of pleasure which open around the path of boyhood. You may have already detected me for one of that kind of grave persons whom sentimental young ladies term melancholy men, whispering to each other that they have been disappointed in some early passion, but whom your good-humored, fat, contented people declare *hipped*. Whatever may be the cause of my general gravity and taciturnity, nothing unbends me—or as some of my merry friends express it—*unstarches* me like music. It breaks in upon my shadowy contemplations as the sun disperses the vapors of the night, pencils the fair vault of heaven with streaks of radiance, and brightens all nature with cheerfulness. My eyes are moistened—the sluggish blood dances through my veins—and pleasure darts through my whole system.

You, gentlemen, may think this rhodomontade; but I describe my sensations not from vanity, for I write anonymously, but in order to make you more clearly comprehend the justice of my complaints against those who break so agreeable a spell by rude violations of good manners.

I would particularly call the attention of really well-bred persons to that class of intruders who infest the theatres. They are not confined to the low and uneducated; but, strange as it certainly is, they are frequently discovered in what is called the best society. While the most vulgar bring nuts and apples in their pockets to help them through an opera, others render themselves equally conspicuous and disagreeable by ill-timed laughter and loud conversation. I was, the other evening, accidentally entrapped into a consent to accompany a party of these good-natured pretenders to taste to hear the famous opera of *Cinderella*; but before the entertainments were half over, I inwardly vowed that no snare should ever again be sufficiently strong to catch me in such an awkward and unpleasant dilemma. There was continually going on a quantity of small talk, which not only proved the individuals themselves utterly incapable of appreciating the fine compositions of Rossini, but annoyed all our neighbors. While Mr. Jones was singing "Music floats in the air," with a sweetness which has never been surpassed before an American public, one young miss asked me if I did not think the bird trimming his feathers on the rock bore a strong resemblance to a goose. The brother stretched his head over my shoulder and declared that she was a goose for asking such a question; which ordinary and appropriate display of wit was conveyed, in a loud whisper, from one to another and raised a laugh in each. I hold a *pun* in all cases to be execrable; but just at that moment—I am ashamed to confess how my temper was ruffled. Mr. Thorne, who is an especial favorite of mine, both as a player and a vocalist—delighted me in the chorus, "But soft, behold—o'ercome by sleep;" yet, in the sweetest part, a discussion, which had been for some time carried on in brisk whispers between two of the gentlemen, upon the almost forgotten subject of the Calhoun correspondence, now rose to a more audible pitch, and one of the political amateurs destroyed the whole effect of the music by asking me if I did not think "Mr. Calhoun had knocked Mr. Jackson all to *sticers*?" I therefore resolved to enjoy the future representations of this opera in the pit, where I accordingly one evening took my seat, unaccompanied by any friend whose importunities could disturb my enjoyment. But I found, as is usually the case with us poor, short-sighted mortals, in our vain attempts to improve our situation, that I had only substituted one species of evil for another; for, in the finest part of the prince's recitative, a man behind touched me on the head with the end of his cane, and inquired with great politeness, if I "used tobacco?" adding the very interesting

information that he had "become so much accustomed to the weed, that although he was afraid, indeed he was certain, it injured his nervous system, he found it impossible to leave it off." I looked down to be sure the wretch had not cloven feet, and then removed to a distant place, when, just as I was becoming again tranquilized with "Midst doubts confusing," a little, indolent, sleepy-looking amateur with monstrous whiskers, and a slender whalebone whip, lounging by my side, struck in and "volunteered his valuable services," as the play-bills have it, to assist Mrs. Austin through the most difficult passages, which he persevered in pertinaciously to the end, with as much apparent satisfaction on his own part, as vexation and even indignation on mine. Pray, gentlemen, is there no way of marking these disturbers of the peace—these intruders into genteel society, that people may know and avoid them?

You have not yet reached the end of my catalogue of complaints, for these annoyances are not confined to the theatre. My love of music lately induced me to become a member of a society which meet once a week for the purpose of improving themselves in the art. Here exist the same causes of dissatisfaction—the same visible carelessness respecting the object for which they assemble. During the execution of the various pieces, the performance is sure to be interrupted by a slamming of doors, a trampling and shuffling of feet, and creaking of boots, whispering and tittering, a scraping of fiddles, or a volunteer accompanying flourish from some of the spectators. These are the sort of admirers of the divine art who, at concerts, oratorios, &c. &c. rise towards the close of the last piece, button up their coats, draw on their gloves, and look about for their hats, leaving the performers to finish the *finale* to empty benches. V.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—Will you permit me to introduce myself to you as a correspondent of your excellent miscellany? It is unnecessary for me to detail any circumstances of my personal history, as I do not intend ever to appear before your readers except under the disguise of a fictitious signature. In furnishing this communication I am not actuated by any literary vanity which I have long out-grown, but simply and purely because I desire to assist you in labors which I can easily imagine are as arduous as they are laudable; and if a few sketches from my pen will bestow any additional interest upon the "Mirror," I shall deem myself amply compensated.

There is in this city a club of gentlemen, consisting of six, who meet occasionally at each other's houses for the purpose of enjoying a few hours of social converse upon the passing events of the day. We are deadly foes to all kinds of intemperance, and our habitual abstemiousness imparts a more agreeable relish to the few glasses of excellent old wine which occasionally, indeed regularly, finds its way into our peaceful circle; it is also an established rule which I never knew violated in a single instance, either in or out of our sessions, by any member, to abhor and eschew the cigar, except the very best which money can procure from abroad. Those light, dry, mild, yellow, and spotted fellows, which burn into ashes white as snow, and leave a fragrance that overspreads the whole system with a sensation of peaceful benevolence and indolent pleasure. Our meetings are characterized by a sort of eastern luxuriance and voluptuous ease. We rarely fail to assemble the whole number, and whoever, in those quiet and rich hours of friendly enjoyment is found among the missing, we generally consider either dead, sick, or a fool. We are all so well advanced in life as to have a dignity unknown to youth—and yet are far distant from age—ripe and mellow—not decayed. Unmarried, of course. By the mysteries of Hecate! no husband gets among us to break the spell when the clock strikes ten, that his better half may be kept in a good humor. No—we are free as air, and just as happy as the summer sky is blue, or the autumn harvest rich and wavy. Most of us have travelled in Europe, and all been far from this little busy and boasting town. We follow our professions as men of sense, who know how much more delicious is absolute leisure after employment. But fortune has blest each of us with independence, health, and personal advantages, so that we pay for what we want like gentlemen—never trouble our heads about doctors and journals of health—and feel that when we accidentally cast our eyes under the dunstable of a pretty woman, the pleasure is (I speak without any affectation of modesty) mutual. We have just a good enough opinion of ourselves to make us always good humored and happy. Beshrew your sentimental, timid, philosophizing, modest varlets, who go through this world, which they have as much right to as any one in it, tremblingly and with down-cast eyes. We are dashing,

reckless, laughter-loving blades, who believe ourselves six of the best, merriest, wittiest, most gentlemanly fellows that you could pick out of forty such cities as this of Manahatta.

You must not, however, suppose that we are *merely* lovers of mirth and laughter. No: we are observers of all the varied and shifting scenes which are for ever changing the aspect of human life. We look through "the loop-holes of retreat" upon the great jostle and struggle of the millions around us—and, however violently I have sometimes had my risible muscles exercised, I have often been equally delighted with displays of reason, and flashes of fancy—with vivid pictures of nature, and eloquent expositions of truth. To glean up the hitherto wasted treasures of intellect—to catch the flying opinions which here escape—and amuse the town with specimens of the conversations which here take place, warmed with friendship and wine, is the object which induced me to address you. We are all good and true subscribers to the Mirror; and the idea that we might be able to facilitate your exertions to render its pages attractive, struck me the other evening, in consequence of a pretty brisk dialogue carried on by two whom I shall veil under the dignity of antique cognomens.

"It is surprising to me," said Rhesus, as, placing his brimming glass before the light, he gazed a moment with one eye through its deep and transparent crimson, "it is surprising to me why the Americans have not made more progress in literary matters than seems yet to have attended their endeavors."

"It is surprising to me," added Solon, as he watched the indolent and graceful curl of the smoke, which wreathed itself in spiral lines, and vanished like a spirit, "how they have made any progress at all."

"Why, are there no authors here?" asked Rhesus.

"I may almost say," replied his companion, "that there are none. Not but that there are as many capable of conceiving and of expressing their conceptions as well as Scott, Byron, or Moore, but they are in the *ore*; and *all* literature is here in the *ore*. We live upon the English, and we bend to them without even following, without even attempting to follow, their example."

"But surely," observed Rhesus, "America has done wonders."

"She has commenced wonders, but she has accomplished nothing," said Solon. "She is like a youth of genius. Suppose he is a painter; he is then full of bright, glowing conceptions. He goes abroad to look on nature, and is enraptured with her majestic grandeur and sublimity, or her quiet and enchanting beauty. He seizes his pencil, and strives to embody his visions on the canvass; but, long before his efforts assume the shape of reality, he is fatigued with the application necessary to carry his wishes into effect. He flings aside his half-finished and neglected sketch, which, if completed, might have rendered him immortal, and hastens to some new subject, fresh with the charm of novelty, till, led astray by his wandering caprices in striving after every thing, he attains nothing. It is even thus with this nation. There is no deliberate system to encourage perseverance in candidates for literary renown. Her poets are, for a brief period, gratified with empty praise, and afterwards suffered to dwindle into insignificance; while the attempts made, in the form of periodical journals, are compelled to depend upon a taste as fickle as the wishes of a child."

"Perhaps," said Rhesus, "the fault lies in the journals themselves. Perhaps they are not so well conducted as to render them desirable."

"Your observation is shown to be incorrect," said Solon, "by the fact, that the patronage withdrawn from one is bestowed upon another of still more slender claims to distinction. In this particular I can liken the American people to nothing better than a flock of sheep—when one jumps over a fence, no one knows wherefore, the whole multitude follow his example, as if life and death depended on their speed, till, concluding that the place they have abandoned is better on comparison than they expected, some one commences the return, and they all jump back again. Hence periodical literature in this country is always unstable, always liable to be injured by quackery and charlatanism. The public themselves exercise very little judgment. They talk aloud of their love of country, their interest in its literary welfare, but never do anything with the view of promoting it. There is no concentrated effort on the part of a community to encourage a deserving work or to reward a meritorious author, unless the subject is brought before them in all the various forms of unabashed puffery. This cunning and contemptible conspiracy against the cause of literature, is always, for a time, successful; and when I have beheld sensible men and intelligent families all carried away by a column of disgusting praise,

which probably proceeded from the pen of the very person whose great merit called it forth. I no longer wonder that the Americans have done, I may almost say, nothing, to distinguish themselves as a literary people. If they refuse to support the efforts of their writers, they never can obtain reputation, and they never deserve it. The rebukes of foreign critics are but merited consequences of their own negligence and apathy; and they will be served up with trash, which barefaced impudence palms off upon them as valuable matter, till the reviewing journals of the country are firmly enough established to criticize with bold justice, and until the nation shall yield them patronage sufficient to render them attractive to writers of character, education, and talents. S.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—The following curious grant of lands will show with what little ceremony William the Conqueror despoiled the ancient possessors of the soil. It is extracted from the "National Portrait Gallery," now publishing in London.

"FRANCIS RAWDON HASTINGS, MARQUIS OF HASTINGS, K. G.

"The family of Hastings is of great antiquity, and of Norman extraction; but the English pedigree is deduced from Paulyn, or Paulinus de Roydon, who commanded a body of archers in the army of William, at the battle of Hastings. For this service he received from the Conqueror a grant of lands in the west riding of Yorkshire, near Leeds. The tenure was by grand serjeantry, and the condition that of presenting to the king and his successors a cross-bow and arrow, whenever any of them should come to hunt there. Of the title-deed, conveying these manorial rights, Weever, in his "Funeral Monuments," gives the following transcript:

"I William Kyng, the third yere o' my reign,
Give to thee Paulyn Roydon, Hope and Hoptowne,
With all the bounds both up and downe;
From heven to yertie, from yertie to hel,
For thee and thine there to dwell,
As truly as this king-right is myne;
For a crosse-bow and an arrow,
When I sal come to hunt on Yarrow.
And in token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,
And my third sonne, Henry."

The armorial bearing is that of a fesse between three pheons, or arrow-heads, with this motto, *Et nos quoque tela sparsimus*. "We too have scattered our arrows."

THE FINE ARTS.

CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

A FINE selection, from the old masters, was performed at the Paraclete church, in Vandewater-street, on Wednesday the eighteenth instant, and, as we omitted to notice a previous performance, held at the same place, we offer a few remarks on the present one. The following vocalists were announced:

MRS. AUSTIN, MR. GEAR,
MISS PEARSON, MR. PEARSON,

MESDAMES HUYLER, GOULD, AND SINGLETON,

And the choir under the direction of Mr. Cole.

And as instrumental performers,

MR. HILL, *chef d'orchestre*,
MR. J. TAYLOR, *double bass*,
MR. NORTON, *trumpet*,
MR. SCHOTT, *clarinet*.

Many other musicians of talent afforded their aid to the choir of the church, for whose benefit the concert took place; but as their names did not appear in the bills, we do not conceive that we have a right to record them here. The selections were from Handel's "Messiah," with the additional orchestral accompaniments by Mozart, a chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and a song and chorus from Haydn's "Creation." Before we proceed to criticize, we may be allowed to make a few observations on the bill, which announced, for the first time in New-York, the orchestral parts that furnish such a commentary on Mozart's respect for the talents of Handel. No musician can scrutinize the score of the "Messiah," with Mozart's additions, without feeling that he was sincere in his declaration that "*Handel knows best of all of us what is capable of producing a great effect. When he chooses, he strikes like a thunderbolt.*" With no effect of Handel has Mozart interfered; in no way has he changed even the inversion of a chord. He has merely added the instruments which were either unknown or imperfect in Handel's day. The overture is a striking specimen of his delicacy in this respect: to the slow movement only has he given wind-instruments. The regular and beautiful *fugue* remains in its primitive state. The only innovation that Mozart has made, is found in that fine *bass* song, "The trumpet shall sound," which he has arranged with wind instruments, removing the trumpet, and substituting a D horn

in its place; at the same time he furnishes a trumpet part of minor import. We must add, however, that he gives, on the opposite page, Handel's version of the song, filled up with wind instruments, as in the rest of the score. In the former arrangement, we conceive that Mozart has merely placed the *corni* in the place of the *tromba*, in order to meet the capability of most bands, for any tolerable horn player can master the *obligato* passages, whereas it requires first-rate ability in the professor of the trumpet to do them justice. As in the "Bright Seraphim," the trumpet part not only ascends to B, or rather A on the D trumpet, but that note is sustained, and divisions are run on the top of the scale, thereby requiring a union of art and physical power, seldom united in the person of one man. We are inclined to imagine that the above considerations alone urged Mozart to offer such an arrangement, because a perusal of the words will point out the necessity of preferring the trumpet to the horn. The overture was exceedingly ill played; the second violin was inaudible in the *fugue*, and instead of taking up the many leads with which it abounds, failed in nearly the whole; the first violins alone replied to the *basses* and *tenors*, consequently the effect was destroyed. "Comfort ye my people" followed, by Mr. Gear. We can always compliment this gentleman for strict propriety and good emphasis; and as a teacher of vocalism, he is a great acquisition to any city. The chorus, "The glory of the Lord," succeeded, and was sung correctly and with force. The choir seemed strong in *bass* and *soprano* voices. Haydn's beautiful descriptive song, "On mighty pens," (from the first four bars of which, by the way, Mr. Bishop has stolen the subject of his song, "Lo, here the gentle lark,") came next in order, and gave Mrs. Austin an opportunity of proving her perfect knowledge of this master—we wish we could say the same of the band. The flute played the notes but not the author; and strange to say, Mr. Schott failed in the *obligato* leads for the clarinet; however, the steadiness of the *double bass* and *violins* patched up the affair. This song, the most difficult *soprano* *morceau* in the oratorio, describes the creation of birds—the flight of the eagle, the soaring gaiety of the lark, the cooing of doves, and the plaintive warblings of the nightingale alternately, are expressed by the vocalist, with imitations by the wind instruments. Horns, flutes, bassoons, in turn, are called in to aid a most glowing description, by their several qualities; and the absence of one of these instruments, or its failure,

was a serious loss. We have heard the *concerto* at *St. Paul's* church in London. Once at Boston, accompanied by the band of the Tremont theatre, (then excellent) and sung by Mrs. Austin, at the rooms of the Handel and Haydn society. The effect produced was charming, and will be remembered by the members of that society and every one present. And twice in New-York—once by Miss Gillingham at St. Paul's, when the accompaniment was execrable, and lastly by Mrs. Austin as we have described. Miss Pearson essayed the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" but this young lady, and a Miss Gould, who attempted Handel's "Farewell, ye limpid streams," must permit us to remark, that, although their voices are both good, yet they have not that cultivation which is necessary for principal singers. In concerted music they may, by dint of good quality, and intonation of voice, appear to advantage. In songs, at present, they both manifest the want of a master. The *trio* "How beautiful appears," from the "Creation," is a proof of our assertion. It was sung very effectively by Miss Pearson, Mr. Gear, and Mr. Pearson. Two ladies also, named Huyler, sang a *duet* very tolerably. The chorus, "Hallelujah," from the "Mount of Olives," was executed well. The "Angels ever bright and fair," is too recently in our readers recollection to require comment; suffice it to say, that both this song, and "Let the bright Seraphim," gained additional effect from the beautiful formation of the church for sound, in which respect it is superior to any place of worship we have yet visited. The grand "Hallelujah," by Handel, was admirably sung as a *finale*. Majestic in simplicity, and soaring above all composers in grandeur of idea, who can object to the name of the "Briars of music," as applied to him by Pope; and who will dispute Haydn's reflection, that "this man is the father of us all?"

ENGRAVING.

Bourne's views of New-York are nearly completed. They are drawn by Burton, and the engravers are Smilie, Archer, Fossette, and Gimber. They are uncommonly accurate, and those by Smilie are finished with great delicacy and skill.—Nine plates are already published, each containing two of the following views: St. Paul's church; Merchants' Exchange, Wall-street; Council chamber, City-hall; Public room, Merchants' Exchange; Bowling-green; Landing place,

foot of Courtland-street; Masonic-hall; Landing place, foot of Barclay-street; St. Thomas's church, Broadway; Park theatre, and part of Park row; Bowery theatre; Washington-hotel; Junction of Broadway and the Bowery; Bay and harbor of New-York; Steam-boat wharf, Battery-place; Mansion house, Bunker's, Broadway; Park-place; American-hotel.

NEW MUSIC.

Bourne continues to afford new evidences of his industry, taste, and enterprise. He overflows us with musical pieces,

"Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another, as bright, and as shining, comes on."

We have now before us the comic song of "Ye tormentors," as sung by Mr. Placide in Cinderella, and also a fine piece of twenty-seven pages, entitled "*Variations brillantes* for the piano-forte, on the favorite air *Ma Fanchette est charmante*, as performed by Miss Sterling and a distinguished amateur." In elegance of execution, as well as the character of the music, these deserve the attention of every friend of the art.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE WIDOWED IVY.

AN ivy tree, with its constant green leaves, crept along the ground with difficulty, and looked round for a tree against which to twist itself; for it was much grieved that its leaves were eaten by the caterpillars and worms, and their shining green defiled by the dust. He saw a tall young elm tree, crept to its roots, and besought it thus:—"Fair tree! permit me the favor to wind my branches round your stem. I cannot, certainly, be of any use to you; yet I can, at least, furnish you with some ornament. When your leaves, and those of other trees, are long faded and fallen to the earth, mine shall still twine around you, and make you verdant, and you will appear lovelier than your brethren."

The elm-tree answered: "I yield to your request; not out of consideration for the advantages you promise, but on account of your weakness and tenderness. You do not deserve to have your leaves eaten by caterpillars and worms, or trodden down by animals."

Thus spoke the elm-tree; and the ivy twisted its branches round about it, and gratefully embraced it with its green leaves. They grew united, and rejoiced in their youth and life; they drank the dew of heaven, enjoyed the invigorating rays of the sun, and were loved and admired by all who loved any thing. But when the autumn came, the leaves of the elm-tree began to turn yellow and red, withered, and fell off; the tree lamented and was melancholy, and said to its younger friend: "The winter is severe and hard; I have seen several of my brothers perish in the cold stormy winds; and when the spring came, they could not again adorn themselves with fresh leaves, for their sap was dried up. Ah! if such a fate should be mine, my bond of friendship with you will be broken."

The ivy tried to console it, and said: "In death also I will still as faithfully embrace you as I do now that you are young and handsome; and I will never separate from the protecting stem that so benevolently supported me."

But once there was a very severe winter: the shores of the Baltic were frozen, the rivers became masses of ice, the whole land was covered with snow, and the frost penetrated to the hearts of the trees, and deep into the earth; the birds flew anxiously backwards and forwards, and sought a warmer spot to protect them from the intense cold. The ivy said: "What will become of the good elm-tree? Oh! if it do but escape destruction by the frost!"

Finally came the spring: crocuses, violets, snow-drops, and other early flowers, courageously raised their little crowns above the earth, and peeped up, as if it were already warm; the birch-tree waved its green branches in the air; and the apple and cherry trees had already formed their blossoms: but the branches of the elm-tree stood bare, neither bud nor green leaf sprouted from it. Then the ivy lamented, and said: "Ah! he is dead, my faithful protector, my tender friend; and I cannot rejoice in the sweet spring, for I am solitary and deserted!"

The other trees now said to the mourner: "Why do you remain clinging to the dead elm-tree? Unwind yourself from the stem, and come to us, who are yet fresh and green!"

The ivy answered: "Far be it from me to reward the benevolence of the deceased tree with such base ingratitude! Have not my leaves affectionately embraced him during his life? so shall they in death also; and hang around him as a garland of gratitude and grief."

Thus spoke the ivy, and its leaves adorned the beloved stem even in death.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

THERE are two extremes, equally dangerous, to be avoided in the education of children. Some parents deem it necessary to watch over and control their every action, and almost their every thought; to punish, with severity, every infringement upon established rules, and to exact from them, on all occasions, the most implicit obedience and respect. Others entertain very opposite opinions concerning the mode of treatment most favorable to the development of the affections and the understanding. They suppose that restraint interferes with the free growth of the mind; that the character when left entirely to itself, will spring up into more vigorous strength, like a tree in a forest, which demands no cultivation. As in most cases, truth lies in the medium. The strict discipline, exercised by some over their offspring, is much to be deprecated. It injures the natural courage and openness of the disposition, and destroys the free operation of the reason. A child, whose ears are continually fatigued with rebuke and admonition, will at length detest instruction, and the individual by whom it is communicated. There should always be a certain degree of independence about its person. It should not be taught to look with too great fear and reliance upon any one. A perfect and uniform correctness of deportment can only be properly obtained from a long course of careful education, unattended with passion and violence. The first object should be to gain the affections without forfeiting the respect, and then *example*, which the child cannot fail to observe, will influence it more than a thousand precepts, especially in the habits requisite to pass through the daily routine of life with propriety.

But the contrary extreme is equally pernicious. To abandon restraint altogether, besides rendering the child a nuisance to others, will produce very unpleasant consequences in after life to itself. Such wants and wishes as result from ignorance and caprice, should be promptly refused, and the refusal never disregarded. If possible, the cause should be explained. If it is beyond their comprehension, they should be so informed, and any display of temper should be invariably met with calm but firm displeasure. To hush up their passion, by at length acceding to their desires once opposed, is so obviously improper, and so clearly confirms them in obstinacy and unreasonable demands, that it is extraordinary how any intelligent mother can fall into the error.

There is in the memoirs of the Countess de Genlis a picture of the results of this kind of indulgence, so illustrative of my meaning, and so apt to the present subject, that the reader will pardon me for inserting it:

"Madame d'Estourmelles, then fifty-seven, had an only son, five years old. The Isaac of this modern Sarah, was, of all spoiled children, the most insufferable I ever met with. Every thing was permitted him; nothing was refused him: he was the absolute master of the drawing room and of the château. M. Emmanuel de Boufflers is the only instance I have since seen to recall to me this singular kind of education. I arrived at Frétoy two hours after dinner: there was a large party from Paris. I had a cottage bonnet, as it was then styled; it was quite new, covered with beautiful flowers, and fastened on the left side of the head with a great many pins. I was scarcely seated, when the terrible tyrant of the château came and snatched out of my hand a superb fan, and broke it in

Madame d'Estourmelles gave her son a slight reprimand for having broken my fan, but for not having asked me for it politely. An instant after, the child went and whispered to his mother that he wanted my bonnet. 'Very well, my child,' replied Madame d'Estourmelles, gravely, 'go and ask for it very politely.' He immediately ran up to me crying, 'I want your bonnet.' He was told that he must not say 'I want,' and this was what his mother called 'passing over none of his faults.' She then dictated to him his formula of demand; 'Madame, will you have the goodness to lend me your bonnet?' Every one in the room cried out against this fancy, but the mother and son persisted. M. de Genlis ridiculed it with some bitterness, and I saw that Madame d'Estourmelles was about to get angry; I then rose up, and generously sacrificing my pretty bonnet, I went and begged Madame d'Estourmelles to unpin it, which she did in great haste, for the child began to get very violent and impatient. Madame d'Estourmelles embraced me, and praised excessively my mildness, my complaisance, and my fine hair. She insisted that I looked a hundred times better without my bonnet, though my curls were all deranged, and I made a very ridiculous figure in full dress, with my hair in disorder. My hat was delivered to the child, on condition of his not

spoiling it. But in less than ten minutes the bonnet was torn, crushed, and rendered unfit ever to be worn again. I took care, afterwards, to dress my hair simply, and to wear neither bonnet nor flowers. But, unfortunately, this spoiled child was grateful for what I had done; he attached himself to me with unmeasured violence, and refused to quit my side; as soon as I entered the room, he would place himself on my knees; he was very fat and heavy, and not only fatigued me unmercifully, but crumpled my gowns, and even tore them by placing upon them loads of playthings. I could neither speak to any one, nor hear a syllable of any kind of conversation; and it was even impossible for me to get rid of him so long as to play a game at chess. In all my little journeys I carried my harp with me; but here, if any one wished to hear me play, it was impossible, while I sat at the harp, to prevent the child (who kept continually near it) from playing also on the bass strings, which formed a very indifferent accompaniment to my performance. When I had finished, and any one came to take away my harp, the child opposed it with the most horrible cries. The harp was then left, and he played upon it in his own fashion, he scratched some of the cords, broke others, and soon put it completely out of tune. When any one told Madame d'Estourmelles that her child must annoy me excessively, she would ask me 'if that was the case?' and she pretended to take my polite negative in its literal sense, adding, that at my age one must be charmed to amuse one's self in an infantine manner, and that I formed with her son a *delicious group*. In fact, the child was not so disagreeable as people imagined; not that I loved his frolics, but his person interested and amused me. He was pretty, coxing, and droll, and he had nothing bad in his disposition. With a tolerable education he might have been easily made a delightful child. His poor mother has largely paid the forfeit of his bad education: the year following this, for the first time in his life, he had a little fever; he refused all sorts of drink, and demanded with violence all kinds of improper food; a slight indisposition became a serious disease, and soon a fatal one; for it was impossible to make him take medicine of any description, and all attempts of this kind threw him into fits of passion, that went even to convulsions. He died at the age of six, though he was naturally very stout, and of an excellent constitution."

Every mother will instinctively shrink from the idea that any of her own family could cut such a figure in company, and yet how very few take the proper means to prevent it. Many, after having already spoiled their child by negligent or weak indulgence, are occasionally aroused, by some excessive instance of bad conduct, and in their anger proceed to inflict severe chastisement, with the hope that so cruel and isolated a piece of severity will eradicate the habits which they have suffered to gain strength for years. But it only awakens the evil passions of the little victim, and renders remedy more hopeless. Nothing can be efficacious in such a case but a *system* of treatment, persevered in for months or years, by which mild punishment shall dispassionately and uniformly follow every offence. No improper indulgence should be ever allowed, and nothing be yielded to importunity or obstinacy. It may usually be taken for granted, when parents have themselves superintended the education of their children, that, in cases of their bad conduct, the latter are much less to blame than the former.

Another frequent fault of those entrusted with the care of youth, is the practice of conversing freely in their presence respecting their beauty and accomplishments, and of showing them off to strangers, who, of course, are lavish of their admiration. What must be the thoughts of an intelligent little girl, eight or nine years of age on hearing such expressions as "Is she not a sweet child?" "What a charming beautiful face!" "Now show us how well you can dance," &c. It is in this way that the early seeds of vanity find their way into the female bosom—that the love of admiration becomes a passion, which, while it weakens the affections, brings in its train art, selfishness, affectation, and coquetry. B.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Southern Review. No. XIII. May, 1831. Charleston. A. E. Miller. p. 259.

WE greet the re-appearance of this ably-conducted journal with a warm welcome. Its readers will derive great gratification from a perusal of this number. Its contents are as follows: "Byron's Letters and Journals; Beranger's Poems; the Life and Times of Daniel Foe; Murat's Letters on the United States; History of the Fine Arts; Steam-engine and Rail-roads; the Siamese Twins; Irving's Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Christopher Columbus; and

Harper's Family Library, No. XVIII." The article on Byron is written in a strain of delightful eloquence and philosophy, and excites our astonishment that a work possessing such powerful claims upon the public notice should have hitherto appealed to it in vain. We shall require no apology for introducing a few extracts, valuable for the true estimate of the book, and the poet, among the innumerable existing contradictory opinions of both:

"The second volume of Mr. Moore's work is one of the most interesting books in the language. The success of the author is exactly in the inverse ratio of the space which he occupies in his own pages—of which he has, for this time, yielded the almost exclusive possession to the hero of his story. He has, indeed, presented us with the 'Confessions' of Lord Byron, made up of the most authentic and least suspicious of all possible materials—his letters, journals, and the like relics, thrown off with the impression of every varying mood upon them, and apparently without any intention, or even the remotest idea of giving them to the public. They exhibit, accordingly, without disguise or palliation, a view of his whole course of life during his last residence on the continent. We need not say that the life of which the secret post-scenia and deepest recesses are thus unexpectedly laid bare to the gaze of the world, is that of a man of pleasure—dashed, it is true, with the gloom of a complexional melancholy, or more brilliantly diversified by the mingled glories of genius and literature, and abruptly and prematurely terminating in a high tragic catastrophe—an atoning self-sacrifice, and a hero's grave."

"We repeat that we have read this book with intense interest. We do not know where the letters are to be found in any language which better repay a perusal. Perhaps as mere models of the epistolary style they are not so exquisite as some that might be cited. Even of this, however, we are far from being sure. If they do not equal, for instance, in grace and elegance, those of Gray or Lady Mary—if they are not specimens of that inimitable, ineffable *brevetage*, which makes those of Madame de Sévigné so entirely unique, they fully rival the best of them in spirit, piquancy, and, we venture to add, wit, while, like the epistles of Cicero, they not unfrequently rise from the most familiar colloquial ease and freedom into far loftier regions of thought and eloquence. We were particularly struck with this last peculiarity. We scarcely read one of them without being surprised into a smile—occasionally into a broad laugh—by some reckless waggery, some sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, while there are many passages in which the least critical reader will not fail to recognise the hand that drew Childe Harold."

"Two other general observations have been suggested to us by the perusal of this volume: the first is, that, although, as we have already remarked, it exhibits a view of Lord Byron's life when he had abjured the realm and put himself out of the pale of English society, denying its authority, defying its power, setting at naught, with foul scorn, all its conventional decencies and established opinions, he appears to us in a much more amiable and estimable light as a man, than he did in the first part of the work. We are not troubled here with any sham pleas—any labored and abortive apologies of Mr. Moore, for what he must have known to be indefensible, if he had any moral sense at all. There is none of that whining and mawkish hypocrisy which we found so peculiarly disgusting in the history of the earlier part of Byron's life. He does not tell a tale of horror, and affect to palm it off upon his reader as a candid avowal of a peccadillo—he does not charge his hero with what amounts to parricide, and then lament the unfortunate peculiarities of a parent, which he more than insinuates, were a justification of such a monstrous perversion of nature—in short, he does not confess Byron to have been utterly heartless, by his very attempt (and a most awkward attempt) to find an excuse for him, in the tendency of genius to 'mount me up into the brain,' as honest Falstaff would say, but as Mr. Moore most daintily expresses it, 'to transfer the seat of sensibility from the heart to the fancy.' He tells, or rather he suffers Byron to tell, his story here without any grimace or dissimulation. The whole truth comes out in a round unvarnished tale, and yet it is scarcely possible to read these letters and not feel disposed rather to deplore the fate, than reprobate the conduct of the writer—the gifted and miserable possessor of so much that might be envied, admired, and loved—a fallen cherub, not only majestic, but touchingly beautiful and attractive, 'though in ruins,' with enough of his original goodness as well as brightness about him to make us feel what transcendent and glorious excellence he has forfeited, by those accidental circumstances or complexional peculiarities, or whatever else it

were, by which, like one of his own heroes, 'he was betrayed too early and beguiled too long.'

"The gloomy and fierce passions which inspire the muse of Byron, seldom break forth in these letters; and as it has been said of Garrick, that it was only when he was off the stage that he was acting, so, if the epistolary correspondence of the poet is (as we take it to be) a fair specimen of his ordinary conversation, we should be inclined to look rather to the effusions of his imagination, than to those which are supposed to flow more immediately from the heart for the true image of his character. It is not so with common men—it is not so even with those who, possessing extraordinary talents, are in the habit, from policy or propriety or other motives, of exercising a strong self-control when they appear before the public. But Byron knew no such restraints—and then, all his poetry, as we remarked on a former occasion, was the language of feelings which he had brooded over until they were exalted into madness, and his brain burned as in a feverish delirium."

The second article is a review of Beranger's poems. This gentleman is the most popular French writer of the day, and is extensively known as having drawn upon himself the indignation of the police, in consequence of the tendency of his compositions to awaken and keep alive among the people a spirit of liberty. His history is here partially given, and much enhances the interest of the piece. We select the following anecdote of the poet:

"After the return of Louis the eighteenth, a certain minion of the court being out of favor, one of his political antagonists came to our poet, and giving him the materials of a lampoon upon the unlucky favorite, requested him to put them into verse. 'A la bonne heure,' replied the generous satirist, who appears to care as little for the grantees of the opposition as for those of the cabinet, 'A la bonne heure, quand il sera ministre.' It is a remarkable fact also, and one that may well be noticed in confirmation of the truth of this story, that while we have scarcely a line in praise of Napoleon during the period of his power—from the time of his fall, among the most touching of Beranger's stanzas are those which consist of tributes of admiration to his greatness, and sympathy with his sufferings. Thus we have 'Le Cinque Mai,' in the publication of 1821, and in the one before 'Les Deux Grenadiers,' and 'Souvenirs du Peuple,' the latter of which we have already mentioned."

It has been frequently observed of Robinson Crusoe that it is one of the most universally read books in the language, and it retains for us in age a charm almost as powerful, if not the same, as that which in early youth chained us to its delightful pages. The "Life and Times of De Foe" will, therefore, find many attentive readers. The third article contains an epitome of the work, with several valuable extracts.

In the observation upon "Murat's Letters on the United States," that gentleman is deservedly complimented upon the character of his productions, and the tenor of his life.

"We have seen few works, if any, on the subject of the United States, that contained, in so diminutive a compass, so much good sense and so little cant as the charming little volume at the head of this article. Though written in 1826, it was not published till last year. The writer, who is a nephew of Napoleon, is a gentleman of excellent education, and considerable powers of mind. He is intimately known throughout the states, most of which he has repeatedly visited; and, for several years, he has resided in Florida, universally beloved and respected. After the expiration of the probationary period required by our laws, he presented the novel spectacle of a prince renouncing his title, and requesting admission into a republic as a citizen. Having qualified himself for the practice of the legal profession, he was regularly enrolled among the members of the bar. This country, as he has emphatically told us in his answer to a late address by his fellow-citizens, is the land of his adoption—'I was (says he) among the first pioneers of the middle district of Florida. I have seen its many improvements raised up, as by magic, in the bosom of the wilderness. I have seen the members, composing a delightful society, arrive one by one from their distant homes—and it is impossible for me, in whatever situation I may be placed, to forget the strong feelings which all this has excited.' He has now left this country for France, where he is called by private affairs, and where we have no doubt he will distinguish himself by his republican principles. He has our warm wishes for the happy accomplishment of his objects, and for his speedy return to this land of his choice."

"His object in writing the letters which appear in this volume, as will be seen from the commencement of the first, is to give to a young friend in Europe, who had some intention to follow the writer's example, and settle in America, a general view of the states, with their respective characteris-

tics, that he might be enabled to determine for himself to which part of this immense continent he should direct his steps. All that this design requires is a sketch, in which the prominent features of each division of the country and its inhabitants should be faithfully drawn. This we think Colonel Murat has happily accomplished; for though we do not deny that we have met with a few particulars in which we differ from him, yet, upon the whole, we think his correspondent may safely put his trust in his counsels. His first letter is dated Wascissa, near Tallahassee, Florida, July, 1826."

The article on the "Fine Arts" will be highly appreciated by the classical reader.

From the review of the "Siamese Twins" we select the subjoined as a specimen of the impression generally produced in this country by Mr Bulwer's excursion into the regions of poetry, and with it we close the article:

"The Siamese Twins" is, upon the whole, a wretched failure. We were at a loss to conceive, when we first took up the book, what use could be made of a lusus nature so very disagreeable in a satirical poem. Had it not been that the author, by the title of his work, warranted us in looking for something particularly facetious, we should have expected to find such a subject treated in rather a different style, and with far more power, by the author of the 'Disowned.' And accordingly, the only parts of this long poem, in four books and twelve chapters, that deserve the least praise, are those of a serious, and even gloomy complexion. As for the satire, as such, we venture to affirm that a more 'tragical piece of mirth' has not been indited since Nick Bottom and his company first appeared in Pyramus and Thisbe. We can scarcely help gaping even now when we think of the dreary and dismal waste through which, from a sheer sense of duty, and with great effort, we have made a most tedious journey. It is inconceivable how so clever a writer as the author of 'Pelham,' should so completely have mistaken his walk, or have failed so utterly to accomplish what he had in view. He has published two hundred pages of satire without point, buffoonery without gaiety, and doggerel without drollery or quaintness—the stupidest, without exception, and most vulgar variety of what is so expressively called in French, *platitudes*. Weary, flat, unprofitable—these three words are the summing up of what we have to say of this 'Satirical Tale of the Times'—considered as a satire.

"Mr. Bulwer's preface, which contains some good remarks, explains the drift of his work. We take leave to observe, however, upon what he says of those who have been condemned for being 'like Lord Byron,' in poetry, that no one can be more completely safe on that score than Mr. E. L. B."

Oswali of Athens. A tragedy, in five acts. By John Howard Payne. Not yet published. 1831.

It being the author's express desire to have this performance first brought out in the land of his nativity, he committed the manuscript to the charge of Mr. J. J. Adams, then playing in London, and the piece is now in rehearsal at the Chatham theatre. Having perused the manuscript, we are prepared to say something of its literary and dramatic merits.

The plot, which appears to have been suggested by some incidents of the late Greek revolution, is briefly as follows:

Abdulahmed, a petty Turkish despot, in the classic city of Athens, was the favorite of his sultan; and, according to his own account, might have enjoyed a much higher station, had not private reasons induced him to accept of his present office. A fair Greek captive, whose life he had saved (some sixteen years previous to the opening of the play) when all her wealthy family had perished beneath the fury of the remorseless Turks, had rewarded him with her love. But this part of the story had better be told by himself, omitting the responses and remarks of the confidant to whom he is entrusting the secret:

"It fell on me to enforce
A tribute from the Greeks on the Morea.
The fools were obstinate. From their town my ships
Drove them to seek the mountains. I landed men—
Pursued them—and with death and desolation
Taught them what 'twas to disobey the sultan.
One through we followed to a height, whose woods
Were o'erthrew'd by a precipice. One side of it
We fired the forest, and upon the other
A chosen band of veterans rushed on them!
Then mothers reared their infants in the air
And dash'd them in the blazing gulf below!
All fell, self-slaughtered!—All, except one Greek,
Who tottered, bleeding, on a female arm.
But, as he raised his gun, in act to fire,
Dropp'd dead on the bare rock! The girl, one moment
Stood like a statue—then, above the flame
Outstretch'd her arms; and, with hair wildly floating,
Hung like an angel o'er a blazing world!
But, as she sprang, I rush'd with my own band
Amid the havoc—caught her—she was saved!

—and when she found
I did not urge the advantage of my power,

But only sought her wealth to give it back,
And leave her free—her gratitude was love.

Their intercourse, however, was of short duration. Religious scruples and remorse, on the part of the fair christian, induced her to demand of her protector the ceremonies of her own church. Being refused, she fled, and he could never discover her retreat. His feelings on this bereavement are, bating several careless inaccuracies in the metre, well depicted:

Through all the groves where she was wont to wander
I flew to seek her. At each turn I seem'd
To catch a glimpse of her loved form—'twas delirium!
No form was there! Wildly I sought her chamber—
There every object seem'd to breathe of her—
Her lute was on the sofa—and its silence
Spoke to me with her voice—the light scarf,
Which had so often waved upon her bosom,
When it poured forth its eloquence, appeared,
Like me, to expect her, and like me to think
She was not gone—she could not be—for ever!
But when the fatal truth burst on my soul—
Allah!—its desolation!—Millions
Of years of misery seem'd crush'd within
That hour! I closed the chamber up! I fled—
I hid the serpent anguish in my breast—
It drew its icy coil around my heart!
Strangled ambition, sympathy, and hope!

This is strong language, and cannot fail of being effective in the mouth of a chaste and judicious declaimer.

The fair fugitive had fled to a pleasant mountainous retreat, in the island of Scio, where she became a mother, and lived in security and tranquillity until the period when the drama commences. In this rural seclusion the daughter, Ianthe, grew up and was educated; and here she first met with Oswali, the nominal hero of the piece, who had visited Scio to rouse up his oppressed countrymen, and urge them to shake off the fetters of Turkish despotism.

Oswali's exertions to kindle the flame of liberty in the island of Scio are rendered nugatory by the timidity or coldness of the inhabitants. The following soliloquy on the subject will afford the reader an idea of the author's style. An occasional deficiency of rhythm is here also perceptible.

No ear to listen—all turn coldly from me,
Or basely plead for bondage! Lovely Scio!
Thou on whom nature's hand has lavish'd all
The poets' fancy paints of paradise.
What! shall thy trellices of clustering vines,
Thy thick groves, bending underneath the weight
Of the pomegranate, orange, fig, and lemon,
But scent the air and spread their shade for slaves!
The love of wealth has killed thy love of glory!
The chain e'en charms thee, because bright with gold!
Where are the times when swords, which flash'd for freedom,
Made Homer's birth-place worthy of its son?
Degraded island! blush to show the traveller
Where the great master-genius dwelt and moved,
Till you show souls that his would not have scorned!
Lo! where the far-off giant Arran mountains
Look down on Samos in the dark blue deep!
Why, cradle of Pythagoras, dost not
Thy wizard's magic hover still around thee,
And conjure back to earth departed heroes?
To fill the forms which wear the name of Greeks,
And save his island from the degradation
Which takes the beauty from its sister's smile?
Or has the spirit of the sage, indignant,
Charm'd from the serpent tyranny its venom,
To let our people wanton with its wreaths,
And find a glory in its glittering scales!

(Music of procession heard.)

—Again!
Those hated sounds of revelry again!
Ay, there they go—there—there! In gay procession
The slaves convey their mastic gum—the treasure
Most prized in their rich life—in tribute to
Their moslem ruler! Ay! dance—dance and laugh—
Toss the white turbans the Turk lets you wear,
Because ye're baser miscreants than the rest!
And let the cymbal and the kettle-drum
Proclaim what pride you take in your disgrace!

Oswali is a youthful patriot, the son of a "family of high note in Athens," and has been educated abroad. Abdulhamed hates the young man's father, for reasons assigned in the play, and is, therefore, determined to wreak his vengeance on the son, the father being beyond his reach, having become the superior of a christian monastery on Mount Athos. Speaking of Oswali, the turbaned tyrant says:

The old man gave his fortune to his son,
And left him free to choose his own career.
He was sent hence, to glean from foreign climes
All they could teach to enrich his native land.
The Greeks look up to him—I know not why—
As one heaven-destined to achieve their glory.
—That boy's father
Has set the incubus upon my soul,
Which turns my life to chaos! His religion
Has wrought this ruin! 'Tis through his religion
My arm shall strike for vengeance at the son.
Now hear me, Murad; I must win that boy,
And make him worship me. I know his temper,
But know such tempers may be won most easily.
Murad, I'd have him wrought to curse this faith,
And his fond Greece to cover him with curses!
Hasten to Scio—have him back to me—
If art should fail, tempt him to do some deed
To justify the exercise of force.

Murad hastens to Scio, insults Ianthe, and is slain by Oswali, who is, in consequence, compelled to take refuge with Ianthe's mother, Zefreni, and becomes the daughter's tutor. The natural result of all this is, the young couple become desperately in love, and the cause of Greece is almost forgotten by the hero, who has previously sworn to effect her eman-

cipation, or perish in the attempt. In the mean time, Abdulhamed hears of the death of his confidant, and swears to avenge it with his own hand. For this purpose he hastens to Scio with an armed force—lands, searches the island, and finally discovers Oswali's retreat, and forces an entrance into the house. Oswali defends the passage, and disarms the Turk, but is instantly disarmed in turn by opposing numbers. Abdulhamed aims a pistol at Oswali—Zofreni rushes between them, and receives the shot in her bosom. An eclatrisment takes place—the Turk recognises his long lost Zaida, as he calls her, who, with her dying breath, bequeathes to him his daughter, and recommends Oswali to his friendship and protection. The agonized Abdulhamed promises to be the young man's friend; the mother dies, and Ianthe accompanies her new-found father and her lover to Athens.

It is now high time to introduce the reader to another character—the real hero of the drama—for such is, in fact, the gallant Lambros, although Oswali gives it the title.

Lambros and Oswali have been sworn friends from the time they were school-boys, and both have pledged themselves to heaven and to each other, to sacrifice every consideration to the emancipation of their native country from Turkish thralldom. Lambros is older than his friend, equally patriotic, but more cool and dispassionate; not so romantic, and less susceptible of female influence. Lambros is the Pierre and Oswali the Jaffier of the great enterprise in which they are engaged. In some respects Lambros resembles Brutus, and Oswali Cassius. Their friendship for each other was ardent sincere, and wholly unalloyed by any selfish considerations.

Lambros is erroneously informed that his friend Oswali has been taken prisoner by Abdulhamed in Scio, while protecting a Greek girl, and instantly raises forces to fly to his rescue. As soon as the Turk hears of this insurrection, he artfully deceives Oswali, by describing it as an attempt of some rash lover to take away his beloved Ianthe by force. The consequence is, that Oswali volunteers to lead the Turks to battle, and does not discover his error until he finds himself fighting against his own dear friend, and the patriots that friend had assembled for the rescue of Oswali. Nor does he even make this discovery until Lambros is brought in chains before him!

The scene which follows is very effective, though it is, in fact, only a new version of that one in Venice Preserved, where Pierre so cruelly reproaches Jaffier, after the adjournment of the senate. Lambros has raised his life for his friend; who, instead of being a captive to the enemy, as he supposed, is found in arms against him! He will listen to no explanation, and they part; Lambros to his dungeon, and the almost distracted Oswali to his own chaotic reflections. A conspiracy is next got up, in which Oswali swears to kill the tyrant Abdulhamed. Ianthe intercedes for her father, and Oswali stabs her to the heart. He now becomes actually lunatic, and the scene is wrought up to a pitch of intense interest. The conspiracy succeeds—the flag of freedom waves from every eminence—Abdulhamed's power is no more—the patriots are triumphant—Greece is free; and, in a lucid interval, Oswali is reconciled to his friend, in whose arms he expires, and joins his beloved Ianthe in a better world.

During the romantic ravings of Oswali, after the death of Ianthe, he gives utterance to the following; addressing his friend, whom he mistakes for Minerva, Plato, &c.:

While I adored the praises of the crowd,
Shrunk from its sneer, and damned myself for fame!
I aim'd at all, and now myself am nothing!
We'll reason, Plato, about immortality—
Friendship is dead—and love is dead—and honor!
The life of life being gone, can life survive?
Tear up your books, and let the world despair!
(A trumpet is heard.)

Hark! how the trumpet fills the air with war!
Draw, soldiers! draw, and charge! This voice
Shall fall! by my arm shall fall! His daughter! What
Is one poor life to freedom for a nation!
Mount, Grecians! mount! The citadel is ours!
They pluck the horsetail banners up and fly!
See! by the sabre's flash—they fall—they writhe!
Through the cleft turban how the crimson streams!
And red hands, twisted in their one long lock,
Flurl spouting heads like meteors o'er the steep,
The lips yet quivering with the dying curse!
On, patriots! on! Vengeance, your hour is come!
What prodigy is this! See! see! the crescent
Descending from the sky! Diana's self!
She bears it on her brow! I know that face—
It is Ianthe's! In her train a fight
Of hours from the paradise of Mahomet!
They flit their wings of silver in my eyes,
And dazzle me to blindness! But I'll not
Be cheated of my prey thus—"I was a murderer!
Her father! Never! What! a Turk her father!
My oath on't 'tis a lie, and he shall pay for't!
For all your art, ye train of wily spirits,
I'll have him! There! My steel is nobly sheathed!

We think the tragedy of Oswali an effective piece, which will detract nothing from the well-earned dramatic reputation of the author. Indeed we shall be much mistaken if it does

not rank with his best. If the poetry is not of the first order, it is far above mediocrity. The incidents, situations, and scenery are highly dramatic; and the pure, fervid spirit of patriotism, which breathes through every line, cannot but be acceptable to an American auditor.

The Mussulman By R. R. Madden, Author of Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia and Palestine. Colburn and Bentley. London. 1831. 3 vols.—(Third notice.)

Although Mr. Madden's views of Turkish character are given in the form of romance, yet competent critics have pronounced it a faithful representation. Suleyman, the Aga of Bournabashi, the oppressor of a district in Turkey, embracing in its confines the plain of Troy, wreaks his wrath upon the person of a Greek whom some change of fortune had thrown from wealth and luxury to poverty and privation. The christian's wife was beautiful, and he is suffered to depart for the three hundred piastres which he had agreed to pay for her ransom.

"In Turkey, the bowels of the earth are the banking-houses of the people, consequently panics are less frequent than in the countries of Franguestan, for nothing short of an earthquake can shake the old firm, the original fountain of capital. At any period perhaps it would be difficult to find one half the bullion of the empire, above the surface of the soil. Deep beneath, the treasures are deposited, which no coffer on the earth would be strong enough to preserve from the rapacity of the rulers of the land. The little Greek no sooner reached his dwelling, then he commenced digging up his garden in twenty places, in order, had he been watched, to throw his observers on the wrong scent; and finally, with a heavy heart, he visited the real sepulchre of his soul, ravaged the interior of an old saucepan, and disinterred a handful of sequins. Having counted out three hundred piastres, he secreted the remainder in the lining of his unmentionables, and proceeded to the Divan. There he paid down the hard cash in the presence of the Aga; but no sooner was the stipulated sum paid, than the Aga gave way to ungovernable wrath, 'Allah Akbar Mahomet rassar Allah!' he exclaimed, there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet; three hundred piastres indeed! giaour kafir, pessavink, scoundrel of an unbelieving dog! will three hundred piastres pay my poor soldiers for fatiguing themselves to death to find a substitute for you? Whose dog are you, who dares to laugh at my beard?'—'Noble Effendi,' exclaimed the Greek, 'and very best of governors, I am your dog, I am your servant, the most abject of your slaves; take pity on my poverty, my family are without bread, we are utterly destitute. God sees my misery; indeed I have not another piastre in the wide world.'—'Count out two hundred more,' cried the Aga, 'and fifty besides, for the lies you have uttered: do it instantly, or undergo the punishment your cursed obstinacy deserves.' The poor wretch protested, according to custom, that if a para could save his father's soul from the devil, he had it not; that if it pleased his lord, the best of governors, to order his servant's body to be flogged into a jelly, the servant of his excellency could not help it, he could not command a single asper to save his flesh; and as he was a religious Greek, he called every saint in the calendar to witness his utter destitution.

"The Aga looked at one of his soldiers: a stranger could have observed no visible gesture, no external sign, no waving of the hand, no motion of the lips, but in the twinkling of an eye, the Greek was capsize, his legs fastened in a noose, attached to a long stick held by two brawny Arnauts, and a couple of *ferashes* stationed at either side, with well-seasoned sticks, which instantly fell on the bare soles of the unfortunate rayah. The stripes were inflicted with terrible velocity, and each resounded as it fell, and notwithstanding the screams of the sufferer, were even audible to his wretched wife, who was stationed at the door. 'Iman Effendi! Iman Effendi!' followed every blow, 'take pity on me, sir! take pity on me!' but the cry was disregarded, the blood streamed from the ankles, but the sight made no pause in the torture. The Aga continued to smoke his water-pipe with the imperturbable indifference becoming his high place: it was only when two hundred and fifty blows had been laid on, that he waved his hand, and the exhausted executioners had leisure to wipe the perspiration from their brows. 'Now, giaour,' said the Aga, 'are you disposed to pay the remainder of your just and lawful debt.'—'Best of governors!' cried the culprit, raising his head from the ground, 'I am a dead man, but money I have none—heaven knows the truth, would I have my feet mangled as they are if I had wherewithal to purchase mercy?'—'Since you are so very poor, life is of no value, then down with the dog,' he continued, addressing the executioners. 'Vras, vras! kill, kill! let him have a thousand lashes!' The consternation of the Greek was great, but

his love of money was still greater. The number of stripes now ordered to be inflicted, generally proves fatal; in fact, nine out of ten, of those who receive above eight hundred, die. Again the bastinado was resumed, upwards of a hundred blows more were inflicted, the shrieks of the poor wretch became gradually indistinct; at length they ceased altogether, and he no longer writhed under the blows; there was no effusion of blood, except where the noose which secured the legs, lacerated the skin; but the feet presented the appearance of tumid masses of livid flesh, streaked here and there with blue and crimson. 'Enough!' said the governor, 'let us hear if he will still persist in refusing to pay his debts: raise the infidel, and let him answer.' One of the Albanians accordingly endeavored to rouse him with a blow over the stomach, which would have been fatal in any other country, but people in Turkey take more killing than even an Hibernian could imagine. The Aga prevented a repetition of the blows; the soldiers grumbled as they laid down their bludgeons. Whoever has witnessed the punishment of the bastinado must have observed that the operation is generally commenced with coolness; but as the fatigue of the officers of justice augments, the fury of his passion is let loose on the victim, whose crime they are most probably unacquainted with, and when the last blow is given, it is sure to be the heaviest, and to be accompanied with a malediction on the father and mother of the wretch they have beaten. Now whether Jack Ketch feels any personal animosity against his clients, we know not; but we never saw a school-boy flogged where passion did not add to the gravamen of the pedagogue's last stripe. The Greek either was or appeared to be insensible. The Aga concluded he had no more money, he therefore ordered him to be thrown out of doors, a ceremony which was performed in the most unceremonious way imaginable. He lay motionless as a corpse till the soldiers of the best of governors were out of sight. He then contrived to get upon his legs and hobbled home much faster than could have been expected, exulting in the greatest triumph a Greek can achieve, the heroidal endurance of the bastinado in order to preserve his purse."

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

MASTER BURKE has returned to the Park, and is playing his old parts with his usual success. *Cinderella* is at present his most equal opponent. By the way, we cannot pass over the mention of this opera, without noticing the marked improvement of Thorne as Dandini. Both as an actor and vocalist, he is either making actual progress, or his ability is becoming more generally known. We learn by a letter from New-Orleans, that Mr. C. Kean and Miss Clara Fisher have been uncommonly successful at the south. They will receive about three thousand dollars each from their engagements at that city and Natchez, and are not immediately expected here. The southern papers are loud in their praise. At the Bowery several entertainments have been produced. The house itself is decorated with taste, and presents an appearance of light and airy elegance, which reflects much credit on the artists. There are several good performers, on whose relative merits we are unwilling to decide upon so slight an examination. The Water Witch has very deservedly had a successful run. The plot is rather deficient in interest; and one odd-looking gentleman, who seems "much abused" by the rest of the "dramatis persone," might nearly as well have been omitted, yet the Yankee is really laughable, and full of characteristic drollery; and the ocean scene is altogether a well managed and most effective spectacle. Miss Pelby sustains a part in the drama with both grace and spirit, and Mrs. Barret dashed through one of Cooper's artificial characters, with ease and animation. The Chatham is doing very well, and commands the patronage of a large portion of our play-going population. Mr. Finn, a clever actor, and gifted with the genuine comic humor, (we say nothing of his *annual*!) is an attraction. His Bob Logic is capital—it is just "the thing." Blake's Jerry is also a pleasant affair. It is said that the popular burletta of "Tom and Jerry" is soon to be produced. We are unacquainted with any theatre where it could be more efficiently sustained; barring one or two of the fourth or fifth rate people, who are execrable. It contains a part for Thayer, which, in his hand, is a perfect antidote to "loathed melancholy." One thing must not be forgotten. The whole strength of the managers must be laid out on the music. *Cinderella* has sounded the death knell of all pretenders in the art. The orchestra must be increased, and drilled. The success of the piece will depend upon the character of this department.

This neat little theatre fills our minds with many pleasant associations. We have seen it grow up through its insipid forms of an ice-cream garden—a tent—a shed—a house—until the ever-busy enterprise of its original proprietor at length reared this fanciful structure, and sometimes filled it with the best histrionic talents in the land. Poor Barrere! well do we recall thy little, restless, watchful form; thy explosions of displeasure, when some unlucky scene-shifter sent a forest into a parlor, or joined a half palace to a semi-dungeon. We remember an anecdote, illustrative of his blended simplicity and cunning, which is said to have really occurred. It appears he had exhausted the customary phraseology of the play-bills—the cataracts with real water, the statues struck with lightning, oceans in a storm, burning of the count's castle, &c. and in this dilemma applied to a friend for some new device.

"I must have somesing to bring de peoples to my house—I shall have nosing to make for profit, if I don't have somesing to make dem open der eyes, and say, aha! de grand spectacle at the Chatham. I shall go, because de little Chatham is de best teatre in all de world. Now vat I shall put up at de top of de bills—somesing grand, majestic, sublime—eh! vat it shall be?"

His friend happened to be a wag—and wags are sad dogs, for the sake of a joke. It's meat and drink to them—a temptation is irresistible.

"Ah, ah," said the friend, "I have it. You shall print in large characters—'Grand fracas to-night at the Chatham.'"

"Grand fracas!" said Barrere; "vat is dat grand fracas? I nevair have hear him before."

"Oh," said the other, "it means a grand—a grand attraction—a sort of a—in short, it means something that everybody runs to see."

"Eh bien!" said the manager, "he shall be done."

The next afternoon might be seen knots of people gaping and staring up at the old pumps and dilapidated wooden fences, which announced the "grand fracas." The bills really drew a crowd, particularly in the pit, of what character may be easily imagined. Butcher-boys, coal-carriers, sailors, idlers, and raggamuffins of every description; cat-calls, screams, groans, and hisses resounded, and the curtain rose to such vociferous shouts, as struck the manager with amazement. It so happened, that two pugnacious, greasy citizens in the pit, did volunteer to exercise their talents for pugilism, and created a broil, in which a large portion of their companions joined; a scene of confusion ensued; benches were broken, lamps extinguished, and, it is said, that if many on their return home had called the roll of their teeth, some of the most prominent members of the company would have been found among the missing. As he was one of the most enterprising managers, so he was the most passionate. He went off like a little cannon at the touch of a match. We draw a veil over the hour which revealed to him the trick. Old King Lear was nothing to him.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Philolexian Society.—The twenty-ninth anniversary of this society, was celebrated on Thursday evening, the nineteenth instant. The room in Columbia College in which the exhibition took place, was crowded with an overflowing auditory, principally composed of ladies. Dr. Francis commenced the exercises by a salutatory address, comprising many interesting details respecting the institution, and the distinguished gentlemen whose early studies had been pursued within its walls. His observations displayed considerable research and erudition appropriate to the occasion, rendered palatable by a style so light and agreeable, that even the passages of the learned languages with which such a discourse is necessarily sprinkled, were listened to by the fairer portion of his hearers with grave and profound attention. Its information was circumstantial and accurate, without being tedious, and its conclusion wrought up with both ingenuity and elegance. His delivery was unaffected, and yet full of animation.

An extract from Mr. Webster's celebrated speech on the Union, was next recited by Mr. Anthony Ten Broeck. A better specimen of eloquence could scarcely have been selected. It is truly soul-stirring, and yet marked by a chaste and noble simplicity, and places Mr. Webster first among American orators. The speaker gave it much effect, and although a little deficient in warmth, upon so inspiring a subject, the gestures and reading were both correct and graceful.

A forensic discussion of the question, "Is reason competent to discover the immortality of the soul?" was conducted in a very creditable manner, by L. Saxbury Waddel and Robert G. Vermilye.

An oration was next delivered by Mr. Thomas E. Blanche, on "the importance of metaphysics, and the causes of their present disrepute." This young gentleman struck out very boldly into a path of reasoning which displayed much thought. Notwithstanding several eccentricities of opinion, he occasionally surprised us with observations of force and truth, which argued familiarity with a subject not generally deemed attractive.

Mr. Frederick L. Talcott then recited "The meeting of Wallace and Bruce," in which he exhibited the power, rarely possessed, of reading poetry well. The exercises concluded with an oration on "The punishment of death," and a valedictory address by Mr. Robert J. Dillon; marked both by force of argument and fluency of language. The speaker supported the more merciful side of a question which will employ the pens of many future statesmen and philanthropists.

The audience, in the intervals of the exercises, were regaled with music, and were by no means backward in expressions of approbation.

Ancient philosophy.—The first system of philosophy among the Greeks, was that of Anaxagoras, who flourished between the seventieth and eighty-eighth olympiads.

1. He assumed as a first principle that space was infinite, and that there was a supreme intelligence which had arranged and disposed all the beings in the universe.

2. That in the beginning all things were blended together, and in this state of confusion they remained until an intelligence separated and disposed them as we now see them.

3. That this intelligence was nothing else but the Supreme Being, and that there was no other God.

4. That there was no such thing as a vacuum, and that atoms were divisible *ad infinitum*.

5. That the sun was nothing but a ball of red-hot iron, as large as the Peloponnesus.

6. That air was the cause of the motion of the stars, and that the earth was a plane.

7. That the waters which flow on the surface of the earth, when rarefied by the heat of the sun, pass into vapor, which rises into the middle region of the air, and falls down in rain.

8. That the first animals were generated by heat and moisture.

9. A stone having fallen from the sky, he immediately concluded the sky was composed of paving stones!

There is an odd mixture of the sublime and ludicrous in this system. The supreme intelligence approaches to the christian doctrines; the separation and disposal of all things into order, by this intelligence, and the conclusions drawn from it are also strictly consonant to the same rule of faith; while the red-hot ball of iron and the paving stones furnish a strange anti-climax to the noble conceptions of a deity. The notion of the creation of animals by heat and moisture is another strange incongruity; for why not resort to the Great First Cause? The intelligence which could arrange the chaotic materials of the universe into order and beauty, was certainly adequate to the creation of an animal.

Emigrants.—The brig Paris, from Bristol, which arrived on Saturday, brought a number of English adventurers to our shores, of a kind calculated to be really advantageous to the country. Among others, we noticed a sturdy looking farmer and his wife, with six or seven little "blooming responsibilities," about to seek their fortunes in the western part of this state. They present a characteristic picture of English health and enterprise, with cheeks like round and rosy apples. We should hesitate to incur the personal resentment of the robust mother; and the vigorous leader of the band, with corduroy *unmentionables*, white top-boots, and five or six hundred pounds in his pocket, is no objectionable addition to our growing population.

Style.—The wordy circumlocutions with which some writers surround a simple idea are amusing. Every one remembers the fine lady, who, after having several times, without effect, desired her maid to "take off the excrescence from the nocturnal luminary," at length impatiently told her to "snuff the candle." The author of the following umbrageous sentence, which we extract from a really good article in the Foreign Literary Gazette, would do well to attach a similar epitome of his meaning, for the benefit of plain readers:

"It would seem that mediocrity, grasping the pen which traces the career of genius, can explain but by the absence of every human virtue the faculties with which superior beings alone are gifted—that the littleness of malignant inferiority, affecting an impartial appreciation of powers whose existence cannot be disputed, would fain distract public admiration by placing in the opposite balance the agonising mental afflictions visited on monstrous and mysterious crime."

The Poles.—It is impossible to watch the struggles of this gallant people, and the success with which they have recently been attended, without a strong hope that they may establish their rights upon a permanent basis. Yet, although unwilling to break in upon the rejoicings of the friends of rational government with any discordant note, the anticipations which the late defeat of the Russians arouses, are not unmingled with doubt and solicitude as to the future career of the conquerors. The private correspondence from Warsaw draws a frightful picture of the brutal and monstrous barbarity of the Russians. The London Courier of the eighth ultimo, however, contains the following: "we believe we can state with certainty that the powers who were parties to the treaty of Vienna, will not permit Russia to incorporate Poland with her own dominions."

Judge Trumbull.—The venerable Judge Trumbull, who expired on the twelfth instant, was born in 1750, at Watertown, Connecticut. In 1775 he published the first part of *McFingal*. Its popularity may be conceived from the fact that it passed through thirty editions. He was for many years a member of the state legislature of Connecticut, and in 1801, was appointed a judge of the superior court, in addition to which he afterwards received the appointment of judge of the supreme court of errors. He died by the gradual abatement of his natural strength.

Light.—At the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the twenty-first of March, a communication from Dr. Brewster was read, containing an account of a new analysis of white solar light. He showed that it consists of the three primary colors, red, yellow, and blue; and that the other colors, reflected by the prism, are also compounds of these. A portion of white light cannot be decomposed at all.

Sunday schools.—A note to the last number of the North American Review states, that the original founder of Sunday-schools was Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, in the sixteenth century; and adds, "they have never, we believe, been intermitted, to this day, in that diocese."

Mrs. Opie.—This distinguished female is at present residing at Paris, and is engaged in composing a work on the state of society in that metropolis.

Cheap travelling.—The proprietors of the steam-boat James Kent advertise to take passengers from this city to Hartford, for one dollar each.

Fulton Ferry.—A resolution has been submitted to the board of aldermen, to apply to the legislature for a reduction of the rate of ferriage.

Fugitive poetry.—The annexed stanzas have been selected and sent us for insertion by a fair correspondent. Her taste is so good that we cannot deny her request.

LEARNING AND LOVE.

Said nature one day—"For the peace of mankind,
Let woman and man have their kingdoms apart;
To man I assign the cold regions of mind—
To woman the sunny domains of the heart."

The partition was fair, and the boundaries plain,
Between learning and love—between beauty and books;
Contented was man, in his black-letter reign,
And he left laughing woman her love-darting looks.

But restless Zitiella must kindle a feud,
And stir up a war of the studies and bowers;
Too proud for the limits wise nature deemed good,
From her own rightful empire she burst upon ours.

We thought ourselves safe in our Latin or Greek,
But Plato has yielded, and Tully is taken;
What we can but read, dread Zitiella can speak—
Her books of the boudoir are Berkeley and Bacon.

Sweet pedant, beware! all the world is arrayed
To check your ambition, your schemes to oppose;
The scholar, if routed, will soon have the aid
Of a legion of dames—to a woman, your foes.

The kingdom of hearts is enough for your share;
Oh! unharass your owl, and depend on your dove;
There is learning enough in this world—and to spare—
But, ah! my Zitiella! there's too little love!

A VISION.

The night-mare came to my silent bed
In the peaceful hour of night,
When at rest was laid my heavy head,
And the ink-horn vanished quite.

Oh, think of the horrible shape it wore!
It was not a demon grim;
Nor a dragon, with scales and tails a score;
Nor a head without a limb;

Nor a mock fiend, with a maddening laugh!
Nor the whirling sails of a mill;
Nor a cup of blood for the lips to quaff,
In despite of the shuddering will:

Nor a monstrous bird with a funeral note;
Nor a black dog on my breast;
Nor the ghost of Burke, with its gripe on my throat,
That came to disturb my rest:

But my sister Poll, with a gray-goose quill,
And an album—sight of sorrow!
"Get up," she cried, "and a whole page fill,
For this book must go back to-morrow!"

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

A FAVORITE GERMAN AIR, SUNG BY CHARLES E. HORN, AT THE PARK THEATRE—WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE—ARRANGED BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

Spiritoso.

p Wind thy horn, my hun - ter boy, And leave thy lute's in - glo-rious sighs; Hunt-ing is the he - ro's joy, Till war his no - ble game sup-plies.

p *Lento.* *Ad Lib.*

Hark! the hounds' bells ring - ing sweet, While hun-ters shout, and the woods re-peat, Hil-li ho, hil li ho, Hil-li ho, hil-li ho.

Dol. *pp*

p *Cres.* *f* *Cres.* *ff* *ff*

SECOND VERSE.

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answering, dies;
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild boar lies.
Hark! the cry "he's found, he's found!"
While hill and valley our shouts resound,
Hilli ho! hilli ho!
Hilli ho! hilli ho!

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

AUTHORITY.

In a country like ours, where there is no standing army sufficiently numerous to maintain and enforce the legislative and judicial decisions, as in the old governments of Europe, they must, in a great measure, depend for their support on the authority derived from the character of the legislators and judges, and the consequent respect and veneration of the people. No man ought, therefore, for this reason, wantonly to treat them with disrespect, or attempt to weaken their authority by calumnies.

SPRING.

Why should the grumbling things, call'd men, complain,
That they enjoy but one poor fleeting spring
In fourscore or a hundred tedious years,
When Nature and her offspring are renew'd
In all their vernal beauties every year?
Has not the all-gracious power made rich amends
By giving memory to renew our joys,
Even from the period of our youthful spring;
Fancy, to paint a thousand fairer scenes
Than spring e'er offer'd to the eye of boyhood,
And last of all—hath he not given us hope,
Whose sweet anticipations far outdo
All that the spring of life e'er realiz'd?

ATONEMENT.

The sufferings of the wicked may atone
For their own sins, not others.
The innocent alone can be peace-offerings
For others' crimes. So the old patriarchs,
Would offer up some inoffensive lamb
That never sinn'd, or thought of such a thing;
And so the high Beneficent above
Gave his own son, as spotless and as pure,
To atone for all mankind, because of all
The human race there was not one
But had enough to answer for himself.

CURIOUS TRIO.

Mr. Dallas, when secretary of the treasury of the United States, told me the following story, which he had from Mr. Breck:—When the Duc de Liancourt was in Philadelphia, some time after the execution of Louis the sixteenth, Mr. Breck called to see him at his lodgings, in Strawberry-alley. Knocking at the door of a mean-looking house, a little ragged girl came out, who, on being asked for the duke, pointed to a door, which Mr. B. entered. At a little deal table he found Cobbett, teaching the duke and Monsieur Talleyrand English!

TASTE.

I am tempted to believe that what is called improvement in taste is sometimes but the loss of feeling and sensibility.

THE PARSON AND BUTCHER.

A parson and a butcher chanced, they say,
To meet and moralize one sabbath day.
"Ah!" cries the parson, "all things good and fair,
"All that is virtuous, wise, beloved, and rare,
"Is sure the first to feel the stroke of fate,
"While vice and folly have a longer date."
"True," cries the butcher, "for it is decreed,
"The fattest pig, alas! must soonest bleed."

BARGAINS.

One of the best bargains I recollect in ancient times was the exchange of Glaucus with Diomedes. He gave his suit of brass armor for one of gold.

A PAIR OF TWINS.

Sorrow and man are weeping twins of earth,
Conceived together, born at the same birth;
Together through this peevish world they play,
They live together, and together die.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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CHANGES.

THE world hath many changes—
The fair and verdant earth
Wears not the look it wore when first
Heaven smiled upon its birth.
Dark rolls the flood of ages,
And whelms beneath its tide
The monuments of man's renown,
His glory and his pride!
Where are those ancient cities—
The proudest of their day?
Their pomp, their splendor—all are gone—
Passed like a dream away!
Some hath the earthquake swallowed,
Some have an ocean tomb,
Some in the red volcano's wrath
Have met their fiery doom.
And some to dark oblivion
Have sunk by slow decay,
Their very luxury hath worn
Their strength and power away.
And is it but the tokens
Of art and skill alone,
Is it but in the works of man
The power of change is shown?
Alas! whatever changes
In this fair earth have been,
None are so sad and strange as those
Which in ourselves are seen.
Our fairest feelings wither,
Our brightest hopes depart,
And sweet and pleasant thoughts lie dead,
And a blight falls on the heart.
And all that once could charm us
Seems dull, and drear, and strange,
Till scarce we recognize ourselves,
So deep and dark the change.
But with a sudden spirit,
We look on those around,
And feel more bitterly the change
That oft in them is found.
The eye we loved is altered
And answers ours no more,
But cold and careless is the glance
That beamed with love before.
The lip whose smile of welcome
So long was all our own,
Whose accents ever breathed to us
Affection's cordial tone,
Now smiles on us no longer,
And breathes no gentle word,
But cold politeness moulds each phrase
Which from those lips is heard.
Ah! sad it is to wander
A path bereft of flowers,
And with the phantom of those friends
That are no longer ours.
Yet is not this a lesson
To wean from earthly things
The heart of man, which still too much
To earthly objects clings?
To bid our hopes look onward
To that immortal home
Where lurks no dark deceit, and where
No change can ever come!

THYRA.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 111.

THE human character is so nicely balanced between good and evil, that it is impossible to ascertain its original tendency. If there sometimes occur instances of feeling and magnanimity which impress us with a conviction of its inherent noble and generous nature, there happen, on the other hand, examples of vice and baseness—so vile, brutal, and loathsome, that we are again bewildered amidst the admiration and abhorrence which its contradictory qualities excite. The early and unsettled stages of society develop strong vices and virtues. Instead of being a restraint upon crimes, the law is but an instrument in the hands of the powerful with which the innocent and the needy are beaten down to the dust. Are we then to consider that it is only the law which keeps the good citizens from stabbing their wealthy neighbors for their property, and putting judge and jury to rout with armed retainers? No, replies the philanthropist. It is not the law, but the dawn of civilization which softens, while it elevates the character. Education teaches the policy of peace and justice. The arts delight and subdue the passions. It is not that man is more restrained, but that he is intrinsically better. "Alas!" said the Genius, "for thy dreams of philanthropy. Knowest thou not that as the great crimes of the unsettled ages are broken up, they divide into innumerable others,

inspired by avarice, selfishness, and envy—that men accomplish by fraud what they once wrought by violence—that bold oppression, prompted by lofty courage, is at present superseded by dark envy or base submission. But come, I wish to reveal to you a characteristic feature in the disposition of your fellow mortals, and leave you to determine whether it may be ascribed to the cowardly effeminacy of modern times, or whether it is inherent in human nature?"

I saw in the glass a person well-known in this community, and I again knew that I was to witness no fictitious romance, but another representation of reality. The gentleman alluded to was a gray-headed old man, who had gone through the windings and turnings of his long life without a blot upon his character. In youth he had been industrious and modest—in poverty cheerful and honest—abroad, kind and upright—at home, affectionate and gentle—his old age was like a pleasant summer evening, whose quiet and shaded calmness vies with the bright and fresh charms which usher in the day. He was religious, not bigoted, for he served God truly, and loved his creatures—and when his prayer ascended it sprang from a meek and fervent heart, encumbered with no pompous sectarian feeling, darkened by no shocking prejudice, rash dogmatism, or wicked hypocrisy, but full of mercy, and cherishing in its own core the benevolence which it worshiped in its God.

"Tell me," said the Genius, "how should such a character be regarded?"

"With admiration and with love," I answered; "his noble enterprises should be facilitated—his misfortunes pitied—his errors defended."

"Look into the mirror."

I beheld the interior of a vault beneath a large dwelling-house. Cases of wine were arranged around, and just visible in the dim light of the moon, which penetrated through a narrow grated window.

"This apartment, with its contents," said my companion, "belongs to a friend of the venerable man whom you have just seen. You must prepare for a surprise."

Notwithstanding the notice, I started at beholding the door softly opened and the individual whom I had beheld, and with the whole tenor of whose life and character I was so well acquainted, enter cautiously with a light and basket, which he proceeded to fill with bottles. He finished his task in silence—trod stealthily to the door, and was about to retire when a man sprang upon him suddenly, and roughly seizing him by the shoulders, shouted, "Ah! villain, I have caught you at last." He begged and entreated for mercy, and offered a bribe, if his discoverer would promise not to betray him, but at length yielded to necessity and accompanied him to the police. The report spread like wild-fire through the city. Every body seemed eager to give it circulation, with a kind of triumphant eagerness.

"And what think you, master student?" inquired the Genius.

"I am delighted," I said, "that a hypocrite is unmasked. I have never reposed faith in people who professed to be much better than those around them, and I sincerely trust that his punishment may—"

"This," interrupted the Genius, "is the bad feature in human nature which I would hold up to your attention. There is in almost every bosom a secret envy of the great and good. In the time of their prosperity, this evil passion sleeps. Perhaps they themselves are unconscious of its existence. It is covered over with smiles and congratulations. But when any circumstance occurs to reduce the object nearer to their own level, if any weak point is detected in his character, or any instance wherein temptation has proved too powerful, this dishonorable feeling displays itself in a pleasure so malicious, that it hastens to a judgment without inquiry or examination. It seems to glory in the downfall of a high character, which towered above others and covered them with its shadow. Even they who have shared its friendship and been benefited by its favor, turn against it with an apparent eagerness which does not altogether spring from moral rectitude. Like a shoal of porpoises, which, it is said, no sooner discover a wound upon any of their numbers, than they fall upon him simultaneously, and put an end to his life." "But wherefore," I asked, "shall we not feel indignation

against one who has long been enjoying the rewards of virtue without deserving them?"

"A question concerning your own interest would not have been so easily settled," said my companion; "and had you suffered yourself to investigate the matter more closely, you would have detected the deception and found the object of your animadversion still guiltless. The owner of the property which he appears to have stolen, is under the weightiest obligations to him, and, unknown to his servant, gave him the key with which he gained entrance into the chamber, that he might at his leisure avail himself of the contents. The honest, but ignorant domestic, who accidentally observed his motions, was naturally appealed to by him with such arguments as he presumed most likely to be successful, in order to avoid the embarrassment of a public explanation. The agitation which you were so ready to interpret into the agonies of guilt about to be dragged to punishment, was but the horror of innocence shrinking from suspicion—and you are by no means the first who has mistaken the one for the other. This simple circumstance, which is without even a shadow of censure on the part of the apparent malefactor, has been exaggerated into a monstrous crime. So easy is it in this evil-seeking and malevolent world for the record of years spent in toil and virtue to be cancelled in a moment."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SKETCHES OF THE CLUB.

We assembled about nine, in the house of Aristarchus. In his youth, this gentleman struggled long with almost overwhelming difficulties. Few have travelled more extensively, or with a more keen insight into the true nature of things. Adversity has taught him to think, necessity compelled him to examine, and his various wanderings over the world have afforded him many facilities for comparing. The result appears in all his opinions and actions. He is never carried away by an impulse. He never confides in a person or an event but upon trial and investigation. And a very complete education and course of reading have placed him in possession of arguments to carry his point, and facts on which to found them. His past adventures have taught him to set a high value on wealth, but not to be proud of it. In his apartments, therefore, although furnished with many objects of rare value and purely ornamental, it is easy to perceive that the selections have been made principally with a view to real advantage. His clock is unencumbered with decoration, but seldom fails in giving the time. His pictures are inclosed in the plainest frames, but are actually choice specimens of the celebrated painters, collected abroad by himself. His piano, although chaste and simple in appearance, has a tone that instantly awakens delightful surprise—and his wine has been several times to India. In personal appearance he is noble. In stature he rises above six feet, and has an erect and military bearing. His limbs betray athletic strength, and his face manly daring, and a narrow observer might detect in his actions and sentiments, as well as in the curling outline of his lip and chin, and the flash of his large dark eyes, a naturally fervid spirit, of quick but strong operation, a full perception of the glowing and deeply beautiful moods of feeling and forms of physical life which, if undisciplined by study, thought, and other accidental causes, would have made him an epicure and a voluptuary.

The youngest of our circle is Appius, with all the other's capacity of feeling, without his habits of examination and restraint. He too, has been a traveller; but he has rather roamed as a poet than observed as a philosopher. A few months spent in Great Britain, a peep into Paris, and a glance of the Rhine, have filled his fancy with rich images and associations.

It will, of course, be understood, that I profess to give only a brief sketch of certain parts of the conversations which occur around me, and the reader will have the goodness to suppose that during the continuance of a dialogue between one couple, the others are equally employed upon some other subject.

On this occasion I was aroused with the contrast discovered between the two described above, upon the state of the New

York theatricals, of which I will set down such parts as I remember.

"No foreigner," said Appius, in reply to an observation from Aristarchus, "no foreigner is competent to judge of our performers until after repeated attendances. A first-rate player may be cast in a part not adapted to his powers; a silly one may, by the aid of the author, bear away all the applause. Besides, the excellence of many consists not in their brilliant style of delineating any single character, but in their faculty of shaping themselves to those of the most opposite description. It is from this cause that Mr. Placide requires many trials before his merit is fully appreciated. There is no force, therefore, in the strictures of those who come from the theatres of London, and betray disappointment in witnessing our representations."

"But the great inferiority of our company," said Aristarchus, "consists in the deficiency of the subordinate actors, so that I will venture to say that a New-York audience, however well certain parts have been enacted before them, have rarely witnessed a good play uniformly well sustained, and this is owing to themselves. There are always in the house intelligent individuals, capable of distinguishing the good from the bad; but the audience, as a whole, display the grossest instances, not only of dull perception, but of bad taste. The people in general know little of acting; and I believe if Garrick himself could be revived to play before them, without the aid of his reputation, he would long appeal to nearly empty boxes, until, by the force of his genius, he had not only afforded them a great model, but created a true taste by which that model might be admired. How many a fine reading and perfect attitude take place upon the stage in silence, while the most coarse and tedious songs, the most boisterous and vulgar ranting bring down peals of applause. How many thousand theatre-going people are there in this city who would rather hear Paddy Carey than the overture to Cinderella?"

"And yet," said Appius, "this is not so much a fair test of public taste as a mere exhibition of the different modes by which different classes of society express their approbation. That portion likely to be pleased with rant will be boisterous in their approval; while they who derive gratification from quiet displays of thought, will not manifest it by shouting and clapping their hands."

"But observe," replied the other, "the judgment and taste of the public, as displayed in the degree of patronage bestowed upon the various candidates for their favor, the unnatural excitement to which, on certain occasions, they are easily wrought, and the re-action which carries them to the other extreme. I remember Miss Kelly played some years ago frequently when the house was thronged from the stage lights to the Shakespeare, a striking contrast to the results of her subsequent efforts. She is neither so good nor so bad as she has been represented, and has never been justly estimated."

"But look," rejoined Appius, "at their discrimination in regard to young Burke. This wonderful and beautiful boy has at least met his just appreciation. His talents, his grace, his exquisite taste in music; the force, dignity, and pathos which he imparts to his highest attempts of tragedy; and the extraordinary and inconceivable contrast presented in his comedy, have borne him above all competition. His Richard the Third is replete with fine touches, and, as a whole, is an astonishing effort for any one. When beheld in a child it is doubly wonderful; and his Dennis Brulgruddery and Looney Mactwoler are perfect. He is a prodigy, in the full sense of the word, and as such he is acknowledged."

"And it is this," said Aristarchus, "that I deem censurable, and in which, therefore, I dissent from your opinion. That this child is highly talented and admirably educated, is too well established by his charming performances to admit of any dispute—but he is not a prodigy. This term implies something out of the ordinary course of nature—a giant, a dwarf, or, in respect to mind, a natural development of mental powers, which burst out in defiance of opposition. The American public scarcely ever praise without over-rating. The force of their opinions on nearly all subjects is weakened by an unrestrained spirit of exaggeration. Of this, perhaps, little Burke is a fair instance. In no point of view does he present an attraction equal to a fine opera, or tragic or comic character sustained by a matured actor. The admirable feature in his mind is a facility in learning. Hundreds besides himself possess it. He has insensated nothing; he has struck out no new path of mind; created no new school of taste. His comic performances are delightful, because they are correct imitations by a boy of the thoughts and actions of others. He cannot be a prodigy, because similar instances of apparent precocity are common,

and might be more so, if parents were pleased to train intelligent children properly for the stage."

"And are there, then, no mental prodigies?"

"They occur occasionally," replied Aristarchus, "but much less frequently than the world believe. Mozart was one. He composed during his early boyhood; and, from his natural taste, pieces different from all others, which will never be forgotten. He seemed born with some peculiarity of organization. Burke belongs to the highest class of clear-headed, intelligent, or, as the Americans say, *talented* boys; and from such education could produce a thousand like him. But the world could not, probably, afford more than one or two who could be drilled into any thing like resemblance to Shakespeare or Mozart. Burke has every quality to arouse the affections and please the eye. You love him as a boy, and admire him as an actor; but the excitement which has been wrought up to so high a pitch will soon subside, as it has resulted rather from the love of novelty and the eagerness of curiosity, than a conviction that his exhibitions are more calculated than others to afford permanent pleasure." S.

For the New-York Mirror.

A MONODY.

THOU wast a great and glorious one,
With soul as radiant as the sun,
And who shall blame thy being not
A sun without a shade or spot,
Since such profane the beauty bright
Of even him, the Lord of light,
To show that imperfection clings
To all but uncreated things!
Some errors and some sins were thine,
And yet thou almost wast divine;
And who reproach shall on thee throw
That thou wast not in all things so?
Enough that in thee we might find
The least imperfect of mankind,
Whatever frailties thou hast known—
Perfection is for God alone.

And thou art dead! ye sons of earth
Your power, your glory, and your worth,
What are they? What avail they all,
Since death could even him enthrall!
And thou art dead! And can it be?
Why, death himself had awe of thee,
When thou hast rushed to his embrace
To grapple with him face to face!
Yet thou art dead! the common lot—
Who can escape, since thou couldst not?

This moment glancing from the tomb
That tells thy narrow bed of gloom,
Upon the skies to fix my sight
I saw the stars in splendor dim,
Yet sweet, through liquid azure swim,
And as their beauty on me beamed,
To whisper to my soul they seemed:
"What wonder man must life resign,
Since even we must cease to shine!"

And not the starry host alone
Must fall before destruction's throne;
The moon, that from the skies embrace
Bends on you like an angel's face,
And even he whose faintest beams
Bathes worlds and worlds in living streams,
In darkness must their bed be made—
What wonder man as low is laid—
That valor cannot death disarm,
Nor even beauty's magic charm—
That warlike arm, and seraph brow,
Must rot in earth, in dust must bow.

"Yet there's a light beneath the sky
That may be dimmed, but cannot die;
Whatever clouds may on it dwell,
The soul is indestructible!
A thousand suns may rise and set,
And leave the soul undying yet;
And to the soul that dwelt in him,
Compared, a thousand suns were dim:
Death had but power upon the frail
Exterior that was its veil,
And when unveiled, it sprang to shine
On high, an orb of light divine,
Compared to whose refulgent play,
A thousand suns were as a ray!"

Why didst thou rise, supreme of men,
Till lost to all but envy's ken?
This was thy crime; for this arose
Millions of petty minds, thy foes;
For this, in thy unhappy hour,
They gave thee to a ruffian power,
Who proudly shook the threatening rod
Above the captive demi-god,
By insect persecutions glad
To sting the noble lion mad,
And poisoning every moment's breath,
To drive thee to despair or death!
Despair had never power to bow
Thy soul—but thou art dead—and how?

And thou art dead—yet e'en the grave
From envy's rancor cannot save:
"Thy god-like crime was to be great,"
Acclaim that wins undying hate!

But thou, oh God! whose holy eyes
No erring passions prejudice,
Thou only knowest all the worth
Of him, thy masterpiece of earth;
And if his errors were not few,
Thou knowest the temptations too.
His virtue, radiant and sublime,
Surpassed what'er he knew of crime;
And had his crimes been far from small,
Thy mercy would surpass them all!

The mercy cruel men denied
He finds from thee, and purified
By thee from every earthly stain,
His spirit shall forever reign,
To glorify the holy name
Of him from whom all glory came.

JAMES NACK.

MYTHOLOGY.

JUNE IN NEW-YORK.

It was the minstrel's merry month of June!
Silent and sultry glowed the breezeless noon;
Along the flowers the bee went murmuring;
Life in its myriad forms was on the wing;
Broke through the green leaves with the quivering beam,
Sung from the grove, and sparkled on the stream.—*Buher.*

THE sixth month of the modern year is called June, from the Latin *junius à junioribus*, the younger sort of people; as the name of its predecessor May was derived from *maiores*, in honor of the "most potent, grave, and reverend seniors" of that period. Our Saxon ancestors called June "meadow-month," because their herds were then turned out to feed in the meadows.

With respect to the weather and the charms of nature we have already expressed a predilection for this month, in preference to her fickle sister May; who, as if in resentment of our remarks, has this year frowned, and vapored, and fretted, and fumed, and wept, and laughed almost every day of her brief existence. Nay, on one occasion, she permitted her ill humor to get so much the better of her characteristic modesty, that she actually scolded like a vixen, and kept some of the good quiet citizens of Gotham awake half the night. This fracas occurred on the night of the nineteenth, (where was Alderman Strong?) just as Apollo was changing horses at the sign of the twins. She has been pretty quiet ever since, though seldom without a cloudy brow.

But June has come, with her bright, smiling, joyous face; blushing, and laughing, and romping, like a country lass in the harvest field.

"She comes, her brows with yellow wheat-ears crown'd,
Her laughing face by heat and toil embrown'd;
She comes, with full and bounteous hand, to bring
All that was promised by the hopeful spring.
'Tis then the long-protracted summer-day
Perfects the crimson blossoms on each spray;
Bids the young fruit with richest juices teem,
And blush and ripen in the solar beam;
Then scarlet strawberries court the eager taste,
And early cherries yield a sweet repast!
While opening flowers, of many a varied dye,
In scented wood and wild delight the eye."

We heartily bid her welcome, and gratefully accept her bounties, for she enters our city with the horn of plenty in her hand, overflowing with rural luxuries; flowers of the richest hues and sweetest fragrance; lots of strawberries, cherries, and green pease; with her various and successive gifts of other fruits, many of them admirably adapted to the purpose of making business for our worthy physicians. Should these not prove sufficiently active, however, in the production of summer cases, ice-cream gardens and cornet-warehouses amply supply the deficiency.

In the country nature now wears her most pleasing garb, while her face is lighted up with a sweet and continued smile, such as often beams from the sunny aspect of some gentle maiden, just bursting from girlishness into the charms of womanhood.

Now, on a moonlight evening, near the margin of some green meadow, through which meanders a sparkling rush-fringed streamlet, it is pleasant to listen to the tuneless serenade of crickets, bull-frogs, tree-toads, and katydids, while the distant wailings of the whippoorwill fall on the ear in sad responses from a neighboring forest. But this has all been "put into verse," and may be read in "the printed volume," of every native rhymester who has had the hardihood to perpetrate such a thing.

As regards saints, holidays, &c. June can claim a few; the first day being sacred to Nicomede, the fifth to Boniface, the eleventh to St. Barnabas, the twenty-fourth to St. John the Baptist, and the twenty-ninth to St. Peter. Neither is this month deficient in memorable events, among which we think it proper to name the following: Joan of Arc was burned for a witch on the fourteenth; Washington was appointed generalissimo of the revolutionary army on the fifteenth; the battle of Bunker's (or rather Breed's) hill took place on the seventeenth; Mahomet died on the eighteenth; our late war with Great Britain was declared on the eighteenth, and hostilities ceased on the eighteenth; the battle of Waterloo was decided on the eighteenth; Akenaide, the celebrated English poet, died on the twenty-third; the battle of Bannockburn occurred on the twenty-fifth; and the battle of Monmouth on the twenty-eighth.

On the twenty-second of this month the sun enters the sign of Cancer.

"The crab sent in by Juno's angry spite,
To vex Alcides in his busy fight,
With the Lernaean Hydra."

A faithful representation of the dreadful combat between Hercules and the Hydra may be seen at the shop-door of every druggist who sells panacea. The story is thus told by

the ancients:—the hydra was a monster which infested the neighborhood of Lake Lerna, in Peloponnesus. It had an hundred heads, according to Diodorus; fifty, according to Simonides; and seven, according to the more received opinions of Apollodorus, Hyginus, and others. The destruction of this monster was the second labor of Hercules, who is also called Alcides. He first attacked the many-headed serpent with his arrows, but soon found it necessary to come to close quarters with his club. But, alas! this was productive of no advantage, for no sooner was one head put *hors de combat* than two others, ten times more wicked than the first, instantly grew up in the place, so that every blow he struck only made more work for poor Hercules. Hence we can at once see the singular propriety of adopting this device for quack medicines; as in curing one complaint, they generally produce two or three new ones. Thus the heads kept increasing in number as the hero of the club continued to "bang away." At length, however, he called his friend Idas to his assistance, who armed himself with a red-hot iron, and whenever Hercules lopped off a head the other immediately applied the iron to the wound, which killed the root, and prevented any after-growth. By this means the monster was soon destroyed, and though the achievement could never have been effected without the aid of Idas, still Hercules has all the credit of it. Such is the way of the world.

But Juno, who, woman-like, must always have "a finger in the pie," (pity it had not been in the crab's claw,) maliciously sought to prevent the success of Hercules, and for that purpose in the midst of the battle sent a sea-crab to bite his foot! This new enemy, however, was quickly dispatched; and Juno, unable to succeed in her attempts to lessen the fame of Hercules, placed the crab among the constellations, where it is now called *cancer*. Modern authors give a different explanation to this sign of the zodiac. They say, that after the twenty-first of June the days begin to decrease in length, and that the year then begins to recede, or travel backwards like a crab.

June in New-York (we mean the city) is perhaps the most busy and lively month of the year. Our hotels are crowded to excess with strangers from all parts of the United States, more especially from the south; and the West India islands are represented by many of their wealthiest and most respectable merchants and planters. This is the period also at which visitors and adventurers pour upon us in crowds from Europe, as all who come for pleasure embark in May and land here in June. Our theatres and other public places of amusement are now better filled than at any other season of the year, November excepted. The citizens, too, begin to enjoy those agreeable aquatic excursions, for which the location of New-York is so admirably adapted, surrounded, as it is, on all sides with bright waters, and the richest rural scenery; while the fairy grounds of Niblo, like the paradise of Mahomet, is every evening tenanted with houris, and rendered vocal with the sweetest music. New mansions, and even palaces, are seen rising up on every side, with almost as much facility as if produced by the lamp of Aladdin. In short, to adopt the language of a tall friend of ours from the Green mountains, "New-York at the present time, is a pretty considerable smart, lively, busy, darn'd dirty, dusty sort of a kind of a place, I tell you."

FINE ARTS.

MR. GEAR'S CONCERT.

On Friday evening, the twenty-seventh instant, a concert took place at the Masonic-hall, for the benefit of Mr. Gear, lately a chorister of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's cathedral, London, but at present a professor of music and organist of Grace church, in this city. The school in which Mr. Gear has been educated, joined to assiduity in his profession, and his excellent private deportment, have caused him to meet with general and deserved encouragement; and we were pleased to observe the most respectable among our citizens in attendance. We, however, take leave to object to the mode in which he advertised his concert as being under the *patronage* of certain individuals, whose names he published. In this country, distinguishing persons for wealth, or what is termed *fashion*, and placing a public amusement under their immediate "patronage," savors too much of aristocracy and the old world's ways, to be otherwise than offensive to the public generally. It is sufficient that those gentlemen enjoy the fruits of their former industry, with the certainty that a proper, but liberal dispensation of their means, and an encouragement of the arts and sciences, will give them that moral weight in society which is their just right, but which

loses its consequence by any assumption of superiority, made either by them or for them.

We proceed now to criticize the concert. Mr. Gear had mustered a formidable array of vocal and instrumental talent, as may be gathered from the following names:

Vocal,
MRS. AUSTIN, | MR. GEAR,
MADAME BRICHTA, | MR. KYLE, SENR. AND
MR. FEHRMAN.
Instrumental,
MR. SEGURA, *chef d'orchestre*,
MR. W. TAYLOR, *first violin*,
MESSRS. J. TAYLOR AND GEAR, *contra bassi*,
HUTTE AND WALKER, *violincelli*,
CHIOFFI, *trombone*,
NORTON, *trumpet*,
NIDS, *first horn*,
SCHOTT, *clarinet*.
KYLE, SEN., *bassoon*,
KYLE, JUN., *flute*,
Cum multis aliis.

The *overture* to "Der Freischütz" was played extremely well, but led faster than either the German or English bands usually execute it. Mr. Gear opened the *vocal* part with the song of William Tell, by Braham. He conceived the author well enough, but was deficient in strength and energy. Mr. Norton played a *concerto* on the *trumpet*, and selected such a composition as showed to the best advantage his peculiar *forte* on that instrument, which is brilliancy of tone and power. In Europe, Harper is esteemed the best professor of the *trumpet*, and, after him, they place Norton. In delicacy of *accompaniment*, and in the *upper notes*, we prefer Harper certainly; but for force, quality of *tone*, and *orchestral playing*, Norton has no equal. Madame Brichta's first song was Mozart's Aria, "Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito," accompanied beautifully by Mr. Schott on the *clarinet*; the *slow movement* was sung chastely and well; but we cannot justly afford Madame Brichta the praise for this song which we have lately accorded to her exertions elsewhere. In the divisions her execution was by no means real, but rough and *staccato*, instead of progressing smoothly from note to note. Her second piece was the *finale* of "La Cenerentola," cut into a *solo*, and divested of *chorus*, which she executed very pleasingly. Mrs. Austin sang the *scena* from "Der Freischütz," of which, as it has been heard so often and with so much pleasure at the Park, we refrain from saying more than that she was in fine voice. The *accompaniment* was absolutely disgraceful. The *chorus* were given by the band more like volleys from a raw set of recruits, than the concentrated fire of veterans; added to this, the beautiful *legato* movement was played by the *violins* without *mutes*, (*sordine*), a mistake of the grossest description. The song, "In bowers of laurel," by Bishop—*trumpet obligato*—was performed most admirably by Mr. Norton and Mrs. Austin. The union of the voice and trumpet, with the length and graduation of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and the power both of the vocalist and instrumentalist created a remarkable effect, and was most enthusiastically applauded. In addition, Mrs. Austin sang the "Soldier's Tear;" a beautiful ballad by Thomas Haynes Bayle, the music by Lee. Mr. Gear, sen. played Handel's air, the "Harmonious Blacksmith," a *la Dragonetti*, with no particular effect but that of making himself extremely warm. Mr. Fehrman sang a *morceau* from the "Zauberflöte" pleasingly, and with a great deal of taste. This gentleman is incomparably superior to Signor Dorigo, who figured here for a short time, and, with study, may become a great acquisition to our vocal strength. A *duet* by Messrs. Kyle and Gear, and the *glee*, by Callcott, "The Red Cross Knight," made up the sum of the music. We have purposely left the mention of Rossini's celebrated *overture*, "Guillaume Tell" to the last. We conceive Mr. Gear entitled to the thanks of the musical part of the community for affording them an opportunity of hearing this piece. Notwithstanding it was produced under every disadvantage, it gave general pleasure. It is our duty to point out to the readers of this journal, not only the effects of music, but the causes of those effects. The music of "Guillaume Tell" forms a striking feature in the life of Rossini, as evincing a complete change of style. Here, for the first time, he has quitted his usual mannerism, and adopted not only a different mode of modulation, but assumed a change in the well-known character of his melodies. In taking up the subject of the "Swiss Patriot," he has become a Tyrolien, and engrafted the character of the wild music of the mountains upon the rich stores of his own cultivated Italy—and certainly with great success. If he be not original in this idea, we only know of one example that he can have presented to

himself, and that one is *Boieldieu*, who has adopted a similar course in founding his "Dane Blanche" on an imitation of Scotch melody. The *overture* commences with a slow movement, written *obligato* for six *violincelli*, but, as Mr. Gear could not muster so many without some difficulty, and the number was consequently made up by the addition of *tenor violins*, of course the effect was not precisely such as could be desired. The second movement has a common Swiss melody of the *rans des vaches* species for a subject, given, in the original score, to the "Corno Inglese," an instrument of beautiful and peculiar quality, and totally unknown in this country. Mr. Schott played the *motivo* on the *clarinet* with that soft and pleasing tone for which he is remarkable; this instrument is soon joined by the *flute*, and the author works the subject forward and brings in the whole band with stormy and wild passages, a good deal resembling those found in Auber's *overture* to "Masaniello." The last part—an *allegro*—or, as it was played, a *presto movement*, is ushered in by a brilliant *trumpet call*, and then dashes into a martial air, a kind of quick step, not particular for much originality, but a splendid instance of powerful *instrumentation*, and admirably adapted to excite and please all kinds of auditors, particularly as the general run of persons delight in noise—and here *trumpet*, *trombone*, *drums*, and *triangle* create a vast din. The band played this *overture* delightfully, and received a most enthusiastic *encore*. Altogether, this concert was one of the best we have attended in America. B.

ENGRAVING.

A very pretty quarto pamphlet has just appeared, published by Peabody & Co., Broadway. It forms the first number of a series of views illustrating New-York and its environs, and, with several pages of letter-press, contains four engravings, viz: view of the city, from Governor's Island, of Broadway from the Park, of the Bowling-green, and of the American-hotel, including the store of the publishers. It is got up in a creditable manner, and, although topographical illustrations are generally dry matters, and, in this particular instance, not likely to throw any extraordinary light on the early affairs of the city, we are told the work meets with a rapid sale.

NEW MUSIC.

J. L. Hewitt, Broadway, has just published, in quite a neat style, the following pieces: the "Bell at sea," words by Mrs. Hemans, music by her sister;—"Here do we meet," written and composed by J. A. Wade;—"Christ our pass-over, is sacrificed for us," composed by Gear;—"The light bark," and "Air from the opera of Giovanni."

THE DRAMA.

All the theatres are at present attractive. Burke continues at the Park to delight full houses. Everybody should see him in the March of Intellect, and Looney Macwtolter in the Review. They are his best efforts, and infinitely superior to his Richard. Cinderella has not yet lost its charms. This favorite opera has undergone several changes in the cast. Mrs. Vernon has succeeded for a short time, in consequence of a domestic affliction, and Mrs. Blake has quitted the theatre. They are both much to be regretted, although the loss is partially supplied by Mrs. Sharpe, whom the public will welcome to her old station in the establishment. We are sorry to add that she was apparently less perfect on the second night of her appearance than her first. She neglected to take up her part of the trio in the chorus of the Prince's followers, in the first act; and discovered the same carelessness in the chorus in the ball-room scene, after the disappearance of Cinderella; and also in the *finale* to the opera, in all of which Mrs. Blake was heard clearly and distinctly. In the character of Thisbe Mrs. Durie acquits herself remarkably well, "considering the shortness of the notice." It is said that the managers are making great and expensive arrangements to produce the splendid opera of Masaniello with effect for the next season. An organ is to be erected, and large additions made to the already excellent chorus.

The Bowery offers Cagliostro, or the Mysterious Confederates. It was produced and much admired on Monday. Mr. Payne's new tragedy of Oswali of Athens, will be brought forward at the Chatham on Monday evening next, with an original epilogue. Mr. Adams, who is to personate the principal character, has profited by his transatlantic excursion. His Hamlet and Alexander at this theatre drew good houses. As a native actor, in a patriotic play from the pen of an American, he will no doubt attract a full audience. The epilogue, to be spoken in character by Mrs. Hughes, is from the pen of Mr. Woodworth.

For the New-York Mirror.

STANZAS.

When the twilight's last communion
Is sinking into rest,
And its soft hour of devotion
Sheds its stillness o'er the breast;
When the shadows, slowly darkling,
Call the night-bird to the sea,
Where the starlit streams are sparkling,
I will hie me, love, to thee.

When the evening dews are sealing
The bright eyes of the flowers,
And the scented winds are stealing
Like spirits, through the bowers;
While the weary birds are dreaming
Of sunshine and of glees,
And the vesper star is beaming,
I will hie me, love, to thee.

When the whippoorwill is glancing
Where the sylvan echoes dwell,
And fairy feet are dancing
In the unfrequented dell;
When the moon her light is flinging
O'er the green earth and the sea,
And the mermaid's song is singing,
I will hie me, love, to thee.

When the cricket's notes awaken
'Neath the cottar's peaceful hearth,
And the festive hall is shaken
By its music and its mirth;
While the fire-fly goes a wooing
His mistress o'er the sea,
And the catydid is cooling,
I will hie me, love, to thee.

Believe me, oh! believe me,
I could not love thee less,
Though fortune should deceive me
With many a fond caress;
For my spirit, like a pinion
From cage and clasp set free,
True to first love's dominion,
Would hie it unto thee.

Yes, though with bosom yearning
For home's remembered smiles,
A wanderer, just returning
From ocean's farthest isles—
Ere a father had caressed me,
Or a sister climbed my knee,
Ere a mother's tears had blest me,
I would hie me unto thee.

PATRUS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Dutchman's Fireside. A Novel, now in press. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

THE appearance of an American book, by a native writer, is always to us a subject of peculiar interest, as exhibiting the progress of literature in the United States. The kindness of the publishers of the work at the head of this article, has afforded us an opportunity of perusing it, and we are happy in being enabled thus early to lay before our readers a sample of its merits. Previous to doing this, however, we take occasion to say a few words about the author, who is generally understood to be Mr. Paulding, a name extensively known to this country by a variety of admirable productions.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of the compositions of this gentleman, is an independence of opinion, which, without doubt, has in some measure, injured his general popularity, by placing him occasionally in opposition to the prevailing tastes and fashions of the day. We believe he has never, at any time, sacrificed a principle which he thought to be right, for the purpose of conciliating or flattering any class or denomination of readers. His writings are, moreover, all strictly American—they advocate our institutions, defend our character, and neither court the applauses of foreign critics, by invidious flattery, nor seek to evade their censure by a suppression of his sentiments. We do not recollect a single work of his which is not peculiar for this undeviating devotion to his native land.

This attachment to his country, this fearlessness in asserting its claims, and defending its character and form of government, is, we think, one principal cause that but few of his volumes have been re-published in Europe. They do not suit the tone of that quarter, nor harmonize with the feelings and institutions of monarchy, or the claims to indiscriminate superiority formerly asserted by the reviewers of the old world. They administer neither to the pride of aristocracy, nor the vanity of pretension. In looking over the English periodicals, we see frequent extracts, and occasionally a tale, from his pen; but, as a whole, they are not calculated, and appear not to have been intended, for that market. Those who know with what energy the opinions of foreign critics re-act upon this country, will at once perceive how strongly this neglect and censure of the transatlantic press must have obscured the reputation of this gentleman, in the eyes of those who see only through the spectacles of others.

To us he seems not inferior, in the extent and diversity of his talents, to any American writer of the present school. There is a keen insight into the human character and human motives; a capacity for deep and striking observations, which,

mingled as they are, with a racy original humor, and a playful vivacity, may, and undoubtedly sometimes do, escape the ordinary reader. With an air of apparent levity, they combine much of the power of philosophical analysis, and a jest is often found to convey an important moral. His dialogue is full of spirit and colloquial ease, and the total absence of display or affectation. The style of his works is almost as various as the themes he discusses, or the objects he describes; in the "History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," it is marked by the most naked simplicity; in the "Letters from the South," there are frequent pages of lofty enthusiasm, which we remember to have struck us as exceedingly beautiful; and, generally speaking, it is always happily adapted to the subject. Without being labored, highly polished, or ambitious, it is clear and energetic, occasionally, and we have sometimes thought designedly so, a little careless, as if in wilful opposition to the taste of the times. Though not dealing much in the pathetic, there are touches of feeling which sufficiently indicate that, if he has chosen the walks of humor, it is not from want of power to address the deeper passions. It may however be observed as a fault that his satire is often severe, and his opinions not unfrequently asserted too positively.

We have thought this a proper opportunity to do something like justice to a writer, who is more thoroughly American—whether it be considered a recommendation or a reproach—than any of his more distinguished cotemporaries; and whose reputation has, without doubt, been circumscribed by that circumstance. We will now proceed to notice more particularly the work before us.

The story is a domestic one, and refers, as the author informs us in a short preface, to that period and that state of manners so charmingly delineated by Mrs. Grant, in the "Memoirs of an American Lady." The progress of the plot, however, leads to adventures of a more public and striking nature, and to many stirring scenes, addressing themselves to the admirers of high-wrought romance. The principal object of the writer seems to have been to develop the character of a young man, who, educated in almost total seclusion becomes a great scholar, but at the same time unfit for the business and the intercourse of the world—proud, sensitive, abstracted, and visionary; timid in trifles, yet fearless in acts of great peril—one, who feeling himself awkward in society, imagines everybody is laughing at him. Under this impression he becomes wayward, selfish, and miserable; the destroyer of his own happiness and that of the woman he loves. Being, however, carried through a series of active vicissitudes, the powers of his mind and the energies of his nature gradually develop themselves, and restore him to self-confidence and self-complacency. He is aided in his restoration by the conversation and example of the famous Sir William Johnson. This gentleman resided long among, and obtained a wonderful influence over, the Mohacohs, whose character is finely delineated, and in whose last words to the hero, is couched the moral of the tale—"action, Sybrandt—remember, action."

The story abounds in variety, carrying the reader from the fireside to the wilderness—from the rural field to the scene of battle—and from the society of the savage to the *beau monde* of New-York, and the little court of the governor, where figure in hoops and brocades the great-grandmothers of the present generation.

It may be proper to state, as explanatory of the chapter we are now about to offer to our readers, that the English and French provincial armies are supposed to be disposed on the shores of Lake Champlain, at some twenty miles distance, the former in their entrenchments at Ticonderoga. The object of the expedition here recorded, is to ascertain the situation, number, and plans of the French.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER resting one night at Fort George, they proceeded in boats which were waiting for them down the lake, and in good time arrived at Ticonderoga. Here Sir William turned over the reinforcement he had brought with him to its proper division, and himself took command of the provincials and Indian allies; the latter consisting of the warriors of the Five Nations. The situation of Ticonderoga, or *Old T^y*, as it is familiarly called, enables it to command the best route between Canada and New-York, and, consequently, it had always been a bone of contention between the French and English, while the former possessed the Canadas and the latter the United States. At the period of which I am now speaking here was assembled the finest army that had hitherto been collected in one body in the new world, as to numbers, discipline, and appointments.

The commander was a brave, experienced, and capable officer; but he knew little of the nature of an irregular warfare in the wilderness against savages and woodmen, and, what was far worse, was too proud to learn. He might have found in Colonel Vancour and Sir William Johnson most able and efficient instructors; but he could not brook the idea of being schooled by provincials, and gloomy were the forebodings of these two experienced gentlemen, during their last conference, that the obstinacy of the commanding general, in applying the tactics of Europe to this warfare of the woods, would be fatal to the expedition, and occasion the defeat, if not the destruction, of this fine army.

Sir William was not a man to be idle in such stirring times, or, indeed, at any time, and he determined that Sybrandt should have little leisure for devouring his own heart in idleness and disappointment. He accordingly detached him on various services; sometimes to gain information of the motions of the enemy, who were said to be advancing in force; sometimes with parties down Lake George to the fort of that name, which was a principal depot of supplies from Albany; and at others to scour the woods in search of vagrant parties of hostile Indians, of whom large numbers were attached to the army of the enemy. In all these services Sybrandt acquitted himself with courage and discretion.

"Bravo," would Sir William exclaim; "you were made for a soldier—to command, not to obey—to lead men, not to be led by a woman. I see I shall make something of you. To night I shall put you to the knife, to try your metal to the utmost."

"I am ready," answered Sybrandt.

"Listen, then," replied Sir William. "Our general is a good soldier and an able officer, so far as mere bravery and an acquaintance with European tactics go. But he is not fit to command here; he is not the Moses to lead armies through the wilderness. He is ignorant of his enemy, and undervalues him; bad, both bad. He has not the least conception that an army of savages may be within twenty feet of him, and he neither see nor hear them. He cannot divest himself of the notion, that they must have baggage-waggons, and horses for their artillery, and depots of provisions, and all the paraphernalia of a regular army on the plains of Flanders. He does not know that an army of savages are neither heard nor seen till they are felt, that they travel like the wind, and with as little incumbrance. He will consequently be taken by surprise, and cut to pieces, unless I and my provincials and redskins make up for his careless folly by our wise vigilance. Now to the point."

"From various indications, which none but an Indian or a backwoodsman can comprehend, I am fully satisfied that the enemy is in much greater force than he chooses to have believed; and this is what I want to be certain of before to-morrow morning, because I have been apprised by the general, that he considers it disgraceful to his majesty's arms to be cooped up in a fort by an inferior enemy. He means to march out in battle array to-morrow, with drums beating, colors flying, and every other device to apprise the enemy of his motion. If he does, it requires not the spirit of prophecy to predict that he will sacrifice, not only the interests of his country, but the lives of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of brave men. The service is perilous; why should I disguise it? It is almost certain death; but you are no common man; nay, I don't flatter you. I would pledge my life on your marching up to the cannon's mouth without winking an eye, if it were necessary. I would go myself on this service, but my rank and the command I hold make it impossible."

"Name the service, Sir William. Life is of little value to me, and if—"

"Pish!" exclaimed the knight, impatiently. "Disgrace of life is an ignoble impulse to heroic actions. I wish you to be animated by the love of your country and the desire of glory. Such motives are alone worthy of the man who risks his life in undertakings of extreme peril."

"Sir William Johnson," replied Sybrandt, proudly, "you are my superior in rank and in merit, if you please, but this gives you no right to insult my feelings, nor am I inclined to submit to it. As a soldier, do with me as you please."

"You are right, young man, and I beg your pardon. Well then, let your motive be what it may; if not ambition, love; both are equally powerful, if not equally noble. If your mistress is true, she will rejoice in your success; if she is false, the most noble revenge you can take will be to make her regret having lost the opportunity of participating in your fame. Give me your hand; are we friends again?"

Sybrandt received it with an acknowledgment of grateful and affectionate respect.

"What escort am I to have?" asked he.

"None; an escort would assuredly betray you. A boat and a man to row it is all I can allow you."

"As you think best; I am satisfied."

Sir William then proceeded to instruct him in the course he was to pursue. To go on this expedition by land would subject him to inevitable discovery. He was, therefore, to be furnished with an Indian canoe, with a single man to paddle it, and under cover of the night, which promised to be sufficiently dark, proceed silently down the narrow strait into Lake Champlain, only so far that he could return with certainty before daylight. He was enjoined not to neglect this; for the narrowness of the strait, lined, as it was without doubt, by parties of skulking Indians, would expose him to certain death, if once seen.

"Should you ascertain the position of the enemy," continued he, "you must depend on your own sagacity, and that of Timothy Weasel, for the direction of your subsequent conduct."

"Timothy Weasel! who is he?"

"What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmonter, as he calls himself?"

"Never."

"Well, then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New-Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married, and took possession, by right of discovery I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New-Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women, and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighboring settlements, in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded in a dozen places, only had, as he says, 'been playing 'possum,' raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions, to reach a neighboring village, distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and was then put to bed, where he lay some weeks. In the meantime the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of his unfortunate family and neighbors. When Timothy got well, he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the rest of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favorable to killing the 'kритters,' as he terms the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the manes of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life is beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself; but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes, which make me feel myself, in the language of the red-skins, 'a woman,' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game, that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of the red men.' It is a horrible propensity; but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children, and all that man holds most close to his inmost heart, is no trifle. If ever mortal had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is, I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment."

As Sir William concluded, Sybrandt heard a long dry sort of "h-e-e-m-m," ejaculated just outside the door.

"That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies. Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow, and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp angular features, and a complexion of course bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His canty head of hair was of a sort of sunburnt color; his beard of a month's growth at least, and his eye of sprightly blue never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarm.

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"H-e-m-m," answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to depart immediately?"

"What, right off?"

"Ay, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Very well—that means you are certain."

"I'm always sartin of my mark."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"It's just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? h-e-e-m!"

"And are you all ready?"

"I s'pect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got all ready."

"Have you any thing to eat by the way?"

"No; if I only stay out two or three days, I shan't be hungry."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy here manufactured a sort of linsey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation.

"I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you."

Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said he again.

"That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

"But mayn't I shoot one of them tarnil kritters if he comes in my way?" said Timothy in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you."

"Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please heaven to put our lives in danger—that's some comfort."

The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on, somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water he should certainly mistake it for one of the tarnil kritters, and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary to Timothy; his toilet was already made; his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank, which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, into which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket and accoutrements at his side, and a paddle in his hand.

"Now," said Sir William, almost in a whisper, "now, luck be with you, boys; remember, you are to return before daylight, without fail."

"But, Sir William," said Timothy coaxingly, "now, mayn't I take a pop at one of the tarnil kritters, if I meet 'em?"

"I tell you, no!" replied the other, "unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys."

Each seized his paddle, and the light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

"It's plaguy hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

"What?" quoth Sybrandt.

"Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what's what?" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became of one color, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity, at least in the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees, that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper disturbed the dead silence of nature, as they darted along unseen and unseeing—at least our hero could see nothing but darkness.

"Whisht!" aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, cowered himself down to the bottom. Sybrandt did the same, peering just over the side of the boat, to discover, if possible, the reason of Timothy's manœuvres. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more, and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun, and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights; but, recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away, and the lights disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered Sybrandt.

"The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess," replied the other. "If that boat isn't going a-spying just like ourselves, I'm quite out in my calculation."

"What! with lights? They must be great fools."

"It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I'm thinking what a fine mark these lights would have been; and how I could have peppered two or three of them, if Sir William had not bin so plaguy obstinate."

"Peppered them! why, they were half-a-dozen miles off."

"They were within fifty yards, the kritters; I could have broke all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand."

"How do you know they were Indians?"

"Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and Sybrandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity, and in the same intensity of darkness as before, for more than an hour. This brought them, at the swift rate they were going, a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle, at the expiration of the time just specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before, and cowered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for happening to look towards the shore, he could discover at a distance innumerable lights glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity, and rendering the darkness beyond the sphere of their influence still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

"There they are, the kritters," whispered Timothy, exultingly; "we've treed 'em at last, I swow. Now, mister, let me ask you one question—will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.

"Ay, like or no like. I must be captain for a little time, at least."

"I have no objection to benefit by your experience."

"Can you play Ingen when you are put to it?"

"I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners."

"Can you talk Ingen?"

"No."

"Ah! your education has been sadly neglected. But come, there's no time to waste in talking Ingen or English. We must get right in the middle of these kritters. Can you creep on all-fours without waking up a cricket?"

"No."

"Plague on it! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me. I could have done better by myself. Are you afraid?"

"Try me."

"Well, then, I must make the best of the matter. They

are camped out—I see by their fires—by themselves. I can't stop to tell you every thing; but you must keep close to me, do just as I do, and say nothing; that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"Play! you'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Set down close; make no noise; and if you go to sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat, and let it go downwards."

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions; and Timothy proceeded towards the lights, which appeared much farther off in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such lightness and dexterity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampment, until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings and halloos, which gradually broke on their ears in discordant violence. Timothy stopped his paddle and listened.

"It is the song of those tarnal Uttawas. They're in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know them, for I've popped off a few, and can talk and sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. So we'll be among them right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do, and holding your tongue."

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew up the canoe into the bushes, which here closely skirted the waters.

"Now leave all behind but yourself, and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night; and then laid himself down on his face, and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind?" whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plaguy hard case. Yet upon the whole it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of them, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! shut your mouth as close as a powder-horn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars, and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here they are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other, in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning lustre of which cast a fitful light upon their dark countenances, whose savage expression was heightened to ferocity by the stimulant of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on the ground swaying to and fro, backward and forward, and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canteen from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away, when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with extravagant boastings of murders, massacres, burnings, and plunderings, mixed up with threatenings of what they would do to the red-coat long knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village, and bore a striking resemblance to the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children. Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance, "If I only had my gun!"

"Stay here a moment," whispered he, as he crept cautiously towards the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, and remained in the attitude of listening.

"Hush!" muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, which Sybrandt did not comprehend; and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged, and Timothy then brought forward his companion, whom he presented to the Uttawas, who welcomed him and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

"My brother does not talk," said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Uttawas.

"No; but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long knife."

"Good," said the other, "he is welcome."

After a pause he went on, at the same time eyeing Sybrandt with suspicion; though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink, and hand round at short intervals.

"I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?"

"He is; but he was stolen by the Iroquois many years ago, and only returned lately."

"How did he escape?"

"He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Good," said the Uttawas: and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself, and grasping his tomahawk started up, rushed towards Sybrandt, and raised his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking. Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

"Good," said the Uttawas again: "I am satisfied; the Uttawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

"We have just come in time," said Timothy. "Does the white chief march against the red-coats to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Uttawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians, and *coureurs de bois* which composed the army; the hour when they were to commence their march, the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack, in case the British either waited for them in the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination, the whole party, with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt, and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state, and began to snore lustily. The Uttawas chief nodded from side to side, then sunk down like a log, and remained insensible to every thing around him, in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay without motion for a while, then turned himself over, and rolled about with apparent unconsciousness, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approach, and distinguished, as they came nigh, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French, in a low tone:

"The beasts are all asleep; it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober."

They then passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him, that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this, he took their powder-horns and emptied them; then taking up the tomahawk of the Uttawas chief, which he had dropped from his hand, he stood over him for a moment, with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never before seen in his or in any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William; but the latter at length triumphed, and motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came; lunched their canoe, and plied their paddles with might and main.

"The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnal busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the wave, leaving scarce a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view, Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has returned, for it's growing light apace. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Uttawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stun dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you too, I guess," said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phraseology; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who, I? I must be a poor kritter if I can't dodge half-a-dozen of these drunken varmints."

A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone out of themselves, and as they struck the foot of the high bluff whence they had departed, the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the high moun-

tains rising towards the west. Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty kritter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that tarnal tomahawk as if it had been an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found watching for them with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands towards our hero, and eagerly exclaimed,

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night, waiting your return."

"Then you will be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before, and he may calculate upon it with sartinty."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Sir William, good-humoredly, "or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy's camp?"

"Right in their very bowels," said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy, with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

"It's not of any great use to me, to be sure," said he, as he departed; "but some how or other I love to look at the kritters."

"As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward; for you have acted from higher motives, and with at least equal courage and resolution. His majesty shall know of this; and, in the mean time, call yourself Major Westbrook, for such you are from this moment. Now go with me to the commander-in-chief, who must know what you heard and saw."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

HALLEY'S COMET OF THE YEAR 1834.

THERE are few comets which are visible to the naked eye, and on this account the one, whose return figures among the calculated memorabilia of the year 1834, is entitled to an early and special notice. Of the heavenly creations of its own class, it is of this one that it can be predicted with the greatest certainty, that it travels round the sun, and that we are accurately acquainted with the period of its revolution—facts which are the result of four several opportunities which the world has enjoyed of watching its course. Such are the considerations which justify and induce me to take a glance at its history.

So far as modern observations reach, this comet was seen, for the first time, in the year 1465, and it approached to a distance of eleven millions seven hundred thousand miles from the sun, on the eighth of June in that year. It came near the earth, and under very favorable circumstances, presenting itself with peculiar splendor and remarkable brilliancy, travelling with a tail which extended over a third portion of the firmament, and affording a spectacle of far greater beauty than it has ever exhibited since those times.

Its next appearance was in 1531; and, on the twenty-fifth day of August, it was at a distance of eleven millions six hundred thousand miles from the sun. The period of its revolution was, therefore, ascertained to be seventy-five years, two months, and seventeen days. Its appearance differed greatly from that just described. Appian, who observed it, relates that it had no tail whatever, but was what is termed a bearded comet—its whole circumference being encircled by an equal effulgence at every point; and, inasmuch as this halo had no defined edging, it appeared to be hairy or bearded. It may have had a tail, though, from the unfavorable circumstances which accompanied the comet's appearance on this occasion, it was not discernible by the naked eye.

Calculating each of its revolutions at seventy-five years, the return of this comet might have been predicted for the year 1606 or 1607; and, in fact, it did return, for the third time, in 1607. It approached nearest to the sun on the twenty-sixth of October, when it was eleven million seven hundred and fifty thousand miles distant from it. The period of its revolution had consequently been seventy-six years, two months, and one day—one twelvemonth longer than the preceding; whence, it is obvious, that its progress had been disturbed by some planet, or other strange body. It was of considerable magnitude, its head being of the size of the planet Jupiter; but its light was weak and nebulous; it had a long tail, and this was also feeble in its rays, as if overcast with

vapors. The revolution of this comet having been of seventy-five or seventy-six years' duration, it followed, that its return would occur in 1682 or 1683.

This calculation was confirmed by its re-appearance in 1682, when its nearest approximation to the sun took place on the fourteenth of September, on which day it was distant from it eleven millions, six hundred and fifty thousand miles. It was now, for the first time, observed, with any degree of accuracy, by Halley, from whom it has consequently been denominated "Halley's Comet." This astronomer compared the result of his several observations with those made on the comets of the year 1607 and 1531, and found them closely to correspond with one another; from which he was led to infer that the three appearances belonged to one and the same body. On this occasion, its revolution amounted to seventy-four years, ten months, and eighteen days—giving a mean duration of seventy-five years and a half.

Halley predicted the return of the comet in the year 1759; at first, however, it seemed as if the event would not realize the prediction, as the comet was tardy in appearing; but, to the delight of every astronomer, it became visible at last, and put an end to the doubt which had hitherto existed as to the durable nature of such bodies as comets. It attained its solar elevation on the thirteenth of March, when its distance from the sun was eleven million six hundred and fifty thousand miles, and was of inferior size to what it had been on its last appearance. Its tail was but lightly illuminated, and not discernible, except when the sky was clear; on which account no precise judgment could be formed of its length; the weakness of its irradiation was principally owing to its unfavorable position. Its last revolution had been seventy-six years and six months.

It may reasonably be asked, why the comet consumed a whole twelvemonth more in its revolution than was natural to it? To this it may be answered, and upon very accurate calculation, that it first displayed itself close upon the planet Jupiter, which influenced and retarded its movement. Hence it appeared at a somewhat later period than Halley had foretold.

The return of the comet in our own days ought to take place in the year 1834; but it is possible it may be so influenced by Saturn and Uranus, as not to make its appearance before 1835, or even 1836. Numberless calculations have already been formed on this event; and we must leave it to time to pronounce which of them is correct. Neither can we predetermine what will be the degree of its brilliancy or the extent and splendor of its tail; these are matters which seem to depend on circumstances beyond the sphere of our present knowledge.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Colonel Nathaniel Rochester.—The death of this venerable and much respected patriot has called forth innumerable biographies, uniting in terms of praise. He was born in Virginia, on the twenty-first of February, 1752. In August, 1775, he commenced his legislative career as a member of the provincial convention of North Carolina. From this convention his first commission as major of militia emanated; and the rapid progress of hostilities did not leave the young soldier long without an opportunity of signalizing himself. The immediate call upon his services resulted from the secret mission of the British general, Alexander McDonald, to the Highland Scotch in Cumberland county—refugees from their native land, for adherence to the disastrous fortunes of the Pretender. The schemes of this officer were executed so carefully, that before his intentions were known one thousand men had been raised and were marching to Wilmington. When intelligence of this reached Hillsborough, Colonel Thackston immediately went in pursuit to Fayetteville, (then called Cross-creek.) The enemy had left before they arrived, when Major Rochester was despatched by his commanding officer to overtake them by forced marches, before General McDonald should gain the transports, waiting at the mouth of Cape Fear river, to convey them to New-York. At day-break, after a march of twenty miles, the general and five hundred of his Scotch recruits were met on the retreat, having been turned at Moore's-creek bridge by Colonel Caswell, afterwards the first governor of the state. Major Rochester captured the whole—but from scarcity of provisions was compelled to release all but about fifty officers—binding the discharged not to serve during the war against the colonies. On his return to head-quarters, he found that Colonel Alexander Martin, of the Salisbury minute-men, had arrived with two thousand men, and to him the credit of the capture is by mistake ascribed by Chief-justice Marshal, in his Life of

Washington. His services to the village which bears his name were great and disinterested, and few have lately departed from the stage of life more deservedly lamented.

Skrzynecki and Diebitsch.—The following sketches of these distinguished military chieftains—the one copied from a letter of an English paper's Warsaw correspondent, and the other from an article in the London Athenæum—will be perused with much interest at the present time.

"General John Skrzynecki was born in Gallacia, in 1787, and studied at Leopold. When the French armies entered Poland in 1806, Skrzynecki, then nineteen, left his father's house, and enlisted in the first regiment of infantry, commanded by colonel Kassimer Malachowski, now general of division, who lately covered himself with so much glory. At the opening of the memorable campaign of 1809, in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Skrzynecki was raised to the rank of captain in the sixteenth regiment, then formed by Prince Constantine Czarforyski. In the campaign of Moscow, in 1812, he was appointed chief of battalion; and in 1813 and 1814 he gave repeated proofs of his talent and intrepidity. It was in the hollow square of his battalion that Napoleon took shelter at Arcis-sur-Aube, when the regiments of the young guard gave way. The Polish soldiers transferred the precious deposit to the French corps, which arrived soon after, and Skrzynecki charging the enemy, under the eyes of the emperor, beat them back with considerable loss. Appointed knight of the legion of honor, and of the military order of Poland, Skrzynecki returned to his country with the remnants of the Polish troops, and obtained the command of the eighth regiment of infantry, in the second brigade of general Ignazio Blumer, the same who received eighteen balls through his body on the night of the twenty-ninth of November. Skrzynecki has distinguished himself on several occasions since the commencement of the present campaign, and his brilliant conduct in the great battles of February have raised him to the highest distinction."

"Field-marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of Kabalcansky, or the Trans-Balkanian, the additional one of the Semavar, or the tea-kettle. I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortunes to his face; the sequel will show how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was in the staff of Frederick. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the king of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial majesty if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company, for, added he, '*l'empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'extérieur terrible.*' This 'delicate hint,' that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balkan, that with his natural warmth of temper he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country. The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimation of his talents, easily found means to pacify him by giving promotion in the line. He subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service where beauty was not indispensable, that the late emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command."

Musical.—The celebrated violinist, Paganini, is about to proceed to London. It is said that the most enthusiastic eagerness prevails to witness his extraordinary performances. His ardor in executing a piece is so great as to leave him at its close totally exhausted. A Paris paper mentions that Madame Malibran, "the highly-gifted but somewhat capricious cantatrice," was heard to say, that great as was his skill she lamented his inability to perform a cantabile. Upon hearing which the ambitious artist challenged her to select the most difficult song from any composer; adding, that he would wait upon her before the audience, there cut any three strings which she should designate from his instrument, and

thus perform, violin *versus* voice. We have not heard the results of this singular cartel. The same paper states that he was in the gardens of the Tuilleries in the evening, but was so pressed upon by the crowd that he was compelled to retire. Rossini was in Madrid on the thirteenth of February last. On the evening of his arrival the Italian company gave the "Barber of Seville," announcing in the bills that it was "performed in honor of the great composer's presence in the Spanish metropolis." A box had been reserved for him alone, but, in deference to the king's visit, he declined it, and took his seat in the orchestra, where he directed the opera in *propria persona*. A foreigner present adds, "no words can describe the enthusiasm with which he was received. After the performance of 'Il Barbiere' was over, and Rossini had reached his night's quarters, the two hundred performers of the Chapel Royal sallied out, and gave him a serenade."

The Union.—A correspondent of the Columbia Inquirer uses the following language—"I say, and I say it boldly, this Union cannot—ought not to last." Many, unacquainted with the high state of excitement to which the political feeling of the south has been wrought up, will deem this the rant of an intemperate enthusiast, or the blustering of some disappointed office hunter, and be, therefore, inclined to pass it over as unworthy of notice. It assumes a more serious importance, when, as is really the case, this startling cry bursts from the lips of men of talents, standing, and education; of editors, legislators, judges, and professors of repute in seminaries of learning. Should this disgraceful recklessness of the interest and glory of the nation, and of those wise principles which her greatest and best have laid down for her preservation, be long continued, an American, instead of treading proudly among the tottering institutions and feudal shadows of foreign countries, as the representative of a land where all is firm, bright, and happy, will blush to show his face abroad. We are, however, far from fearing any actual danger from the idle zeal of a few impetuous leaders of a party. The shame and disadvantage of dissolution are yet too glaringly obvious, the policy and glory of union are too clearly understood by the mass of the people to permit of their being influenced by the sophistry and irritability of this set of inflammable apostates from the cause of their country. When our population shall have increased tenfold, when there shall be an aristocracy of wealth, and a religious party in politics, perhaps the fabric of freedom reared here in the wilds of the west, may tremble from its deep foundations and crumble into ruins; but the American character, as well as American prospect, must undergo a radical change; the population must spread out and fill the vast tracts between the oceans, till they grow too immense and powerful for the bonds which now hold them together; and long before that period these zealots, who, from some paltry consideration of business profit, some tax upon woollen or iron ware, are laboring to anticipate the downfall of the republic, shall have passed away, and their very tombs be forgotten.

School-boy wit.—A gentleman, now well known to the public, when at a preparatory school, was, with his companions at dinner, ordered to consume all on their plates, fat as well as lean. It was with the greatest difficulty that he disposed of that nauseous part of his daily meal. Whenever it was practicable he would slide it into his pocket-handkerchief, and so get rid of it. One day, however, we perceived to our mutual horror that we were to be fellow-devourers of an exceedingly obese breast of mutton. Our stomach really sickened at the mere sight of it; he, poor fellow, liked it as little, but showed in his countenance a determination not to comply with the invariable cry of "eat your fat, boys, eat your fat." We looked at him with some degree of astonishment as he piled the objectionable morsels around the rim of his plate, with an apparent composure that attracted the attention of our omnivorous master. "Why don't you eat your fat, sir?" said he. "Because," replied George, "the poet says we are to eat nothing but lean." "The poet," returned our master vociferously, "what poet ever made use of such an absurd expression, sir? Come, tell me, or I will flog you for your impertinence?" "Sir," answered George, (confident of his authority,) "Horace says,

"*Vacuis committere venis,
Nil nisi lenē decet*"

Good advice.—"Arrah, my jewel," said an honest fellow from the Emerald isle, the other day, to the cider, whose passage from a narrow-necked bottle he was vainly endeavoring to expedite, "arrah now, my jewel! don't come quite so fast jist, dear, and then you'll come a great dale faster." A remark although, peradventure, not founded on very deep philosophical reflection, yet capable of an application as extensive as Dr. Franklin's story of the whistle.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. H. BAYLY.

Larghetto e soave.

Dol.

Shades of ev'-ning close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly

bark a - while! Morn, a - las! will not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle: Still my fan-cy can dis - co - ver Sun - ny spots where

Cres.

Ritard. Dim. A Tempo.

friends may dwell; Dark - er sha - dows round us ho-ver, Isle of Beau ty, "fare thee well!"

SECOND VERSE.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing, fondly, "fare thee well!"

THIRD VERSE.

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"

LITERARY.

THE Brothers Harper are about incorporating in their Family Library the works of those dramatists who flourished in the time of Shakspeare. There can be little doubt that they will be eagerly purchased, as they are very much wanted in this country. Although containing the essence of poetry, few on this side of the Atlantic are acquainted with their merits. It is singular that they have not been re-printed here before. Indeed, while ignorant of the intention of the Harpers, we had ourselves sketched a little plan for enriching the pages of the Mirror with the choicest passages, in the form of essays upon the beauties of the old poets. A little of the solid thought and labored composition of those days might be advantageously substituted for much of the frippery now cut down into tedious metre, and eked out with forced and hacknied rhyme. These industrious publishers have also in the press a series of volumes, entitled "Library of Select Novels," a term which sufficiently explains their object. In this way the admirers of fictitious compositions will be furnished at a very moderate rate, with the spirit of the modern American and English press. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the benefits which their enterprise will confer upon a popular branch of literature, and their name is a sufficient guarantee for correctness in the typographical department. The first of the series already issued is Cyril Thornton, a novel which has successfully passed through the ordeal, and is too well known to require present comment. The next will consist of Mr. Paulding's new novel, entitled the "Dutchman's Fireside." They have also in the course of publication a series of works calculated to form a complete "Family Classical Library," in a cheap, handsome, and uniform size, and embracing correct and elegant translations of the most

esteemed authors of Greece and Rome; and it is intended to issue, in a new and concentrated form, a set of standard English authors, under the title of an "Epitome of English Literature." Among others, the early part of their series will embrace the productions of Burnet, Clarendon, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Bacon, Locke, Paley, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Swift, &c. They will be edited by A. J. Valpy, M. A. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not be too much abridged. A new, cheap, and elegant American edition of Bourrienne's private memoirs of Napoleon, have just been issued by Carey and Lea, in two octavo volumes. Notwithstanding certain alleged inaccuracies, on points of minor consideration, the authenticity of these statements, as a whole, is almost universally conceded. A new collection of fugitive poetic pieces, by Mrs. Hemans, from the same press, is also before us. We shall notice both more at length in our next.

Carter, Hendee, and Babcock, of Boston, have published "Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827." It is a formidable octavo of five hundred and twenty-eight pages.

OPINION.

It is curious to observe the striking difference of opinion which exists between the most intelligent minds. How frequently it is alleged, especially against modern historians, that their representations of the times in which they lived, and the *quorum pars magna fui* scenes of their own day, should not be received with too much credulity, as it could not be presumed that one engaged in the turmoil, actuated by the prejudices, party feelings, and innumerable selfish interests of surrounding occurrences, could distinctly and impartially

describe them. "That great work," says the last number of the North-American Review, speaking of Scott's Napoleon, "has not satisfied the demand of the world, but we presume no living writer could have given equal satisfaction; and, the truth is, that the gigantic character he describes is still too near us to be painted; we must wait till the lights and shadows are blended into their right proportions, by time and distance."

"William Tyre," says an author in the Harpers' Family Library, respecting one of the historians of the crusade, "was not born at the time of the first crusade; and, consequently, when he speaks of the events of that enterprise, we may look upon him as clear, talented, and elegant; but we must not expect to find the vivid identity of contemporaneous writing."

We should be pleased if some one of our correspondents would favor us with a treatise, touching the distance from the time when the events which he intends to describe took place, most likely to afford the historian a correct view of his subject; or the degree of intimacy which should subsist between a great man and his biographer, by which all the secret influences and peculiarities of organization and feelings might be thoroughly understood, yet without danger of extenuating or exaggerating faults, of magnifying virtues, or explaining them away, as beheld through the medium of hate or friendship.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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For the New-York Mirror.

REGRETS.

ALAS! my hair is turning gray,
My limbs are growing slender;
I find my heart too, day by day,
Becoming very tender;
My bosom's lord sits on his throne
With an unusual lightness;
And the gay world has never shone
With half its present brightness.

Ah! I have been a thoughtless youth,
To sport so with affections;
To promise so much deathless truth,
And break such rich connections;
To hurry on from fair to fair,
From one love to another,
And to be welcome every where—
But only as a brother!

I might have married years ago,
Some fair and wealthy lady,
But now my light is burning low,
And life is growing shady;
My single friends have left my side,
To wed their half a million,
With some quite pretty partner bride,
To dance through life's cotillion.

I speak, but fair ones do not stay,
As once they did, but shun me;
No eyes grow bright with melting ray,
When resting soft upon me;
No bosom beats beneath its lace,
Its gentle thoughts to smother;
No angel shows a troubled face,
When I address another!

Even thus it is, though on my life
I cannot guess the reason;
I must live on without a wife
Through my appointed season.
In single blessedness must go
Where they will shortly lay me,
With not a creature willing to

LITERARY NOTICES.

The History of Chivalry. By G. P. R. James, Esq.; author of "De L'Orme," "Darnley," "Richelieu," etc. 18mo. p. 342. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1861.

THIS is the title of the twentieth number of "Harper's Family Library." We need say little on a subject so associated with the most interesting portions of history, and dazzling pictures of romance. It must equally arouse the curiosity, awaken the fancy, and elevate the feelings. In the very first vow required of the aspirants to chivalry, in its earliest state, there is something that stirs the loftiest passions and ennoble the soul; and the reader, who has caught any of the high spirit of the ages here described, will scarcely repress a thrill, as his imagination paints the proud and daring knight starting forth upon the arena of life, so crowded with the demons of rapine, murder, and oppression, and calling heaven to witness that he would "*Speak the truth, succor the helpless, and never turn his back upon an enemy.*"—What a beautiful appendage to this vow is the character given of the knights by Charles Nodier, for a long time after the first institution of chivalry. "Simple in their clothing, austere in their morals, humble after victory, and firm under misfortune."

Events which have already elicited so many brilliant delineations from historians, poets, and writers of romances—which have been paraded in all the forms of truth, and decorated with every embellishment of fancy, now require the touch of a master-hand to render their details tolerable. Of such an one, we are pleased to state that the present treatise bears very satisfactory evidence. Mr. James is a writer of much force. He has succeeded in compressing within a narrow space a valuable mass of information. Neither are his accounts huddled carelessly together as mere extracts from other works, but, in availing himself of preceding authors, he has arranged their facts with an intelligence and spirit of his own, and connected them with such clear and explanatory sketches, as render his production a lucid, sensible, and interesting exposition of the rise, reign, and fall of chivalry, which even every ordinary reader should procure without

delay. The mind experiences no weariness in going through its pages, but is perpetually excited by a recurrence of animated scenes, expressed in scholar-like and gentlemanly language, and interspersed with sentences of more than ordinary eloquence. Perhaps, without hypercriticism, a few instances of careless inaccuracies might be pointed out in the style; but the whole tenor of the history is so good, and it is so obviously calculated to render important and serious subjects attractive to youth, and thereby to supplant mere unmeaning and trashy works of fiction, which too often enervate their taste and bias their character, that we waive all minor objections, lay down our spectacles, rule, compass, and stop-watch, and at once recommend the work to the favorable notice of the public. As the most direct method of proving both the sincerity and the justice of our phrase, we shall append several extracts. The following is a succinct and graphic account of the origin of the institution which has exercised such an important influence over human affairs:

"Charlemagne expired like a meteor that, having broken suddenly upon the night of ages, and blazed brilliantly over a whole world for a brief space, fell, and left all in darkness, even deeper than before. His dominions divided into petty kingdoms—his successors waging long and inveterate wars against each other—the nations he had subdued shaking off the yoke—the enemies he had conquered avenging themselves upon his descendants—the laws he had established forgotten or annulled—the union he had cemented scattered to the wind—in a lamentably brief space of time, the bright order which his great mind had established throughout Europe was dissolved. Each individual, who, either by corporeal strength, advantageous position, wealth, or habit, could influence the minds of others, snatched at that portion of the divided empire which lay nearest to his means, and claimed that power as a gift which had only been intrusted as a loan. The custom of holding lands by military service had come down to the French from their German ancestors, and the

inferior officers, who in former days had led the armies, or commanded in the provinces as servants of the crown, now arrogated to themselves hereditary rights in the charges to which they had been intrusted; and, in their own behalf, claimed the feudal service of those soldiers to whom lands had been granted, instead of preserving their allegiance for their sovereigns. The weak monarchs, who still retained the name of kings, engaged in ruinous wars with each other, and in vain attempts to repel the invasions of the Northmen, or Normans, first tolerated these encroachments, because they had at the time no power of resisting, and then gradually recognised them as rights, upon the condition that those who committed them should assist the sovereign in his wars, and acknowledge his title in preference to that of any of his competitors.

"Thus gradually rose the feudal system from the wrecks of Charlemagne's great empire. But still all was unstable and unconfirmed; the limits of the different powers in the state undecided and variable, till the war of Paris, the incompetence of the successors of Charlemagne, and the elevation of Hugues Capet, the count of Paris, to the throne, showed the barons the power they had acquired, and crowned the feudal compact by the creation of a king whose title was found in it alone.

"Great confusion, however, existed still. The authority of the sovereign extended but a few leagues round the city of Paris; the Normans ravished the coast; the powerful and the wicked had no restraint imposed upon their actions, and the weak were everywhere oppressed and wronged. Bands of plunderers raged through the whole of France and Germany, property was held by the sword, cruelty and injustice reigned alone, and the whole history of that age offers a complete medley of massacre, bloodshed, torture, crime, and misery.

"Personal courage, however, had been raised to the highest pitch by the very absence of every thing like security. Valor was a necessity and a habit, and Eudes and his companions, who defended Paris against the Normans, would have come down as demigods to the present day, if they had but possessed a Homer to sing their deeds. The very Normans themselves, with their wild enthusiasm and supernatural

daring, their poetical traditions, and magnificent superstitions, seemed to bring a new and extraordinary light into the very lands they desolated. The plains teemed with murder, and the rivers flowed with blood: but the world was weary of barbarity, and a re-acting spirit of order was born from the very bosom of confusion.

"It was then that some poor nobles, probably suffering themselves from the oppression of more powerful lords, but at the same time touched with sincere compassion for the wretchedness they saw around them, first leagued together with the holy purpose of redressing wrongs and defending the weak. They gave their hands to one another in pledge that they would not turn back from the work, and called upon St George to bless their righteous cause. The church readily yielded its sanction to an institution so noble, aided it with prayers, and sanctioned it with a solemn blessing. Religious enthusiasm became added to noble indignation and charitable zeal; and the spirit of chivalry, like the flame struck forth from the hard steel and the dull flint, was kindled into sudden light by the savage cruelty of the nobles, and the heavy barbarity of the people."

"In France, I believe, the order first took its rise; and, probably, the disgust felt by some pure minds at the gross and barbarous licentiousness of the times, infused that virtuous severity into the institutions of chivalry which was in itself a glory. If we may give the least credit to the picture of the immorality and luxury of the French, as drawn by Abbon, in his poem on the siege of Paris, no words will be found sufficient to express our admiration for the men who first undertook to combat not only the tyranny but the vices of their age; who singly went forth to war against crime, injustice, and cruelty; who defied the whole world in defence of innocence, virtue, and truth; who stemmed the torrent of barbarity and evil; and who, from the wrecks of ages, and the ruins of empire, drew out a thousand jewels to glitter in the armor upon the breast of knighthood.

"For long the christian religion had struggled alone, a great but shaded light through the storms of dark and barbarous ages. Till chivalry arose there was nothing to uphold it; but from that moment, with a champion in the field to lead forth the knowledge that had been imprisoned in the cloister, the influence of religion began to spread and increase. Though worldly men thereunto attached the aggrandizement of their own temporal power, and knaves and villains made it the means of their avarice, or the cloak of their vice, still the influence of the divine truth itself gradually wrought upon the hearts of men, purifying, calming, refining, till the world grew wise enough to separate the perfection of the gospel from the weakness of its teachers, and to reject the errors while they restrained the power of the Roman church.

"In the mean time chivalry stood forth the most glorious institution that man himself ever devised. In its youth and in its simplicity, it appeared grand and beautiful, both from its own intrinsic excellence, and from its contrast with the things around. In its after years it acquired pomp and luxury; and to pomp and luxury naturally succeeded decay and death; but still the legacy that it left behind it to posterity was a treasure of noble feelings and generous principles.

"There cannot be a doubt that chivalry, more than any other institution (except religion) aided to work out the civilization of Europe. It first taught devotion and reverence to those weak, fair beings, who but in their beauty and their gentleness have no defence. It first raised love above the passions of the brute, and by dignifying woman, made woman worthy of love. It gave purity to enthusiasm, crushed barbarous selfishness, taught the heart to expand like a flower to the sunshine, beautified glory with generosity, and smoothed even the rugged brow of war.

"For the mind, as far as knowledge went, chivalry itself did little; but by its influence it did much. For the heart it did everything; and there is scarcely a noble feeling or a bright aspiration that we find among ourselves, or trace in the history of modern Europe, that is not in some degree referrible to that great and noble principle, which has no name but the *Spirit of Chivalry*."

He briefly sums up the well-known causes which prepared Europe to pour itself upon the holy land.

"Still the persecution of the christians in Palestine, and the murder and pillage of the pilgrims continued; still the indignation of Europe, fed and renewed by repeated tales of cruel barbarity committed in the Holy Land—sufferings of the church—insults to religion—and merciless massacres of countrymen and relations: still, also, the spirit of chivalry was each day spreading further and rising more powerfully, so that all was preparing for some great and general movement. The lightning of the crusade was in the people's hearts, and it wanted but one electric touch to make it flash forth upon the world."

"The number of knights" (at the siege of Nice) "is stated to have reached nearly two hundred thousand, which left a fair proportion of inferior soldiers. Doubtless Soliman thought to meet, in the immense multitude before him, a wild and undisciplined crowd, like that of Peter the hermit; but he soon found bitterly his mistake. The crusaders received him every where with chivalric valor, repulsed him on all points, became in turn the assailants, and the plain around Nice grew one general scene of conflict. The charging of the cavalry, the ringing of the lances, and the swords, upon shields and corselets, the battle-cries of the christians, and the *tecbir* of the Turks; the shouts, the screams, the groans, rose up, we are told, in a roar horrible to hear.

"At length, finding that the sally he had expected was not made, Soliman retreated to the mountains; but it was only to repeat the attempt the following day. In this, although the besieged now comprehended his intention, and issued forth upon the christians on the one side, while he attacked them on the other, he was not more fortunate than before. He was again repelled with great loss, owning his astonishment at the lion-like courage of the christian leaders, who, with a thousand lances, would often charge and put to flight twenty times the number of Turkish horsemen.

"According to a barbarous custom prevalent at that time, and which even descended to a much later period, the crusaders hewed off the heads of the fallen Moslems, and cast many of them into the city. Others were sent to Constantinople in token of victory; and Alexius, as a sign of gratitude and rejoicing, instantly dispatched large presents to the principal chiefs of the crusade, with great quantities of provisions for the army, which had long been straitened to a fearful degree.

"After the defeat of Soliman, the siege was pressed with renewed vigor; and battering-rams, catapults, and mangonels were plied incessantly against the walls, while moveable towers of wood, called *beffroys*, filled with armed men, were rolled close to the fortifications, for the purpose of carrying on the fight hand to hand with the enemy, and of endeavoring to effect a lodgment on the battlements.

"In the mean while, the plains around Nice offered a spectacle of the most extraordinary brilliancy. The glittering arms of the knights, their painted shields, and fluttering pennons—the embroidered banners of the barons, their splendid coats-of-arms and magnificent mantles—the gorgeous robes of the Latin priests, who were present in immense numbers, and the animated multitude of bowmen and foot-soldiers, mingled with thousands of that most beautiful of beasts, the horse, all spread out in the unclouded brightness of an Asiatic sky, formed as shining and extraordinary a scene as the eye could look upon.

"Not frightened, however, by the terrific splendor that surrounded them, the Turks continued to defend their battlements with persevering valor. Every attack of the christians was met with dauntless intrepidity, and every labored attempt to sap the wall, or its towers, was frustrated with unwearied assiduity. Those who approached near were either slain by poisoned arrows, or crushed under immense stones; and the moment any one was killed at the foot of the wall, 'it was horrible to see the Turks,' says an eye-witness, 'seize upon the body with iron hooks let down from above, and lifting it up through the air, strip it completely, and then cast it out from the city.' Innumerable artifices were resorted to by the assailants to force their way into the town; and none of the chiefs seem to have been more active and ingenious than the count of Toulouse, who once succeeded in undermining a tower, and casting it to the ground. Before this work was concluded, however, night had fallen over the army, and ere the next morning the laborious activity of the Turks had repaired the damage which their wall had suffered."

We conclude with two extracts: the one describing the crusaders' first sight of Jerusalem, and the other the fanatical massacres which succeeded the taking of that city.

"At the end of three days, the host of the Cross was once more in motion; and passing by Sidon, Acre, Ramula, and

Emmaus, approached the city of Jerusalem. At Emmaus, deputies arrived from the christians of Bethlehem, praying for immediate aid against their infidel oppressors. Tancred was in consequence sent forward with a hundred lances; but the tidings of a deputation from Bethlehem spread new and strange sensations through the bosoms of the crusaders. That word Bethlehem, repeated through the camp, called up many ideas connected with that sweet religion, which, however perverted, was still the thrilling faith of every heart around. The thoughts of their proximity to the Savior's birth-place, banished sleep from every eyelid; and before midnight was well past, the whole host was on foot towards Jerusalem. It was a lovely morning, we are told, in the summer time; and after they had wandered on for some time in the darkness, the sun rushed into the sky with the glorious suddenness of eastern dawn, and Jerusalem lay before their eyes.

"The remembrance of all that that mighty city had beheld; the enthusiasm of faith; the memory of dangers, and ills, and fatigues, and privations endured and conquered; the fulfillment of hope; the gratification of long desire; the end of fear and doubt, combined in every bosom to call up the most vivid joy. The name was echoed by a thousand tongues—Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Some shouted to the sky, some knelt and prayed, some wept in silence, and some cast themselves down and kissed the blessed earth. 'All had much ado,' says Fuller, with his emphatic plainness, 'to manage so great a gladness.'

"To rejoicing, at the sight of the holy city, succeeded wrath at seeing it in the hands of the infidels. The army marched forward in haste, drove in some parties of Saracens, who had vauntingly come forth from the gates; and Jerusalem was invested on all sides. Some of the people, indeed, approached barefoot, in deep humiliation, and in remembrance of the sufferings of Him who had purchased salvation to a world by agony and death; but the greater part of the soldiers advanced with purposes of wrath, and took up their various warlike positions round about the town. The attack was begun almost immediately after the first preparations; and Godfrey of Bouillon, Tancred the duke of Normandy, and Robert of Flanders, by a vigorous effort, carried the barbicans, and reached the wall. A portion of this, also, was thrown down with axes and picks; and several knights, mounting by ladders to the top of the battlements, under a hail of arrows and Greek fire, fought for some time hand to hand with the Turks."

"An immense number of Saracens had betaken themselves to the temple of Soliman, as it was called, and there had prepared to defend themselves to the last; but the pursuers were too strong to be resisted, and nearly ten thousand men are said to have fallen in that building. Those even who had climbed to the roof were sought out the next day, and several, to avoid the sword, cast themselves down, and were dashed to pieces.

"Some authors mention a second massacre, and generally exaggerate the butchery that was perpetrated. In regard to this second massacre, there is much historical evidence to show that no such event took place; and I would fain believe that it was not the case. It cannot, however, be denied, that the most humane of the christian leaders in that age were taught to look upon all mercy to the infidels as an injury to religion; and it is beyond doubt, that after the general slaughter committed on the capture of Jerusalem, Godfrey de Bouillon, with the other leaders and soldiers, washed away the marks of gore, cast off their armor, assumed the robe of penitents, and, going to the holy sepulchre, offered up their prayers to the mild teacher of our beautiful religion, convinced that they had accomplished a great and glorious work, and consummated an acceptable sacrifice in the blood of the infidels.

"Such was the doctrine which, in that day, men were taught from their cradles: such the strange interpretation put upon the gospel of peace."

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Captain Basil Hall. Three vols. 12mo. Edinburgh. 1831.

English travellers in America form a class of authors perfectly distinct from every other set of *literati*. Although they are, by no means, always destitute either of good feeling or clear intellect, the manner in which their knowledge of this country is generally collected, and the mistakes, inconsistencies, and examples of glaring ignorance which, arranged in elegant periods and printed on the finest paper, swell out their octavos, have naturally produced singular misconceptions respecting our character, in Great Britain, and a strong prejudice against their tribe in this country. What an egregious vanity is betrayed by Captain Hall, in supposing

himself competent, from a mere running glance at our institutions, either to comprehend their nature, or to judge of their effects, and yet observe with what an air of sober conviction he will contradict the testimony of a nation; believe that, with a single effort of mind he can embrace the whole field of our political and domestic economy, and the heterogeneous materials which constitute our population. Instead of dwelling for years among us, and carefully studying all the time our traits of character, both individual and national, before deciding upon a subject so vast and complicated, and upon experiments which only centuries can properly test, such an one will arrive in a packet, put up at the city-hotel, spend a few days in New-York, take a trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Boston; sip water at the Springs, snatch a glance at Niagara, lounge in the lobby of the theatres, dine with a few of the "principal inhabitants!" and lo! an octavo, political, commercial, and agricultural, describing manners, customs, and institutions, with witty disquisitions upon *Americanisms*, and sketches of national character, at which your honest Londoner, who neither knows nor cares whether New-York is in North or South America, on the Atlantic or the Pacific—and who would believe Sir Oracle, should he declare that the president wears a blanket and feather, and tattoos his skin—will slap his ample knee, and shake his replenished sides with laughter, and then suffer his recollections of our country to fade away dimly among confused accounts of Siberia, or of the Pacific islands, where the savages have two mouths; or Patagonia, where every man is a monster and a cannibal, from ten to fifteen feet high.

We give below a sketch of Basil Hall, from the last number of the London Quarterly Review, though it considerably softens down the prominent features in the royal captain and prolific writer's character, it proves that even his own countrymen are aware of his especial faculty of appreciating his own merits.

"That he has a keen, quick eye, voracious curiosity, restless activity, a gay temperament, and an upright, virtuous mind—no man who has perused his previous lucubrations can doubt. That he is apt to see one side of a thing so vividly as to forget that there is another side at all—that his complete satisfaction with himself, and every thing about him, though unaccompanied with the slightest shade of cynicism, is too prominent not to move, now and then, a passing smile; and that his sincerity cannot always excuse his dogmatism, are facts which his warmest admirers seem to admit. That he tells a story with clearness and energy, describes manners and scenery with very considerable skill and effect, seizes the strong points of a moral or political question, in general, with ready shrewdness, and delivers his opinions on all subjects fairly and frankly; writes in a manly, unaffected style, rough but racy; and makes us feel throughout that we are in the hands of a practical man, clever, humorous, kind-hearted, who has read much, seen more, studied and enjoyed life in a hundred spheres and shapes, a staunch and ardent lover of his country, and in all respects a gentleman—are statements to which, we presume, the captain's bitterest political opponent would hardly refuse his *imprimatur*."

Notwithstanding the captain's abominable book about the Americans, or, in his phraseology, "the people of the United States," we must confess he is a writer of much smoothness and pleasantness; and, when his overweening self-complacency and rank prejudices are out of the way, we are borne along through his pages with very little effort or reluctance on our part. In justice to one who has been sadly scolded in this country, and to show that we bear no malice, we solicit our readers to peruse the following sketch, from the volume, the name of which stands at the head of this article, and if they do not relax the formidable frown which brings the "angry spot" on every American's brow at the mention of the author's name, they must attach more importance than we to his crude and illiberal opinions of us as a nation.

"On Sunday the captain always dines with the officers in the ward-room; and although 'shore-going people' sometimes take upon themselves to quiz these periodical, and heaven knows! often formal, dinner parties, there can be no doubt that they do contribute, and that in a most essential degree, to the maintenance of strict discipline on board ship. Indeed, I believe it is now generally admitted, that it would be next to impossible to preserve good order in a man of war, for any length of time, without this weekly ceremonial, coupled, of course, with that of the officers' dining, in turn, with their captain. I can compare the harsh and grating state of affairs on board ship, when, unhappily, there exists bad blood between the captain and officers, to nothing so well as to an engine, amongst the machinery of which a handful of gravel has been cast. But it may be asked, how can the

simple operation of dining together once or twice a week stave off so great an evil?

"Suppose, in the first place, that the captain comes upon deck just before noon, and, on seeing something wrong—the main-yard not braced up enough, the lee foretop-gallant sheet not home, or the jib not quite hoisted up; and suppose that, as these are points upon which, whether whimsically or not, he is very particular, he expresses himself to the officer in terms rather too strong for the occasion. Without reflecting upon the injustice he is guilty of, the captain may, perhaps, in this way be punishing a zealous and hard-working man, for a mere trifle, almost as severely as if he had been found sleeping on his watch.

"The officer, who can say nothing, bows and submits. In a few minutes the sun comes to the meridian, and it is made twelve o'clock. The boatswain pipes to dinner, the deck is relieved, and the lieutenant of the forenoon watch goes down below, in a high state of irritation with his captain, at what he conceives the undue severity of the reprimand. The first thing he does, on entering the ward-room, is to fling his hat the whole length of the apartment; so that, unless it be adroitly caught by the marine officer, who is generally playing the flute on the lockers abaft, it would stand a chance of going out of the stern-windows. The soldier, of course, thus called upon to look up, stops in the middle of the second bar of 'God save the king,' or 'Robin Adair,' at which he has been hammering, in company with the master of the band, for the last three months, and says, 'Holla! man—what's the matter?' 'Matter!' cries the other. 'I'll be shot if it is not enough to make a man run stark staring mad!' 'What is the matter, I ask you?' begs the marine, preparing to recommence the eternal tune. 'Why, there have I been working and slaving and wearing my life and soul out all the forenoon, to please that ill-tempered, snappish, ill-to-please, knob of a skipper of ours; and what do I get? Why, he takes a mighty good care to shut his eyes to all the good a fellow does, but catches hold eagerly enough of the smallest omission in his thousand-and-one whims (none of which are of any consequence!) in order to indulge himself in one of his reprimands. It's quite clear,' adds the officer, warmed by this explosion of his own passion, 'that the captain has a spite at me, and is determined to drive me out of the ship, to make way for some follower of his own.' 'Stuff and nonsense!' exclaims the peace-making man of war; 'the captain is the best friend you have.' 'Friend!' roars the other, 'I tell you what—' But just at this moment the captain's steward enters the ward-room, and going up to the enraged officer of the forenoon watch, says mechanically to him—'The captain's compliments, sir, and will be glad of your company to dinner.' To which the officer replies, quite as mechanically—'My compliments, and I'll wait on him.' But as soon as the door is shut, he turns again to the marine, and says—'I'm deucedly sorry, now, that I did not refuse.' 'Are you?' says the soldier, relapsing into his loyal tune again. By and by, however, comes two o'clock; the ward-room dinner is placed on the table; the drum beats the 'Roast beef'; the officer of the forenoon watch is sent for, as usual, to relieve his messmate on deck; and, in due course, after strutting and fretting his hour upon the stage in 'full togs,' nursing his anger, in order to let the captain see that he is hurt, he is told that dinner is ready in the cabin. In he marches, accordingly, and there takes his appointed seat, as doggedly as if he were nailed to the chair. The pea-soup is discussed in pretty solemn silence; but while the remove is under adjustment, the captain says to his offended officer, 'Come, Mr. Haultight, shall you and I have a glass of wine? What shall it be?' By these few magical words, and in this single glass of sherry, is forgotten, for ever and ever, all the previous irritation. It is not by the words, so much as by the tone and manner of saying them, that the captain makes the officer feel how anxious he is to have the good understanding restored, or that he regrets what has passed. Of course, if the officer be not one of those pig-headed and inflexible fellows, upon whom all sense of kindness is wasted, he seizes the bottle, and filling his glass, replies, 'With all my heart, sir.' And there, in all probability, is an end of the matter.

"The above example is one in which the superior is supposed to have been in the wrong; but, as may be imagined, the opposite case will often happen likewise. I have seen an officer go on, for several days together, purposely teasing his captain, but all the time taking the greatest possible care to keep within the law. Who, I may ask, that has had to do with command of any kind, whether afloat or on shore, in the navy or in the nursery, has not felt the provocation of this petty hostility? For my part, I can compare it to nothing but the stinging of a musketoe, which you spend half the

night in trying to catch, losing your rest and your temper to no purpose, owing to the dexterity of your antagonist, who thus shows that, though he be small, he is far from insignificant. But if, while this sort of snapping and snarling is going on, Sunday comes about, all is settled. On this day the captain invariably dines in the ward-room; and when once there, he is received, as a matter of course, with attention by all—Mr. Musketoe inclusive. It is the general custom, on these occasions, to unbend a little of the straight-lacedness of our discipline, so that a kind of regulated, starched familiarity is permitted to appear above the surface. This the captain rather encourages, though, of course, in a cautious way, but more than he ever permits himself to allow at his own table. During dinner all the officers drink wine with their guest; and when this office of hospitality is performed by the tormenting officer, above alluded to, the captain, if he be a man of sense, will not fail to play off a little of his agreeableness upon the person who has been buzzing round him during the preceding week. By this means, or some one of the numberless little devices which people who are met together professedly to be social, always know how to hit upon, all such sores as this, and many others, may be wiped off. Without some safety-valve of this kind to the high pressure of naval discipline, I really do not know how so enormous and complicated a contrivance could go on at all."

Private Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, during the periods of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. By M. De Bourrienne, Private Secretary to the Emperor. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. Carey and Lea. 1831.

Napoleon has supplied the world with themes of reflection which are yet far from being exhausted. There is about his history, even in its most unimportant and trifling details, a romantic, we may add a thrilling interest and curiosity, which seem to have been rendered only more restless and intense by the attempts that have been made to gratify them. As he was no ordinary character, he cannot be compared with common men, or estimated by common rule. Even the standards of moral right are relative, and sometimes arbitrary. What would be atrocious in a private individual, cannot be so considered in the emperor of France, or at least must be regarded from a different point of view, and with different principles. It is this peculiar situation which Napoleon holds relative to his fellow-men, that renders an impartial biography of him difficult, almost impossible. An enemy can, by the simplest sophistry, and without violating truth, draw a picture of him from which the soul must recoil in horror, while a friend, with equal justice, finds in almost every thought and action, the materials of greatness and virtue almost too vast to be reconciled with the character of a mortal. It is quite fashionable for the critics of the present day to assert that only "posterity can furnish for him a dispassionate historian." We deem this little better than a plausible error. A biography, accurate in every respect will probably never appear; and it is equally apparent to us that there will never be produced, as a whole, one better than that from the pen of Scott. True, the novelist and poet has occasionally darkened his pages with a spirit rather too purely national. He often looks through the medium of English feeling, and strains after impartiality with an effort which evidently proves him partial. Yet we have no idea that he has wilfully mis-stated any facts—nor betrayed any bias against him as strong as would have been the enthusiasm of a Frenchman in his favor—or as subversive of truth as would have been the want of talent in almost any other writer. Neither is it probable that time will eradicate party feeling respecting Napoleon, any more than it will wear away his name from the tablet of history. Future biographers will set out, also, influenced by a desire to draw him either good or bad, with fewer sources of information, and fewer witnesses competent to rectify their mistakes, and dependent for their knowledge upon the very works now condemned for the zeal of friendship, or the malevolence of enmity. If it were possible to complete a history of the subject of these memoirs, copied exactly by truth herself from reality, there would be the same conflict of opinions—the same outcry by persons whose prejudices and ignorance totally incapacitate them for criticising the descriptions of others.

Another charge against Bourrienne is of an equally flimsy texture. He is censured, not for false assertions—for the accuracy of his statements, except upon several points of minor consideration, is, we believe, generally conceded—but for having availed himself of his intimacy with Napoleon to observe him narrowly, and for having given the results of his observations to the world. We have now before us a communication from an esteemed correspondent, declaring, in no very particular terms, his disapprobation of the secretary who, he says "was bound to Napoleon by the strongest ties;

he was the play-fellow of his youth, his companion and confidant when general, consul, and emperor. By his friend's exertions he was recalled from exile, and by his master's interest, fortune's rugged path was smoothed before him." It is to such persons that we are to look for accounts of Napoleon's private character; and, in giving to the world and to posterity their opinions of a man who will never be forgotten, the responsibility of their task is great, and should raise them above the weakness of either gratitude or of malice. To draw a veil over the faults of a friend in the conversations of social life, is a duty as graceful and noble as it is necessary; but with these considerations the author of memoirs has nothing to do. He is then elevated to the station of a judge, where it would be criminal to let his feelings counteract the truth. The details are written in an able manner—abundant in the most interesting anecdotes and descriptions, and will be perused with general avidity. The frequent sketches of men well known to fame, will, by themselves, amply compensate the reader, and the neat and elegant style in which the work is printed, detracts in nothing from the reputation of the publishers. We should have given it a more circumstantial notice, but it has been long before the British public, and many extracts have found their way across the water. Of the counter-statements which have appeared, contradicting several of the details, we know nothing, and shall not therefore speak, although, perhaps, that is an insufficient apology for remaining silent, at a time when opinions are laid down by every body upon every thing, and whole volumes are reviewed without a reading.

Directions for Invigorating and Prolonging Life: or, the Invalid's Oracle. By William Kitchiner, M. D. author of the "Cook's Oracle and Housekeeper's Manual," &c. &c. From the sixth London edition; revised and corrected. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

The art of prolonging life is simple and easy, and is embraced in a few rules. Moderation in all things, total abstinence from injurious stimuli, uniform exercise, and a clear conscience, which latter article "doth invalids make," as well as "cowards," of the good people, our fellow-creatures. Dr. Kitchiner, however, deems that the complicated customs and multiplied temptations of our happy state of civilization, require certain detailed directions, and accordingly here they are, in a neat octodecimo volume of two hundred and fifty-two pages, from the press of the Brothers Harper.

The Last Night of Pompeii, a Poem; Portrait of Passion; and Lays and Legends, in prose and poetry. By Sumner L. Fairfield. New-York.

Mr. Fairfield, with whose writings the public are well acquainted, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a volume under the foregoing title. The following are the plan and object of the work:

"The disastrous theme of the first and most extended poem of the proposed collection cannot be unknown; and all will perceive that the incidents of the destruction, sudden and imminent as they were, unfold to the imagination a wide field of description. The splendor of the Roman empire, and the exalted and beneficent character of its reigning monarch; the purity of life, the dangers, the majesty, and humility of the perilled disciples of the cross; the opulence and pride of the pretors; the unretiring profligacy and debased licentiousness of the people, afford ample space for enlarged portraiture, moral delineation, and intellectual power.

"It is intended in the 'Portraits of Passion' to exhibit the evil consequences of devotion to those dreadful influences which desolate society and demoralize the heart. 'The Lays and Legends' will illustrate the romance of history and tradition—the events that float around the confines of record, and the less public occurrences which characterized the early settlement of our land.

"The volume will embrace three hundred octavo pages, be handsomely printed on fine paper, with new type, and delivered to subscribers at two dollars."

In addition to the foregoing, we copy a few lines from the manuscript, which will speak for themselves:

From the last Night of Pompeii.

Fame! 'tis the dew hour's solitary dream,
The sigh of the lone midnight, uttered forth
By the wing'd phantoms of the air, and heard
Alone by seraphs on the hills of heaven.
'Tis the low trembling strain of burning thought,
That steals, in love's delirium, on the soul,
Startling its dreamy agonies to life.
'Tis the sad voice of sepulchres, on earth
Uttering the glory of the gone—the hymn
Of the dust-shrouded—gushings of the heart
Upon the Lara of a hopeless doom
Darkened in youth; 'tis the gleam of heaven,
(The rapture boon to die in agony.)
On darkness and despair and lonely death!
The algerine spirit, the hyena heart,
That rots in atrocities of guilt.
The serpent-savage of hate, the silent snarl
Of vengeance, and pale envy's wrathful mock
Attend, like glutton vipers, on thy path,
And feast their passion on their shuddering prey.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 112.

"It sometimes happens," said the Genius, "that they who preach the purest doctrines to others, practise the most evil deeds themselves. You may scarcely estimate the wickedness done in the world by men who call themselves good; destitute of any standard of nobleness, generosity, and real virtue in their own bosoms, they ascertain precisely how far they can avail themselves of the misfortunes of others for their own profit, take advantage of their ignorance, or practise upon them actual fraud, without being exposed to the power of the law. They are honest only when they cannot be otherwise without danger."

"It is strange that this can be," said I, "in a society like ours. For, even when the vengeance of the law sleeps, public opinion is awake, and sets a mark upon the malefactor more disgraceful than the brand which it was once the custom to inflict upon the forehead."

"Tush, Master Student," cried the Genius, "thou little knowest the ways of the world. The insignificant wretch who, ensnared through ignorance, and driven on by desperation, violates the written statute to procure him a loaf of bread, is dragged by rough hands to the bar of his country, tried and condemned with the pomp and ceremony of justice, immured in a dungeon, or forced to labor like a beast beneath the rod of a master. Even should he escape, through mercy or accident, or after the law has exhausted its energies upon its miserable, defenceless, and degraded victim, public opinion pursues him with an ever-watchful and unrelenting hate. No matter by what awful train of horrors, or by what irresistible strength of temptation, he may have been plunged into momentary guilt, his friends and happy fellow-creatures shrink from him as from contamination. It is before such that the law, too often favoring crimes of great magnitude, parades its majesty, wisdom, and power; and upon whom public opinion stamps a stain as indelible as that fixed on the brow of the first murderer by his offended Creator. So the hypocritical monk thunders the anathemas of the church against some ignorant and trembling wretch, who confesses that he has indulged the trivial pleasures, or dismisses him with pious counsels and haughty threats, and then hastens to the voluptuous joys of his secluded banquet, to riot in the forbidden luxuries of wealth. Public opinion, like the law, frequently overlooks the most powerful villains. The artful swindler, who has kept clear of the statutes, who has amassed wealth and displays splendor, however he may be regarded with silent disapprobation by the really virtuous, who understand his character, may always gather about him a circle of obsequious sycophants, eager to soften his baseness into prudence, and exaggerate his servility into benevolence and virtue. By these means, instead of himself fearing either law or public opinion, he too often becomes the maker or expounder of the one, or the controller of the other."

"And yet," said I, "these hypocrites must be rare, for I have never met them."

"It is even because of their hypocrisy that, when you meet them, you know them not, and therefore are they more detestable than the open criminal. The latter stands before the world in naked depravity. The other comes disguised in the form to which, of all others, the youthful and the good yield implicit confidence and admiration—even that of religion and virtue. In these unsettled times, when the precepts which, in their purity, support and cheer all classes, have been rudely attacked by the aid of learning and talent, it becomes necessary to separate the false from the true disciples, to expose the Judas who would kiss only to betray his master. That they who regard the letter, but despise the spirit of the commandment, may lose at least the influence of their example. But see, the mirror has spread itself out before us, and the shadows are clearing rapidly away."

"Even thus," said I, "have I beheld the masses of rolling clouds melt from the azure face of heaven; and now its lucid surface is clear, and within I behold the likeness of one of the best of men."

"And on what grounds dost thou award to him that envious superiority?"

"The best of all grounds," answered I; "his actions. Even now he is engaged in the most sacred duties which can employ the talents of a good man."

The worthy individual justified my encomiums by his marked perseverance in the cause of humanity. He labored day and night with his tongue and his pen to promote temperance, knowledge, and morality. He went forth with an untiring zeal, and preached the purest counsels to all classes

of society, without any discrimination of character, education or talents. At one time he might be observed stealing into the obscure and gloomy dungeon of the convict condemned to death, and pouring balm into his bruised and aching spirit; at another he penetrated into the dwellings of the great, instructed them in virtue, and kindly assisted the mother in the education of her children, and the management of her servants; and if the numerous societies to which he belonged were poor, and weary with labor, he animated their minds with essays and discourses, and went abroad himself to seek donations from the rich, and even the smallest mite—or, as he termed it, the "widow's mite"—from the needy.

"Surely," said I, "this is a good man."

"Observe in silence," said the Genius. "The world is full of deception. The longer you live in it the more you will distrust it."

There was a change in the glass. I beheld a street crowded with low, narrow, dilapidated wooden buildings. Families were huddled together—the pure and the impure—the gentle and the rude—necessity cannot choose her companions. Among them, by the aid of the Little Genius, I could detect a hundred poor honest women, struggling night and day to obtain a wretched living. They were employed in a large factory, where, from sunrise to sunset, without recreation, without exercise, without hope, they toiled. Some had aged parents, others children dependent upon their exertions for a livelihood; yet the reward of their weary and sickening labor was scarcely sufficient to supply a single person with food alone.

"You are aware," said my companion, "that in your happy country the most miserable class is composed of females. The friendless, dependent, and virtuous women who throng to your cities in search of occupation, are forced into the most incessant work, with the least compensation. Even these poverty-stricken children of sorrow are comparatively lucky in having obtained their ill-paid employment. Should they dare to abandon it, they perhaps might be unable to procure any other. They are, therefore, in all but the name, the absolute slaves of him—the honest, industrious, and eloquent individual, whose loud and active support of the principles of virtue you have so freely admired and praised. He himself has accumulated vast and annually increasing riches. Even out of the toil of these women he has accumulated it. The slightest touch of real charity—the remotest approach to a conception of true religion, would induce him to employ them on such terms as, without any sensible diminution of his own overflowing coffers, would give them peace and happiness."

"And he will not, certainly, refuse so easy and delightful a duty," said I.

"Look again," said the Genius.

There had been a slight change in his business, by which his next year's income was to be several hundred dollars less than he expected. He was sitting in a comfortable apartment, with trouble in his countenance. He arose, ever and anon, and walked hastily to and fro, absorbed in deep reflection. The wealthiest men sometimes suffer a trifling pecuniary loss to ruffle their temper, and even to affect their peace of mind. At length his face lighted up with an expression of pleasure, as if he had suddenly conceived an idea which was to extricate him from his dilemma; he partook of the wine which stood on his massive and carved table, and then wrote directions to his agent to cut down the salaries of his working women, that the deficiency in his profits might be thus supplied.

I was about to exclaim at his cruel avarice and selfishness when I was interrupted by another change in the mirror, which discovered the hard and tyrannical master, with a paper in his hand, and words of meekness and benevolence on his lips, going around among his fellow-citizens, seeking donations for a charitable society, and distributing works upon virtue.

OLYMPIAS.

There is a fine piece of irony preserved in Aulus Gellius. When Alexander gave himself out to be the son of Jupiter, Olympias, his mother, wrote to him as follows:—"My dear son, I must entreat your silence; do not render me inimical in the eyes of Juno by your insinuations. You may bring on my head the greatest possible calamity, by declaring that you look upon me as the rival of that goddess."

CONVENTS.

Fuller in his "Holy War" says, "that convents and other hives for drones, were said to have got their best living by the dying."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—May I request you will add the subjoined and recently written biography of the greatest violinist in the world to that of Mozart, published in a late number of your paper? The musical works of gifted composers are now coming into the notice of large classes of society in America who, a few years ago, scarcely dreamed of their existence; and the curiosity of many persons is, consequently, awakened respecting the circumstances of their lives and characters. The difficulty of obtaining in this country original and authentic lives of those distinguished authors who have dazzled the lovers of the art in Europe, form my apology for compiling, instead of attempting any sketch of my own, which would only be new as it wandered from the facts here laid down. The sketch, however, which I send you, I believe does not contain the fact, that when the subject of the memoir became acquainted with Rossini, the latter was so captivated with his talent, that for six months he devoted himself exclusively to the study of the violin; and Myerbeer, the celebrated composer, was equally fascinated in the same manner. The compositions of this extraordinary man are described as abounding in charming melodies; and presenting striking combinations of profound skill and bold originality. PORTIA.

SKETCH OF NICHOLAS PAGANINI.

Compiled for the Mirror.

NICHOLAS PAGANINI was born at Genoa on the eighteenth of February, 1784. His father, who followed the occupation of a commercial traveller, was passionately fond of music, and could himself perform on the mandolin with sufficient skill to initiate his son into the rudiments of the art. Scarcely had he attained his eighth year, when his progress appeared almost miraculous. At this period he already performed three times each week in the choir of the church, and occasionally at private concerts. He also paid frequent visits to his countryman, Francesco Ginecco, a musical composer, whose operas had been successfully received at many of the theatres of Italy, and whose influence over the youthful artist had doubtless some share in the development of his early talent. Soon afterwards Paganini essayed his powers of composition. Even before this period, under the direction of his father, he had already written a sonata, which, however, was lost amongst other compositions of his childhood. At the age of nine years, he for the first time performed in public at the grand theatre of his native city, in which Marchesi, the greatest singer of his day, had recently arrived with the celebrated Madame Albertinotti. The former requested Paganini's father to allow the child to perform at a representation for his benefit, and, in return, promised the addition of his talents to the attraction of the first concert to be given by the young violinist. On both these occasions Paganini played his variations of the republican air, *La Carmagnola*, and was rewarded with the enthusiastic plaudits of Marchesi and the audience, who in the infant candidate for their favor had judgment enough to discern one of the future glories of Italy, that land of poetry, of music, and of song.

Incapable of longer guiding with advantage the studies of young Paganini, his father placed him under the direction of Costa, the first violinist of Genoa, who in the space of six months gave his pupil about thirty lessons. The latter, however, was unable to form himself to the method of his new master, for whose attention he felt grateful, but from whose genius his own was essentially different. Accordingly, the father determined to confide his son to the care of the celebrated composer Rolla, then living at Parma. At the moment of their arrival, Rolla being confined to his bed by severe indisposition, the visitors were ushered into an adjoining apartment. Near a violin, placed on the table, lay the composer's latest musical work. At a look from his father, Paganini seized the instrument, and *à vista* executed with the utmost precision a new concerto of Rolla; who, in the excess of his amazement, forgetting his illness, raised himself upright in his bed, and eagerly demanded to be made acquainted with the skilful professor to whom he was indebted for so agreeable a surprise. "'Tis a child," was the reply. To convince himself of the truth of the assertion, the maestro, regardless of the consequences, rushed from the apartment, and, unable to doubt the testimony of his own eyes and ears—"I can teach you nothing," said he, when he had heard the request of Paganini's father, "you must address yourself to Paër, for with me you would but lose your time."

Paër, who was at that time director of the controversy at Parma, received the new comers with the utmost courtesy,

The most tempting engagements were offered to different cities of Italy, but were invariably declined by the independent artist; who expressed his desire of travelling through Europe, unfettered by any restraint upon his person. As a proof, however, that the execution of our resolves depends but little on ourselves, it may be here stated, that, in spite of his roving propensities, a period of twenty years intervened between Paganini's determination to leave his native land and his actual departure. His grand tour, if we may so term it, commenced in 1828; but till that period, whether by the effect of accident or caprice, his travels had never extended beyond the Italian frontier.

At a moment of youthful impetuosity, Paganini had vowed never to sacrifice his independence by accepting any engagement. At a subsequent period, however, he seemed

to have been influenced by the inhabitants of the singular country, and to have been well-known by his skill, Paganini had the advantage of deciding the merits of Kreutzer's concerto at Paris. Lafont's variations were responded by a ready notice. He received with a truly appointing rendering full Paganini had The ten years

tion, on the success of this experiment, with universal astonishment, the story of his imprisonment for

ness
most
van-
like
eulogy was the theme
new era in the world
diamonds, if invested
Paganini—were at or

and burst into tears. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "I have again found my public of Vienna!"

This extraordinary artist's progress through Germany may be said to have resembled a triumphal march. On more than one occasion, formal deputations were despatched from various towns for the purpose of imploring him to allow the inhabitants an opportunity of publicly evincing their admiration of his talents. At Frankfort, where he passed nearly twelve months, he maintained his prodigious reputation undiminished—to increase it were impossible. At length the intelligence of his arrival at Strasburg excited amongst the French public a sensation, in comparison with which even the fever of political effervescence was absolute calmness. A nervous attack, with spasms, which occasioned a momentary interruption to his first concert in that city, served but to enhance the interest irresistibly awakened by his incomparable execution, and by the expression of inspiration, which during his performance irradiated his sallow features. From Strasburg he proceeded to Colmar, and thence to Paris, where his first public concert took place on the ninth of March, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The unanimous and tumultuous plaudits of the Parisians have ratified, though they could not add to his fame. His triumph in the capital of the *grande nation* has not been inferior to that which stamped his reputation at Vienna.

From M. Schottky's work we extract a passage, well calculated to pique the curiosity of the dilettanti; it relates to a child, named Camillo Sivori, the son of a Genoese merchant: "The youth (it is Paganini himself who speaks) had barely attained his seventh year when I instructed him in the elements of music. At the expiration of three days he played several pieces with such facility that everybody exclaimed, Paganini has wrought a miracle! After the lapse of fifteen days, he performed at a public concert. It is but justice to add, that his progress was greatly facilitated by the perfect accuracy of his ear. My secret once known, artists will devote more serious attention to the study of the violin—an instrument which affords far greater resources than they are apt to imagine. My system will one day be adopted. The method at present followed, and which rather embarrasses than assists the learner, will be abandoned for mine, which requires nothing more than the regular practice of five or six hours each day. *It is, however, a gross mistake to imagine that my secret may be discovered by my mode of tuning a violin, or by my style of performance.* He that would reap the benefit of my secret must be possessed of intellect."

With a brief description of Paganini's personal appearance we shall now conclude our task. At first sight the spectator is struck with his emaciated form—with the timid, yet penetrating expression of his countenance—with the sallowness of his features, in strange relief with the jet black hair that falls in disorder on his forehead. His dark and hollow eye, lighted up but by rare and momentary flashes of enthusiasm—his care-worn visage, and the apparently enfeebled state of his health, exhibit evident indications of that desolating sorrow which results not so much from the experience of positive evil, as from a weariness of life, and the loss of all its illusions. His lips, around which occasionally plays a smile of bitter irony—his lofty forehead—his broad profile—all bear the impress of that talent which, when he touches his favorite instrument, reveals itself to his audience with a degree of intensity scarcely conceivable but to those who have seen and heard this musical phenomenon.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Translated from the French, for the New-York Mirror.

THE MARRIAGE LOTTERY.

At a period when the passion for play has become so general, that both great and small indulge themselves continually with games of chance, and hazard in lotteries, not only money but property of every description, it may perhaps be worth while to give an account of a very peculiar lottery which was drawn a few years ago.

A young lady announced in the papers that she had formed the resolution to dispose of herself in a lottery. She stated that she was thirty-two years of age, of a good education, agreeable manners, and with a fortune of sixty-five thousand francs. An engraving annexed to the advertisement exhibited a female of a very pretty figure, and arch countenance. "For a number of years," said Mademoiselle Fortuna, the name which our unknown personage had assumed, "many suitors have presented themselves before me, but my father has found objections to all and each of them. All appearing to seek my dowry rather than my affections, I did not much regret their loss. One of them really interested me, but my

father dismissed him with the rest. In my sorrow, I determined to receive no more addresses, and to wait till I should be mistress of my own hand. In the interval, my lover married without consulting me. Suitors now present themselves in greater numbers than ever, and the only difficulty is to make a selection. How shall I distinguish him who is moved only by disinterested affection? Despairing to make the selection myself, I have determined to put it to a hazard which I dare hope will be providentially directed. Consequently I here declare that the man who shall gain the highest lot at the approaching drawing of the lottery of Brunswick, shall be regarded by me as a spouse appointed by heaven. My care and tenderness shall prove to him that he has also gained the highest lot of conjugal felicity. I cannot believe myself running a greater hazard than the crowds of young ladies whose fathers daily dispose of them in what are called marriages of convenience. I am entirely resigned to my fate."

The price of a ticket was three francs. The originality of the proposition, the whimsicality of the lady, and the reasonableness of the price, all combined to attract a large number of purchasers. Many a young man took twenty tickets; many married men also took them, without reflecting upon the embarrassment it would occasion, if the fair one should by chance fall to them. Profound lawyers, in more than one circle where the subject was discussed, decided that the lady would have a right to insist upon a due celebration of the marriage, whatever was the nature of previous engagements. Mademoiselle Fortuna became the subject of every conversation. Many of those news-tellers to whom there is no mystery, gave out that they knew the young lady, and but for their usual discretion, would mention her name confidentially to their friends. The ladies remarked with unusual severity upon the impropriety of her conduct; young people could not mention her without blushing; and more than one of the elderly maidens, after having declared such a proceeding a scandal to the sex, determined to offer themselves in a lottery as speedily as possible. During these debates the tickets were rapidly taken up, and soon entirely exhausted.

At length the grand day of the drawing arrived. A physician in a little city of Saxony was the happy mortal to whom blind chance had assigned the beautiful unknown. The poor fellow had meddled in the lottery without knowing what he was about. The death of his father had made it his duty to put himself at the head of an apothecary's shop, which had been handed down with honor in his family for seven generations. He had already destined his counter for a young girl who had been educated like himself in the profession of pharmacy; and they had been solemnly betrothed. Nevertheless, the sixty-five thousand francs of Mademoiselle Fortuna formed a considerable counterpoise to the sentiments and projects of the tender, but prudent apothecary. In his perplexity, he consulted with several of his friends, and their advice only tended to make him still more perplexed than ever. While in this state, one day holding the ticket of his destiny in his hand, his eyes fixed upon the fortunate number, he received the following letter:

"I learn, sir, that fortune has designed you for the companion of my life. Under this title I owe you the most unlimited confidence, of which I am about to give you a striking proof. Since the day that I put my person and my fortune in the lottery, an event has occurred of the highest importance. The man to whom I was long since ready to give my hand, has recovered his liberty by the death of his wife, and has plainly signified that, in spite of appearances, his sentiments in respect to me have never varied. My heart (who can control the heart?) has never ceased to be his. It is only with him and by him that any happiness is in store for me upon the earth. He asks no dowry—he will not accept a ducat—he wishes only for myself. But as my conscience forbids that I should wrong the posterity with which I may be blessed, I belong, with all my fortune, to the beloved of my heart."

"This, sir, you will acknowledge to be a frank avowal. If you are determined, however, to hold me to the agreement which I have solemnly published in sixty thousand advertisements of my lottery, I am resigned, and entirely at your service; but I do not promise that our union shall not be an anticipation of what it would not be polite to mention. I will never love you, but always consider you as the destroyer of my happiness. In short, I am resolved not to grant to a maker of pills what I have refused to the only amiable and worthy man who has ever made an impression upon my heart."

"Let us come to the point, which in your eyes must be most essential. Lawyers of great learning inform me that by remitting the price of your ticket I should be entirely discharged from you; but heaven forbid that I should give you so good an opinion of my delicacy. I offer you twenty thou-

sand francs in specie. This sum will serve to increase the number of your phials, and will render you very interesting in the opinion of any belle of your town. No one will rejoice more in the success of your business and the happiness of your marriage, than your humble servant, FORTUNA."

The wise apothecary wasted no time in reflection; he immediately inserted in all the journals from one end of the country to the other, that he accepted the twenty thousand francs. In a few days the sum was remitted to him through an unknown hand.

Should you like to know the origin of this singular lottery and of this lady Fortuna? Three young men, with more wit than money, and less honesty than either, imagined that by an advertisement of this odd character, they could not fail to obtain a prompt sale for about sixty thousand tickets at so moderate a price, and that there were a thousand methods of eluding the proposed marriage. The event proved that they had calculated shrewdly. They received one hundred and forty-four thousand francs, and obtained a peaceable possession by the sacrifice of twenty thousand.

H.

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

THE extreme heat of the weather, and also many pressing avocations, must be our apology for a slender knowledge of the theatrical matters of the past week. The three houses, however, like so many right good racers, are stretching all sinews to reach the goal of public favor. The beautiful Cinderella gleamed upon the world on Tuesday for the fortieth and last time this season, and Burke has been reflecting in his little person all the mighty and opposite passions of human nature, as the external world is imaged in miniature in a convex mirror.

The Bowery is also beginning to exert a powerful attraction. The new drama of Cagliostro, (pronounced without the *g*) is imposing and splendid. Simultaneous bursts of applause repeatedly testified the surprise and approbation of the audience at the novelty and gorgeousness of the scenery. The spells of the hero, beneath the castle, conjure up volumes of vapor, which, at first, floating dimly in the air, thicken into a fume, and then a mist, till the dark masses of clouds roll over and melt into each other, and the stage is entirely enveloped, like the summit of some sky-cleaving mountain. The last scene is, however, by far the most successful. Its magnificence is enhanced by the uncommon depth and height of the stage, flung open to its utmost extent. The shadowy forms of war and ruin, seen confusedly through the gleam of the fight on the distant battlements—the bodies of the soldiers, hurled from the lofty turrets—the fine masses of dim and gigantic buildings, and the idea of distance and vastness which the painter has happily produced, afford a very vivid realization of the most intensely interesting descriptions of Ivanhoe, and certain portions of history, the bodily exhibition of which few will have an opportunity of beholding with more striking effect. Mr. Scott enacted Cagliostro in his best manner. Mr. G. Jones is a spirited performer, and Mrs. Stone and Miss Felby both much above mediocrity. As a spectacle, Cagliostro is too brilliantly beautiful not to prove attractive, while as an acting piece it contains many good points. We understand the manager has engaged Mr. Cooper and Mr. Booth for the purpose of bringing forth the legitimate drama in a superior style. These gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. Hamblin himself, will form a combination of talent which has never hitherto been marshaled within this theatre.

At the Chatham, Mr. Archer has appeared several times. Mr. C. Thorne is also sustaining the first parts. On Monday evening they undertook Rolla and Pizarro; Elvira, Mrs. Hughes. Archer, as the Feruvian hero, though gifted with a prepossessing person and rich voice, was deficient in polish and tenderness, but in other respects merited praise. Mr. Thorne discovered a true conception of Pizarro, and, in points, was excellent. He wants study, practice, and observation. There is an occasional slight inaccuracy in his enunciation, in the more violent passages, which betrays inexperience. But, however his delineation may require to be retouched in its shadowing, the outline was quite as good as, if not better than our general run of Pizarro's, Barry excepted. He displayed force and expression, which are much in a performer, and without which he is nothing. Thayer, in Jeremy Diddler, is more genteel than Barrett, but not half so ludicrous and laughable. The Diddler of the latter gentleman is a *ne plus ultra*, at least to our audience. Thayer's rank is one or two grades higher.

FINE ARTS.

NAPOLEON MUSING AT ST. HELENA.

The following is from the "London Mirror."

This picture has, we understand, been painted for Sir Robert Peel, whose taste and munificence in patronizing the fine arts cannot be too highly praised. It is throughout a masterly performance, and one of which the English school of art has just cause to be proud. We intend to let Mr. Hayden describe it in his own vivid style:

"Napoleon was peculiarly alive to poetical association as produced by scenery or sound: village bells with their echoing ding dong, now bursting full on the ear, now dying in the wind, affected him as they affect every body alive to natural impressions, and on the eve of all his great battles, you find him stealing away in the dead of the night, between the two hosts, and indulging in every species of poetical reverie.

"It was impossible to think of such a genius in captivity, without mysterious associations of the sky, the sea, the rock, and the solitude with which he was enveloped. I never imagined him but as if musing at dawn, or melancholy at sunset, listening at midnight to the beating and roaring of the Atlantic, or meditating as the stars gazed and the moon shone on him: in short, Napoleon never appeared to me but at those moments of silence and twilight, when nature seems to sympathize with the fallen, and when, if there be moments fit, in this turbulent earth, for celestial intercourse, one must imagine this would be a time immortal spirits might select to descend within the sphere of mortality, to soothe and comfort, to inspire and support the afflicted.

"Under such impressions, the present picture was produced.—I imagined him standing on the brow of an impending cliff, and musing on his past fortunes. I imagined sea-birds screaming at his feet—the sun just down—the sails of the guard-ship glittering on the horizon, and the Atlantic, calm, silent, awfully deep, and endlessly extensive.

"I tried it in a small sketch, and it was instantly purchased. I published a print, and the demand is now, and has been incessant; a commission for a picture the full size of life, from one well known as the friend of artists and patron of art, followed, and thus I have ventured to think a conception so unexpectedly popular might, on this enlarged scale, not be uninteresting to the public.

"No trouble has been spared to render the picture a resemblance; its height is Napoleon's exact height, according to Constant, his valet, viz. five feet two inches and three quarters, French, or five feet five inches and a half, English; the uniform is that of one of the regiments of Chasseurs, every detail has been dictated by an old officer of the regiment, and his celebrated hat has been faithfully copied from one of his own hats now in England.

"The best description I ever saw of Napoleon's appearance was in the letter of an Irish gentleman, named North, published in the Dublin Evening Post, and it is so very characteristic, it may amuse the visitor. He saw him at Elba, in 1814, and thus paints him:

"He but little resembles the notion I had of him, or any other man I ever saw. He is the squarest figure I think I ever remember to have seen, and exceedingly corpulent. His face is a perfect square from the effects of fat, and, as he has no whiskers, his jaw is thrown more into relief; this description, joined to his odd little three-cornered cocked hat, and very plain clothes, would certainly give him the appearance of a vulgar person, if the impression was not counteracted by his soldierly carriage, and the peculiar manner of his walking, which is confident, theatrical, and a little ruffian-like, for he stamps the ground at every step, and at the same time twists his body a little. He was dressed that day in a great coat, turned up with a dirty white, &c. His neck is short, his shoulders very broad, and his chest open. * * * His features are remarkably masculine, regular, and well formed. His skin is coarse, unwrinkled, and weather-beaten; his eyes possess a natural and unaffected fierceness, the most extraordinary I ever beheld; they are full, bright, and of a brassy color. He looked directly at me, and his stare is by far the most intense I ever beheld. This time, however, curiosity made me a match, for I vanquished him. It is when he regards you, that you mark the singular expression of his eyes; no frown, no ill-humour, no affectation of appearing terrible, but the general expression of an iron, inexorable temper."

We have only to remark, that the picture appears to us exceedingly well drawn, and equally colored. Objection has been made to the large size of the epaulettes, and the coloring of the sea. To the first opinion we may subscribe, but doubt whether the objection ought to extend to the latter,

especially if we remember the great height of the cliff on which Napoleon stands; and the usual sober appearance of the ocean towards the last minute of sunset. The lower part of the figure, particularly the left leg, half advanced, is admirably drawn.

The effect of the picture, on the spectator entering the room, is one of the most extraordinary character. Its general outline—Napoleon standing on the crest of a tremendous cliff, with his back nearly turned to the spectator, the vast Atlantic, and the parting glow of the sun—the figure, too, the size of life, will, in some measure prepare him for this effect, which we confess ourselves at a loss to describe. Its very grandeur impresses us with awe, and our after-thought becomes tinged with melancholy from associating the fate of the illustrious original with the towering cliff, the vasty sea, the dying splendor of the sun, and the specky sail of the guard-ship fluttering in its last light. Yet how delightful is it to reflect that such effects are within the span of a few square yards of canvass, and how ennobling is the recollection that genius (ill-fostered as it has been in the case of the painter before us,) enables one man to produce such sublime and agreeable impressions on his fellows. To step from the busy *paré* of New Bond-street, and its ceaseless whirl of fashion to this placid mere of reflection, is a contrast almost too severe for some of the puling votaries of London gaiety; yet the scene teems with deep-souled poetry. Some such feelings as those so touchingly expressed in Lord Byron's Ode to Napoleon, on his first exile, flit through the memory:

"Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea:
That element may meet thy smile,—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all-idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That earth is now as free."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Revolution in the United States.—This civil war is of a literary nature. A person has stigmatized the amiable and accomplished author of Knickerbocker and the Sketch Book, as a *toad-eater*, a mere scribbler, and an apostate from his country! and a scene of inkshed has ensued, more amusing than dangerous. The proclaimer of this new creed in literature has provoked a pretty brisk fire upon himself from all quarters, and as he is likely to have the worst of the conflict, we see no occasion to enter the arena. But we must take leave to say that the wholesale abuse bestowed upon the most delightful of writers, and one so irreproachable in his private life, sounded in our ears strangely enough. What! Geoffry Crayon, the enchanter, over whose conjurations we have hung captivated for hours and hours, a scribbler? Honest old Deidrich Knickerbocker—the gravest of historians—the most dignified of Dutchmen, whose matchless pen has immortalized the golden age of the city of Manahatta—the painter of Walter the Doubter, of Hard Kopping Piet, of the magnificent Von Puffenburge, and the jolly Anthony Van Corlear—excellent old Deidrich Knickerbocker, a mere scribbler! He, who has devoted himself to the biography of the discoverer of his country, and given to the world a book as graceful and interesting in its delineations as it will be durable in its fame, a *toad-eater*? In good truth, this is an age of revolutions. It is curious too, and we wonder that the enthusiastic belligerents in this little literary warfare should have overlooked the fact, that the very occasion which has elicited this wanton attack upon Mr. Irving, and that too during his absence, was one which in itself affords a striking contradiction to the principal charge. It was in defending the character of one of his own countrymen that he has exposed himself to the rancorous and indiscriminating bigotry of party feeling! His assailant sneers at him for not "having had any party spirit!" If the author of "the *namby pamby*" Sketch Book, had been the obsequious tool of a party, if he had been habituated to grovel in its filthy schemes and narrow distinctions, and grown as callous to slanders himself as unabashed in inventing them against others—and this for some paltry office—some clerkship—and salary, earned by the sweat of his brow at the most degrading of labor, we should trouble ourselves little about his quarrels. But Mr. Irving is no politician. His shoulders are not used to the lash; and although his fame cannot by any probability be even for a moment obscured by this piece of gratuitous impertinence, we cannot refrain, for our own sakes, from protesting temperately, but most earnestly, as we have often done before, against the character of vulgarity and coarseness which in many instances disgraces the American press. That it is the shameful custom of the country is the only apology, and that a timely one, which we can discover for this editor of the Richmond Whig.

An eye to business.—The following anecdote is told in a recent Scotch paper:—"The late Mr. R., when minister of Inchture, had a heavy share in one of the Dundee whalers. One season the vessel was missing, and thought to be lost. On a Sabbath morning the news reached Inchture that the missing whaler had come safely in. As usual the beadle was in attendance to usher the minister into the pulpit; while on his way through the church-yard, he turned round, with a face full of importance, and said, 'Sir, the whaal ship's come in.' 'Hold your peace, John,' replied the minister, with a frown, 'how dars you speak to me about whale ships on the Lord's day?' The poor beadle was quite crest-fallen at this rebuke; however, when he was opening the door, the minister said, archly, 'Hark ye, man! any fish?' 'I dinna ken an it be right to speak about fish on the Lord's day, but they say she is a bumper ship.' 'Is she faith!' exclaimed the clergyman, striking his cane on the ground. The news raised his spirits so far above their ordinary tone, that his hearers declared they never heard him so lively either before or after."

Fugitive Poetry.—The annexed lines, which have been standing for several weeks in type—are precisely of that sort at the perusal of which we are apt to indulge in a good-natured smile, and say, "Oh! how well they do these things in London!" They are, however, from the pen of Mr. Whittier, editor of the New-England Review.

THE STRANGER.

I saw him, Lucy, only once,
As down the lighted hall,
We moved to music happily;
A stranger to us all;
A stranger, with a pale white brow,
And dark and meaning eye,
Which flashed like lightning on my own,
Whene'er he passed me by.

That soul-lit eye! it haunts me still!
So passionately deep,
Like those which sometimes beam on us
In visions of our sleep;
So sad as if some shadowing grief
Had o'er his spirit gone,
Yet brightening as if it caught
The answer of my own!

I knew him not—yet even when
I turned me from the dance,
I saw his dark eye follow me,
It could not be by chance:
I knew him not—and yet his tones
Were breathed upon my ear,
So sweetly low and musical
I could not choose but hear.

He spoke of sunny Italy,
Of Venice and her isles,
Of dark mustachio'd cavaliers,
And fair signoras' smiles;
Of music melting on the sea,
Of moonlight upon bowers,
Of fair hands wreathing sliken curls,
With gay and pleasant flowers!
And when he spoke of lovely ones,
Or praised a soul-like eye,
His deep full glance was fixed on mine,
As if it sought reply:
The flush was deepened on my cheek,
My voice grew faint and low,
I trembled at his earnest gaze,
'Twas foolishness I know!

We parted at my father's door,
The moonlight sweetly shone,
And I was standing at his side,
My arm was on his own:
He sighed, dear Lucy, how he sighed,
My eyes grew strangely dim,
It pained my heart to hear him sigh,
I could have wept for him!

He spoke of disappointed hope,
Of dreams that faded soon,
The dew-drops of life's joyous morn,
Which vanish'd ere its noon:
He spoke of loneliness of heart,
Of weariness and pain,
And murmur'd that a life like his
Was desolate and vain!

He said his father's castle frowned
Upon a foreign shore,
(A castle, Lucy, think of that,
He is a Count or more!)
That solitude was in its halls,
Chill, prison-like, and lone,
Ungladdened by the smile of love,
Or woman's kindly tone.

And then, dear Lucy, blame me not,
We wept with one another,
You would yourself have pitied him,
And loved him as a brother:
So handsome and so sorrowful,
So haughty, yet so kind;
Oh dear—I cannot keep his look
One moment from my mind.

He pressed my hand at parting,
And to-night he will be here,
While Ra is at his game of chess,
And Ma is nowhere near;
Excuse me, dearest Lucy, now,
Indeed I cannot write;
To-morrow, I will tell you more,
He will be here to-night.

P. S.—Oh, dearest Lucy, pity me,
I really think I am dying,
My heart is like a heart of lead,
My eyes are red with crying,
But yesterday the bank was robbed,
And of a large amount,
My father tried the robber,
And, oh Lord! it was my Count!

THE KNIGHT WITH A SNOWY PLUME.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

Marziale e lento assai.

There came from the wars on a jet black steed, A knight with a snow-y plume;

He flew o'er the heath, like a cap-tive freed From a dun-geon's drear-y gloom.

2d verse.—And gaily he rode to his lordly home,
But the tow'rs were dark and dim;
And he heard no reply, when he call'd for some
Who were dearer than life to him.

3d verse.—The gate, which was hurl'd from the ancient place,
Lay mould'ring on the bare ground;
And the knight rush'd in, but he saw not a trace
Of a friend, as he gazed around!

4th verse.—He flew to the grove, where his mistress' lute
Had charm'd him with love's sweet tone;
But 'twas desolate now, and the strings were mute,
And she, he adored, was gone.

5th verse.—The wreaths were all dead in Rosalie's bow'r,
And Rosalie's dove was lost;
And the wintry wind, had wither'd each flow'r
On the myrtle she valued most.

6th verse.—But a cypress grew, where the myrtle's bloom
Once scent'd the morning air,
And under its shade was a marble tomb,
And Rosalie's name was there!

For the New-York Mirror.

JUNE.

THE heat of the early part of June has been that of midsummer, the thermometer ranging between eighty-five and ninety in the shade. If there are any who can keep themselves cool "by thinking on the frosty Caucasus," they have now an ample opportunity to exercise their imagination. Umbrellas, parasols, white pantaloons, and formidable-looking broad-rimmed hats of the same color, are the general but inadequate artifices by which the panting and dripping citizens strive to ameliorate the effects of the fiery sun. Now do newspaper-carriers, post-boys, cartmen, stage-drivers, glass-blowers, blacksmiths, and steam-engine men, and all other unfortunate laborers, whose duties call them abroad during the raging heat of the day, wipe their drenched foreheads, and sorely lament their fate; while shoemakers, tailors, editors and other literary men, congratulate themselves upon their sedentary occupations, and ply their languid tasks, dismantled of every superfluous habiliment. The theatres are deserted. Burke plays to empty boxes; and even Cinderella, the opera of operas, has abandoned the field, after forty victories, like a prudent general, shielding his forces from the fury of the elements, and awaiting a more favorable opportunity for his subsequent attacks. Now when fat men meet each other in the street do they no more inquire "what's the news?" but pausing, peradventure, beneath the shade of an awning, or the angle of a house, do take off their hats, pass their handkerchiefs over their steaming heads, inform each other that "it's very hot weather," ask "how is the thermometer?" and learn that it has reached at least one hundred and twenty-six in the shade! Strangers from the south, who have visited us in order to enjoy the northern temperature, suspect they have taken much pains to little purpose; the man who keeps the ice-cream garden is more envied than the president of the United States, while they who sleep in attics are objects of compassion. Now, too, is the human race, the boasted lords of the creation, rendered unhappy in spirit by the impertinent familiarities of the vile, detested,

execrable musketo, which puts whole theories of stoical philosophy to flight with the touch of his sting, which brings the flash of impatience and anger into heavenly faces, and causes to shrink the burly soldier, who would walk up to the cannon's mouth as carelessly as curl his whiskers.

Now the opening summer alters the aspect of the city's amusements. Mr. Rabineau, the patron of salt water bathing, "for a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," contributes largely to the comfort of whole droves of very warm persons of the masculine gender; while Niblo, who is said to have possessed himself of the genuine Aladdin's lamp, mentioned in a certain voracious history, has conjured up a little Eden, in the very bosom of this dusty and business-driving town. A single gaze beneath any of the dunstables, which there demurely shade the very loveliest of faces, repays the poetical and perspiring young man for all the hardships of the day. In truth, this captivating promenade attracts crowds of the gay and beautiful, when, as the music of the Boston band sends happiness and inspiration through every vein, he is "fit for treasons" who could do otherwise than fall desperately in love, at least a dozen times, with the radiant eyes, the slender feet, the graceful figures, and all the *et ceteras* which there glide beneath the illumined arches, and through the shadowy groves.

Another favorite resort is Hoboken, whither literary gentlemen, who are in funds, may be conveyed in a boat for the sum of six and a quarter cents. A gratification so delightful, and also so cheap, it may be easily imagined is participated in by many. Crowds of miscellaneous specimens of mortality thither throng to snuff a breath of air, to luxuriate in the elevating contemplation of rural scenery, and to refresh themselves with pound-cake and carbonated mead. Here venerable gray-headed politicians inhale the pure air, rendered more agreeable by a goodly mixture of brandy and water, and, amusing themselves with many jokes, do puff forth volumes of fragrant tobacco smoke, which passes away upon the breeze—forgetful the while that even thus fleets their own almost ended existence. It is pleasant for the

thoughtful, and, peradventure, melancholy man, sick of business and the misery and guilt of the world, to recline on the cool and verdant hill, beneath the outspreading branches, with the vast city stretched out quietly and beautifully before him in the distance, at that soft hour when

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

Then doth he note the group of sweet children, just starting forth upon the threshold of life, all unconscious of the future, and never dreaming but that the whole world is just as bright and gay as the present scene. Even while their laughter delights his ear will he remember the words of the poet:

"Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!"

"Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vital rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbers the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age."

"To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

D.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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For the New-York Mirror.

LINES ON A LADY'S GLOVE.

Had I the sweetest, softest lyre
That ever thrill'd an angel's ear,
I'd waken from its tend'ring wire
The wildest note, if thou wouldst hear.
Then may I never laugh or love,
If e'er I leave untouched the string,
When that fair hand has thrown the glove,
And freely challenged me to sing.
And had that glove the fingers clothed
That some detested bribe had stained,
That ever pressed the hand they loathed,
Or wrote one word that truth profaned;
That e'er denied to mis'ry's claim
What heaven and nature bid us pay—
Oh! never its unworthy name
Should soil the honor of my lay.
Far other functions of delight
This blest disguise is formed to know,
To veil the tender arm at night
From the rude air and ruder beau:
(That arm wherein the lucid veins,
Poured from the fount of virtue, stray,
And beautify the snowy plains
Through which they wind their purple way:)
Those fingers to protect and cheer
That oft the lyre have wrapt in wo,
Nor stay'd to dry the trickling tear
Their own soft art had caused to flow.
With that kind hand in fame to live,
And kiss unblamed the bounteous part,
Whose favorite office is to give,
Whose dearest gift its owner's heart.

THE ENGRAVING.

VIEW OF TORRE DI QUINTO, NEAR ROME.

Drawn by Weir—Engraved by Hatch & Smillie.

THE beautiful view which ornaments our present number, is taken from a drawing of our young countryman Weir, who studied some time at Rome, and now resides in this city. Mr. Weir possesses fine natural genius, and his taste has been greatly improved by an acquaintance with the best models. We have seen many of his delineations of Italian scenery which would do credit to any living artist, and which could not fail to bring him into conspicuous notice in any country where a mature and discriminating taste for the arts existed. There is, however, a time for all things, and a day will assuredly come, when the United States, without degenerating into the effeminate and slavish habits and manners of Italy, may borrow from her a proper and becoming taste for her music, her painting, and her architecture. All these arts originated and attained to their highest perfection when Italy, if not free in her institutions, was at least independent of foreign oppressors; and there is nothing in the history of mankind that does not distinctly indicate the eternal and inseparable union of the highest degree of liberty with the most splendid triumphs of genius. In a free and enlightened country, the patronage of the public, while it is equally a source of profit to merit, is certainly far more desirable than that of a king or a noble, which carries with it an appearance of degradation, or at least dependence. To prove that there is not in republicanism or its institutions, any necessary indifference or neglect of the arts, we might instance the sums voted by the congress of the United States to Colonel Trumbull for his three national pictures, which far exceed any remuneration that Raphael, or Titian, or Dominichino ever received for the same number of works painted for emperors, popes, princes or cardinals, although some of these have since been sold for much greater sums. It is on record that Dominichino was paid by some Macenas of a cardinal, about the value of twelve or thirteen guineas for his picture of St. Jerome, considered the third greatest in the world! We thank our stars this cardinal was not a republican, or we might never have heard the last of the barbarous indifference of a free people towards the arts and elegancies of life. Thus much for rewards. As to honors, we read that Titian, when employed in painting the likeness of Charles the Fifth, was allowed to sit down in his royal presence.

The people, we mean the respectable classes of the Christian nations of the present age, certainly exhibit no want of a disposition to foster and encourage literature and the arts, so far as they ought to be encouraged without entirely taking the lead of more necessary and indispensable pursuits and occupations of life. For ourselves, we wish to see them take deep root in the United States; but at the same time, we would not pur-

chase them by the sacrifice of a manly spirit of independence. If they cannot flourish as they once did in Italy, without entailing upon us the fate of Italy; if they cannot harmonize with the blessings of freedom, nor attain to celebrity without the sunshine of royal patronage, let them perish. It is better to be without a Raphael, a Palladio, a Michael Angelo, or a Canova, than a Washington, a Jefferson, or a Madison; nor would we exchange the temple of liberty for St. Peter's at Rome—the fair reality of a happy, free, and prosperous people, for the finest landscape of Claude, or even the transfiguration itself. A race of freemen is worth a dozen Apollos, and the goddess of liberty is more beautiful in our eyes than the Venus di Medici.

But there is nothing in the experience of the past to discourage the belief, that a due and proper encouragement of the fine arts is compatible with the enjoyment of a rational liberty. The *beau idéal* of the social state would be that which combined the enjoyment of perfect political freedom, and an equal dispensation of the means of happiness, with the refinements of manners, and all the embellishments of the arts. But such a state of things is out of the question. All that can be done or ought to be aimed at in this country, is, to inculcate just so much of a taste for the arts as is consistent with that primitive hardihood and simplicity which is essential to the possession, the enjoyment, and the protection of our institutions.

We intended to have presented our subscribers at this time with a view of Wall-street. The drawing was accordingly completed and placed in the hands of an artist, but when the plate was finished, it was so badly executed, that we resolved to substitute the present one, being determined that none shall hereafter appear in the Mirror but such as at least equal the best of American engravings; we therefore preferred to make a selection from the portfolio of Mr. Weir, from numerous sketches taken by him on the spot. The drawing of Wall-street, however, has been committed to the skill of one, whose former efforts and well-established reputation are a sufficient guarantee that it will be done in a superior style. In the course of the next volume the engraving will be published. The "Torre de Quinto," which accompanies this impression, was drawn in 1827. It is an old castle about five miles from Rome, situated on a little hill in the centre of a valley, about three miles from any other habitation, and is commonly called "Poussin's Castle," from the fact, that he frequently introduced it in his pictures. It had formerly a moat and draw-bridge, and was probably built in the time of the crusades, but for what purpose is unknown. It is sometimes used by goat-herds for the shelter of their flocks, and sometimes by banditti, for the latter of whom it is more appropriate, as it is almost entirely in ruins. The surrounding country is hilly and sandy, and is nearly destitute of vegetation.

It is singular that this castle should be almost entirely unknown even by the natives in the vicinity of Rome, and equally strange that no account should be extant, not even a tradition, respecting its original owners and objects. Left thus entirely to itself, the imagination associates with it a thousand tales of romance and chivalry. How many of those knights, renowned in story, have reined their steeds beneath its walls, and thence departed for the Holy Land. What high-wrought scenes of love or hate—what princely banquets and dazzling throngs of the gay, the brave, and the beautiful have been within its now crumbling and deserted chambers! As the representation of a structure so mysterious and interesting, this view will, we hope, afford gratification to our readers; but we publish it also as a fair specimen of the progress which the art has made in this country. Smillie and Hatch, by whom it was executed, clearly evince their great excellence as artists, and may claim the honor of having produced one of the very best engravings which has ever been issued in the United States. We are also pleased to add, that the spirit of liberal encouragement generally manifested towards works of taste and elegance of this description is attended with a corresponding industry, competition, and improvement among the artists and publishers. Those of our countrymen who have devoted themselves to this branch of the arts, whatever may be said to the contrary, dwell in an age and country affording a fine field for their exertions, and where perseverance, application, and talent cannot fail to obtain an ample reward.

ORIGINAL TALES.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1783, Jonathan, a young fellow who lived away down east, took it into his head to make a voyage to Canton. Accordingly he fitted out his sloop, a tarnation clever vessel of about eighty tons, and taking a crazy old compass for his guide, his two cousins, one a lad about sixteen, and a great Newfoundland dog for his crew, and a couple of rusty revolutionary swords for an armament, he boldly set forth on a voyage to the celestial empire.

Jonathan was a mighty cute lad, and had read a little or so about the great devotion of the Chinese to the herb called ginseng, which every body knows is a remedy for all things. He happened one day to hear an Indian doctor give it as his opinion that a certain plant which grew in the neighborhood of Jonathan's *natale solum*, was very much like the famous Chinese panacea, as he had seen it described. He took a hint from this, and rather guessed he would carry a good parcel along with him on speculation. Accordingly he gathered a few hundred weight, dried, and stowed it away in one of his lockers, under the cabin floor.

Providence, which seems to take special care of such droll fellows as Jonathan, who calculate pretty considerably on their native energies, blessed him with fair winds and good weather; his old compass behaved to admiration; his old chart, which had been torn into fifty thousand pieces and pasted on a bit of tarpaulin, proved a most infallible guide; and, some how or other, he could not exactly tell how, he plumped his sloop right into Table Bay, just as if the old fellow had been there a hundred times before.

The Dutch harbor-master was sitting under his hat on his piazza, when he beheld, through the smoke of his pipe, this strange apparition of a vessel, scudding like a bird into the bay. He took it for the famous Flying Dutchman, and such was his trepidation, that he stuck his pipe into his button-hole without knocking out the ashes, whereby he burnt a hole in his waistcoat. When Jonathan rounded to, and came to anchor, the harbor-master ventured to go on board to get information concerning this strange little barque. He could talk English, Dutch fashion, for indeed he had been promoted to the office on account of his skill in languages.

"Whence came you, Mynheer?" quoth he.

"Right off the reel from old Salem, I guess," replied Jonathan.

"Old Salem—whereabouts is dat den? I tont know any sich place about here."

"I guess not. What's your name, squire?"

"Hans Ollenbockenoffenhaffengraphensteiner ish my name."

"Whew! why it's as long as a pumpkin vine—now aint it?"

"But whereabouts ish dish blashe you speague of?" reiterated the harbor-master.

"O, it's some way off—about six or eight thousand miles down west there."

"Six tousand duvels!" muttered Hans with the long name. "Do you tink I vill pelieve such a cog and pullsh tory as dat, Mynheer?"

"If you don't believe me, ask my two cousins there—and if you don't believe them, ask my dog. I tell you I come right straight from old Salem, in the United States of Amer-rykey."

"United Sthaites of vat? I never heard of any United Sthaites but de Sthaites of Hollant."

"Ah—I suppose not—they've jist been christened. I 'spose now, likely you've never heard of the new world neither, have you, mister—what's your name?"

"Hans Ollenbockenoffenhaffengraphensteiner—I told you zo pefore."

"Maybe you'll have to tell me again before I know it by heart, I calculate. But did you never hear of the new world, squire?"

"Not I—ant if I hat, I wouldn't hafe pelieved it. Taro ish no new worlt zinne de tiscovary of de Cabe of Goot Hoop dat I know. Put, come along, you must co vid me to de gub-ernador."

Jonathan puzzled the governor about as much as he had

done the harbor-master. But his papers were all fair and above board, and the governor had not only heard of the new world but of the United States of Amerrikey, as Jonathan called them. Accordingly he was permitted to enjoy all the privileges of the port.

Nothing could exceed the curiosity and wonder excited by the vessel among the people at the Cape. That she should have made a voyage of so many thousand miles, with such a crew and such an outfit, was, in their opinion, little less than miraculous, and the worthy governor could only account for it by the aid of witchcraft, which, he had somewhere heard, abounded in the new world. Jonathan was the greatest man, and his dog the greatest dog at the Cape. He dined with the governor and the burgomasters; cracked his jokes with their wives and daughters, danced with the Hottentots, and might have married a rich Dutch damsel of five hundred weight, and five thousand ducats a year, provided he would have given up old Salem forever.

After partaking of the hospitalities of the Cape a few days, Jonathan began to be in a hurry to prosecute his voyage. He knew the value of time as well as money. On the sixth day he accordingly set sail amid the acclamations of the inhabitants, taking with him a hippopotamus, an ourang-outang, and six ring-tailed monkeys, all of which he had bought on speculation. One of his cousins had, however, been so smitten with the country about the Cape, or with the charms of a little Dutch maiden, that he determined to stay behind, marry, and improve the inhabitants—on speculation. A Dutch sailor offered to supply his place, but Jonathan declined, saying he guessed his other cousin and the Newfoundland dog, who was a pretty particular cute kritter, could sail his sloop quite round the world and back again.

Not much of interest occurred during the voyage until he arrived at Macao, where he excited the same astonishment, underwent the same scrutiny, returned the same satisfactory answers, and came off as triumphantly as he did at the Cape of Good Hope. While here, he saw every thing, inquired about every thing, and went every where. Among other adventures he one day accompanied his cousin in a fishing-boat, to see if they fished as the people did on the banks of Newfoundland. Unfortunately a violent storm came on; some of the boats were lost, and their crews drowned. The survivors went and offered up some of their paddles at the great temple of Neang-ma-ko. Those that were able, added some matches and gilt paper. Jonathan's other cousin here determined to stay behind at Macao. It occurred to him he might make a speculation by curing the fish after the manner of mackerel. Jonathan did not much like this, but he said "never mind, I partly guess I can do without him."

Jonathan had now no one but his Newfoundland dog to assist in the navigation of his sloop. But he thought to himself, his voyage was almost at an end, and, at all events, if he hired any of the Macao people, they would be offering up matches and gilt paper to Neang-ma-ko, instead of minding their business. So he set sail for Canton, the Chinese prognosticating he would go to the bottom, because he did not make an offering to Neang-ma-ko, and the Portuguese that he would go to the devil, because he did not pay his devoirs to the virgin.

At Lin-Tin he was taken for a smuggler of opium by some, and for a magician by others, when they saw his vessel, heard where he hailed from, and became convinced that his whole crew consisted of a Newfoundland dog. The commander of the fleet of ships of war stationed at Lin-Tin, to prevent the smuggling of opium into the celestial empire, seized the sloop, and devoted its brave commander to the indignation of the mighty emperor, who is brother to the sun and moon. Hereupon Jonathan bethought himself of a piece of the herb he had brought with him and had in his pocket. "It is a mighty good chance," thought he, "to try if it's the identical thing." Accordingly he took a convenient opportunity of presenting to the valiant commander a bit about as big as his finger. The admiral, whose name was Tizzy-Wizzy-Twang-Lang, stared at him at first with astonishment, then at the present with almost dismay, and thrusting it into his pocket, immediately caused it to be proclaimed that the "foreign barbarian" was innocent of the crime, or the intention of smuggling opium, and might go any where he pleased. Tizzy-Wizzy-Twang-Lang then sat down and wrote a despatch to the governor of Canton, stating that he had routed the "foreign barbarians," destroyed their fleet, and thrown all their opium overboard. After which he shut himself up in his cabin and took a morsel of the treasure Jonathan had presented him, about as large as the head of a pin. It is astonishing how much better he felt afterwards.

In the mean while Jonathan had set sail, and was plough-

ing his way towards Canton, with a fair wind and a good prospect of making a great speculation, for he had ascertained to a certainty that the article he had brought with him was the real ginseng, which was worth five times its weight in gold. He went ashore at the village of Ho-tun, where he saw the people catching wild ducks and geese, which they fatten by feeding in the dark. "That's a good hint," said Jonathan, shutting one eye, "and I'll tell the folks at old Salem." While he was walking about, seeing into every thing, he was unexpectedly saluted by a shower of stones from a parcel of children with their hair sticking up behind like two horns. Jonathan thought this tarnation ungentle, but he prudently suppressed his anger, considering he was in a strange country, and was come to try his fortune.

"May I be buttered," quoth Jonathan, as he approached Canton, and saw the countless boats moored in streets on the river, or flitting about in every direction—"May I be buttered if here isn't a city all afloat. This beats all nater!"

And sure enough, here was a scene that might have made one of our Indians wonder. The whole world seemed on the water. Junks, with two eyes staring at the bows—canal-boats, flower-boats, pleasure-boats, and boats of all sizes and descriptions, filled with all sorts of people, lay moored in regular streets, or were moving about to and fro in every direction, painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and ornamented with gold leaf and grinning monsters having no prototypes in nature, or any where else but in the grotesque imagination of the artists of the celestial empire.

The busy activity of some of these boats was singularly contrasted with the luxurious ease of others, in which might be seen a couple of Chinese dandies reclining on mats and resting their heads on bamboo pillows, with pipes in their mouths, either listlessly contemplating the scene before them, or gazing with lack-lustre eye on the picture of some favorite beauty with penciled eyebrows, nails like a tiger, and feet almost invisible. Others were performing the ceremony of chin-chin-jos, which consists in throwing bits of burning paper into the water, while the din of innumerable gongs contributed a species of music to the scene that made honest Jonathan stop his ears in reverential dismay.

When our adventurer moored his sloop at Whampoa, in the midst of a fleet of vast ships, of almost all the nations of Europe, they did not know what to make of her. All he could say failed in convincing them that he had come from such a long distance, in such a vessel, navigated by such a crew. Besides, what could have brought him to Canton? He had neither money to purchase, nor cargo to exchange for Chinese commodities, except it might be his river-horse, his ourang-outang, and his monkeys.

Jonathan kept his own secret. He had heard that the Chinese were as sharp as the "leete end of nothing whittled down," and determined to be as sharp as the best of them. Accordingly nothing could be got out of him, except that he had come on his own bottom, and meant to turn a penny some how or other. He said nothing about his ginseng, which he had, as I before stated, stowed away in a secret locker.

The story of the strange man and the strange vessel that had been navigated from the new world by a man and a dog, made a great noise, and thousands flocked to see them. The gentleman who officiated as American consul, without, however, having a regular appointment, behaved in the most kind and friendly manner to Jonathan, and introduced him to a hong, or, as our hero called him, a *hung*-merchant, who undertook to do his business for him, that is, if he had any to do, which seemed rather doubtful.

"I chin-chin you," said Fat-qua, the hongman.

"You don't now, do you?" quoth Jonathan. "Well then, I chin-chin you, and so we are even, I guess."

Fat-qua was very anxious to know all about Jonathan's business, but the Chinese were such plaguy slippery fellows, he was afraid to trust him with his secret. He, therefore, very gravely, and with infinite simplicity, commended to him his cargo of live stock, begged he would dispose of them to the best advantage, and invest the proceeds in a cargo of notions. Fat-qua did not know whether to laugh or be angry—however, he concluded by laughing, and promising to do his best.

The trifle which Jonathan brought with him had been all expended in maintaining himself and his dog, and Fat-qua did not feel inclined to advance any on the security of his live stock. This being the case, Jonathan one day brought a pound or two of his ginseng, and asked him carelessly what it might be likely worth in these parts?

"Hi yah!" exclaimed the hong-merchant in astonishment. "No, have got some more of he—hi yah!"

"Some small matter—not much," said Jonathan, who was

of opinion if he displayed the whole parcel at once, it might lower the price and injure his speculation.

Fat-qua disposed of the two pounds of ginseng for a thumping sum, which Jonathan pocketed in less than no time, and chuckled in his sleeve, as he thought of the means to get rid of the whole at the same rate. A day or two after, he delivered the hong-merchant a few pounds more, which he said he had accidentally found in a place where he had stowed away and forgot it.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe Notting, I chin-chin you." And he began to have a great respect for Missee Joe Notting.

In this way, by slow degrees, did friend Jonathan bring forth his hoard of hidden treasures, till it was all disposed of, and he found himself in possession of almost half a million of dollars; for, it is to be recollected, this happened long before the value of ginseng was brought down to almost nothing by the large quantities carried to China in consequence of the successful speculation of Jonathan.

Every time he produced a new lot, he declared it was all he had left, and consequently, to the last moment, the price was kept up. Fat-qua began to believe that Joe Notting had discovered some hidden place where it grew, in the neighborhood of Canton, or that he dealt with the prince of darkness. He accordingly caused him to be watched, but our hero was too wide awake for the hong-merchant.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe Notting—some yet more—when you shall think shall you no more have—hey? Every day here come you—say the last is he—hi yah! I think no last come forever."

"I hain't another stick to save my gizzard," said Jonathan, and this time he spoke like a man of honor. He had at last sold out his hoard, with the exception of a small parcel for presents, and to use on an emergency.

Jonathan was now thinking he would gather himself together, and point his bowsprit strut towards home. But first he determined to see about him, for he expected to be asked a heap of questions when he got amongst his old neighbors; and not be able to tell them all about the celestial empire, would be to show he had little or no gumption.

He accordingly visited the famous flower garden of Fa-Tee, where he saw a vast collection of the most beautiful flowers, and roses of all colors. Returning, he passed through the suburb of Ho-Nam, where he was called Fan-kwei, which means "foreign devil," and pelted handsomely with stones, according to the hospitable custom of the inhabitants.

Jonathan was now so rich, that he felt himself a different man from what he was when the boys pelted him at the village of Ho-tun. He had moreover seen the bamboo so liberally employed on the backs of the Chinese by their own officers and magistrates, that he thought he might make use himself of this universal panacea for all offences in the celestial empire. Accordingly, he sallied forth among these inhospitable rogues, and plied his stick so vigorously that the rabble fled before him, crying out "Fan-kwei!" and making motions significant of cutting off the head, as much as to say that would be his end at last. The reader must know that beheading is considered the most disgraceful of all punishments in the celestial empire, where they do every thing differently from the rest of the world.

A formal complaint was laid before the *Gan-chat-sze*, a minister of justice at Canton, against the Fan-kwei, who had feloniously bamboozed the mob of Ho-Nam. Fat-qua, one of our hero's securities, was taken into custody till his forthcoming, and an express sent off to Peking to announce the intelligence to the brother of the sun and moon, that a Fan-kwei had beaten at least two hundred of his valiant and invincible subjects, who could not bring themselves to soil their fingers by touching even the clothes of a foreign barbarian.

Jonathan was soon arrested, and, being carried before the illustrious *Gan-chat-sze*, was astonished at seeing the infinite mischief he had done. There was one poor man who had his eye put out; another his head fractured; a third his arm broken; and, what was worse than all this, three children were so disabled that they could not stand, all by Jonathan's bamboo, which was about as thick as your finger.

This was a serious business for a Fan-kwei. But his friend Fat-qua whispered in his ear—

"Hi yah—Missee Joe Notting—you some more have got of that grand—Hi yah! You stand under me—hey?"

Jonathan tipped him a knowing wink, and Fat-qua then crept close to the ear of the incorruptible *Gan-chat-sze*, and whispered him in like manner; but what he said being only intended for the ear of justice, must not be disclosed. The effect, however, was miraculous, the *Gan-chat-sze* forthwith started up in a mighty passion, and, seizing his bamboo, attacked the complainants in the suit with such wonderful

vigor, that he actually performed a miracle, and restored every one of them to the use of their limbs. After this, he discharged the offender with a caution, which Fat-qua translated into excellent English, and the next day Jonathan sent him by the hands of the same discreet friend a pound of gin-seng.

"Hi yah! Missee Joe—more some yet, hey! Believe him make him as him go along.—Hi yah! Chin-chin you, Missee Joe Notting."

Fat-qua was determined to signalize this triumph of Chinese justice over prejudice against foreigners, by a great feast of bears-claws, birds-nests, and all the delicacies of the east. He, therefore, invited a number of the Fan-kweis about the Factory, to meet Jonathan at his country-seat, near the gardens of Fa-Tee, and they had a jolly time of it. Our hero was complimented with a pair of chop-sticks of the most elegant construction and materials, which he managed with such skill, that, by the time the dinner was over, he was well nigh starved to death.

The "hung-merchant" Fat-qua, was a jolly little fellow, "about knee high to a toad," as Jonathan used to say, and fond of a good glass of wine. He plied his guests pretty neatly, until they began to feel a little top-heavy, and sailed away one by one under rather high steam, leaving Jonathan and his friend alone together, the latter fast asleep. Jonathan was by this time in high feather, and thought this would be a good time to take a peep at the establishment of his friend, that he might know something of these matters when he got home.

He arose without disturbing the little fat gentleman, and proceeded to penetrate into the interior of the house, until he came to the female apartments, in one of which he saw a young lady smoking, to whom he paid his compliments with a low bow. Her pipe was formed of slender pieces of bamboo, highly polished, with a bowl of silver and a mouth-piece of amber. Her hair was beautifully long and tastefully dressed with flowers and gold and silver bodkins, and the whole atmosphere of the room was perfumed with jasmine and other odoriferous plants and shrubs. By her side lay a guitar, on which she seemed to have been playing.

The entrance of Jonathan threw her into great confusion, and she uttered several violent screams, which however brought no one to her assistance. The illustrious Fat-qua was still sleeping in his seat, and the servants making merry as usual with the remains of the feast. Jonathan attempted an apology for his intrusion, but the more he apologized the louder the young lady screamed. Jonathan wondered what could be the matter with her.

"Well, I never saw any thing like this growing among corn—what's come over the gal? May I be chiselled if I don't think she's afraid I'll eat her. But why the dickens, if she's frightened, don't she scamper off, that being the most natural way of getting out of danger?" Jonathan did not know the feet of the poor young damsel were not more than two inches and a half long, and that she could no more run than fly. They were what the Chinese poets call a couple of "golden lilies."

Encouraged by this notion, that her pretending to be frightened was all sheer affectation, he approached her still nearer, took up the guitar, and begged her to play him a tune, such as "Yankee Doodle," or any thing of that sort that was pretty easily managed, for he did not much admire any of your fine fashionable gimcracks. Jonathan was a plaguy neat kind of a chap—as handsome a lad as might be seen; tall, and straight, with blue eyes, white forehead, and red cheeks, a little rusted to be sure with the voyage.

The pretty creature with the little feet, whose name was Shangtshee, ventured at last to look at this impudent intruder, and, sooth to say, he did not appear so terrible at the second glance as at the first. She smiled, and put out her small foot for Jonathan to admire. She then took her guitar and played him a tune—it was not "Yankee Doodle" to be sure, but it rather pleased Jonathan, for he declared it beat all, he'd be switched if it did not. Shangtshee seemed to understand the compliment, for she smiled and put out her other golden lily, I suppose to show Jonathan she had a pair of them. Jonathan admired the pipe; she handed it to him, he put it to his lips, and giving it back again, she put it to her lips, which our hero finally concluded came as near to kissing as two-pence to a groat.

"How the kitter blushes," thought Jonathan. He did not know she was painted half an inch thick after the fashion of the Chinese ladies. As they sat thus exchanging little civilities, which, innocent as they were, endangered their lives, they were alarmed, at least the lady—for Jonathan had never particularly studied Chinese customs—by

the sound of a guitar, at some short distance in the garden. It approached nearer, and, in a few minutes, seemed directly under the window of the apartment. Shangtshee appeared greatly agitated, and begged Jonathan by signs to depart the way he came. But Jonathan had no notion of being scared by a tune, and declined to budge an inch. It was a nice tune, and he didn't much mind if he heard another just like it.

Presently the music ceased, and all at once the young Shangtshee screamed a scream almost as loud as the former ones. "What can have got into the curious varmint now, I wonder?" quoth Jonathan. He little suspected she had caught a glimpse of the face of her lover through the blinds. This young man was called Yu-min-hoo, which signifies feathered, because he was a great poet, and took such high flights that his meaning was sometimes quite out of sight. He always carried an ink-bottle suspended to his button, a bamboo pen stuck behind his ear, and a book under his arm, in which he wrote down his thoughts that none might escape him. He made verses upon Shangtshee, in which he compared her to a dish of bears-claws, since her nails were at least six inches long, and she was a delicacy which the epicure might admire every day in the year. It was this sentiment which he had set to music and sung on this eventful evening under the window of his mistress.

Yu-min-hoo was petrified when he saw his Shangtshee sitting so cosily by the side of a Fan-kwei, which, as I said before, means foreign devil. His indignation was terrible, and his jealousy prodigious. He had thoughts of sitting down by the light of the moon and writing a furious ode, consigning the Fan-kwei to all the Chinese devils, which are the ugliest in the world. Even their gods are monsters, what then must the others be? On second thoughts, however, Yu-min-hoo restrained his muse, and in a moment or two they heard the clatter of his wooden shoes gradually receding. Shangtshee again entreated with her eyes, her hands, nay, her very feet, that Jonathan would make himself scarce. The tears ran down her cheeks, and like torrents of rain wore deep channels in them that almost spoiled their beauty.

Jonathan tried all he could to comfort her, when, what was his surprise and indignation at her base ingratitude, he was saluted with a scratch of those long nails that constitute the most unequivocal claim of a Chinese lady to rank. It was a scratch so emphatic and well-directed, that every nail, and most especially the little finger nail, left its mark on his cheek, and it was preceded and followed by a scream of the highest pretensions.

Our hero was astounded at this salutation. He had heard of love taps, but never of such as these. But he soon understood the whole squinting of the business as slick as a whistle, when he saw little Fat-qua standing before him breathing fire and looking fury with his dark sharp-cornered eyes.

"Hi yah!—Missee Joe Notting—spose think you daughter my one flower-woman—hey?"

Jonathan endeavored to convince Fat-qua that there was not the least harm in sitting by the side of a young woman in a civil way—that it was done in his country every day in the year, particularly on Sundays—and that the women there were quite as good as the Chinese, though they did not wear wooden shoes and nails six inches long.

Fat-qua was wroth at this indecorous comparison of the Fan-kwei ladies with those of the celestial empire; he ordered his servants to seize Jonathan as a violator of Chinese etiquette, and a calumniator of wooden shoes and long nails. He determined in the bitterness of his heart to have him immediately before the worshipful *Gan-chat-sze*, who would not fail to squeeze some of his dollars out of him.

But further reflection induced him to abandon this course. He recollected, when the fumes of the wine were somewhat dissipated, that both himself and his daughter would be disgraced and dishonored if it were publicly known that she had been in company with a Fan-kwei, a stain of the deepest dye, according to the statutes of the celestial empire, in any but the common women. The only way, therefore, was to make the best of a bad business. Accordingly he bribed his servants to secrecy—married his daughter to the poet—and swore never to invite another Missee Joe Notting to dine with him so long as there was a woman in his house. He had never, he said, met with a fellow of this *chop* before.

Various were the other adventures of our hero, which are forever incorporated in the annals of the celestial empire, where he figures as the "Great Fan-kwei, Joe Notting." My limits will not suffice to particularize them all, else would I record how he was fined a thousand dollars by his old friend, *Gan-chat-sze*, for bamboozing a valiant sentinel who refused

to let him enter the gates of Canton without a bribe; how his river-horse, being tired of confinement, took an opportunity to jump overboard, whereby he upset a boat and came nigh drowning the passengers. This cost him three thousand dollars more. His next adventure was picking up the body of a drowned man in the river one evening in, passing between his sloop and the shore, whose murder he was found guilty of before *Gan-chat-sze*, who kindly let him off for ten thousand dollars, advising him at the same time through the hong-merchant Fat-qua, to take the earliest opportunity of making himself invisible within the precincts of the celestial empire.

"I partly guess I'll take his advice, and pull up stakes," said Jonathan. "I never saw such a tarnal place. It beats every thing, I sware. Why, squire Fat-qua, I'll tell you what—if you'll only come to our parts, you may go just where you please—do just as you please—and talk to the gals as much as you please. I'll be choked if it isn't true by the living bokey."

"Hi yah! Missee Joe Notting," replied Fat-qua, "she must be some very fine place dat Merrykey."

"There you are right, squire. But, good bye; I finally conclude it's best to cut stick. They're plaguy slippery fellows here, if they aint, may I be licked by a chap under size."

Jonathan received the remainder of his money, which he was then earnestly advised to invest in bills, and at the same time to sell his vessel, and embark for home in a safer conveyance.

"D'ye think I'm a fellow of no more gumption than that?" said he. "I'll be darned if there's a tighter safer thing than my sloop ever sailed across the salt sea; and as for your paper money, I've had enough of that in my own country in my time."

He declined shipping a crew, for he said he must trust, in that case, to strangers; and he thought to himself that he could easily induce his two cousins to go home with him now he was so rich. It happened as he had anticipated, both gladly rejoined him again, each having failed in his speculation. The Dutchmen at the Cape forbade the one using a machine he had invented for saving labor, lest it might lower the price of their negroes; and the Portuguese and Chinese refused to eat the fish of the other, because he neither crossed himself before the picture of the virgin, nor burnt gilt paper to the image of *Neang-ma-ko*.

A prosperous voyage ended in Jonathan's happy return to Salem, where he became a great man even to the extent of being yecked honorable. He lived long and happily, and his chief boast to the end of his life was that he had been the first of his countrymen to visit the celestial empire, and the only man that navigated with a Newfoundland dog for an officer.

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

WE are almost ashamed to say, that after all the "last nights of Cinderella this season," she has come forth again as bewitching as ever. The truth is, this opera offers an entertainment so agreeable and popular, that it can scarcely yet be laid aside without disappointing many. Mr. Barnes has been enacting *Romeo*, or *Juliet*, we do not know which, for the thermometer has run up towards ninety; therefore, not being fond of the pathetic, we were not present. By the way, Barnes deserved, and we are told received, a good benefit; but we hope the shade of the poet may scowl upon him in his dreams, for thus burlesquing his fine creations.

The Bowery, in addition to several spectacles of uncommon splendor, which we have noticed before, is coming forth in tragedy with talent. Mr. Booth is a strong attraction, and the Virginian and William Tell of Mr. Hamblin are much and deservedly applauded. We think the policy of the manager will be hereafter to devote his house to tragedy and comedy, while the Park will necessarily stand alone in opera. The two gentlemen named above, with the aid of Mr. Cooper, may afford many attractive exhibitions. The public will doubtless extend to the establishment every encouragement.

At the Chatham, *Osvald* has been performed. We understand it was entirely successful; but have not had an opportunity of attending its representation, nor of witnessing the efforts of Mr. Adams, by whom it was produced. Mrs. Hughes delivered an epilogue written by Mr. Woodworth. The public will bear in mind that this is the season for benefits, to which the performers, who have so long ministered to our gratification, look for an important part of their reward. However we may be often led into animadversions upon their faults and merits, this is a period when we wish them all success.

For the New-York Mirror.

EPITAPH ON A HORSE.

Here lies entombed beneath this heap of earth
A gallant horse—whose ancestry or birth,
Though proud, swells not his eulogy: he shone
With genuine worth and virtues all his own.
His generous spirit, that with high disdain
Brook'd not the chiding spur, obey'd the rein:
Meek in his might, though wrong'd, he scorned to deal
Vindictive death-blows from his noble heel;
Sometimes with tame and drooping neck conveyed
The tottering infant, or the trembling maid;
With dumb regard his bounteous master viewed,
And told in looks his honest gratitude.
But when the horn's shrill challenge waked the wood,
With ears erect and quivering limbs he stood;
Forward he flew, the vulgar steeds aloof,
The champagne rung beneath his bounding hoof!
Nor cliffs nor chasins his daring course restrain,
And mountains rise and torrents roar in vain.
Sunk is the arch of that aspiring crest,
The mane's proud streamers and the panting breast;
Mangled and mould'ring in one shapeless heap,
Those flashing eyes and thundering nostrils sleep.
Reader, whoe'er thou art, whose manly mind
Bleeds o'er the ashes of thy mortal kind,
Spare but one drop from pity's generous source,
Nor blush to shed it for my gallant horse.

M.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

MUSINGS.

Let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. — *Shakespeare.*

THERE is a singular propensity in human nature to be discontented with the present lot, from anticipations of something better. This disposition of mind, arising from temperament and the influence of a thousand passions, varying with time and circumstances, is more or less exemplified in the character of every individual, no matter how affluent or exalted. Though his fate be cast in pleasant places, overarched with Italian skies, and perfumed with the breezes of Araby; though homage greet him at every turn, and obsequiousness attend his slightest nod; though flattery delight him with her honied praises, and fame tell his glory to every land; though friendship lavish upon him all her endearments, and the charms of affectionate beauty make the sunshine of his dwelling; yea, though hope have redeemed all her promises, and ambition consummated every aim of the past—still he is not satisfied nor at ease in his possessions. If avaricious, with the treasures of Croesus in his coffers, he will still seek to accumulate. If sensual, though nectar and ambrosia crown his table, and a houri minister to his gratifications, he yet longs for other dainties and other untried pleasures. If philosophic, the lore and the written experience of all ages may be his, and still his lamp shall be seen burning at midnight, as he hangs over the crucible, or shapes to the semblance of truth some strange and unheard of theory. In fact, content and competence, for the most part, are not reckoned among the real blessings of to-day, but among those expected to-morrow. "Wait till I have reaped the harvest of another speculation," says the merchant; "wait," laughs the man of the world, "till I have provided a few more of its pleasures;" "wait," cry the soldier, the statesman, the poet, "until we are crowned with more laurels, and then in the buoyancy of gratified wishes we will turn from the turmoil and excitement of ambition to those still, tranquilizing scenes best fitted for the contemplation and sober enjoyments of declining years." But old age finds them plodding on in the same path, as restless, eager, unsatisfied as ever. Now this continued restlessness in the moral world is, I think, in opposition to what nature intended in giving birth to humanity. It is reasonable to suppose that the chief object of our being was happiness, and accordingly, every thing internal or external which tends to make us miserable, must counteract the first design of our existence. Therefore, it is both idle and unphilosophical to indulge this spirit of dissatisfaction with the present, and to yield a blind credulity to the insinuations of fancy with regard to our destiny. These are the great hindrances to contentment, and the sooner we are convinced of it the better. We shall then feel that the true philosophy of life is to *let the world slip*; and the true knowledge of time, to know that *we shall never be younger*. Yes, glorious Shakespeare, there is a deep and most excellent wisdom in this thy maxim! Thou knewest that our path is beset with sufficient asperities without our strewing it with thorns of our own rearing. Thou knewest that the allotted period of our earthly sojourn is too short to waste the swift moments of the future in idle regrets for the past. Thou knewest, too, that the present has enough of solace, if not of actual gratification, for any reasonable man in almost every situation, without his annihilating whole years, by endeavoring to forestall in fancy the delights which appertain to them alone. And what right have we, like rude, reckless, and unmannerly urchins, to rush ahead of the grave old gentleman, Time, and plunge ourselves into a thousand dangers and perplexities

that might have been avoided had we suffered him to be our pioneer? Though the past is ours no longer, the present is kindly awarded us; and what right have we to be dissatisfied with it, and to seek for flaws and imperfections in a gift as rich as it is unmerited? But the consolations of the present and the blessed inheritance of the past, fraught with the hallowed remembrances of boyhood—its happy innocence, its beauties, its friendships, its artlessness, its exuberance of affection, and buoyancy of soul—all these will not suffice to satiate our inordinate expectations. We must fly to hope for satisfaction, and her land of promise is far among the shadows of the coming eternity. It is there indeed, that forsaking all of time we can call our own, we pass our transitory existence. But this is unwise in the extreme, for if the present has its sufficiency of ills, has it not also its equivalent of blessings? If it has not, then is life in reality a "forced state," and we the veriest playthings and slaves of an untoward destiny. And granting all this, a fine moralist has remarked, "if life is a dream, happy is he who can make most of the illusion." And shall we not believe him? or, in other words, shall we not let the world slip, and manage to slide along with it as smoothly as possible? There is no reason why we should not, and the best why we should—the utter impotency of our individual efforts to alter or retard its course:

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

It will keep on the same in spite of all utilitarian efforts at reform, so long as the present constitution of things remains. Do all we can—laugh, ridicule, remonstrate, weep as much as we may—the proud will still be haughty, the misanthropic cynical, the melancholy atrabilious, the idle indolent, the vain ostentatious, the gay hilarious, the bigoted fanatic, and the mad, mad. The voice of our chidings would not hush the din of the mighty Babel; and even should it reach the ears of a few, they would listen but to pity or deride. The best we can do therefore is to set a good example before those within the sphere of our influence, for it is not in the power of moralization to change the inwrought texture of human nature. Why not then rest satisfied with our own lot in particular, and with that of the world in general? Why conjure up, like the weeping philosopher, a thousand fancied miseries on which to bestow our tears, while there are so many realities of beauty, of glory, of loveliness, of goodness around us, to call forth smiles of gratitude and admiration? However contemptuous may be our opinion of this world, I believe there are very few of us who, in sober reason, would be willing to exchange it for the uncertainties of another. And as regards our individual lot, should Jupiter permit another collection of the ills of humanity, I do not doubt but each one of us would return with his own bundle of miseries, not having been able to find in the whole heap one for which he was willing to commute it.

The longer I live the more I become convinced that this is not so despicable a world as most people seem inclined to consider it, notwithstanding its changes, its inclemencies, its perturbations, its stern antipoeetical realities, and its bad coffee. It has been grievously misnamed a desert—a dungeon—a vale of tears—a charnel house, and the like; but I think those who christened it were suffering from a distempered fancy, and deserved to be quartered in a lunatic asylum. If it be a desert, it is one not wanting in springs of gladness and sprinklings of living verdure, where the pilgrim may rest for a season from his wanderings, and meet with refreshment and repose. If it be a wilderness, it is one instinct with the spirit of beauty, clothed with magnificence, beaming with the radiance of ten thousand orbs, and hallowed by the endearments of friendship and love. If it be a sepulchre, it is one embosomed in flowers, garnished with the dews of heaven, and the more holy dews of affection and of hope. Look at yonder ocean, now

"Sleeping in beauty mid its countless isles,"

and now shaking with the loud thunderings of its awful commotion the dwellers of every land. Look to the broad dome that overhangs thee, and mark its gorgeous clouds, its rainbows of promise, and its azure abyss filled with the blended effulgence of innumerable burning spheres. Send thy glance abroad over the smiling earth, and feast thy sight with its broad meadows and yellow harvest-fields, its flashing streams and quiet lakes, its blossomed arbors and gothic forests—its round green hills and its abrupt mountains mantled in foliage and standing like giant-billows frozen to stillness by some mighty spell. Go forth among its active multitudes, and listen to the voices of affection, the eloquence of impassioned love, the soothing of sympathy, and the burning words of devotion. Yea, participate in its social enjoyments, its sweet charities, its generous festivities, its household endearments, its boon companionships, and its outpourings of innocent delight.

Do this, poor child of discontent, and then tell me if ours is not a very good world—tell me if happiness, or at least the elements of happiness, are not around us and within our reach. Not a day of our life passes in which we may not enjoy some pleasing phenomenon in external nature, some new perception of moral beauty, some charm of social intercourse, some cheering consciousness of having acted according to the dictates of virtue. Not a day passes in which we may not find some rich gem in the mind's Golconda, or some new fountain of feeling springing up like the geysers of Iceland, warm, pure, and bright, amid even the gloomy and arctic desolation of the most blighted heart. Memory has embalmed many of the fairest flowers which bloomed beside our way, and albeit much of their freshness has faded, she is ever ready to please us with whatever of fragrance and painted loveliness still remains. Fancy waits to charm us with new resemblances and analogies drawn from all objects in the mental and physical worlds, and imagination stands ready to "lap us in the clysium" which rises around us at the wave of her magic wand. Hope presents us with her prism, and as we look through it towards the future, we behold our path overarched with rainbows, and bordered with innumerable forms upon which light has lavished all its tinted glories. Genius has surrounded us with the trophies of his achievements over ignorance and error—unfolded to our apprehension the mysteries of science—and thrown open to us the fairy land of poesy, thronging with scenes more congenial to our feelings than any we meet with even in this fair world, and peopled with bright spirits, to whom our own, in their better aspects, seem intimately allied. Sleep, too, has a paradise of her own, and when darkness has shrouded the outward creation, and weariness stolen from our palsied senses all power of perception, she transports the unslumbering soul to her enchanted domains, where it hears again the sweet voices that long since passed from earth, and sees once more the features of the beloved, whose requiem has long since been chanted, and where visions of prospective happiness are shadowed forth to its enraptured conceptions. Then comes revelation with its holy and sublime promises, giving to those visions the sanction of truth, and to our aspirations for immortality the written assurances of God. What need we more to be contented? to make life slide smoothly and pleasantly along.

Yet with all these blessings, in a world constituted like this, where so many changes are continually occurring, and so many cherished interests are necessarily arrayed against each other, we must calculate on meeting with somewhat of harshness and disappointment. This however should not overcome our equanimity, nor render us gloomy and despondent. It is our own fault if it does. When our sky is overshadowed, the sun is not to blame if the earth sends up her dark exhalations, and shuts out from her bosom the warm effulgence which he freely offers. It is just so with content, the mind's sun, when we suffer the clouds of care, of sorrow, of regret, to obscure the cheering and blessed light which he is always waiting to impart. But on the supposition that our disquietudes are not our own legitimate offspring, does not disappointment on the whole, conduce as much to our happiness as success? Were we always sure of being successful, the pleasures of excitement and of hope would be ours no longer. We should become careless and indolent, and the healthful exhilaration which springs from the uncertainty of our expectations, would degenerate into the morbid listlessness of apathy. And since the delight consequent upon the happy termination of any favorite plan, is in proportion to the obstacles and uncertainties over which we triumph; in like manner, according to the number of our disappointments in life, will be the enhancement of our gratification whenever we are fortunate in our aims. How vain then are our regrets; and how unwise are we, whatever vexation may befall us, not to put on a smiling face, and let the world slide! For myself, I have outlived my teens, and though I am many years on the better side of confirmed old bachelorism, my brow is not unwrinkled, and gray hairs have prematurely intruded among the locks which shade its furrows. Therefore, gentle reader, I feel a sort of natural right to speak to you of myself, and perhaps if you will have the courtesy to listen, you may profit by experience. In my earlier years I was a visionary, in the broadest acceptance of the term. Amid the quiet scenes of a country cottage, I reared air-castles, to which the far-famed masterpieces of Michael Angelo and Sir Christopher Wren are as mole-hills to the towering pyramids, whose shadows span the broad desert which stretches around them. With an imagination teeming with these gorgeous creations, I came to this thronged metropolis an humble but ardent votary of fortune. Young, enthusiastic, inexperienced in the accomplishment of business, without the influence of

friends, or the recommendation of a prepossessing exterior, I presented myself to those who, I had the vanity to suppose, might need my services. Long and anxiously did I struggle for even an ordinary situation; but day after day witnessed my disappointment. The fact is, for some reason or other, I did not "take." One laughed at my dress, another at my address; a third censured my boldness, a fourth ridiculed my bashfulness; a fifth objected to my youth, and harshly insinuated, how shocking it was for a boy to run away from his anxious parents; and a sixth, a grave attorney with green spectacles, after assuring me that he did not wish a partner, kindly offered to take my youngest son, as his clerk had just left him! This was too much for mortal equanimity, and rushing from his office with the wildness of lunacy, I slunk back to my obscure lodgings. By the way, it has always been a matter of congratulation with me since, that I did not fall under the inquisitive eye of our worthy high constable during that suspicious retreat. I lit my lamp, and threw myself recklessly into the only chair that graced my cheerless attic. In front of me, on the mantel, lay an odd volume of Shakespeare, and a phial containing a solution of arsenic, which I had been using for the tertian ague—the only acquaintance, by the by, I had as yet contracted since my sojourn in the city. A maniacal smile passed over my hollow and cadaverous cheek, as I eyed the "oblivious antidote," whose sorcery was beguiling me. The spell grew stronger every moment as my mind contrasted its former pleasing prospects with the blank desolation around me; but at length the influence of early precepts, and the instinctive fear of death broke the terrible fascination. With a spasmodic effort I grasped the volume before me, and opening it at random, the first words that caught my attention were those at the head of this article. I read them again and again, and as I pondered over their magic import, a new and animating philosophy was revealed to me. From that moment I resolved to follow as far as possible the counsel of the great expositor of humanity—videlicet, to be an easy, good-natured, light-hearted stoic, in all seasons and circumstances. Since then I have been as happy as Democritus of laughing memory. Few things either disquiet or perplex me; for alike in adversity and in prosperity, I seek to be cheerful and contented. I build as many air-castles now as in the wildest reveries of my brightest days; and when the tyrant, reality, tumbles them down about my ears, I set to work, with a smiling countenance, and rear others in their place more gorgeous and more magnificent than they. I neither court nor shun society, neither flatter nor seek to be flattered. I am polite without servility, independent without obstinacy, gay without boisterousness, jocose but not severe, thoughtful but not sullen, and active without feeling the sting of ambition. I long for neither riches nor honors—I feel myself neither above nor below my fellows—I envy no one but the kindly and noble hearted, hate no one, injure no one voluntarily, and love as many as I can. I have a sigh for honest misfortune, be the sufferer high or low; and a smile for folly or humor under every modification. I hold it not only a right but even a duty, to extract merriment from every legitimate source, whether that source be my own foibles and mistakes, or those of my neighbors; for I consider a good joke one of the excellencies of earth, and a hearty laugh the best specific for a bilious temperament. In fine, I endeavor to use the world as not abusing it, and to keep the golden rule so far as human imperfections will enable me. And now, courteous reader, that you have been initiated into my principles and my practice, what say you? Do you not agree with me, that the true philosophy of life is to "let the world slip," and the true knowledge of time, to know "we shall never be younger?"

PROTEUS.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

DUNS.

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable."

I HAVE somewhere seen a painting, in which an unhappy-looking half-clothed literary gentleman, in the attic,

"Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,"

is enumerating the pleasures of poverty on a very small piece of torn paper, the filling of which appears a contingency not particularly prominent among human probabilities. Among them, however, he has already set down, "no friend asks me to endorse—no sycophants fawning about my person—no tremblings at the cry of fire—no fear during tempests for my ships at sea."

They are, certainly, advantages which must be properly estimated by intelligent persons; yet, notwithstanding these and other whisperings of philosophy, it must be confessed that

poverty, to a man of sensitive feelings and fond of good things, is a very disagreeable piece of business.

I do not now allude to any total destitution of means, which implies a want of the absolute necessities of life, but to that awkward, provoking, genteel vagabondism peculiar to cities, which, while it admits of much exterior style, also infers a vast number of one's fellow-citizens who come to see one at all sorts of unseasonable hours, with little pieces of paper in their hands, and go away saying that "they'll have to take their course." I remember it once became necessary for me to spend a day in the office of a friend of mine for the transaction of some business which we could only complete together. He was a fine, high-spirited, liberal fellow. Not vain, but proud as Lucifer, and afflicted with a nervous horror of any thing like parsimony or meanness. At the theatre he would pay for his friends' ticket—and if, after the play, he happened into any of the famous and fashionable places of resort for young men of *ton*, the oysters and wine were forth-coming as soon as fire could cook and corkscrew extract; and when the sated banqueters had concluded their orgies, and several worthies stepped up to the bar to "pay the shot," as the phrase is, a smile from the waiter, a glance towards my friend, and a brief "all's settled, gentlemen," announced that his usual habit had not been overlooked.

"It's strange," said I to myself, "where all this liberal generosity comes from. He is far from being wealthy, yet he is never in want of cash."

I had not been in his office long when a boy, "begrimed and black," entered the room without any ceremony, and walked up to M.

"Mr. Bangs," said the intruder, in a tone slightly bordering on impertinence, and handing out a piece of paper, "sent up to see if—"

"Oh! ah! yes. I'm glad to see you, my son. Tell your master that I'll call down this afternoon on his business. I think I shall be able to—to—"

"He says," interrupted the boy, "that he's got to make up a sum, and—"

"Very well, very well, my son," said M. hastily, "I'm busy at this moment. I shall certainly call in the afternoon."

"It's more than a year now since you bought the boots," said the boy as he made his exit.

He had scarcely gone, when a woman with back eyes and a sharp nose, entered. Her cheeks were wilted like a dried apple, two of her front teeth were out, her neck was scraggy, and her little thin lips were pursed up together with a palpable effort to suppress some feeling which was boiling within her like hot water in a pot.

Nothing is so lovely as woman in her gentleness and beauty. To rove through forests and gardens with her—to watch the varying color of her cheek when

"Witching thoughts, like things half hid,
Lark beneath her silken lashes,
While the modest drop of the veined lid
Oft hides their flashes."

To bend over her as she sings, or lead her through the merry dance; this is very well—and we sigh, and fall into reveries, and write poetry, and look up at the moon, and inquire about the rent of two-story brick houses. But, youthful and romantic reader, rest thee awhile. Years shall pass over thy changing head, and let her break in upon thy solitude with the bitter aspect of a dun, and then hast thou a better homily on the difference between human nature as it seems, and human nature as it is, than thou couldst distil out of a thousand octavos.

My friend fairly started as this new apparition appeared, for he knew well enough that women, "ignorant," as he afterwards expressed it, "of the springs and contingencies of business, are more difficult to deal with in trade than the other sex."

"I've come, Mr. M.," said she, and her voice was slightly tremulous, "I've come, for the last time, for my money—will you pay me or not?"

"My dear madam," said M. "I am very sorry—I am not in funds at this particular moment. It's very unlucky, and—"

"But will you give me my money?" she interrupted in an elevated, sharp tone; making the four last words awfully emphatic by letting the back of her extended hand fall rather forcibly on the table as she pronounced each one.

"Madam," said my friend, if I have no money, I cannot give you any. If I had I would. To-morrow—"

"So you've said these six weeks, Mr. M., and I'll endure it no longer. I'm a poor, defenceless widow, with eleven children, and I'm going to be turned out of my house because I can't pay my rent, and because you and your friend wish to cheat me out of my pay."

"When I went security for my friend," said M. "I had no idea either that he was going to die, or that I could not pay the debt at any moment; but so it is, and I must say, madam, that if my own sense of honor is not sufficient to make me perform impossibilities, your impertinence will not be more successful."

"Oh, very well, sir, very well, sir. Sense of honor, indeed—cheat a poor woman out of twenty dollars, and then talk of 'sense of honor.' I'll send old Hays after you, and see what he'll say to your 'sense of honor.'" And she bounced out of the room in a most especial passion.

M. bit his lip and swallowed the insult as well as he could. We had made but little progress in our occupation before a third, in the shape of an old gentleman, opened the door slowly and—

But why proceed further with the recapitulation of my friend's grievances? I have already described enough to convince the reader that he must lead a dog's life of it.

It is too common for people to look with an evil eye upon these unfortunates, who by the vicissitudes of the world and the customs of society, have found their fellow-creatures possessed of claims against them extremely irksome, and sometimes impossible to be discharged. Now with due deference to these harsh observers I hold the opposite opinion. They are often the best of good fellows—are betrayed into their difficulties by the excellence of their hearts and an absence of that close, calculating, bargain-driving, penny-saving spirit which is seldom associated with any thing generous or noble. Perhaps a person thus in the power of duns is the most complete slave in the world. For while he has not had sufficient prudence to keep out of debt, he cannot help being heartily ashamed of it. The more intelligent, good-hearted and gentlemanly he is, the more acutely he will feel the ten thousand stinging and prostrating mortifications to which he is continually exposed. While his tormentors, mistaking his ingenuous embarrassment and patient endurance of their importunities for obsequiousness, press upon him with ten-fold rudeness, and take all opportunities to insult him. By the very urgency of their entreaties they extort promises, which he makes in the anxiety of the moment, forgetting that a compliance with them will be out of his power, till at length the poor debtor is sunk in the esteem of all the world as well as in his own. If he chance to be of a sensitive disposition these circumstances may prey upon his spirits, and either break his heart or give him the dyspepsia; but should he be blessed with an elastic mind, he may hit upon various methods of eluding their vigilance; and I once heard a gentlemanly fellow who, like Jaffier, was not "worth a ducat," expatiate upon the epicurean luxury which he had enjoyed from a third-story window on looking down on the head and shoulders of a disappointed dun, who was walking slowly away from the door, having been just informed that he was not at home. N.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The American Quarterly Review. No. xviii. June, 1831. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. New-York: G. & C. & H. Carvill.

THE present number of this work is marked by its usual sound, practical sense, and vigorous style of writing. We have already published the table of contents. The review of the history of Poland will be perused at this time with peculiar interest and advantage. The article on the Siamese Twins contains several observations obviously applicable to our literature. It would be an amusing task for one of sufficient leisure, to look through books published during the last twelve months, to collect the criticisms, i. e. *puffs*, from the periodical prints upon the same, and compare these inflated and audacious hyperboles with the truth. We subjoin an extract from the remarks of Mr. Walsh:

"We should think, indeed, that experience had by this time taught the world the little reliance which ought to be placed generally on contemporary criticism, particularly that description of it usually found in newspapers. But the wide diffusion of this species of periodical work gives them an influence which no experience, however palpable, of their erroneous judgments in literary matters, has yet been able to counteract. The public, in truth, has hitherto had its attention but little drawn towards this subject. The fate of a new book seems to be a matter so uninteresting to any but the author and the publisher, that whether editors speak of it favorably or unfavorably, or pass over it with entire neglect, is considered of no importance. It is forgotten that good literature forms the chief and most permanent glory of a country; that its prosperity is, therefore, of much national value, and ought, for the public benefit, to be assiduously promoted. But the chance of good literature being properly encouraged, will be ever extremely small, so long as worth-

less productions are forced into even temporary eclat by those ready and often glowing commendations of careless editors, which must always, more or less, give direction to public patronage.

"There is an erroneous opinion, unfortunately too prevalent among all classes, that no book can become generally noticed and much praised in the periodical works, but in consequence of its merit. To those who hold this opinion, the system of reverberating praise from one journal to another, must be unknown. In this country the system is, at present, carried to a great extent. It is chiefly produced by indolence or want of leisure, preventing our editors from carefully reading and judging for themselves, aided by a desire which actuates many of them to be thought fashionable in their opinions. The literary idol of the day is generally set up in the English metropolis. Of course, the fashion of worshipping him commences there. We soon hear of him on this side of the ocean. We wait not to examine whether he be entitled to homage. We take that for granted, since we are told that he is considered so in London. With slavish obsequiousness, we hasten to follow the capricious example of the great metropolis, and shout paeans for the fashionable idol, with as much zeal as if we really discerned in his works merit sufficiently exalted to entitle him to such applause, although the probability is, that, while we are bestowing it, we have scarcely glanced over his productions.

"Now all this is, on our part, exceedingly ridiculous and irrational. It not only exposes our servility, but it betrays our ignorance of many of the temporary excitements in favor of certain authors and their works which take place in London. It shows that we are not aware of the fact, that, in the majority of cases, the rage for a new foreign book is owing to circumstances not at all connected with its merit. An influential and enterprising publisher—a striking or a popular subject—a sounding title—a bold, a wealthy, or an eccentric author—and, above all, a continued series of well-managed puffs, invariably do much more towards making a book fashionable than any excellence it may possess; and the inducement to purchase it is more frequently the knowledge that it is fashionable abroad, than the conviction that it is good. Hence, it is to their title-pages, rather than to their nature or quality, that new books are mostly indebted for their immediate success. Their permanent success—that is, their enduring fame—is another matter. Merit, and merit only, can secure that; for it is the result of the cool and deliberate approbation which is awarded by the judgment of mankind, when the adventitious circumstances which first excited attention towards the book have passed away and can operate no longer on curiosity. The history of literature amply proves this. Books have often had, for a time, great mercantile value, and been highly profitable to the booksellers, that have been utterly worthless in a literary point of view. Of this fact the book-dealers are so well aware, that, rather than risk the expense of publishing the most beautiful composition of an unknown author, they will pay largely for manuscripts of the merest trash from the pen of one to whom some lucky accident has already drawn public attention. Many of our well-meaning echoes of the London puffs of new books, are certainly ignorant of this circumstance, or they would not lend their aid to give circulation and temporary repute to much of the vile literature which, under the names of novels, poems, travels, &c. the press of London has so largely poured forth during the last eight or ten years, to the great deterioration not only of the literary taste, but of the manners and morals of the age.

"It is indeed a sad mistake to suppose that nothing but the literary excellence of a new book renders it saleable. Yet it is a mistake so very general, that the booksellers find that the most effectual mode of recommending a new work is to allege that it *sells* rapidly. Who does not know, when a book with the reputation of being in great demand, comes amongst us, the eagerness with which it is sought after? No matter how dull it may be, while it is considered saleable, it is perused with delight. A thousand beauties are discovered in it, which cool and unprepossessed judgment could never discern; and as to faults, although they should stare the deluded reader in the face as thickly and visibly as trees in a forest, he will doubt the accuracy of his own sensations, rather than admit that he perceives them."

We subscribe to the truth of the foregoing with this only comment, that, although a correct opinion cannot always be formed of a book from the eulogies it elicits, we think there can be no better evidence of its excellence than that it *sells*. This is amply illustrated by melancholy heaps of overpriced volumes yet remaining on the shelves of the unfortunate

The Dutchman's Fireside, a Tale; by the Author of "Letters from the South; The Backwoodsman; John Bull in America, &c. &c. Second edition. New-York: J. & J. Harper, 1831. 2 vols. 12mo. (Second Notice.)

We have received additional gratification from the second perusal of this delightful book, and read it just as we wander through a wood, finding something new, agreeable, and natural, at every step. It contains a fine mixture of active incident, rich description, and philosophical thought; and illustrates, with great skill, and a most pleasing air of quietness and simplicity, the peculiarities and gradual development of a noble but sensitive disposition, and also the early manners and customs of the country. We admire it for its manly and healthy tone of *Americanism*, in which our native writers are lamentably deficient; for its absolute freedom from affectation, and for the powerful interest which is excited in the mind of the reader, without violating the probability of the time and place, or wandering away from the routine of common life. The author evidently writes from nature and his own observation, and in that style wherein the humorous saddens into the sentimental and pathetic, and takes the feelings by surprise. The sketches of landscape, the portraiture of character, and the remarks which profusely sprinkle them over, or connect them together, are bold, graphic, distinct and picturesque. The beauty of the plot is its simplicity. The incidents are such as every one feels might have happened to himself, and the characters similar to those met with in our daily traffic with the world, where faults and virtues are alternately predominant over each other. In person, they are neither Venuses nor Apollos. The heroine, Catalina, will be recognised and loved by all; and Sybrandt, the hero, flourishes in a ball room with "snuff-colored breeches." If any finish the perusal of these volumes without being sometimes betrayed into a hearty laugh, and, at others, "albeit unused to the melting mood," abandoning themselves to the influence of the more serious portions of the story, it will be such as are offended by the shafts which the author frequently lances against foreign opinions, and the pretensions of aristocracy. The abuse of such will afford the most satisfactory evidence that his arrows have hit the mark. We perceive, with great pleasure, the unanimity of approbation with which this production has been noticed by the public press, and among innumerable others, we quote the following:

"There is no man," says the editor of the Standard, "who makes the least pretensions of tracing his genealogy to the days of Peter Stuyvesant or Wouter Van Twiller, who will not think our author worthy of being painted in a cocked hat and corduroy indispensible."

"To those," observes another intelligent cotemporary, "if such there be among our readers, to whom the author's vein is not familiar, we offer the opinion of a very competent critic, who, years since, spoke of him as

"One whose giant powers,
Seen in their native element, would be
Known to a future age, the pride of ours.—
There is none breathing who can better wield
The battle-axe of satire."

But we must return to the volume itself. There is practical good sense in the following observations:

"Assuredly learning is a thing of most inestimable value; but still I doubt it may be bought too dearly. Why should the season of childhood, which God and nature have ordained to be a period of freedom from cares and toils, be converted into one of labor and anxiety, for the sake of a little premature knowledge, which the early and tender intellect is unable to comprehend, or the comprehension of which requires an effort of the mind which stunts its growth forever afterwards? Knowledge should only keep pace with the natural growth of the human faculties. If it comes to exceed the powers of the mind, and be too great for the grasp of our reason and judgment, the overburdened intellect becomes but an ass, laden with treasures of no use to the bearer, and only calculated to oppress the wholesome vigor and vivacity of nature. When I see a little urchin, who ought to be enjoying nature's holiday, and strengthening his constitution by wholesome exercise to bear the vicissitudes of the world in after-times, kidnapped and sent to school, to sit on a bench for four or five hours together, employed in learning by rote what he is unable to comprehend, I cannot help contemplating him as the slave and the victim of the vanity of the parent and the folly of the teacher. Such a system is only calculated to lay a foundation for disease and decrepitude, to stunt the physical and intellectual growth, and to produce a premature old age of body and mind."

And again:

"Undoubtedly simplicity of manners is one of the great pillars of morality. It diminishes our wants, and thus diminishes those tempting temptations to extravagance and

dishonesty which originate in, and receive their power from, the love of dress, splendor, display, and luxury. Those who set an inordinate value upon the qualification of these vanities will come in time to sacrifice to their attainment all that solid stock of happiness which is derived from the possession of integrity and independence. An age of simplicity is therefore an age of morality; and hence it is that the wisest writers of antiquity have made simplicity of manners essential to the preservation of that liberty which cannot be sustained by a luxurious and corrupt people. That our own high feelings of independence are rapidly fleeing away before the quick steps of ostentation and luxury, and that the love of wealth, as the means of attaining to these gratifications, is becoming the ruling passion, must be obvious to all observers. But enough of this; the subject belongs to graver heads than ours."

An insight into the character of the hero may be obtained from the following:

"Reader, art thou a modest, bashful, or what is still more, a sheepish young person, as proud as Lucifer, and with feelings more wakeful and skittish than a wild partridge? and hast thou ever been made the object of laughter? If so, thou wilt be able to enter into the agonies of Sybrandt, as he stood perspiring under the consciousness that he cut rather a ridiculous figure. No one can ever know what a man suffers in such a situation, except persons of the temperament I have described. If they did—if they could enter into the recesses of their hearts, and see the strings quivering with keen and bitter mortifications, the most ill-natured, malignant being that was ever created would be careful not to play rudely upon an instrument so easily disposed to tormenting discords. There are thousands of young persons, and all of the higher order of intellect, who, in the days of their probation, before their hearts are seared in the fires of indulgence, or deadened by disappointments, suffer more from the careless disregard to their feelings, and the thoughtless ridicule indulged in by the domestic circle in which they move, than from all other causes combined.

"When they came to the river-side, where lay the little boat which was to take them to the island, Sybrandt had sworn to himself that he would offer his hand to Catalina, to assist her in embarking. But he was so long before he could screw himself up to the direful feat, that one of the Albany lads, more gallant as well as alert, was beforehand with him. A bashful man is like a tiger; he makes but one effort, and if that fails, slinks away to his jungle, and essays not another. I myself have my own experience to vouch for this; having in the far-off days of my gallantry, full many a time and oft, in dining out, gathered myself together with a gallant ferocity to ask the lady of the feast for the honor of a glass of wine with her. But alas! if peradventure the lady listened not to my first demonstration, I was prone to relapse into an utter and incurable incapacity to repeat the mighty effort. The sound of my voice died suddenly, and word spoke I never more. So was it with master Sybrandt, who, having expended his powder in a flash of the pan, sunk only the lower for the exertion he had made. * * * * Indeed there is not in the world so impudent a being as a shy man forced out of his shyness. * * * * By degrees the feelings which nature had implanted in his heart opened and expanded, like the seeds which lie dormant in the deep shades of the forest for years, until the trees being cut down, the warm sunbeams waken them to life and vegetation. The emotions of his heart for a while overpowered his long-cherished timidity, and lent to his tongue an eloquence that pleased, while it surprised Catalina. The rich stores of imagery which long reading and contemplation had gathered in his mind, where they had lain enchained in the icy fetters of timidity, were let loose by the new-born warmth that thrilled through his frame, and flowed forth without study or effort into striking observations, tender associations, and sparkles of a rich and glowing fancy. Catalina listened with astonishment to the animated statue; and as she looked him in the face while pouring forth the treasures of his mind, and saw the divinity that sparkled in his eyes, she once or twice detected herself in thinking Sybrandt almost as handsome as an aid-de-camp. He, too, felt elevated in his own estimation; for the first time in his life he had listened to his own voice without feeling his heart beat with apprehension, and for the first time he could look back upon an hour spent in the society of a female, without a pang of the keenest mortification.

"Sybrandt," at length said Catalina, "why don't you talk so every day?"

"Because every day is not like to-day; not any more, my cousin, always what you are now."

There is much drollery in the character of

plexity under the visitation of the bees is laughable, and so also is his conduct during the tempest, when he was "as busy as an assistant alderman at a fire, and about as useful."

The sketch of Hans Pipe, the Indian reprobate, is drawn with the rapid boldness of a master.

"So it happened with Hans Pipe. He became a drunkard and a vagabond; and was finally turned away from Colonel Vancour's house, for having drawn his knife upon one of the black children, who refused to bring him another mug of cider. He was too lazy to work except at trifling jobs, for which he asked nothing but liquor, and to which nothing but liquor could incite him. His days were spent in drunkenness and beastly exhibitions of savage indecencies, and his nights consumed in prowling about thieving, or in barns or outhouses, sleeping away the effects of his daily debauch. Sometimes, but very rarely, he would come to the mansion-house, when he was sober, and beg for food or clothing, which was never refused him. Perhaps a more worthless, dangerous and revengeful being never crawled upon the earth, than this wretched outcast of the savage and civilized world. His appearance was horrible and appalling. Long, lank, raven hair hung about his shoulders, and almost covered his low forehead; his high cheek-bones, flattened nose, wide nostrils, and still wider mouth, together with his miserable garments and dirty habits, made the heart shudder to look upon him. But it was his eye—his bitter, malignant, bloodshot eye, circled with the flaming ring of habitual intemperance, within which rolled the ball of fire, that gave the most unequivocal indications of the fiend which kept the citadel of his heart. It discoursed of murder, open or secret, at midnight or mid-day; of a vengeance which a moment might light up, and years would not extinguish; of secret plots and open daring."

We admire the *naïveté* with which, in the third chapter of the second volume, Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton and the Honorable Barry Gilfillan are introduced upon the stage, both of whom are capital likenesses. Take as a specimen the subjoined outline of the former gentleman, whose pride and clumsiness are no uncommon peculiarities, and whose "bow was an outrage both on nature and inclination."

"Independently of the infringement upon his personal, hereditary, and official dignity manifested by an abrupt address from an inferior, Sir Thicknesse had another special cause for disliking to be spoken to by strangers. The fact is, he was so long in collecting the materials of an answer to the most common observation, that he seldom forgave a person for putting him to the trouble. He had a most rare and, at that time, original style of making the agreeable, which is now, however, pretty general among high-bred persons. He placed himself directly opposite the lady, straddling like a gigantic pair of brass tongs, to collect his ideas into one great explosion—such, for instance, as 'Don't you find it rather warm, *mawm*?' Perfectly satisfied with this mighty effort, the knight would strut off in triumph, to repose himself for the rest of the evening under the shade of his laurels."

We should be pleased to insert the battle in the wood, the death and burial of the gallant Gilfillan, and the admirably finished character of Sir William Johnson, but a desire not to forestall the pleasure of the reader compels us to forbear. We therefore conclude our extracts with the following, which, with much forcible description, contains some merited strokes of satire laid on with right good will.

"The good Dennis—the early friend, the father of our hero in all acts of fatherly affection—who had smoked his pipe almost threescore years in quiet in the same old arm-chair—heard the news of Sybrandt's death without any outward symptoms of sorrow or despair. He possessed no great store of sensibility, but a slight shock will shake down an old building. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe deliberately against his thumb-nail, and that evening, and the next, and the next morning, noon, and night, when it was brought to him he put it aside without uttering a word.

"'Massa in a bad way,' said his old dusky valet, who had been his playmate in youth, his faithful, humble friend through life; 'massa in a terrible bad way when he no smoke he pipe.'

"The old man reasoned philosophically, or at least he came to the right conclusion, which the vulgar generally do by a sort of short-hand cut of their own. It is astonishing, as it is mortifying to the pride of human learning, to see how many, how very many of the discoveries of philosophers have been anticipated by the experience of the unlearned of this world. They may not, perhaps, know the reason, but they know the thing is so, and this answers their purpose quite as well.

"The old natural philosopher was right. There is no surer indication of a wounded spirit or diseased body than the disrelish of a long-cherished habit. It smells of mortality. The quiet resignation with which the good Dennis received

the first shock, gave place in a day or two to a degree of restlessness and impatience entirely at war with his usual deportment. It seemed as if his mind was disturbed by conflicting feelings of some kind or other, for he frequently shut himself up in his little private room where he kept his papers, and where he was sometimes found when called to his meals, leaning on his elbows on a table with papers before him. When thus disturbed, he would appear rather pleased than otherwise, as though he had been relieved from some unpleasant struggle or uncertainty. On the fourth day after receiving the news of Sybrandt's death, he was found sitting in his arm-chair, dead. He had died without pain, for his face had all the placid quiet of a sweet sleep, and he sat upright as when alive.

"'Ah! poor massa!' exclaimed the old man of color; 'he smoke him last pipe now!' and nature squeezed some honest tears from his dry and withered sympathies.

"Dennis Vancour was a good man. He never—for it was not the fashion at that time—he never was secretary, or, what is still better, treasurer to a society for expending the hard gains of honest industry in the encouragement of idleness and unthrift. He never went about begging of others what he was able to bestow himself; nor did he spend his time in the mischievous occupation of doing good to his fellow-creatures, the poor, by teaching them as the wise and benevolent Franklin has it, 'that there are other means of support besides industry and economy.'

"But these sins of omission were more than balanced by rare and valuable virtues. He never belied, or cheated, or overreached a human being; he never denied his good offices or good report to the deserving, nor inquired before he bestowed them, whether they were given to a member of his favorite society or his favorite religion. He walked quietly on his way without jostling a living soul with his elbow, or interfering with his concerns unless desired to do so; and within the circle where alone ordinary men can be useful in their exertions or their beneficence—the circle of his friends and neighbors—he diffused all his life a benign yet temperate influence, which caused every one that knew him to love him while living, and cherish his memory after he was gone. When he died, he left what he had received from his father to his nearest natural heirs; nor did he insult heaven by robbing his kindred to commute for his own transgressions.

"The day but one after the decease of the good man, on whose memory I confess I delight to dwell, the bell of the little octagon stone church at the Flats gave melancholy warning that the body of some heir of immortality was about to be consigned to that narrow house wherein no air can blow. There is to my mind and to my early recollections something exquisitely touching in the tolling of a church-bell amid the silence of the country. It communicates for miles around the message of mortality. The ploughman stops his horses to listen to the solemn tidings; the housewife remits her domestic occupations, and sits with the needle idle in her fingers, to ponder who it is that is going to the long home; and even the little thoughtless children, playing and laughing their way from school, are arrested for a moment in their evening gambols by these sounds of melancholy import, and cover their heads when they go to rest.

"In a little while was seen a long procession of various rustic carriages, followed by people on foot and on horseback, of both sexes, and of all ages, slowly emerging from the court of the house whence the soul of the good man had ascended to its reward, and proceeding to the place appointed for all living. The simple ceremony was soon over. A prayer was uttered, a hymn was sung, many an honest tear mixed with the earth thrown into the grave, as the nearest and dearest hung anxiously over it; and the remains of Dennis reposed in peace between the grave-stones of his honored parents.

"HE WAS A GOOD MAN," said an old patriarch of almost a hundred years, and the testimony was vouched by the hearts of all present. Does any one wish a nobler epitaph? If he does, let him go and take his choice of the legends engraven on the mouldering monuments of human vanity—no part of which is true, perchance, but the veritable *Hic jacet*."

Notwithstanding the excellence of this work, it might have been greatly improved by a few hours of additional revision. Words occasionally find their way as if by accident where they have no business. It argues a kind of unpardonable negligence on the part of an author who ventures thus into the presence of the public with marks of carelessness in his apparel. He resembles a gentleman entering a fashionable drawing-room without having fully completed his toilette. A little more labor might have rendered it as finished as it is interesting. Although these are merely errors of style, they are to be regretted, inasmuch as such productions form mo-

dels for young writers. We may, however, quote the words of Campbell's New Monthly Magazine, in relation to Mr. Paulding: "He goes forth upon his way manfully, like a strong traveller, more determined to reach the end of his journey than solicitous concerning the grace of his demeanor." Besides this, we can advance no more serious regrets against our author than that his antediluvian hatred of railroads should be accompanied by an incredulity touching the sea-serpent, which smacks strongly of the general skepticism of this enlightened age.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Chains.—No people boast more than Americans. This is less unpardonable, as in truth no people possess more advantages of which to be proud. When, however, any practice prevails here, diametrically opposite to right, to reason, and to law, it shows more glaringly conspicuous, and turns our self-congratulations into the sharpest satire. There are certain manners, customs, and acts of legislature, which really seem entailed upon us by necessity, and are, as Sir Francis Rochdale observes to the brazier in John Bull, "like a hunch back, and must be, therefore, got along with as well as possible." There are others for which the same apology does not exist. What would the reader say, should the door open even while he peruses these lines, and a brace of constables rush in upon him—convey him to prison, *place iron chains upon his wrists*, and carry him, thus manacled like a slave, before the tribunal of his country? He may be innocent—he may be guilty—whether he is one or the other can only be determined by a trial, until the termination of which it is the merciful maxim of the law, that he shall be deemed innocent. There is something in the idea of *chains* so closely interwoven with the dark associations of the old world, with the power of the despot, the malignity of the inquisition, with every thing from which the manly spirit recoils, and at which the honest indignation of a free citizen boils in his veins, that, at first view perhaps, many will deem it impossible that a friendless man—be he good or bad—before any means have been adopted to ascertain his criminality, may be marched through the streets of this city with fetters clanking about his limbs. Neither is this piece of oppression practised merely upon old and oft-convicted offenders—upon prisoners guilty of violence to their keepers—or who have shown a design to escape—nor even upon persons accused of crimes implying felony, murder, theft, &c.; but upon those who have been charged with assault and battery, into which the most honest and virtuous and proud may sometimes be betrayed. We invite the attention of the proper authorities to this subject. If the safety of the accused is deemed not sufficiently guarded, let the officers be doubled; let ten times the number be employed, rather than the rattling of chains on an unconvicted citizen should disgrace our courts of justice. If a man, knowing himself to be innocent of the charge alleged against him, should refuse to put his hands in irons—if he should strike down, and so that he could not arise in haste, him who approached to enforce so illegal and atrocious an insult, who would sit on the jury to condemn him? These little *inadvertencies* which escape the notice of our citizens, are observed and remembered by foreigners, and serve to eke out future octavos, while our own writers contradict them because they are ignorant of the truth.

Exchange papers.—Our list of exchange papers has increased to such a number, that necessity compels us to make numerous erasures. For this step our heavy expenses, and the little use we make of the majority of these publications, must be an apology. It is done without any unkind feeling, for we would willingly oblige all if possible, without too great a sacrifice. Those, therefore, who do not receive this journal after the close of the present year, will understand the reason. We are, however, so greatly indebted to many editorial friends, especially to those who have published the prospectus of the forthcoming volume, that we shall always be happy to continue the exchange with them.

Business habits.—An English paper states that nine hundred letters have been put in the London post-office during the last year, without any superscription, which contained ten thousand pounds sterling. Twelve thousand pounds were found loose in the letter bags, from the carelessness of the encloser. Either the circulating medium must be abundant on the other side of the water, or our friends there require much instruction in business matters.

Prospectus and Agents.—A list of agents, and a prospectus for the ninth volume, will be found on the first page of the cover, to which the reader is respectfully referred.

OH! SAY NOT YOU REGRET.

A BALLAD—THE WORDS BY N. G.—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY T. COMER.

We feel pleasure in being able to embellish the present number of the Mirror with the following delicate and pretty melody. The name of the author of the words we are not at liberty to mention, but he is well known among the *litterati* of Boston as a ready and graceful writer. Mr. COMER is a composer of established reputation, which will not be diminished by this specimen of his taste and skill. Although a few copies were struck off for private circulation, it has never before been given to the public, and possesses, therefore, all the freshness of originality. It was once sung at a concert, and universally admired. The correspondent who so politely furnished us with the copy, has our thanks for his attention.

Larghetto espressivo.

Espressivo.

2d verse.

SECOND VERSE.

Why did you tempt my love—
Why trifle with a heart
Which you alone had pow'r to move—
If thus we are to part?
Then, lady, let me hope
The calm and silent bliss
Of being near thee once again,
In some such hour as this.

THIRD VERSE.

And in that hope I'll live,
And bless and pray for thee—
For nothing this fair earth can give
Is half so dear to me,
As was one look of thine,
Confiding, kind, and true,
When it return'd a glance of mine,
And thrill'd my pulses through.

STYLE.—Great learning and acquirements do not always produce a good style in writing. Some of the most learned men that ever lived wrote indifferently.

POETRY.—Julius Scaliger says, "no one ever was a poet, or a lover of poetry, that was not an honest man." This definition would strike off a great many names from the roll of Parnassus, and greatly reduce the number of their readers.

AGE AND YOUTH.—Old men, who get angry at the vivacity and sportiveness of youth, might as well find fault with the spring because it produces nothing but blossoms; or expect the fruit of autumn at that early season.

TAVERNS.—A witty moralist used to say that taverns were places where they sold madness, disease, and ruin by the bottle.

ARISTOTLE.—Some one has given the following noble character of the genius of Aristotle: "he was the secretary of nature; he dipt his pen in intellect."

POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH.—This pope was one of the most illustrious pontiffs that ever occupied the papal throne. He was liberal, inflexible, persevering and magnanimous. He was originally a swineherd.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

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For the New-York Mirror.

A RETROSPECT.

Chaque flot m'apporte une image ;
Chaque rocher de ton rivage
Me fait souvenir ou rêver — *La Martine.*

How pure and softly sweet the heart-felt tone
Of some old half-forgotten melody,
Which steals at midnight's calm and witching hour
On the fond dreamer's ear! thus beautiful
Are the bright fancies clustered round that chain
Of dim-discovered lights in memory's waste,
Which, stretching through the vista of past years,
Is lost in infancy's uncertain haze.

I am a dreamer,—what the world calls idle—
And I do love to "chew the cud of sweet"
It may be "bitter fancy"—I ne'er knew
A fresh-plucked joy which was not doubly dear
When touched and mellowed by the lapse of time,—
And hence it is, remembered happiness
Throws o'er my mind a soft illusive spell,—
A charm which flush enjoyment never gave!

And I have garnered up a treasured fund
Of hallowed recollections—and of oft-times
I love to sit at twilight's placid hour,
And by the "pale reflex" of memory's light,
Trace out the shadows of the dreamy past!
Among the cherished scenes on which my thoughts
Delight to linger, there is one whose charms
Sometimes flit by me in more sober hours,
Than those which fancy claims—and I have dreamed
That when the pomp and bustle of the world
Have all their sunshine and their music lost,
I'd seek the silence of those quiet glades
To pass the peaceful evening of my life.

It is a lake, whose calm unruffled waves
Rest in the bosom of surrounding hills,
Unvisited by storms! the wintry blast
In sullen pride sweeps by—but the light air—
The balmy breath of summer eddying o'er
The hill-tops, wafts its fragrance, mingled with
The gush of waters and the song of birds,
And to excited senses it would seem
The spirit of the mountains stooping down
To kiss the sleeping lake that lieth there,
And mould each tiny ripple into forms
Of magic beauty—Oft I sought that spot,
When freed from learning's dull formalities,
To wile away the lame and tedious hours,
And dream of my far home—there's scarce a tree,
Or shrub, or modest flower, that blossomed there,
Which is not linked to memory for ever,
Hallowed by many a bright imagining!
And there were some who shared my pastime then,
The loved companions of my earlier days,—
And 'twas our joy to revel in the shade
Of the cool pines; and, at the evening hour,
Urge our swift pinnace o'er the dancing waves.
Now are we changed—but can we ever forget
Those bright days with their pleasant faded dreams?
And there were snatches of quaint songs, on which
Youth and light-heartedness bestowed a grace,
Which otherwise they had not—there was one
Which I have not forgotten—thus it ran:

SONG.

O'er thy calm bosom, silver lake
Our fairy bark securely glides—
There's scarce a breath thy rest to break,
Or stir the flow'rets on thy sides.

Then gently, softly, comrades, row—
Break not the holy spell,
We ne'er will find on earth below
A scene we'll love so well!

The bright isles of the western sky
Are mirrored in this magic sea—
So hope reflects the glowing dye
Of many a promised joy to me.

Then gently dip the bearded oar
Brush no the waves too near—
On life's dark sea we'll view no more
The visions pictured here!

The evening star is glittering now
Above yon mountain gray—
Let thoughts of home light up each brow,
The memory's festal day.

Then, gently row: the world cannot
Give back such dreams again—
These holier feelings, soon forgot,
Will turn to care and pain!

The soft moonlight is gilding too
The ripple's brightened crest,
Like bliss it sparkles into view,
Then darkly sinks to rest.

Then gently, softly, comrades, row—
Break no the happy spell,
We ne'er will find on earth below
A scene we'll love so well.

ORIGINAL TALES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HASTINGS.

NEAR Hastings, a sea-port in the county of Sussex, England, stood in the year 1803, a cottage noted for its beauty and retirement. To this delightful spot it was customary for the visitors of that fashionable watering-place, to ride in the early morning, or towards the approach of evening, when the heat of the summer sun, reflected with greater power by the sandy soil and towering rocks by which the town is surrounded, gives place to the coolness and shadow most favorable to gentle exercises.

My readers I have no doubt will call to mind, that this scene is celebrated for the memorable and bloody battle which in history bears its name. In the days of William the Conqueror, however, Hastings was no more than a mere fishing-place; and it is but of late years that it has become one of fashion. About eight miles from the town is a village called Battle, and here it was that the great struggle between the English and the Norman invaders actually took place. It of course derived its name from that event. Here is an abbey as ancient perhaps as any in that part of the kingdom; and though so old, it is still in most excellent order. It is not a building of any great extent: beauty and simplicity being its chief attractions. The front presents on each side an octangular lofty tower, between which expands its entrance in the form of a high gothic archway. Within this are seen two ponderous oaken doors of giant make, studded with iron bolts and bars, sufficiently strong to have resisted the stroke of the stoutest warrior the proud invader could produce. They swing on huge hinges that stretch their lengthened grasp across the doors, and lead you directly into a large chapel, much out of repair from disuse and neglect. Between the towers is situated the belfry, and above that a flag-staff, which even now upon certain feast-days displays its ancient pennon. The grounds which surround it are remarkable only for groups of immense and venerable elms, which fling their deep shadows far round, and completely envelop the abbey. In the cemetery a few tomb-stones are scattered here and there, bearing the defaced and almost illegible eulogies of its peaceful inhabitants; but it is the hand of time, not of mischief or disrespect, that has left his mark upon these weather-beaten emblems, not only of the vanity of life but of fame. The main path to the abbey is in front, between a double row of elms on either side, combining at the top, and forming a magnificent arched avenue. Other paths lead to and from the abbey, through the dense woods, and to the private cells and cloisters, which were so useful for the startling practices of the monks. The country between Battle and Hastings is remarkably hilly, though highly cultivated, and boasts of the most elevated land to be seen along that part of the coast. This point or pinnacle is called Fair Light, from the two-fold circumstance of its being so far above its neighboring hills, and bearing on its summit a beautiful revolving light. Fair Light is rather more than half way from Battle to Hastings, and stands aside, at least a mile, from the public road.

I spent several weeks wandering among these delightful hills, interesting as the spot fixed upon by the Normans for invasion. It was during one of my evening rambles to Fair Light, when, the beauties of the surrounding view inducing a poetic mood, my mind framed, without much effort, the following lines:

Leaps not thy heart for joy that long has pined
In fogs and city fumes, when the blue sea
Bursts on thy sight, brushed by the wanton wind,
And wholesome Hastings opens her stores for thee?
See, where her barks upon the sparkling waves,
Turn their white wings, and range for sport or prey,
Till the loud storm rides furious o'er the bay,
And flings them to the strand, and idly raves
Against yon furrowed cliff, whose towers among
Where first old conquest raised her Norman throne,
With troubled scream, the flickering sea-birds throng.
But now 'tis calm, and day's bright orb is gone,
Mount we yon moss-grown hill, while o'er our head
And the hush'd deep, night's glit'ring dome is spread.

Near the lighthouse was a mill of very ancient structure, and well known to the far surrounding dwellers of the land as the property of honest farmer Allworthy. The path to Hastings wound round the bases of the steep and almost perpendicular hills that lie between the two places. No one

can gaze upon this beautiful and romantic tract of country but with the strongest feelings of admiration.

It was in the year 1803, that a young man of independent fortune, who could trace his genealogy to persons of proud distinction, of noble feelings, bearing, and finished education together with the advantages of a handsome and manly person, determined to pass some time at that much frequented rendezvous, Hastings. The smoky, damp atmosphere of London renders the clear and wholesome sea-borne breeze doubly grateful and delicious to our senses; and it was while under the charming influence of renewed vigor and buoyant spirits, that Henry Tancred carefully directed his gallant horse over the steep and dangerous path that led to Fair Light. The sun had not yet descended below the horizon, when he reached the commanding prominence, whence the distant ocean-surf seemed as the gentle rippling of some tranquil tide. Hence, sail after sail skirting the horizon and whitening in the sun, are seen bending their stilly course to foreign climes, while just below, playful children, scarcely discerned, sport on the beach and pick the treasures which the deep has washed upon the shore—the smooth and transparent pebble, or the curious and finely-colored shell. When Tancred had satisfied himself with the beauties of this spirit-stirring scene, he turned his steps towards the mill, hardly knowing wherefore, except to gaze upon an object so rural in the eyes of a citizen. As he approached, a lovely female descended from the rudely constructed steps which led from the door to the ground, carrying a small parcel in her hand. He drew near for the purpose of asking if any person was in possession of the key of the lighthouse, being anxious to view the interior. The female perceiving his intention of accosting her, stopped, to give him an opportunity of doing so. Tancred immediately quickened his pace, and as he came within hearing, exclaimed,

"Can you inform me if I can see the interior of yonder lighthouse?"

"Yes, sir," replied Lucy; for she was no other than the miller's beautiful daughter, "you may see it if you wish, but my father is not now at the mill, and he always keeps the key with him." As she spoke her bright blue eyes rested full upon Tancred, and well they might, for he was a handsome, noble fellow. Her white teeth contrasted beautifully with her fresh and crimson lips, while her sweet and modest voice gave a charm to every word she uttered. She was tall and commanding in figure, yet as active and graceful as a fawn. Tancred was much surprised to see a creature of so much loveliness in so unfrequented a spot. "Can she be a peasant's child? those little hands and feet deny it—perhaps the offspring of some unknown parents, and deposited here for secrecy and safety—or some poor and friendless orphan protected by this generous miller." Such were the nature of his thoughts before he could answer the fair maiden.

"When will your father return?" asked Tancred.

"Before long," replied Lucy, "for the light must be up as soon as the sun goes down; and father always puts it up himself."

"I will wait then," replied he, "if I can find a shed for my horse."

"If you will follow me," said she, "I can show you where he will be perfectly safe, although the accommodation is but poor."

Tancred assented, and accompanied Lucy to the shed beside their little cot, which showed that care and taste went hand in hand to adorn its walls.

"And are you," continued Tancred, "the queen of this neat and beautiful place—these flowers—is it to your fostering care and kind attention that they owe their delicious odor and delicate bloom—this honeysuckle, too, that so tenderly embraces these slender rods placed here for its support—and these tulips, these roses too; are all these the objects of your affection? If so, I could wish to be a flower myself." Tancred looked at her and she blushed. There is something in the blush of a very pretty girl, although no more than a miller's daughter, on which no man but a fool or a villain can gaze without some sort of emotion: as Tancred happened to be neither, he experienced that undefinable and pleasing trouble at the heart which announces the first up-stirring of the passion of passions. It is like the first cloud floating

over the clear heavens, which is soon to spread into the heavy vapor charged with elements of discord, or the first ripple on the glassy stream about to be lashed into fury by the coming storm.

It is needless for me to describe how the old silver-headed father came in, and requested his daughter to show the stranger through the lighthouse; how pleased he was with the opportunity of enjoying a *little-a-little* with his agreeable companion; or how the coming on of a sudden thunder-storm was the occasion of his remaining that night and all the next day, at the hospitable cottage. We will, therefore, hasten over a period of several weeks, during which the gentleman, although he had taken lodgings at —, the adjoining village, managed, accidentally, to lose himself very often in the neighborhood of the mill, and sometimes to be guided into the right road by the miller's daughter. It will be sufficient for the elucidation of my story to state, that one day, being by chance in company with Lucy and her father, Tancred, after divers unsuccessful attempts to speak, and certain unaccountable looks of perplexity, now towards the old man, now towards the girl, who, with her straw-bonnet flung carelessly over her rich and flowing hair, the brightness of her complexion enhanced by exercise, or some other equally potent cause, and a smile of quiet happiness playing in the lurking dimples around her cherry-lips, appeared more than usually beautiful, at length took out his pencil, and wrote something on a piece of paper, which, unnoticed by the miller, he handed to her. The words ran thus: "meet me to-morrow, an hour before sunset, by the spring in the grove, at the foot of the hill. I have a secret to confide to you."

When he had retired to his room, he could think of nothing but Lucy, and his sudden resolution to make her his wife. Although very young, he possessed an independent fortune, and had no opposition to fear from relatives to "lay siege" to his love. Thus then he reasoned with himself: "Here is the very picture my fancy has drawn as the most proper to be my companion. A girl young and fresh in her feelings, beautiful in person, and pure and clear in mind—without fortune, which makes them proud—without relations, which make them obstinate—without fashion, which makes them vain, cold-hearted, artificial, and capricious. If misfortune overtake me, she will be content to live in obscurity; if prosperity attend me, she will enjoy it with gratitude as well as pleasure. Wherefore, then, should she not become my wife?"

The heavy hours of night passed away in these reflections; and at length the time of meeting arrived. If he had suffered any doubts respecting what would be the nature of her reply to his interrogation, they vanished, when, after tracing with anxious step the circuitous route to the grove where a little cool spring gushed up from the sand, and ran bubbling and sparkling to hide itself among the long grass, he perceived the object of his thoughts awaiting his arrival. We pass over the details of an interview, which, however agreeable to the parties concerned, is probably more tolerable in reality than description, and hasten to the period when the important secret was duly communicated to the miller, and the preliminaries of a certain ceremony arranged to his satisfaction.

At this time, Tancred received letters from London requiring his immediate presence, and bade farewell to Lucy, without any melancholy forebodings on either side. Some imagine, that on the eve of any great misfortune, fate warns the victim with feelings of mysterious sadness and gloomy presentiment. I have never found it so. To me, anguish has come when my heart was most overflowing with hope and pleasure, when fancy was busy in sketching scenes of happiness, when the miseries of the past were dim in my recollection, at the very moment when I was becoming convinced that my distrust in human nature was founded on error, and I began to acknowledge that life was not so false and desolate as it had seemed—even then came the sorrow before which my gay thoughts fled like dreams. It was thus with Tancred; and the thunderbolt that shattered his soul, fell from a sky all blue and silent in the hush of the summer-day.

The "spites and crosses" of true love have furnished so many themes for writers, that the story which is now drawing to a tragical conclusion, derives its greatest interest from the fact of its authenticity. It really occurred on the spot which I have endeavored to describe.

Shortly after the departure of Tancred, Fair Light was visited by one of those large parties of pleasure which frequent the watering places of England. Among them was a young officer of the guards, in uniform, whose glittering and brilliant appearance excited very much indeed the admiration of all the females in the place, and among the rest, we grieve to add, of the innocent Lucy. The officer saw the advantage his appearance had already gained, and resolved to avail

himself of it to its full extent. He was as much enamored with her as she with him, and contrived unperceived to pay her those nameless delicate and flattering attentions which the admiration and love of female beauty prompt, and which woman is so apt to love. He praised her beautiful cottage; and though last, not least, the sweet charms which she herself possessed. The address of this young man, aided by his captivating apparel, in the course of a little time tended to weaken her fondness for Tancred. He had learned from her conversation the nature of her engagement, and that moment resolved to elope with her if possible. He visited her privately from day to day, unknown to her father, whose occupation took him from home from morning till sun-set; and at length prevailed upon her to accept his hand in lieu of Tancred's. The day came for her departure from her humble roof, and many a heart-rending pang did she suffer. It required indeed all her lover's persuasion and endearing eloquence to support her, when she left a letter for her parent on the old oaken table, informing him of the steps she had taken, whither she had gone, and then quitted his protecting roof for ever.

Tancred having finished his business sooner than he expected, hastened to embrace the sweet object of his love. He entered the little cot, and the afflicting consequence of Lucy's disobedience were soon made known to him. The poor old man was upon his knees, his hands clasped and raised towards heaven. The fatal letter lay on the ground before him. Tancred staggered; a thousand different thoughts rushed upon his mind, he seized the ominous paper, and having perused its contents, rushed from the cottage with the fury of a madman. He traced the course of the fugitives, and by the help of his gallant horse, arrived at the abbey a short time after them, the doors of which being open, and the carriage at the door, he concluded the ceremony was taking place. Pale, and almost breathless, covered with mire, and with large drops of perspiration standing on his brow, he hastily entered. Here he beheld his suspicions realized. Before the altar knelt the graceful form of Lucy and her lover in his uniform. The minister had just pronounced, with emphatic voice, "Wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" and anticipating the full and steady answer "yea," when Tancred silently stepped forward, and bringing himself full to her view, cast upon her a look, at once so heart-broken and forgiving, that the reply she was about to give remained upon her tongue unuttered. She stared terrifically for a moment or two; then, with a loud convulsive shriek, fell into his arms a lifeless corpse!

He then placed her at the feet of the awe-stricken lover, and left them instantly without uttering a single syllable. Strange as it may appear, yet it is nevertheless true, that Tancred was never known from that moment until his death, which did not happen for many years after, to utter a single word even to his dearest friends. The cause of such conduct is still a mystery. Whether the horrid scene had such an effect as to paralyze the powers of speech, or whether it arose from any sudden oath, rashly made, has never been ascertained, but he never afterwards spoke on earth!

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

WE glean a few amusing facts respecting Sir Walter Scott from an anonymous writer in the New Monthly Magazine. Millions of people, whose names he never heard, will be gratified to learn that his late indisposition has passed away. Yet, at his advanced age, we cannot expect he will linger much longer upon the busy stage of life, where he has been such a brilliant performer. Soon, in the ordinary course of events, the "*Ilum fuit*" will be mournfully spoken by "all the nations." This reflection sheds a deeper interest about his actions.—*Eds. N. Y. Mir.*

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"During the sittings of the court of session, where Scott, by a severe servitude, had secured the situation of chief-clerk, he lived in North-Castle-street, in the new town of Edinburgh; and during the recess of the court, he retired to a romantic house at Ashiesteel, on the Tweed, from which place the beautiful introductions prefixed to 'Marmion' are dated. I have reason to remember his house in North-Castle-street; for various pilgrimages I made before it with the hope of seeing the poet, and though I was gratified at last, I did not succeed till I had in a manner become familiarly acquainted with almost every stone which composed the front of the building. My wanderings, too, were attended with something like an adventure. I have said that the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' re-echoed my own border feelings. 'Mar-

mion' had a stronger influence still; I resolved to see with my own eyes the man who had contributed so much to my happiness. I did not know a soul in Edinburgh who could introduce me, or rather I had such a sense of my own unworthiness, as compared with so great a poet, that I did not desire an introduction, but strove to see him and peruse his face without being put to the torture of conversation—I could have faced a battery sooner. On the second or third day of my pilgrimage, I had passed and repassed before the house several times, when, to my surprise, a lady looked out at a window in the adjoining house, and calling me by name, desired a servant to open the door and let me in. This was a person of some consideration in my native place, who was residing there with her family, and to whom I was slightly known. 'I saw you,' she said, 'walking up and down, and thought you might as well spend your time here as waste it in the street.' 'I was not exactly wasting it,' I answered: 'I am come to Edinburgh to see Walter Scott, and as he lives here, I hope to see him as he goes into his own house.' 'This is an affair of poetry, then, I find,' said the lady with a smile: 'I cannot help you in it, for I have not the honor of his acquaintance, though his neighbor; but you shall see him, nevertheless, for this is about his time of coming home—and here he is.' 'What?' I said, 'that tall, stalwart man, with the staff in his hand, and —?' 'The same, the same!' answered my friend, laying her hand on my arm; 'speak softly. Why, I protest, he is coming here!' Scott passed his own door, and—the houses of Edinburgh, it must be borne in mind, are as like each other as bricks—walked up the steps of that in which I was, and announced himself with the knocker. He was instantly admitted. He was in some poetic reverie or other, and had made a mistake; he no sooner saw the bonnets of three or four boys on the pegs where he was about to hang his hat, than he said loud enough for us to hear him, 'Hey-day! here's ower mony bairns' bonnets for the house to be mine!' and apologizing to the servant, withdrew hastily.

"Perhaps the finest compliment ever paid him, was at the time of the late coronation, I think. The streets were crowded so densely, that he could not make his way from Charing-cross down to Rose's, in Abingdon-street, though he elbowed ever so stoutly. He applied for help to a serjeant of the Scotch Greys, whose regiment lined the streets. 'Countryman,' said the soldier, 'I am sorry I cannot help you,' and made no exertion. Scott whispered his name—the blood rushed to the soldier's brow—he raised his bridle-hand, and exclaimed, 'Then, by heavens, sir, you shall go down—Corporal Gordon, here—see this gentleman safely to Abingdon-street, come what will!' It is needless to say how well the order was obeyed.

"I have related how I travelled to Edinburgh to see Scott, and how curiously my wishes were fulfilled; years rolled on, and when he came to London to be knighted, I was not so undistinguished as to be unknown to him by name, or to be thought unworthy of his acquaintance. I was given to understand, from what his own Ailie Gourlay calls a sure hand, that a call from me was expected, and that I would be well received. I went to his lodgings, in Piccadilly, with much of the same palpitation of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson. I was welcomed with both hands, and such kind, and even complimentary words, that confusion and fear alike forsook me. When I saw him in Edinburgh, he was in the very pith and flush of life—even in my opinion a thought more fat than bard be seems; when I looked on him now, thirteen years had not passed over him and left no mark behind: his hair was growing thin and gray; the stamp of years and study was on his brow: he told me he had suffered much lately from ill-health, and that he once doubted of recovery. His eldest son, a tall, handsome youth—now a major in the army—was with him. From that time, till he left London, I was frequently in his company. He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and with feeling—of my little attempts in verse and prose with a knowledge that he had read them carefully—offered to help me to such information as I should require, and even mentioned a subject in which he thought I could appear to advantage. 'If you try your hand on a story,' he observed, 'I would advise you to prepare a kind of skeleton, and when you have pleased yourself with the line of narrative, you may then leisurely clothe it with flesh and blood.' Some years afterwards, I reminded him of this advice. 'Did you follow it?' he inquired. 'I tried,' I said; 'but I had not gone far on the road till some confounded will-o'-wisp came in and dazzled my sight, so that I deviated from the path and never found it again.' 'It is the same way with myself,' said he, smiling; 'I form my plan, and then I deviate.' 'Ay,

ay," I replied, "I understand—we both deviate—but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity."

"I have seen many distinguished poets, Burns, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Rogers, Wilson, Crabbe, and Coleridge; but, with the exception of Burns, Scott, for personal vigor, surpasses them all. Burns was, indeed, a powerful man, and Wilson is celebrated for feats of strength and agility; I think, however, the stalworth frame, the long nervous arms, and well-knit joints of Scott are worthy of the best days of the Border, and would have gained him distinction at the foray which followed the feast of spurs. On one occasion he talked of his ancestry; Sir Thomas Lawrence, I think, was present. One of his forefathers, if my memory is just, sided with the parliament in the Civil War, and the family estate suffered curtailment in consequence. To make amends, however, his son, resolving not to commit the error of his father, joined the Pretender, and with his brother was engaged in that unfortunate adventure which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, in 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats—a ball had struck one of the brothers and carried a part of this dress into his body; it was also the practice to strip the captives. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting along with his brother, and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet which the ball had forced into the wound. 'Lord, Wattie!' cried the brother, 'if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish ye would bring me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them.' The wound healed—I know not whether he was one of those fortunate men who mastered the guard at Newgate, and escaped to the continent.

"The mystery which hung so long over the authorship of the Waverley novels, was cleared up by a misfortune which all the world deplores, and which would have crushed any other spirit than that of Scott. This stroke of evil fortune did not, perhaps, come quite unexpected; it was, however, unavoidable; and it arose from no mismanagement or miscalculation of his own, unless I may consider—which I do not—his embarking in the hazards of a printing-house, a piece of miscalculation. It is said, that he received warnings: the paper of Constable the bookseller, or, to speak plainer, long money-bills were much in circulation; one of them, for a large sum, made its appearance in the Bank of Scotland, with Scott's name upon it, and a secretary sent for Sir Walter. 'Do you know,' said he, 'that Constable has many such bills abroad?—Sir Walter, I warn you.' 'Well,' answered Sir Walter, 'it is, perhaps, as you say, and I thank you: but' (raising his voice) 'Archib Constable was a good friend to me when friends were rarer than now, and I will not see him balked for the sake of a few thousand pounds.' The amount of the sum for which Scott, on the failure of Constable, became responsible, I have heard various accounts of,—varying from fifty to seventy thousand pounds. Some generous and wealthy person sent him a blank check, properly signed, upon the bank, desiring him to fill in the sum, and relieve himself; but he returned it, with proper acknowledgments. He took, as it were, the debt upon himself, as a loan, the whole payable, with interest, in ten years; and to work he went, with head, and heart, and hand, to amend his broken fortunes. I had several letters from him during these disastrous days: the language was cheerful, and there were no allusions to what had happened. It is true, there was no occasion for him to mention these occurrences to me; all that he said about them was, 'I miss my daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, who used to sing to me—I have some need of her now.' No general, after a bloody and disastrous battle, ever set about preparing himself for a more successful contest than did this distinguished man. Work succeeded work with unheard of rapidity; the chief of which was the 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,' in nine volumes—a production of singular power, and an almost perfect work, with the exception of the parts which treat of the French revolution, and the captivity of the great prisoner. I had the curiosity, on seeing one of the reviews praising Hazlitt's description of the battle of the Pyramids, to turn to the account of Scott. I need not say which was the best: Scott's was like the sounding of a trumpet. The present cheap and truly elegant edition of the works of the author of 'Waverley,' has, with its deservedly unrivalled sale, relieved the poet from his difficulties, and the cloud which hung so long over the towers of Abbotsford, has given place to sunshine.

"Of Abbotsford itself, the best description ever given, at least

the briefest, was 'A Romance in stone and lime.' It is a Gothic structure, of irregular form, with towers, and pinnacles, and battlements,—plenty of variety without, and abundance of accommodation within,—the fair Tweed running beside it; the magnificent ruins of Melrose rising at no great distance; while the Eildon hills, cloven three by the magic of Old Michael, are in the neighborhood. All around, too, lie battle fields, and hills, and streams, renowned in song and story. In the interior there is a fine armoury, exhibiting all kinds of old Scottish mail and weapons; and a splendid library, of which one curious corner contains three or four hundred strange volumes on witchcraft and demonology. A marble bust, by Chantrey, of Scott himself—a present from the artist—stands in the library. All the nations of the earth are by this time acquainted with this fine work of art; two thousand casts were surreptitiously shipped to America, and fifteen hundred to the West Indies, during one year, and multitudes to other parts of the world. It would require a volume to describe all the curiosities, ancient and modern, living and dead, which are here gathered together. I say living, because a menagerie might be formed out of birds and beasts, sent as presents from distant lands. A friend told me he was at Abbotsford one evening, when a servant announced, 'A present from'—I forget what chieftain in the North. 'Bring it in,' said the poet. The sound of strange feet were soon heard, and in came two beautiful Shetland ponies, with long manes and uncut tails, and so small, that they might have been sent to Ellland to the Queen of the Fairies herself. One poor Scotsman, to show his gratitude for some kindness Scott, as sheriff, had shown him, sent two kangaroos from New Holland; and Washington Irving lately told me, that some Spaniard or other, having caught two young wild Andalusian boars, consulted him how he might have them sent to the author of the 'Vision of Don Roderick.'

"This distinguished poet and novelist is now some sixty years old— hale, fresh, and vigorous, with his imagination as bright, and his conceptions as clear and graphic as ever. I have now before me a dozen or fifteen volumes of his poetry, including his latest—'Halidon Hill,' one of the most heroically-touching poems of modern times—and somewhere about eighty volumes of his prose: his letters, were they collected, would amount to fifty volumes more. Some authors—though not in this land—have been even more prolific; but their progeny were ill-formed at their birth, and could never walk alone; whereas, the mental offspring of our illustrious countryman came healthy and vigorous into the world, and promise long to continue. To vary the metaphor—the tree of some other men's fancy bears fruit at the rate of a pint of apples to a peck of crabs; whereas the tree of the great magician bears the sweetest fruit—large and red-cheeked—fair to look upon, and right pleasant to the taste. I shall conclude with the words of Sir Walter, which no man can contradict, and which many can attest: 'I never refused a literary person of merit, such service in smoothing his way to the public as was in my power; and I had the advantage—rather an uncommon one with our irritable race—to enjoy general favor, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my cotemporaries.'

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

This institution will soon close after having been visited by large numbers. The paintings have been often publicly noticed in terms of approbation; and have elicited an attention from the community, which, while it cannot but flatter the artist, confirms our hope that the arts will hereafter be cherished among us with more fostering care. We learn, with pleasure, that among the many and various amusements of the city, this rational and innocent exhibition has not been overlooked.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Bourne—"that Bourne, from whence no traveller returns," without being delighted with his abundant supply of music, has issued several new and prettily executed pieces. Besides the quintette, "Midst doubts confusing," the recitative and duet of "Whence this soft and pleasing flame," from the opera of Cinderella, he has just published the "Taglioni Waltz," with an engraving; "He passed as if he knew me not!" written by Thomas Haynes Bayly; "My bark is my cursor," composed by Mr. Jones, the poetry selected from the American; "I must tune up my harp's broken strings;" the "Zephyr;" and four new waltzes, entitled "Le Souvenir," "Le Soupire," "Le Desir," "Le Plaisir." These pieces are fine impressions; and the fact that a careful attention is paid to their accuracy, gives them an additional value.

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

Mr. FINN has been playing at the Park with Mr. Hackett. Cinderella seems to be the choice on benefit nights. As Mrs. Sharpe is deservedly a general favorite, we regret her partiality for the character of Kate O'Brien. It has been represented much better by Miss Clara Fisher, who enters with a peculiar and natural *naïveté* into all its elegance and humor; and this courting of comparisons should have been obviated by a musty proverb in the school-book too well known to be quoted. Mrs. Sharpe should not presume so far upon the good nature of the audience, and, although by pursuing this course, she may reach mediocrity in various spheres, she will excel in none. She has been justly praised in several other parts, where she is always respectable and sometimes admirable.

The Bowery is taking a lead in tragedy. Since our last Cooper, Booth and Hamblin, have appeared in conjunction in the play of Julius Cæsar. This afforded an admirable opportunity for the display of the peculiar talent of these performers, without bringing them into collision. Cooper occasionally exhibited in Mark Antony, much of the vigor that characterized his youthful days; the philosophic Brutus was ably sustained by Hamblin; and Booth gave more than the usual interest to the "lean and hungry Cassius." We are pleased to perceive that Mrs. Hamblin has returned to these boards, and that Mrs. Duff has also been engaged.

The Chatham has closed with the suddenness of an apopleptic fit. Two theatres are well enough in this city for the sake of competition. Three cannot exist decently. There were several actors of merit at this establishment, whose efforts were almost neutralized by the want of support. The only thing of note produced there is Mr. Payne's play of Oswald; for which Mr. Adams, who brought it from London, deserves credit. The epilogue to this piece was furnished by Woodworth. It is too good to be lost, and here it is.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Hughes in the character of Zofreni

Don't be alarm'd because you saw me slain,
And now behold me on the stage again:
For you must know, we murder here "in jest;"
But had it been in earnest, could I rest
In quiet, think ye, even in the grave,
When my appearance Oswald might save?
You know how cleverly I rush'd between
The "angel" and fate—there, in my dying scene;
And if I tell a martyr for him there,
In the same cause I've yet some breath to spare.

My turban'd Turkish tyrant lover said,
That I, among the dying and the dead,
When Moslem wraths his bolts of vengeance hurl'd,
"Hang like an angel o'er a blazing world."
'Twas most gallantly spoken for a Turk,
The ruthless author of that bloody work;
What then, ye free-born Christians, ought to be
Your exclamation—when you witness me
Rise from the bier to intercede for one,
Whom you are proud to call "Columbia's son;"
For though no stoics, you will not disdain
To own the pleasure you've derived from Payne.

'Tis not in ghostly costume I appear—
No bullet wound—no crimson stain is here:
I'm not a shade, or spectre, good or evil—
Nor am I quite an angel, or a devil;
No spirit of the air—or fire—or flood—
But true substantial female flesh and blood;
Disclaiming powers and titles super-human
Though a true patriot, I am still a woman;
As such, I love the youth who bravely fights
For country—freedom—and for female rights;
As such, I come to plead our poet's cause,
And ask a verdict in your kind applause.

To the Pit

Why do you smile, there—Mr. Zolius—say—
I know you well—you once produced a play,
And said we actors damn'd it!—let that pass—
Bards must be civil when their house is glass.
And you, Sir Critic—who one night—don't start—
Assum'd the buskin—and—forgot your part!
You'll be indulgent, won't you? nay, for shame!
Don't look so frighten'd—I'll not tell your name.

To the first circle of Boxes.

Ay, there is sunshine in this sparkling crescent;
Those smiling faces promise something pleasant.
Were Payne but here, how he would idolize
This starry galaxy of laughing eyes!
Who's he that sits behind you lady?—Pshaw!
That maumoth hat!—what do you wear it for?
Why not confine your ringlets, puffs and curls
In a neat turban, like our Grecian girls?
There are some eyes behind that monstrous screen,
That might smile kindly—could they but be seen.
Egad—I've caught one!—thank you—that's enough—
You're on the free-list, sir, and we expect a puff!

To the upper circles.

To you who choose a more exalted station,
We look with confidence for approbation;
For elevated souls, in every age,
Have been the friends of genius and the stage:
And never be it said, that our own Payne,
Pleaded for mercy to the gods in vain.

This was delivered with much grace and effect, and received with peals of applause. Any trembling author who wishes to lanch off his play with a merry epilogue, we recommend to call on Woodworth.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

PASSAGES FROM A JOURNAL.

THE worst men are not always found among the greatest criminals, nor the most melancholy dispositions among those who seem the saddest, any more than those gifted with the highest genius and virtues on the lists of fame. There is a kind of malefactor whose wickedness actually proceeds from noble qualities of the mind and the heart. There are others who owe their correct deportment to cowardice and coldness of feeling. Pure generosity unchecked, sometimes creates the spendthrift and the debtor. The most contemptible meanness has formed the thriving, prosperous, and irreproachable citizen—of course these are exceptions to general rules. He who with warm impulses exercises his liberality according to his means, is in the true medium. The same causes have shaped characters apparently widely different, while exactly opposite causes have produced others which a superficial observer would conceive to be the same. S. and D. are both dark and gloomy misanthropes. They fly from pleasure, detest children, shun female society with the bitterest sarcasms, and one would almost believe, hate the very light of day. Nature made S. exactly what he is. He is absorbed in himself and his selfish plans, and is in reality not discontented with his lot. D., on the contrary, is naturally ardent, affectionate, buoyant, and merry. Domestic misfortunes have injured the springs of his mind. He flies from children and women, not because he dislikes them, but because they call up thoughts of his own family, with whom he once lived in a distant country. In proportion as he was happy then, he is miserable now.

"Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

I have sometimes observed a peculiarity respecting character which may at first sight appear paradoxical. The most honest in their business affairs, and who sustain the most unspotted character abroad, are often, in their own domestic circle, the most unsocial, tasteless, and tyrannical; while the scoundrel of a swindler, who cheats every one, and contracts debts which he never intends to pay, has a lovely wife and sweet children at home, ignorant of his true character, who look up to him and love him as a model of goodness and perfection. The reason of this is perhaps that the upright citizen stakes his reputation and rests his thoughts upon his character in the market, and therefore puts no restraint upon the natural roughness of his manners, while the other, knowing that he deserves no praise for his transactions abroad, ashamed of the part he has there acted, and perhaps really gifted with a kind and pleasure-loving disposition, strives to compromise with his conscience for the guilt of defrauding those for whom he has no personal affection, by rendering those around him happy.

I remember once having had occasion, as an executor, to prosecute a suit against a Mr. Thompson. My lawyer informed me that he knew the person well. "It is almost hopeless," said he, "to continue your action, for although the fellow has a lucrative business, is independent of the world, and could, if it so pleased him, pay off every debt and lead an honest and reputable life, yet he is cursed with a natural propensity to cheat his fellow-creatures. I believe with him it is a sort of agreeable excitement, like gambling, which habit has rendered necessary. He has been so long availing himself of every deficiency and quibble of the law, is so well versed in the practice of our various courts of justice, and understands so well the arts by which liabilities may be eluded, that I can promise you very little advantage from the suit."

I do not distinctly recollect the means by which he escaped our vigilance; but the claim was never recovered, and Mr. Thompson laughed at us in his sleeve. I could not even catch a glimpse of the fellow, whom, however, I pictured in my imagination as a ferocious and black-browed looking bully, rendered hideous by every repulsive quality, both of mind and person.

Many months afterwards, when indeed the affair had almost escaped my memory, I was one quiet summer afternoon, invited by a friend to accompany him on a sailing expedition. We started from Whitehall in a light fine sail-boat. The first almost imperceptible shadow of evening was just cooling the air and softening the landscape. The sun had disappeared from the cloudless sky, leaving behind him a radiant track of blended orange and crimson, which stole up to the very summit of the heavens. Our little bark floated through the water, and bore us to a cottage on the opposite shore, where we landed and left our boat in care of a servant.

"I will introduce you," said my companion, "to a friend of mine, who has selected this charming spot—built the neat and beautiful dwelling, and decorated it as you see. He is of a kind and hospitable disposition, and will meet you with a cordial welcome. Among the attractions which I know will afford you pleasure, his wife and children are by no means the most unimportant."

A gentleman stepped out, as he finished speaking, from the wicket-gate, which, by the side of the highly cultivated and bright-looking garden, led on to the grassy and deep-green lawn which fronted the mansion. The building was low and plain, but spacious. The exterior was of that clear white, which, in the country, gleams so prettily through the foliage. Several vines of different kinds were springing up luxuriantly around the columns which supported the piazzas; green blinds shaded the windows, and many large trees grew around in groups, some lifting their tall trunks high in the air; others spreading their low thick and tangled branches so as to form a more impenetrable shade. Altogether, the scene wore that air of striking neatness and pleasant quiet, which touches the mind wearied with the city's din, and awakens idle dreams of retirement and rural happiness.

The evening dew was just falling upon the fields, the vines, trees, and flowers, and called forth the delicious perfume of a thousand breathing plants. A bright star flashed like a lonely diamond on the brow of night; and the water dashed gently against the beach. I thought I had scarcely ever beheld a scene more beautiful.

A glance discovered to me what I have taken so long to describe, and I had no sooner cast around me a look of admiration than the stranger took me kindly by the hand, and by his gentlemanly and graceful attentions made me feel immediately on the footing of an old friend.

The rooms were furnished with taste bordering on splendor, with a costly piano, massive mahogany tables of the deepest and richest stain, flute, library, and pictures. The Spectator, Shakspeare, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats and White, were lying on the stand, London editions, in russet binding. But, as my friend predicted, the wife and children were irresistible. The former was young and shy, but very pretty, the fairest of all fair complexions; a mouth, which—but being a married lady she shall go undescribed, although her eyes were large and blue, and her foot the "loveliest of remembered things." The children, two boys and two girls, were, if possible, an improvement of the mother. The same silken hair, but of a brighter gold; the same style of face, but more perfect and shadowless; such warm, earnest, radiant countenances, as enchain the attention like a spell, and make one's soul sink within him, that he is not a painter; and as for their voices, they may talk of operas, recitatives, choruses; they may even tell of the humming of bees, the rustling of branches and the gurgling of waters, but give me the tone of a sweet child when its spirit is awake, and the brightness of its new-born thoughts is glowing on its cheek, and flashing in its eyes. A meal, the zest for which was by no means diminished by our admiration of every thing around, being finished, the affectionate husband and father, with a kind of pride as graceful as it was well grounded, led his wife to the piano. The brilliancy of her playing, and the taste and feeling with which she sang surprised me. I was yet more agreeably disappointed, when her husband placed before her a duet, and accompanied her with a voice so deep, rich, and mellow, that the very children gathered around and listened in silence. We were afterwards called to admire some paintings.

"I love paintings," said our host, "and could not live without them any more than without music. For this one," continued he, "I paid five hundred dollars, and the same for the one opposite. They are said to be originals by Raphael, and at least perplex the most practised connoisseur; and now," added he, in a lively tone, as his little daughter put up her red lips to kiss him, and shook back the masses of golden curls from her lovely face, "let us have a dance, my children, and then the little ones must be off to bed."

They were just four, and as they performed a lively dance which they had been taught by their mother, I was much struck with the affectionate pleasure which the father took in contemplating them, and the good sense and benevolence which he discovered in his words as well as his actions. A smile of perfect content overspread his handsome face as he spoke: "you see, gentlemen, where I find my happiness. To me these are the treasures of the world, and this spot its centre. My philosophy instructs me that whatever makes this scene pleasant, beautiful or attractive—whatever renders it more delightful to me, or enhances the cheerfulness and joy of these its careless inmates, is of the highest importance and

value. Besides this the world offers me absolutely nothing. Fame, wealth, travel, power, the opinion of men, are all such vain and empty things to me, that I wonder when I read what pains my fellow-creatures take to obtain them. I pursue my business only to insure a uniform and moderate income, which leaves me abundant leisure to enjoy rural sports and domestic occupations. I am fond of reading, music, drawing; I dote on my wife and children; as long as they are happy, I am content, and have nothing to disturb my uniform tranquillity but the fear that one day the circle may be broken—that sickness may seize one of these dear beings—that some bright head may be missed from the groupe before me—that some sweet voice may be hushed." I thought I perceived something like moisture in his eyes. I am sure I felt a sort of dimness in my own. I shook him by the hand as he said "good night," with a respect, admiration, and love, rarely excited on so brief an acquaintance.

We put forth in our little boat from the shore. Starry night now usurped the sky, and the city, with its innumerable flashing lights, lay stretched out before us on the water.

"That man," said I, "is a model. He is the best, the truest, and the happiest philosopher that ever existed."

"He is the most unprincipled rascal I ever knew," said my companion. "His beautiful house and grounds have been paid for by confiding creditors, whom he has cheated deliberately out of thousands. I would not trust him with a dollar. I admire his family, who are totally unacquainted with his dishonest habits. He really loves them, and well he may, for often they have saved him when he was actually in danger. He has now, however, taken the benefit of the act. You see how he lives. He will cheat you if he can. You cannot judge of men in a hurry, and nothing is more deceptive than character." My friend spoke of Mr. Thompson. SEDLEY.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

GENTLEMEN—Parables, if ingeniously managed, are always striking. The mind is, at every moment, delighted with the discovery of the resemblance between the story and the reality which it is intended to illustrate. The force with which, in the scriptures, the most important truths are displayed by this ingenious method, affords a strong argument in favor of its use in conveying vivid impressions, which, if communicated in abstract rule or precept, would want charm to make them attractive, and power to render them distinct and lasting. The one which I have taken leave to select for your pages, is a fine elucidation of the confidence which the spirit should feel even in the last crisis of expiring nature. He who has studied life attentively must experience the need of some support, which the mind requires, but too frequently requires in vain, amid the weariness and disappointments of the world. In this respect what an incalculable advantage is possessed by him who can commit himself fearlessly to the dark abyss with the assurance of soon entering a better world beyond. PORTIA.

LIFE AND LOVE—A PARABLE.

In the depths of a cave young Life awoke as if from sleep. And because she knew not where she was, or whose hand had awakened her, she gazed intently towards the darkness behind her, and softly said, "Whence am I?"

When none answered, she lifted up her voice and cried aloud, "Whence am I?"

The cry resounded through the depths of the cave, and was heard in lower depths, and lower, till it died away into silence.

Yet was there no reply.

Then the spirit turned towards the mouth of the cave. Roses hung around it, and the vine put forth its clusters among the roses.

One stood without, watching till young Life should come forth into the sunshine. When she saw the angel, she marvelled at the beauty of his countenance, and said,

"Comest thou from the depths even as I?"

And the angel answered, "Thou hast arisen out of darkness, but I dwell in the midst of light. Thou art but now awakened; but I have gone to and fro for ages of ages. I am from Him who awakened thee, and my name is Love. Fear nothing, for I can guard thee whithersoever thou goest. Call on me, and I will be nigh."

Then seeing that the spirit looked on the flowers and fruits that hung around, he smiled, and laid aside the palm-rod that he bore, and gathered of the roses as many as she would: and the fruits which hung aloft he held within her reach.

When she went forward, at length, the whole earth was fair before her. She roved the meadows, and bounded over the hills, and trod the paths of the groves till she was wearied and athirst.

Then she looked around for the angel, but she beheld him not.

Remembering that he had promised to come when she had need, she called on his name; and he was there.

And he rebuked her, saying, "Are there not messengers sent unto thee from above and from beneath, and thou regardest them not? Wherefore art thou faint, when they are around thee, who shall renew thy strength?"

Then Life gazed steadfastly, and saw that a multitude of spirits were near. They uprose from the flowers of the field, and thronged the thickets of the forest. They issued from the abyss, and came down from among the stars. They sang amid the clouds on the mountain-top, and their music floated on the still lake.

When the young spirit held out her arms, they came unto her, and ministered unto her more and more continually.

The angel Love also blessed her. When her path lay through the sultry desert, he made a shade for her with his wings. He opened a way for her in the tangled wilderness, and soothed her when the tempest burst around her head.

When she asked, "Shall there be always snares, and burning heats, and tempests?" he replied,

"Nay; but for a while. When thou art on yonder summit, a cloud shall bear thee where such things are not."

As she drew nigh the mountain, they that thronged around her went back one by one, so that when she reached the summit, behold! she was alone.

And she saw a thick black cloud rolling towards her, and fearing to be swept away, she clung to the earth, and cried fearfully to the angel; but he was no where seen.

Then the skirts of the cloud hid from her the gay, bright earth; and a heavy chill fell on her.

And as the damps compassed her round about, one looked forth brightly from the cloud and smiled.

It was the angel. He held forth his hand, saying,

"Though thou hast oftentimes forgotten me, behold me here in thy utmost need."

Then was revealed bright glory within the cloud, and the spirit sprang into it eagerly.

And as they sailed away into the ether, the angel cleft the cloud with his rod, and showed unto his charge the path she had traversed. The glory in which she lay fell upon it, and made it wholly beautiful. The waters which had been dark now gleamed, and the tangled forest waved majestically in the golden light.

When she looked upwards, she saw how the radiance spread unto the depths of the heaven till her dazzled eye could see no further.

"Farest thou?" said the angel, as she bowed her head;

"I lead thee unto Him who awakened thee out of darkness."

"I would fain behold him," she replied; "and what should I fear when I am with thee?"

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

MESSEURS. EDITORS—I am a belle, and a beauty—and that is saying all in one word. I have a great many admirers, and two lovers, who occasion me serious perplexity. They are so equally balanced that neither papa, mama, nor I can tell which of the two to choose, Mortimer or Mordecai. Mordecai is the richest, but then he has such a droll name. I should not like to be called Mrs. Mordecai Todhunter—should you, Messrs. Editors? Mortimer has the prettiest barouche, but Mordecai has the handsomest country-seat, with a lake and a temple to the goddess Serious, I think they call her. She must have been a humdrum sort of a creature by her name. As to personal accomplishments and appearance, they are pretty equally balanced, except that Mortimer drives his barouche the most gracefully, and wears his face behind his whiskers in the most fashionable style. Papa and mama, who are extremely anxious for my happiness, have made the most particular inquiries about their fortunes, and papa says Mordecai beats the other by about two thousand. But then Mortimer is such a pretty name—don't you think it worth two thousand dollars? Papa says that Mortimer has also got a beautiful pigeon-house, at his country-seat, which is a good offset to the temple of Serious. I have a vast deal of trouble in making up my mind between the two, and am sometimes almost afraid I shall lose one or both of my admirers before I can come to a decision. Mordecai already begins to be rather attentive to my cousin Agnes, but I don't fear her, as she is neither a belle nor a beauty. I wish you would assist me in this perplexity, and favor me with

your advice, which, however, I don't promise to follow, unless agreeable. Adieu.

FLIRTINA ARRY.

P. S. I have said nothing of the talents and moral character of my admirers, as papa says that the only good men worth having are the good men on 'change.

F. A.

REMARKS.—We cannot refuse a request from a lady; it goes against our conscience. Though it is really a puzzling case, and demands serious consideration. Let us see. The two thousand dollars, *viz.* the hard name, the pigeon-house and the temple of Serious—who is not, however, a goddess of our acquaintance. Manners, morals, and acquirements out of the question. What a pity our fair correspondent cannot marry both of them! As this is, however, quite impossible, we humbly suggest the propriety of taking two straws of unequal length, calling one Mortimer, the other Mordecai, and drawing lots, selecting the longest straw for a husband.—*Eds.*

For the New-York Mirror.

Lines to a Little Girl.

By James Mack.

THE young affections of a heart,
Where nothing of impure has part;
Oh, these are treasures dearer far
Than all the gems of India are!

My child, it has not oft been mine
To win a heart so pure as thine;
And all who shared my love's caress
Have left me to my loneliness!

For scarce in childhood can I find
One faithful heart or grateful mind;
But I would hope it so may be
That I have found them both in thee;

For when on mine thy dear eyes play,
I read in them affection's ray;
And then I feel, my pretty dove,
I love thee with a brother's love!

Shouldst thou not change, and shouldst thou not
Be torn from me, whate'er my lot,
Thy pure affections were a balm
That might my every sorrow calm.

While those affections in thee dwell,
My child, my heart must love thee well;
But mine a love of little worth,
And little that of all the earth!

The only love that is not vain
Is that which doth to God attain;
And if thy heart on Him be placed,
Thou shalt be in His love embraced.

How I would bless thee every hour,
My cherub child, had I the power!
But God, the source of every good,
Alone can bless thee as I would!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LIGHT.

THE phenomena of light are, perhaps, more extraordinary than all the other wonders of nature. The penetration of the learned has vainly endeavored to search into its mystery. That it can be produced by rubbing two sticks together, or striking one stone against another—that it should be so blended and so separated in the rainbow and prism, are inexplicable, however well defined the rules by which it acts. The contemplation of these subjects fills the mind with agreeable and elevating thoughts, and accustoms youth to intelligent observations and reflections.

We have been gratified with reading a Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, by I. W. F. Herschel, esq., recently published in London. From it we make the following extract:

Every body knows that objects viewed through a transparent medium, such as water or glass, appear distorted or displaced. Thus a stick in water appears bent, and an object seen through a prism, or wedge of glass, seems to be thrown aside from its true place. This effect is owing to what is called the *refraction* of light; and a simple rule, discovered by Willebrod Snell, enables any one exactly to say how much the stick will be bent, and how far, and in what direction, the apparent situation of an object seen through the glass will deviate from the real one. If a shilling be laid at the bottom of a basin of water, and viewed obliquely, it will appear to be raised by the water; if instead of water, spirits of wine be used, it will appear more raised, if oil, still more; but in none of these cases will it appear to be thrown aside to the right or left of its true place, however the eye be situated. The plane in which are contained the eye, the object, and the point in the surface of the liquid at which the object is seen, is an upright, or vertical plane; and this is one of the

principal characters in the ordinary refraction of light; viz. that the ray by which we see an object through a refracting surface, although it undergoes a bending, and is, as it were, broken at the surface, yet, in pursuing its course to the eye, does not quit a plane perpendicular to the refracting surface. But there are again other substances, such as rock-crystal, and especially Iceland spar, which possess the singular property of doubling the image or appearance of an object seen through them in certain directions; so that instead of seeing one object we see two, side by side, when such a crystal or spar is interposed between the object and the eye; and if a ray, or small sunbeam be thrown upon a surface of either of these substances, it will be split into two, making an angle with each other, and each pursuing its own separate course—this is called double refraction. Now, of these images, or double refracted rays, one always follows the same rule as if the substance were glass or water: its deviations can be correctly calculated by Snell's law, above mentioned, and it does not quit the plane perpendicular to the refracting surface. The other ray, on the contrary, (which is therefore said to have undergone extraordinary refraction) *does* quit that plane, and the amount of its deviation from its former course requires for its determination a much more complicated rule, which cannot be understood or even stated without a pretty intimate knowledge of geometry. Now, rock crystal and Iceland spar, differ from glass in a very remarkable circumstance. They effect naturally certain regular figures, not being formed in shapeless lumps, but in determinate geometrical forms; and they are susceptible of being cleft or split much easier in certain directions than in others; they have a grain, which glass has not. When other substances have this peculiarity (and which are called crystalized substances) were examined, they were all, or by far the greater part, found to possess the singular property of double refraction: and it was very natural to conclude, therefore, that the same thing took place in all of them, viz. that of the two rays into which any beam of light falling on the surface of such a substance was split, or of the two images of an object seen through it, one only was turned aside out of its plane, and extraordinarily refracted, while the other followed the ordinary rule. Accordingly this was supposed to be the case: and not only so; but from some trials and measurements purposely made, by a philosopher of great eminence, it was considered to be a fact sufficiently established by experiment.

Perhaps we might have remained long under this impression, for the measurements are delicate, and the subject very difficult. But it has lately been demonstrated by an eminent French philosopher and mathematician, M. Fresnel, that granting certain principles or postulates, all the phenomena of double refraction, including perhaps the greatest variety of facts that have ever been arranged under one general head, may be satisfactorily explained and deducted from them, by strict mathematical calculation; and that, when applied to the cases first mentioned, those principles give a satisfactory account of the *want* of the extraordinary image: that, when applied to such cases as those of rock crystal or Iceland spar, they also give a correct account of both the images, and agree in their conclusions with the rules before ascertained for them: but so far from coinciding with that part of the previous statement, which would make these conclusions extend to all crystalized substances, M. Fresnel's principles lead to a conclusion quite opposite, and point to a *fact* which never had been observed, viz. that in by far the greater number of crystalized substances, which possess the property of double refraction, neither of the images follows the ordinary law, but both undergo a deviation from the original plane. Now, this had never been observed in any previous trial, and all opinion was against it. But when put to the test of experiment in a great variety of new and ingenious methods, it was found to be fully verified; and to complete the evidence, the substances on whose imperfect examination the first erroneous conclusion was founded, having been lately subjected to a fresh, and more scrupulous examination, the result has shown the insufficiency of the former measurements, and proved in perfect accordance with the newly discovered laws. Now, it will be observed in this case, first, that so far from the principles assumed by M. Fresnel being at all obvious, they are extremely remote from ordinary observation; and, secondly, that the chain of reasoning by which they are brought to the test, is one of such length and complexity, and the purely mathematical difficulty of the application so great, that no more good estimate can be formed of the chance of error, than of the triumph of chance. They show at once how large a part pure reason has to perform in our examination of nature, and how implicit

our reliance ought to be on that powerful and methodical system of rules and processes, which constitute the modern mathematical analysis, in all the more difficult applications of exact calculations to her phenomena.

To take an instance more within ordinary apprehension. An eminent living geometer has proved, by calculations founded on strict optical principles, that in the centre of the shadow of a small circular plate of metal, exposed in a dark room to a beam of light emanating from a very small brilliant point, there ought to be no darkness, in fact, *no shadow* at that place; but on the contrary, a degree of illumination precisely as bright as if the metal plate were away. Strange, and even impossible as this conclusion may seem, it has been put to the trial, and found perfectly correct.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Encyclopædia Americana. A popular dictionary of arts, sciences, literature, history, politics, and biography, brought down to the present time, &c. &c. on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Edited by Francis Lieber. Assisted by E. Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. pp. 607. vol. vi. 8vo. 1831.

This is one of the best and most useful publications ever issued from the American press. It contains an invaluable collection of information on a vast variety of subjects, arranged with great care, and sold at so moderate a rate as to render the price altogether disproportioned to the real excellence of the work. It is to be completed in twelve large octavo volumes, of between six and seven hundred pages each, elegantly printed and bound in cloth, at two dollars and fifty cents per volume. We extract from the last the sketch of

HAYDN.

"Joseph Haydn was born 1732, in the village of Rohrau, on the borders of Hungary and Austria. His father, a poor wheelwright, played on the harp on Sundays, his mother accompanying with her voice. When the boy was five years old, he used, during his parents' performance, to make motions with a board and a stick, as if he was playing the violin. A schoolmaster, whom accident led to this concert, observing that Joseph kept good time, asked permission to take him to his school. Here he learned to read and write, and received instruction in singing and in playing on the violin and other instruments. After he had been here two years, he became, at the age of eight years, a chorister in St. Stephen's. At the age of ten years, he composed pieces for six or eight voices. "I then thought," he afterwards remarked, laughingly, "that the blacker the paper, the finer the music." With the loss of his fine soprano, he lost his place, in his sixteenth year. His situation was now very discouraging, and he had a foretaste of the difficulties which await an artist without fortune or patrons. He gave instructions in music, played in the orchestra, and occupied himself with composing. "With my worm-eaten harpsichord," said he, "I did not envy the lot of kings." At that time, the six first sonatas of Emanuel Bach fell into his hands. "I did not leave the harpsichord," said he, "until they were played through, from beginning to end; and any one who knows me must perceive that I owe much to Emanuel Bach; that I have carefully studied his style; and he himself once paid me a compliment about it." The youth at length had the good fortune to become acquainted with a Mlle. de Martinez, the friend of Matasias. He instructed her in singing and playing on the harpsichord, for which he received his board and lodging. The first opera-poet of the age, and the best composer of symphonies, thus lived in the same house, though in very different circumstances. The poet, honored with the favor of the court, lived in the midst of pleasures, while the poor musician was obliged to pass the days in bed, for want of fuel. When Mlle. de Martinez left Vienna, Haydn was again plunged into the greatest distress. He retired into the suburb of Leopoldstadt, where a hairdresser took him into his house. This residence had a fatal influence over the rest of his life. He married the daughter of his host, who poisoned his happiest days. Haydn was eighteen years old when he composed his first quartetto, which met with general success, and encouraged him to new efforts. At the age of nineteen he composed the *Devil on Two Sticks*, an opera which was forbidden, on account of its satirical character, after its third representation. Haydn now became so celebrated, that prince Esterhazy placed him at the head of his private chapel. For this prince he composed some beautiful symphonies—a department in which he excelled all other composers—and the greatest part of his fine quartetts. Here he also composed the symphony known by the name of *Haydn's Departure*, in which one instrument stops after another, and each musician, as soon as he has finished, puts out his light, rolls up his note-book, and

retires. When, after a period of about twenty years, the prince Esterhazy reduced his court, and Haydn received his discharge, he went to London, to which he had often been invited. In 1794, he made a second journey thither. He found a most splendid reception, and the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of doctor of music. In England, Haydn first became generally known; he had not enjoyed an extensive reputation in his native country. On his return from England, he purchased a small house and garden in one of the suburbs of Vienna. Here he composed the *Creation* and the *Seasons*. The former work, which is full of the fire of youth, was finished in his sixty-fifth year. The *Seasons*, his last work, was completed in eleven months. Among his numerous works are also a *Te Deum*, a *Stabat*, many concerts, marches, masses, &c. Haydn made a new epoch in instrumental music. Inexhaustible in invention and execution, always new and original, always surprising and satisfying the hearer, he ruled the taste of the age. His symphonies have all these characteristics. From him the quartetts first obtained a spirit and an artful involution, which enraptured connoisseurs. Some years before his death, which happened May 31, 1809, the Dilettanti Society in Vienna concluded their winter concerts with a splendid performance of the *Creation*, to which Haydn was invited. His reception made a great impression on him, weakened as he was by age, but his own work affected him still more deeply; and, at the passage "It was light," overpowered by the harmony which he had himself created, the tears ran down his cheeks, and, with upraised arms, he cried, "Not from me, but thence does all this come!" He sunk under the weight of his feelings, and was obliged to be carried out."

The annexed brief notice will be interesting, especially to those who heard the celebrated vocalist during his visit to this country.

INCLEDON, THE VOCALIST.

"Benjamin Charles Incledon, the English vocalist, was born about 1764. When only eight years old, he was articled to Jackson of Exeter, under whose tuition he remained as a chorister in Exeter cathedral until his fifteenth year. In 1779 he entered the navy as a common sailor. His vocal abilities having attracted the notice of his officers, he was advised to try his fortune on the stage. In October, 1790, he made his debut on the London boards, at Covent-garden theatre, with great success, in the character of Dermot, in O'Keefe's musical farce of the Poor Soldier, and rose at once into a degree of popularity, which attended him till the infirmities consequent upon advancing years, and an irregular mode of life, compelled him to retire from the active duties of his profession. Of the diminution of his powers, however, he never could be persuaded, but constantly attributed his declining popularity to the caprice of the public. His voice—a rich tenor—combined uncommon power, sweetness, and ductility, both in the natural and *falsetto*, and his intonation was singularly correct, taking his imperfect education into consideration. His articulation was, however, far from equal to his other qualities, being coarse, not to say vulgar. The better sort of the old English ballad, of which Stevens's *Storm* and Gay's *Black-eyed Susan* are, perhaps, among the finest specimens, was decidedly his forte: in this style of singing he had no equal. Pecuniary embarrassments, arising from an utter carelessness of money and general improvidence, embittered the latter part of his life, which was closed at Worcester, February, 1826."

We sincerely trust that the enterprising publishers of this inestimable work will continue to obtain for it a ready and general circulation.

The Beauties of the British Poets, with a few introductory observations. By the Rev. George Croly. New-York: C. Wells. 12mo. 1 vol. p. 393. 1831.

This volume is of a nature calculated to be useful in this country. It may be said, that the ease with which the careless reader may thus become possessed of the beauties of an author, will abate his eagerness to peruse his whole works. But we rather suppose, that there are multitudes of persons here who love to read, and have sufficient taste to appreciate this collection of fragments, yet who could never be at all acquainted with them unless thus brought within their reach. The selections are not made altogether as we could wish. Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, Scott, Campbell, Byron, and Goldsmith might have been omitted, as already well known by all who read at all. The productions of Chaucer, Spenser, Crabbe, Southey, Coleridge, Keats, and Wolfe, are very properly introduced.

Although old Chaucer paid little attention to the smoothness, the metre, and the glitter of the thin idea, beaten out in the poetry of the present day, like gold leaf; yet some of our

modern moon-gazers might read many a precious lesson in wit, wisdom, and imagination from his rough verse.

The reader unacquainted with his works will peruse this rather as a specimen of his style than of his general merit:

"With him there was his son, a fresh young squire,
A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With locks curled as they were laid in press;
Of twenty years of age he was I guess.
Of his stature he was of equal length,
And wonderfully agile, and great of strength;
And he had something seen of chivalrie,
In Flanders, in Artois, and Picardie,
And borne him well, as of little space,
In hope to stand in his lady's grace.
"Embroiled was he, as it were a meade
All full of fresh flowers, white and red,
Singing he was, or fluting all the day,
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his gown, with sleeves full long and wide,
Well could he sit on horse, and fairly ride.
He could songs make, and well endite,
Joste, and ke dance, and well portray and write.
Courteous he was, lowly and servicable,
And carved for his father at the table."

Crabbe, whom we believe Byron termed the best of the living British poets, is but slightly read in this country compared with Moore, Scott, and Campbell; and yet there is much strong, forcible picturing in the subjoined lines "on a mother's death." The reader will excuse the room they occupy.

"Then died lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued mother and a faithful wife;
Called not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast bound, as charity can bind,—
Not when the ill of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart;
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke:
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew till every hope was gone:
Still those around appeared for hope to seek!
But viewed the sick and were afraid to speak.
"Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead:
When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed:
My part began; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye; alarm in every face:
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came their griefs to blend;
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bride,
He knew not grief, but cries expressed his fear;
Each different age and sex revealed its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain;
While the neck father listening to their tones,
Swelled the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to soothe her mind applied;
"Be patient, patient, be patient, be patient;
But failed as oft, and weeping turned away.
"Curious and sad upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children wandering to and fro;
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.
"Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place—where she no more was found;
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labor all her own;
The lattice bower with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday pew she filled with all her race;
Each place of hers was now a sacred place,
That while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart and forced them still to rise."

Journal of a Cruise of the United States Schooner Dolphin among the Islands of the Pacific Ocean; and a Visit to the Mulgrave Islands, in pursuit of the Mutineers of the whale ship Globe. With a map. By Lieutenant Hiram Paulding, of the United States Navy. New-York: G. & C. & H. Carvill. p. 258. 12mo. 1831.

Among the phenomena of the present day may be reckoned the publication of a little book, which, in as few words as possible, communicates all the writer has to say and no more. Such is the work before us, which records the particulars of "a cruise of upwards of eleven months in an unfrequented ocean," in the compass of two hundred and fifty-eight pages of small duodecimo. Assuredly Lieutenant Paulding knows nothing of the art of book-making, or with the materials before him, he might with perfect convenience to himself, if not to his readers, have manufactured two respectable octavos at least.

We cannot but confess, however, that we are rather pleased with the outrage committed by our young author on the fashion of the times, not being able to comprehend very distinctly the propriety of making the public pay for size instead of substance, and purchase its corn, chaff and all. We are inclined to say of brevity, that it is the soul of knowledge as well as wit; and have often been tempted to compare a great book, made after the present most approved fashion, to a great house, only one or two rooms of which are furnished and occupied.

Lieutenant Paulding is indeed deplorably deficient in that talent which has been supposed to be characteristic of sailors, to wit, of "spinning long yarns." He proceeds, after a brief exposition of the object of the *Dolphin's* cruise, to a detail of the occurrences which took place, with a clearness and simplicity of style which is equally applicable to the subject, and equally indicative of good taste as well as good sense. To

see a sailor bold, throwing about earthquakes, tides, and volcanoes; speculating on the Wernerian and Huttonian systems, and giving long Latin names to the most innocent plants growing on unfrequented isles, where never botanist set his foot, to our minds furnishes pretty conclusive evidence that he has had frequent intercourse with the Encyclopedia, or that he has employed some eminent professor of common place, to sprinkle his work with a profusion of the withered flowers of hacknied science.

The author has, we think, very properly avoided all this, describing only what he sees, and leaving it to others to draw their own conclusions from the facts he furnishes. His account of the Mulgrave Islands is to us particularly interesting. They appear to be the very latest formation of the earth, and their inhabitants to approach nearer to the simplicity of a state of nature, than any other people we have seen described. If so, one might be apt to believe the eulogiums of sentimentalists on nature and simplicity are not very well founded. They seem to have been both treacherous and revengeful; and, in the art of thieving, equal to any of Paul Clifford's worthy associates. This propensity to the agrarian system of property, is, however, characteristic of all people approaching to a state of nature, and originates partly in their confused notions of *meum* and *tuum*, partly in the absence of definite laws securing property, and definite punishments for violating them.

The sketch which Lieutenant Paulding gives us, of the manners and habits of the natives of Oahoo, who are said to have been converted, is not calculated to sanction any very exalted ideas of the benefits derived from the zealous and persevering exertions of the missionaries in that quarter. Experience, indeed, has every where demonstrated that the christian religion is the religion of civilized men. Neither barbarians nor savages can comprehend its sublime precepts; its morality, its forbearance, its mercy, or its justice. When savages become agriculturists; when they learn to practise the arts of civilization, and all the relations of social life grow familiar to them, the seed now sown may take root and flourish. Time and patience, zeal and perseverance, piety and enthusiasm, every day work miracles; and let us wait to see what these will perform among the savages of the Pacific. The experiment is worth attention; let it have a fair trial. Rome was not built in a day; neither can the ancient habits of men, their cherished superstitions, and their inheritance of ignorance, be dissipated so easily as some imagine.

The perusal of this work has afforded us particular gratification. The author is evidently no practised writer, yet his style is, with a very few exceptions, clear, brief, and applicable to the subject. He neither deals in sentimental flights, nor tiresome declamation, nor inflated descriptions of perils by sea or land. In short, all is natural and unaffected. As such we heartily recommend it to our readers—as a little book—a cheap book, and a highly amusing as well as interesting book. We understand the author is the oldest son of the late John Paulding, one of the captors of Major Andre.

Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Henry Glassford Bell, esq. In two volumes. Constituting Nos. XXI. and XXII. of Harper's Family Library. 12mo. pp. 276-275. 1831.

The innocence of the beautiful Scottish queen is more easy to wish than to prove. We deem him a bold man, at this day, who touches upon it any more than upon the everlasting Junius question. Mr. Henry Bell, the author of the present life, commences, as he informs the reader in a somewhat lengthy preface, with the usual "conscientious desire to disseminate truth;" and, as the first evidence, sweeps off all his predecessors by the wholesale, to make way for himself. He disclaims "the insipidity of neutrality, and the bigotry of party zeal." For his equivocal compliments to Dr. Robertson, the accomplished author of the History of Scotland, we have a most provoking propensity to give Mr. Henry Bell's two octo-decimos the benefit of a very particular dissection, but other avocations prevent our doing so at present, and we therefore suffer him to escape, with this only remark, that he who sets out by sneering at such a writer as Robertson, must, at least in his *own* opinion, have composed a very readable book.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels Including anecdotes of a Naval Life: chiefly for the use of young persons. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. F.R.S. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 2 vols. pp. 247-235. 1831.

This is really an amusing production, which will be read with interest by all, but especially by those accustomed to the sea. The author appears to more advantage on his own element than on land. We had, however, noticed the "Fragments of Voyages and Travels" several weeks ago, and before it was reprinted by these intelligent and enterprising publishers. It appears in a neat form, and at a moderate price.

An Atlas of Ancient Geography. By Samuel Butler, D.D. Author of Modern and Ancient Geography for the use of Schools. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1 vol. 8vo. Stereotype edition. 1831.

From the same teeming press we have also received this valuable and elegant octavo. It contains twenty-one coloured maps with a copious index. Students of ancient history will find this atlas a desirable addition to their libraries.

Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs, and Ballads, Pastoral, Amatory, Sentimental, Patriotic, Religious, and Miscellaneous. Together with Metrical Epistles, Tales, and Recitations. By Samuel Woodworth. Third edition. Comprising many late productions, never before published. 1 vol. 18mo. p. 288. New-York: Elliot & Palmer. 1831.

All our readers know Mr. Woodworth, or are at least acquainted with his poetry. They need not, therefore, be told that he has written numerous verses far above mediocrity, with several pieces altogether unequalled on this side the water, and perhaps unsurpassed any where. His Bucket and Watermelon are exquisite. No one reads them without getting thirsty and hungry. We are sincerely gratified at the success of the volume, and hope that this will not be, as the auctioneers say, "the third and last" edition. It is as sketchy and readable as any one could wish, and we expect that everybody born between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico, will buy it as a matter of course.

The Boston School Atlas. With Elementary Geography and Astronomy. Boston: Lincoln & Edwards. 1831.

This neatly printed and useful work is intended to obviate the necessity of placing larger and more expensive volumes in the hands of the young scholar. It comprises both map and book, and has already passed through three editions.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Fraud in lotteries.—In the American Argus of the fifteenth instant, Mr. Canfield publishes an account which tends to prove that there is a fraud practised upon the community in the *permutation*, as distinguished from the *combination*, lotteries. He declares the former to be unfair, inasmuch as it is capable of a *secret arrangement*, by which the adventurer who purchases a ticket with the idea that there are six large prizes to be drawn, in reality stands a chance for only one. The calculation of Mr. Canfield is very elaborate and complicated, and such as might involve a system of swindling very difficult to be comprehended, far less discovered. As it is an affair in which many are interested, we deem this notice a matter of duty. Society cannot be too much on their guard against impositions in every concern of a pecuniary nature. We shall watch the effects of this development, and, if necessary, resume the subject hereafter. We must add, however, that we are unacquainted with the character of the persons whom the substantiation of Mr. Canfield's statement will brand as dishonest speculators on the confidence and credulity of their fellow-citizens.

Dogs and fire-crackers.—These are abominable nuisances. The dogs should certainly be taxed, and the owners compelled to keep them confined; but the sudden law of the corporation is barbarous. We concede that all the canine race had better be killed, than one human being tortured with the most awful of diseases. Yet a medium course might have been adopted—something between the savageness of indiscriminate slaughter, and Alderman Hall's plan of exempting his own ward from any tax at all, a proposition which smacks strongly of what people call "taking care of number one." The decree has however gone forth, and many an honest and affectionate creature has paid the forfeit. The next object of legislation is the mischievous practice of firing *crackers*. They are flung in entries, at horses, and passengers. Several distressing accidents occurred last year, in consequence thereof. Eyes were put out, and horses frightened so as to throw their riders. We recommend the corporation to come out boldly, and have all the little boys killed—a dollar a head. We warrant there are plenty in the city who would be pleased with the opportunity to make even a small sum of money honestly, and there's nothing like energy in legislation.

The Albion.—The best evidence that this paper has been conducted with ability and moderation, is that it has been published in this city nine years. It frequently contains original articles, marked at once by temperate opinions on the events passing in Europe, and the most uniform courtesy towards the United States, and is at the same time avowedly a reprint of foreign journals, and distinguished by the number and quality of its selections. We have, from its commencement, read it with both attention and interest, and have always considered it a most invaluable compendium of European literature, news, and politics. The annexed paragraph, which we copy with much pleasure, is from the last number:

"The promised enlargement of this journal was carried into effect last week, with the commencement of the *tenth* volume. The increase is not very palpable, for being made equally on every page, only one-eighth part meets the eye, but the actual gain is fully equivalent to *one entire page*. This is the second time we have augmented the dimensions of our sheet, besides giving up the greater part of the page allotted to advertisements, as stipulated in the original prospectus. By these several arrangements we now present our readers with nearly half as much more reading matter as formerly, and, as no additional price is charged, we trust the public will see in these increased exertions and expenditure, a substantial proof of our determination to render ourselves worthy of the extensive and increasing patronage which is daily pouring in upon us from almost every portion of the western world."

We are gratified to hear of this, as it affords convincing evidence that a good public journal in this community will never fail to receive the support it merits; and so long as the Albion preserves its present standing, and friendly feeling towards this country and its institutions, we wish it all manner of success. We conclude by quoting the termination of the editor's remarks on the subject of the contemplated improvements:

"Before we take leave of our readers, we have yet to say, that should we be able to mature some other plans we have in view, or hereafter feel it necessary, in order fully to embody a complete and comprehensive view of the stupendous events now apparently unfolding themselves in the eastern hemisphere—we shall not hesitate again to incur a similar pecuniary sacrifice, by once more increasing the size of our journal without advancing the terms. Our ruling principle is,—and we shall follow it up without regard to any subordinate considerations,—to render this paper, what it purports to be, a full and faithful mirror of the news, politics, and literature of Europe, more particularly that of England."

Writing a play.—Among the perplexities, which, seen in the perspective, frighten many a sprightly writer from this undertaking, the following, from the "Dramatic Annual," are not among the least: "When a man attempts to write a five-act comedy, his first difficulty consists in pleasing himself; his second in pleasing the manager; his third in pleasing the actors; his fourth in pleasing the audience; his fifth in pleasing the newspapers; and, in addition to all these, the actors must please not to be taken ill; the weather must please not to be unfavorable; the opposing theatre must please not to put up strong bills; and then—what then? what then, 'please to pay the bearer the small sum of—' N. B. The sun is sometimes, per accident, not paid at all."

Piano forte.—A knowledge of this instrument is such a graceful and agreeable branch of female education, that we are pleased to observe the attention with which it is pursued. We have lately witnessed the efforts of a lady, whose taste and brilliancy of execution award her a place among the best performers. We trust there is no impropriety in mentioning the name of Miss Poole, as she comes before the public as a teacher, in which capacity she has strong claims upon their notice. Few are so competent to afford the greatest advantages to learners in the art, the study of which she has for many years prosecuted in England, under the best masters.

Boston City Guards.—The courtesy with which the common council welcomed these gentlemen from our Athenian sister city, is equally honorable to themselves, and gratifying to the inhabitants. Their short stay here prevented various expressions of friendly sentiments which were about to be extended towards them. They were to have been conducted, by an United States officer, on an excursion to view the bay, with its forts, &c., and also the establishments of Bellevue, Blackwell's Island, and, in the evening, to an entertainment at Niblo's garden; but, in consequence of their early departure, these, and other marks of good feeling were confined to a suitable appropriation, a visit to the theatre, and collation. They are a finely disciplined corps, with a superior band. On Wednesday they paraded in the Park before crowds of our fellow-citizens, and on the same afternoon, left the city, accompanied by the good wishes of all.

Trinkets.—The custom, formerly so prevalent, of presenting young children with gifts consisting of mere useless trinkets, is now very properly superseded by that of awarding to them pretty and instructive volumes, compiled and written expressly for their use. The present practice is, perhaps, induced by the number of juvenile works recently written with both care and taste. Among others we have seen a miniature edition for the hands of little masters and misses, entitled, "Gems of Sacred Poetry," published by Sleight, at Clinton-hall. It is bound in a fanciful manner, and contains a frontispiece and another engraving.

SWEET GUITAR!

A POPULAR BALLAD—COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT.

Andantino con moto.

Sweet gui - tar, thy wild notes cheer me; Let me wake thy dear - est lay; Sweet gui - tar, thy wild notes cheer me; Let me wake thy dear - est

lay. Sweet gui - tar, sweet gui - tar, Sweet gui - tar, whilst thou art near me, My griefs are all be - gull'd a - way; Sweet gui -

tar, whilst thou art near me, My griefs are all be - gull'd a - way. Sweet gui - tar, sweet gui - tar, sweet gui - tar.

SECOND VERSE.

Let my fingers once more press thee,
 Calling forth thy tend'rest song,
 Sweet guitar;
 Then my voice shall mingling bless thee,
 As its murmurs sigh along,
 Sweet guitar,

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

CONVENTION OF THE LITERATI IN NEW-YORK.—The late convention of the literati, where so much was said and nothing done, reminds me of a story of Casaubon, related, I think, by Menage. This great scholar, being shown the hall of the Sorbonne, and told that disputations had been carried on there for four hundred years, answered with great simplicity, "Well, and what have you determined?"

A friend of mine wrote the following report of the proceedings of this convention:

Question. What did you meet for?

Answer. I don't know.

Q. What did you talk about?

A. Everything.

Q. What did you do?

A. Nothing.

THE ATHENIAN STAGE.—Such was the licence of the Athenian stage, that at one period the names of the persons in-

tended to be satirized were announced to the audience as part of the dramatis personae. It is said Socrates was often present at the play of Aristophanes, in which he is so unmercifully lampooned. This practice being forbidden by the laws, the comedians used masks, which accurately represented the faces of those intended to be ridiculed. This also was prohibited. Comedy afterwards became more decorous, as may be seen in the plays of Menander, but it lost much of its wit and vivacity.

A USURER.—Monsieur Menage says of M. L., a famous usurer of Paris, that when on his death-bed his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation, the dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed—"Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

EXCLUDING AND INCLUDING.—A wag one day asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself," replied the other, in

a heat, "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

PHYSIOGNOMY.—It is related of Michael Angelo that he exclaimed on seeing the statue of St. Mark, at Florence, "If that statue really resembles St. Mark, I would believe every word of his writings on the credit of his physiognomy."

DIFFERENT MODES OF WEARING HATS.—A man, who had fretted himself into ill health by his anxiety for a cardinal's hat, once asked his friend how he managed to enjoy such excellent health, while he himself was always a valetudinarian? "I he reason is," replied the other, "that you have your hat always in your head, and I have my head always in my hat." B.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. Terms, four dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription received for a less period than one year.

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THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

A REPOSITORY OF POLITE LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOLUME VIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1831.

NUMBER 52.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

POSTHUMOUS POETRY.

THE enclosed lines, which have never before appeared in print, are as interesting from the character and appearance of the gifted and unfortunate writer, as from their intrinsic merit. They were composed about eleven years ago by a young girl of nineteen, whose mind was as powerful as her person was beautiful, and her manners peculiar and fascinating. Her name, which I am not at liberty to mention, would call up warm associations in the hearts of many who knew and prized her. Yet, although naturally endowed with a highly poetic imagination, she shrunk from any exhibition of her power, as if afraid "to lend her thoughts to meaner beings." I was at that period, as you will readily conceive, something younger than at present. Whether my inexperience induced me to regard the symmetry of her person, and the strange loveliness of her countenance, with an admiration rather too sincere; or whether she was in reality one of the most perfect creatures ever fashioned by nature, I cannot at this remote time precisely determine; but one of the most durable and vivid pictures in my memory presents her face lighted up with an expression which sometimes passed over it in conversation, and which caused me often while gazing upon it, to entirely forget what she was saying. She had two sisters very much like herself, and in early youth, I knew them all intimately. I need not describe the horror with which I beheld them, one after the other, wither away in the midst of their bloom and beauty, under the influence of consumption. First, the eldest drooped and faded; day after day we heard she was better and then worse; and I followed with a sick and trembling heart through all the vicissitudes of that delusive and fatal disease, till at length they told me she was dead. Though by no means of a romantic disposition, I have found myself sometimes in the shadow of the evening, or at the early dawn of a summer's day, bending over her grave, and gazing on the dewy fresh wild flowers, which have sprung up from the grass, almost as I used to gaze on her.

A few years wrought a change in the other, the next in years, and her whose voice I had listened to in the melody of the song—whose form I had watched as it attracted all eyes in the dazzle and merriment of the midnight revel—her, too, I saw borne along mournfully, and laid in the earth in peace.

The writer of these lines was the youngest and the last. She was retired and diffident, sensitive in the extreme, and less fitted for the world than either of the others; yet she remained in it longer. They both loved its pleasures, and recoiled from death; but no bird escaped from its cage ever flew to the wild woods with more eagerness than she laid down upon the bed from which she knew she should rise no more.

The only relic which I obtained of her is the enclosed in her own hand-writing. I have copied it for the Mirror. Her retired habits led her into a severe course of reading, on a portion of which, as the preface note will show, these lines were founded.

SEDLEY.

SLEEP.

[The following address to Sleep is a version of such parts of *Memoir*, v. Part 2, Sec. 2, of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as seemed to the writer fit for versification. Other ideas are introduced, probably not more original.]

Since too much waking hurts, O, gentle Sleep!
Even against thy will thou must be woo'd,
And forced the restless soul entranced to keep,
Till we o'ercome the deadly waking mood.
Sweet influence! yea, thou must be forced to sleep
In bland oblivion thoughts that are not good
For entertainment—since they bring us pain,
And, without thee, will craze the fevered brain.
Shalt thou, on Alpine heights, in polar cold,
The bloodless dormouse and the sullen bear
In one long night of no unrest enfold,
In frozen curtains that admit no care;
While man, as lord of breathing things, enrolled
In God's own ordered writ, shall have no share
Of solace, which his nature needs must claim,
Both for the mind o'erwrought and wearied frame?
Thou old poets, in immortal lays,
Adored as universal nature's rest—
Peace of the soul, whose influence care obeys,
Sore care who listens to no other host;
As still restoring, after anxious days,
The limbs and faculties with toil oppress—
Reftling man his daily race to run
Of toil, beneath the ever-travelling sun.

Thy charm the skillful as supreme confess
Above all alchemy and magic spells:
Of different modes to win thy bland caress,
The antique leech in lore black-lettered tells.
But when grim night-mare griefs the soul oppress,
Not his the craft thy presence that compels;
Dark Melancholy's patient cannot find
In foolish physis, slumber for the mind.
Nor unto him luxurious rest deny
Through a whole third of earth's diurnal phases;
But, half-asleep in reverie to lie
While light's original fountain streams and blazes,
And nature works beneath the laughing sky,
Doating, on fond conceits, in dreamy mazes,
Sinks him below all God's own quick creations,
Nor will one muse inspire his meditations
For that sweet moistening sleep must fall on men
As heaven's own dew in palpable and fine,
And unperceived, till cool, clear morning, when
On every blade and leaf imperceptible shine.
So he who well has slept, new hopes again
Flinds fresh and sparkling; and the good divine,
Which we call reason, prompts him through the day
To struggle with his fortune as he may.
Oh sage philosophy! teach us how to slumber,
When the intractable brain is hot or dry,
With all the pangs and fears we cannot number,
And all the hopes that blossom, fade, and die;
With the great businesses our thoughts that cumber,
Whereat the angels laugh—with reason why!
When all that thou canst teach us, thou hast taught,
Oh sage philosophy! thy lore is naught!

Hark! the loud thunder roars—thine enemy,
Sleep, even when thou art kind; and thro' the shutters
The lurid lightning sheds its blazour;
But I am not alarmed, though the storm utters
Its threatenings; for I am at peace with thee,
My conscience. Is it so? stern conscience mutters—
I do fear God. And yet I cannot keep
Mine even reckoning with thee, oh sleep!

Sleep! let the wretch who waits and dreads to-morrow,
Lose but one little gap of hurrying time!
Revive the dead, to soothe his heart's dear sorrow,
Or steep in Lethe unforgotten crime!
Or teach the flagging frame at least to borrow
Some little strength before the matin prime!
Vainly invoked, oh sleep! thou canst not give
Relief to those who, fearing evil, live.

Not to the clown, who for his rent unpaid
Must on to-morrow leave his low-rotted cot;
Not to the king, who for his sceptre awayed
Unwisely, waits a battle to be fought;
Him only canst thou with thy influence aid
Who, sentenced, for all earth cares not a jot—
Condemned to die in the morning—who has past
The bitterness of death, before life's last.

For he sleeps soundly, when he hath no need
Of thee, against that morrow's setting sun,
For whom irrevocably 'tis decreed
His business in this tedious world is done;
Whose hope is dead, whose fear is past remedied,
And whose eternity has now begun.
No dreams disturb his slumbers who must wake
To meet the axe, the gibbet, or the stake.

Night Interrogate thee, thou, who art
Death's younger brother, and his counterfeit,
Pain would I ask thee, if, when we depart
From heaven's clear presence, and in darkness meet
The worms for our companions, in their mart
Of human food—shall visions foul or sweet
Visit our slumbers, ere the trumpet's peal
Shall summon us to endless weal or woe!

If ere the soul puts its old vesture on,
Transformed to raptures or to burning weeds,
It shall do homage at the eternal throne,
Or penance in dread Hades for its deeds?
Ah, could thine oracle the truth make known
From those dark halls whence never voice proceeds,
It were in vain, dull god, to question thee,
What portion hast thou of eternity?

For in the grave, whether our dreams be fraught
With amaranths, harpings, and sweet gales of heaven,
Or demon-haunted, is to us as naught,
Who are imbued with the immortal leaven.
Time is not, if we lie devoid of thought;
And if the sure expectancy be given,
Whether we wake to glory or to shame,
'Twill, at the resurrection, be the same.

DOGS.

The scenes of coarse and brutal cruelty which have been, during several days, acted in this city, are as disagreeable to the civilized portion of the citizens, as injurious to the morals of the younger part of the community. It is astonishing what a deal of slang and hypocrisy there is yet in the world, notwithstanding the establishment of periodical papers and societies for the promotion of virtue. Now, the gentlemen of the common council make formidable speeches touching the immorality of permitting the people to erect booths on the fourth of July, while they themselves indulge freely in all sorts of agreeable beverages within the hall, yet behold them, from mere indolence, instead of drawing up a law by which the evil may be remedied without violating the

feelings of society, behold them decreeing the indiscriminate butchery of hundreds of those poor creatures, dogs, in the broad daylight, in the public streets, and by boys, negroes, and all the "list of landless resolute," who are pleased with an opportunity to gratify the natural ferocity of their disposition with impunity. I am told that a thousand dollars have been already paid, in sums of one dollar to each reprobate, who has thus indulged at once his avaricious and his sanguinary propensities. There are many ways of securing the safety of the citizens by less objectionable means. They might have declared it a misdemeanor, with the penalty of fine and imprisonment, for any person to have kept a dog within the city, after a certain period; and those animals, running astray, should have been removed, and, if necessary, destroyed by proper persons, and in a proper manner. By the way, Messrs. Editors, is it a fable that one of your editorial corps took a personal share in this refined business, and put an end to the existence of some poor "Tray" in the streets? It argues a strange taste; for, however necessary many might deem the dog-law, there is surely no just reason for a gentleman, and a moral man, to set such an example to his children.—But it is not my design, at present, to expatiate upon conduct which is already sufficiently obvious in its character, but to lay before you the following lines, with a brief account of the manner in which they came into my possession.

I am a very early riser, and walk abroad every pleasant morning alone, sometimes upon the Battery, and at others out of town. For several weeks I had chosen the latter course as the scene of my rambles, having been especially delighted with a lovely and picturesque view from the banks of the North River. A narrow, winding lane, luxuriantly clothed with a variety of blossoming shrubbery, and occasionally overshadowed with tall trees, leads to the spot; and here I was wont to roam, refreshed with the quiet scented morning air.

One day I was peculiarly struck with the appearance of a large dog, black as the raven, and of a fine form: his head was such as sometimes looks down on you from the silent study of the painter: his body was covered with a profusion of glossy black curls. He evidently appertained to that noble race designated by Burns—

"Whelpit in some place, far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

By his side was a graceful spaniel of light brown, with which he seemed to be on excellent terms. They chased each other around in circles, and played a thousand capricious and merry pranks together, much to my amusement. This was repeated for several mornings, until the other day I missed them. After whistling several times, I at length observed the spaniel alone. He had been stretched out on the grass—(dead? no, gentle reader, asleep.) He lifted his head as he heard me whistle, and gave a faint wag with his tail, but immediately stretched himself out again, and, after snapping at several flies that buzzed about his nose, with a peevish air, which evidently betrayed to the deep observer that he was laboring under some disappointed feeling, he rolled himself partly over on his back, and closed his eyes. Beside him were lying a broken ink-bottle, with a few drops remaining, and the stump of an old pen; his right paw was gently pressed upon a piece of paper, which I disentangled carefully, without awakening him: on it were scribbled these lines. I do not pretend to vouch for the authorship, but leave the sagacious reader to his own imagination. I say nothing.

TO MY MURDERED FRIEND CARLO.

Farewell, dear Carlo, with thy honest face,
Thy ears erect, thy black, luxuriant hair
Down flowing o'er thy broad and ample sides,
With raven beauty clothed, and fearless strength;
In every motion grace, in every look
Fidelity and ceaseless gratitude,
Evil befall the coward, ruffian crew
That bathed thy glossy locks in crimson gore.
Could not the butchers know thee from the curs
Who, like themselves, within the public street
Do fight for bones, and raise thy audacious howl
At those whose garments' hem they dare not touch?
Oh! bounteous nature had inspired thee
With nobler impulses than ever warm'd
Their bargain-planing breasts, or they had paused,
Moved by thine eyes that floated large and flash'd,
Less fumed for anger than unbounded love.
And the proud bearing of thy stately form,
That, like a monarch seen with meener men,
Proclaim'd thee good and noble, would have turn'd
Their unrelenting spirits from thy death.
Oh! had the slave that crushed thy graceful head
But ever met thee on the hill alone,

And raised his coward club, full soon, I ween,
His trembling flesh had known thine ivory teeth—
Weapons not like the wretched sufferer, man's,
Wrenching his jaws with shooting agony
As hungry rottenness has seized its prey
Ere death had giv'n the word, but sound as when
Nature had planted them in goodly rows
Display'd, forth gleaming through thy sable jaws.

Carlo, my friend, what virtue dwells in man
That did not shine in thee! Courage was thine;
Generous and proud, with gentle meekness join'd;
Unto thine enemy and mine a tiger,
That from the darkened bush ferocious glares
Upon its shrinking victim; but to me,
Or to the master's well-remember'd voice,
Or when his pretty infant laughter flung
Her snowy, blue-vein'd arm around thy neck,
Or lean'd her light form on thy shaggy back,
Gentle thy nature as the summer bird,
Or harmless lamb that leaves its half brows'd grass,
And marks the stranger with inquiring eyes.
A blight upon the arm whose murderous aim,
Oh, slaughterer! has hush'd thy faithful voice,
Poor Carlo, and thy beating bosom still'd!

As the celebrated essay of Dr. Goldsmith upon the same subject, appears peculiarly suitable to the times, may I request that you will insert it for the benefit of the common council? He writes as follows:

"Indulgent nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain but for a few days beyond the expected season in China, spreads famine, desolation, and terror over the whole country; the winds that blow from the brown bosom of the western desert are impregnated with death in every gale; but in this fortunate land of Britain, the inhabitants court health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

"But though the nation be exempt from real evils, think not, my friend, that it is more happy on this account than others. They are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence; but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country which every season makes strange ravages among them; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people; what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of *epidemic terror*.

"A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same: one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a six-penny loaf, the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, a third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, a fourth it carries consternation at the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frightened, the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay, each proportions his fears not to the object but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

"A dread of mad dogs is the *epidemic terror* which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halber, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem by their present spirit to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

"Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient European custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side: if he attempts to stand upon the defensive and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for a mad dog always snaps at every thing; if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for mad dogs always run straight forward before them.

"It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in these ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighboring village, that was thought to be mad by several that

had seen him. The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately run mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipt in the salt water; when the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous, as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog, and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

"When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster: as in stories of ghosts, each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy, so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frightened by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved and spreads, that a mad dog had frightened a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighboring village, and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital, and by the time it has arrived in town the lady is described, with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors: while the mad mastiff is in the meantime ranging the whole country over, slaving at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

"My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour with horror and astonishment in her looks; she desired me if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for a few days ago so dismal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad ran into his own yard, and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbor, who had it from another neighbor, who heard it from very good authority.

"Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured; and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors; and sometimes fright the patient into actual frenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

"But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death, (and four is probably too large a concession,) yet still it is not considered, how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

"A dog," says one of the English poets, 'is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.' Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessities, with a speaking eye, for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor: studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble steadfast dependant, and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest, to claim the protection of man; how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all his services!"

SPARTAN MALEDICTION.—It is stated in the Lexicon of Suidas, that it was customary for the Lacedemonians to excrete those they hated by wishing "they might build houses, buy fine clothes, and marry coquettes."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

"The more widely science is diffused, the better will the Author of all things be known, and the less will the people be tossed to and fro by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive."—*Lord Brougham*.

We glean a few facts and observations from the foreign magazines, being compelled to pass over several articles of more interest in consequence of their length. We should be pleased if some of our learned correspondents would occasionally contribute such items of scientific intelligence as come within their notice.

Mr. Herschel remarks: "Those who admire knowledge for its own sake, ought to wish to see its elements made accessible to all, were it only that they may be the more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic quality which the pressure of minds of all descriptions, constantly moulding them to their purposes, can alone bestow."

FIRE ENGINES.—As fire-engines were formerly constructed, the noise they made in traversing London streets was so great, that it was well observed,

"The firemen swear, the engines tear,
And thunder o'er the stones."

But now—what with the improvements in the form, and the application of springs to the carriage—fire-engines make so little rumbling, that they can no longer be distinguished by the sound from other vehicles. In fact, most of the engines have less rattle than many hackney-coaches.

BLOWING ROCKS.—In the granite quarries near Seringapatam, the most enormous blocks are separated from the solid rock by the following neat and simple process:—The workman having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface and marks on it a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel about a couple of inches in depth. Above this groove a narrow line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot full of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clean fracture. Square blocks of six feet in the side and upwards of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method, or by another equally simple and efficacious, but not easily explained without entering into particulars of mineralogical detail.

ILLUSION.—The following are examples of the kind of illusion which the senses practise on us, or rather, which we practise on ourselves, by a misinterpretation of their evidence. The moon at its rising and setting appears much larger than when high up in the sky. This is, however, a mere erroneous judgment; for when we come to measure its diameter, so far from finding our conclusion borne out by fact, we actually find it to measure materially less. Here is eye-sight opposed to eye-sight, with the advantage of deliberate measurement. In ventriloquism we have the hearing at variance with all the other senses, and especially with the sight, which is sometimes contradicted by it in a very extraordinary and surprising manner, as when the voice is made to seem to issue from an inanimate and motionless object. If we plunge our hands, one into ice-cold water, and the other into water as hot as it can be borne, and, after letting them stay in awhile, suddenly transfer them to a vessel full of water at a blood-heat, the one will feel a sensation of heat, the other of cold. And if we cross the two first fingers of one hand, and place a pea in the fork between them, moving and rolling it about on a table, we shall (especially if we close our eyes) be fully persuaded we have two peas. If the nose be held while we are eating cinnamon, we shall perceive no difference between its flavor and that of a deal shaving.

SKATER'S VELOCIPED.—Having, about thirteen years since, made a velocipede for going on the ice, if you think the same worthy a place in your valuable publication, you will oblige me by giving it early insertion. I have found it an easy method of proceeding at a rapid rate on a smooth surface of ice, and the exercise may be kept up for three or four hours without fatigue;—indeed, when the machine is going before the wind, the impulse given by the feet may be dispensed with, the power of the wind on the back of the person seated on the machine being sufficient to send the whole forward. The person will then merely have to put his feet down at intervals, when he may have to maintain his balance. From

* Such a block would weigh between 4 and 500,000 pounds.

experiments made on our canal with a machine on this construction, it was found possible to keep pace with experienced skaters, and that by any one acquainted with the ordinary method of skating. The position of the three skates forms a sufficient base for the machine to stand alone, leaving thereby little to be attended to on the part of the skater. I may as well observe that the apparatus might be neatly made for twenty or thirty shillings.—Yours, &c. J. R.

TELESCOPE.—The telescope, as it exists at present, with the improvements in its structure and execution which modern artists have effected, must assuredly be ranked among the highest and most refined productions of human art; that in which man has been able to approximate more closely to the workmanship of nature, and which has conferred upon him, if not another sense, at least an exaltation of one already possessed by him that merits almost to be regarded as a new one. Nor does it appear yet to have reached its ultimate perfection; to which, indeed, it is difficult to assign any bounds, when we take into consideration the wonderful progress which workmanship of every kind is making, and the delicacy, far superior to that of former times, with which materials may now be wrought as well as the ingenious inventions and combinations which every year is bringing forth for accomplishing the same ends by means hitherto unattempted.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

ETON COLLEGE SALT-GATHERING.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Permit me to transcribe for the Mirror, an extract from a letter which I received by the last packet from a friend in England. It will, no doubt, be interesting here, where little or nothing is known upon the subject.

It is very difficult to ascertain the origin of the singular custom of salt-gathering which still prevails among the students of Eton; but it appears to have arisen from the early times of monkish superstition, when the friars used to sell their consecrated salt for medical purposes. There are some traces of it to be found as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, when on a visit to the college, desired to see an account of the ceremonies observed there from its foundation. In the list was an annual procession of the scholars, who, on those occasions, repeated Latin verses, and gathered money from the public for a dinner and other purposes.—Many of the old ceremonies have been altered, many entirely abolished: this has been changed from an annual into a triennial one. Eton was founded by Henry the sixth, by a charter bearing date the eleventh of October, 1440, and endowed for the maintenance of a provost, ten priests, four clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, and twenty-five poor men. It was particularly exempt (but why I never could ascertain) from spoliation in the act for the dissolution of the colleges and chantries in the reign of Edward sixth. Since that time the establishment has been considerably altered and enlarged, and now consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, two schoolmasters, seven clerks or assistants, ten choristers, besides various inferior officers and servants. The clerks were *bona fide* ministers of the church of England, all of whom are designated in legal phrase, clerks; and so were denominated in the charter. There are two classes of students at Eton, viz.:—collegers and oppidans. The former amounting in number to seventy, are, by the rules of the establishment, compelled to wear a thick clerical gown, and to feed on mutton for dinner in the college hall at two o'clock, from one year's end to the other, except, of course, during the vacations. The sheep that supply them are of the finest kind, and nurtured upon the rich meadows that belong to the college. This singular custom called down upon this division of the students, the galling name of *tug-muttons*.—The name of oppidans arose from those who resided within the town, but without the precincts of the college. The collegers all sleep in one room; and a noble one it is, being sixty-five feet high, and nearly two hundred and twenty feet in length, by about forty broad. Each has his own bed, which he is compelled to forsake at six o'clock in the morning; and by seven o'clock, every vestige of somnolency is banished for the day, every bed being so constructed as to be turned up against the wall, supported by a cord or strap. The collegers, or poor grammar scholars, are alone entitled to the privileges of the charter. The head boy or captain of the scholars, may proceed from Eton to King's college, Cambridge, immediately upon a vacancy occurring among its fellows, where he becomes happy indeed at the termination of three years with a sinecure of almost three hundred pounds per annum. I am obliged to be thus minute, perhaps tedious, to explain properly the nature of the ceremony which is called

montem, from a high hill in the neighborhood. The moment a resignation comes from Cambridge, the captain, that instant, quits Eton—throws aside his gown, and is no longer an Etonian; therefore, till twelve o'clock at night previous to what Tuesday, or *montem* day, the captain may be called away by a resignation, and be compelled to relinquish his glittering honors to the one entitled to succeed him. This night, therefore, is called *montem sure night*, and is thus celebrated: every tug-mutton, (I must still be permitted to continue the usual epithet,) five minutes before twelve at night, stands beside his bed with a knife in his hand, and as the fine old college clock boldly proclaims the arrival of the propitious moment, every cord is cut, and seventy beds fall simultaneously with one tremendous crash upon the oaken floor. Should a resignation arrive after that time, the captain is entitled to have the *montem* and his fellowship too.

On the day in question, every student above the fourth division, is compelled to wear military uniform, consisting of cocked hat and feather, red body coat, ornamented with gold lace, white kerseymere small clothes, white silk stockings and pumps, and sword upon his thigh; the remainder in blue coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, white stockings and shoes. The first twelve scholars are entitled to have servants selected from among the students beneath the fourth division, provided they think fit to go to the great expense their sumptuous dresses cost them. A certain number are appointed to the office of salt-bearers, whose duty it is, clad in some fanciful dress or other, to stop every vehicle and passenger of whatsoever kind, high or low, and demand salt, *i. e.* money. Upon their generously depositing something in his bag, he gives a ticket in exchange, in order that they may thereafter pass free from a like request.

As his late majesty was once wending his way towards the college in his private travelling carriage, with four horses and two servants behind, presenting the appearance completely of a private individual, a salt-bearer approached somewhat in a hurry, and thrusting his bag in at the window, exclaimed hastily and rudely, "Salt, be quick! Salt!" The youth was dressed fantastically as an Italian bandit; large mustachios concealed his upper lip, a cutlass hung from a scarlet belt which bound his waist, embracing a pair of highly ornamented duelling pistols, a scarlet half cloak pended from his shoulders, which with dark green tight small clothes, and high boots richly furnished with glittering spurs, formed the chief points of his dress as he sat upon his spirited and prancing steed loudly demanding the customary tribute. The inmate of the carriage, not choosing to answer this peremptory demand, sat very composedly in his seat till the youth, seeing more travellers approaching on every side, exclaimed peevishly, "Salt, salt, sir! confound you! I can't stay here all day." Here the gentleman bent forward, his countenance illumined with a smile, and said, "Sir, may not the king of England ride along his own highway without violence from robbers?" The youth instantly recognized the features of his sovereign, and blushed deeply with chagrin—perhaps with fear. "Sir," replied the astounded salt-bearer, doffing his hat with the profoundest amility, "I didn't—I—I—shouldn't—I, I didn't know—I didn't think of meeting your majesty so early in the morning—" "So, sir," resumed the king, "here's a change from the saucy overbearing bandit, to the stammering, half-frightened suppliant for forgiveness; how now, sir?" "Sir," replied the youth, "*Timeo simulacra Deorum*." His majesty smiled at the compliment, and said, "Your name, young man? *Quo sanguine cretus?*" "I answer to that of Lord Albert Conyngham," replied the salt-bearer. The king looked at him steadily for a moment, and not without emotion, and then, raising his hand to the window over which Lord Conyngham bowed. "Well, my lord, forgive and forget," and dropped a hundred guineas into his bag.

To return to my narrative. On account of the king's presence this night is rendered more splendid and interesting than it otherwise would be. The parents of the students generally attend, which brings together all the principal nobility of England, for their sons are chiefly educated at Eton. The most costly equipages and liveries are seen at an early hour hurrying on from every quarter: horses covered with foam, with panting, wide extended nostrils, and smoking flanks, bespeak no loitering gait; tandems, gigs, buggies, tilburies, stanhopcs, horsemen, carts, carriages and four, post chaises, and stage-coaches piled on high with passengers, and people of every grade, now obstruct the roads and lanes. Amidst this general bustle, the cry of "the king, the king," as he approaches, causes a general rush, and it is with no little difficulty that the guards appointed to attend his majesty keep the path clear for him. As he alights from his carriage every Etonian, man, boy, woman, and child, seem to aid in the uni-

versal shout of "God save the king! hurrah!" with three times three. At the same moment the two martial bands swell forth the grand national air. Old courtiers line the paths to pay demonstrations of loyalty to their sovereign. Upon his arrival the whole procession, in order, moves forward to Salt hill, where, upon a lofty mount, the appointed student delivers an appropriate Latin address, his own composition, and generally receives some flattering compliment from his monarch. This part of the scene is beautiful. Here the king, and such of the royal family as may be present, his nobles, and courtiers, the provosts and fellows of the college, the Etonians, *α πολλα*, assemble *en masse* around the hill, bareheaded, until the address, which is delivered from the top of the mount, is concluded. M.

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

MISS ALEXINA FISHER has appeared as Norval, in one act of Douglas, at the Park. She does not possess his uniform propriety and finish, but in points closely approaches the excellence of her celebrated little rival Burke. As the current of public taste runs strongly in favor of the juvenile performances, it would be a pleasure to witness the united exertions of these two youthful "representatives" in Romeo and Juliet for instance. On Monday evening the School for Scandal was played with effect. Booth, Cooper, and Hamblin afford the Bowery a decided superiority for tragedy. Jane Shore has been produced, with a strong cast: Gloucester, Booth; Hastings, Cooper; Dumont, Hamblin; Jane Shore, Mrs. Duff. It drew together a respectable audience, not at all backward in expressions of approbation. If this house can present a succession of sterling plays as ably sustained as this, its success is certain. Mr. Cooper surprised us with much of his youthful vigor, and reminded us of old times, when the sober descendants of Hard Kopping Piet were overcome with rapture on hearing Howard sing "Love's young dream"—when the critics smiled and "gave the nod" in sanction of the *pas seul* by Miss Dillenger, and when he who discovered the hardihood to dislike Cooper's Romeo or Othello, would have been set down as "a very good fellow, perhaps, but no great judge of theatricals." But the age is now astonishingly enlightened upon these subjects, and every whipper-snapper of twenty, smokes cigars, drinks brandy-and-water, and has more knowledge in the tip end of his little finger, as the saying is, than his father had in his whole body. Cooper has faults and glaring ones—so has Kean—but he possesses many fine requisites for acting. Mr. Booth is fiery—unequal—sometimes dull—and sometimes beautiful. He comes near the Kean school, and can always arouse and delight an audience when he pleases. Mr. Hamblin has never appeared to more advantage than he does at present. His Dumont added greatly to the interest of the play—it was animated without rant. The fencing scene with Hastings was excellent. Mrs. Duff, as Jane Shore, excited the deepest attention, and, especially in the last act, evinced unusual power.

For the New-York Mirror

THE DEPARTED.

Why comes he not? our own bright boy!
The glory of our hearts—
Our hope—our sunbeam—and our joy—
Our shield mid sorrow's darts!

We pine for his dear gladdening tone
As for some spell divine!
As men for founts in deserts lone,
So for his glance we pine!

Why comes he not? the pale spring flowers
In beauty round us wave—
The rose its perfumed treasure showers—
Where lingers he—our brave?

Hath pleasure, in the stranger's land,
His heart from home beguiled?
Bends he mid wealth's forgetful band?
Or hath fame lured our child?

He comes not—home no charm can boast—
Life's garden seems a wild:
A casket with the jewel lost—
We mourn to meet our child!

Cease your vain tears! ye dream of one
Whom earth may claim no more:
The dove from you forever flown,
The lamp whose ray is o'er.

Beyond the stars there shines a world
Where storms may never blast,
Where mercy's pinion ne'er is furled—
There hath the lost one pass'd!

For the New-York Mirror.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. PHEBE L. BELL.

BY ESTELLE.

And thou art gone, my friend! ere youth's bright summer days were
Gone to the silent tomb, and we may look on thee no more. (o'er;
That pale, still brow, is shaded now beneath the coffin lid,
And all of thee, save memory, in the cold earth lies hid.

I did not think that thou couldst die, so lovely and so young,
While health her rosy mantle o'er thy features smiling flung.
But sickness came with fatal aim, to show how vain the worth
Of human love, with which we strove to hold thee still on earth.

I have been with thee in thy hours of joyousness and glee;
Together pleasure's path we trod in careless gaiety.
Oh, how those thoughts oppress'd my heart on that last fearful day,
When late I saw thy spirit leave its tenement of clay.

Yes, thou art gone! the life, the charm of all thy little sphere:
Nor canst thou know how thou art miss'd by those who lov'd thee
Gone to thy deep, unbroken sleep, within thy narrow bed, (here,
Where flowers may bloom, with sweet perfume, above th' uncon-
scious dead.

Rest, rest, my friend, rest on in calm and undisturb'd repose,
Rest, at peace, can feel no more life's pleasures or its woes.
Low in the tomb, thy last, long home, securely thou dost lie,
While o'er thy head the echoing tread shall pass unheeded by.

I saw the eyes unused to weep o'erflow with tears for thee;
I saw the aged kneel in prayer, the youthful shrink to see
The death-signs gathering on thy face, mysterious and strange,
Preparing all around to view the final, solemn change.

I felt the last throbs of thy pulse, met thy last look on earth,
And oh, it seem'd my heart again could never turn to mirth. [thee,
For all that's bright in this world's light, will bring back thoughts of
And every scene, where thou hast been, will whisper, "where is she?"

Yet it were better thus to fill a course so bright and brief,
Than linger on till life be like the sea'd and yellow leaf;
Bette, to leave with those who grieve, one image on the heart
Of loveliness, in youth's first dress, from time and blight apart.

Why should we mourn thy happier lot, thy shorter passage, on
To that far brighter world, where hope persuades us thou art gone?
Peace be to thee, beloved friend! regrets and tears are vain,
For here, amidst life's pleasant paths, we ne'er can meet again.

Thou canst not hear the harp which breathes this last, this sad fare-
The harp, thy partial love has prais'd in many a lighter swell. [well,
Oh, thou hast done with earthly loves! and it is left for me
To wake its chords, in heart-wrung words, but to thy memory.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No 113.

THERE is a time when the liveliest spirit is depressed. In proportion as it has been lively, its melancholy will be deep. A shadow comes over the present and future; only the past is bright. Few are so happy as to have escaped this feeling, if indeed there is any happiness in being ignorant of it; for although a person in this mood is the most desolate and lonely of created things, he is not without a kind of gratification. Individuals accustomed to sedentary and mental occupations are frequently betrayed into this despondency, and whoever has been its victim will recognize the truth and nature of an expression of John Keats a short time before his death, and which reveals at once a volume of sad forebodings: "I can already feel the flowers growing over me."

Perhaps these words of the unfortunate poet recurred to my mind with more force, from the fact that I had myself fallen into a humor of melancholy. There seemed to be no reality in life. By a strange illusion I beheld the cares and disadvantages of the present as through a microscope, which also magnified the joys of the past, while all my surrounding sources of happiness were forgotten. A dreadful distinctness of memory brought before me from their dark rest in the church-yard several whom I had loved. Their voices were in my ears; their faces glowing with life and pleasure were floating in my imagination, and at once forced upon my mind with a singular vividness the certainty of death, and inflamed me with a wish that the crisis was passed. I was thinking of the weary hours of sickness and pain which I must probably suffer before I was stretched out at length in quietness, when the Little Genius, with a right merry countenance, peeped over my shoulder and shook his finger with an arch mixture of ridicule and compassion. I felt the cheering influence of his presence, but a gloom was at my heart, and I could not force my features into a smile.

"Why, thou dull mortal," he said, "wherefore dost thou gaze on me with so much apathy? Is it even true that thou art sated with me as thou wouldst be with the best of earthly blessings? But thou knowest not the sources of thine own discontent. Thou art pining after imaginary happiness, and yielding to weak sadness for the want of adventures of pain and peril. Wherefore is the shadow on thy brow and the coldness at thy heart? Wherefore dost thou turn from beautiful things with a lonely and disappointed feeling?"

"Because I am wretched," I answered.

"And wherefore art thou wretched? Perhaps disease has racked thy joints with anguish?"

"No," I replied; "my limbs are free from the touch of pain."

"Then, perchance accident hath shut up some of thy precious senses?"

"No, my senses are all perfect as bestowed by the original hand of Nature."

"Then art thou languishing for food, raiment or shelter?"

"No," said I; "the common vulgar wants of life are not the cause of my discontent. I am brooding over the past. I am speculating on the future. I am bewildered amid conjectures of what I am and what I shall be. I am gloomy over the graves of mouldering friends. I am weary with the tedium and stale monotony of life. It is a burthen to me of which I am tired; why should I not desire relief?"

"Wouldst thou be cured of this melancholy?"

"It is incurable," said I; "because I am convinced that the accomplishment of all my schemes would only afford me a temporary pleasure. If thou wert to bestow upon me whatever treasure my fancy could desire, after the first surprise had faded, my spirit would relapse into a contempt for and distrust in man—a disgust at life—a scorn for its idle evanescence and exhausting raptures—horror of its benumbing and degrading agonies, and a desire for that unbroken quiet found only in the grave."

"An I do not cure thee before yonder sun shall sink, then am I for a Genius as impotent, as thou, for a mortal art dull, weak, and inexperienced."

"Impossible," said I, gazing with a melancholy glance at the radiant and expanded orb, whose rim already touched the horizon, and flooded half the heavens with a fading splendor. "I have worn out the sources of human rapture. I have tested the frailty of affection—the selfishness of friendship. I have seen the vanity of wealth and the worthlessness of fame. I have marked ignorance, hypocrisy, and bigotry move the springs which direct the course of society; while genius, virtue, and science labored in obscure poverty, or died in despair, neglect, or crime. I have thrilled over the premature wreck of youth, innocence, and beauty, and beheld it laid cold and unconscious, to moulder in the earth; while affectation, heartlessness, and wickedness move and triumph in the glare of fashion and the luxury of joy. This is not a world for me. The sun hastens down the west. See his level beams are streaming already like a reluctant farewell; would it were a last farewell to me. Genius, thou hast promised more than thou canst perform."

He shook his head at me as I spoke, and then suddenly vanished. I awoke as from a sleep, but not in my native country. In a moment the truth broke upon my mind. In a fit of despondency I had shipped as a sailor on board a merchantman, and was now traversing the southern Atlantic Ocean. The Genius, the well-remembered scenes of my native city, the crimson setting sun and tranquil summer heavens, were no more around me. Alas! I had been dreaming; and although I remembered words of care and trouble, yet it was a dream so delicious that I cursed the rough grasp which broke the spell. A dreadful storm had arisen suddenly. The sky was black. The ship was tossed fearfully on mountain-waves. We toiled, till, spent with exertion, I sunk overpowered on the deck. "Lash the lazy scoundrel till he lays hold," said a voice coarse as the tempest, and blow succeeded blow upon my body. A thundering billow broke over the deck, and the cry resounded, "a man overboard!" The outstretched hands and sinking head were visible but a moment in the boiling foam, and the broken ship mounted in the air and sunk again into a black chasm. * * * * * There was a vision in my mind—of green meadows, and the bliss of standing on the firm, safe earth; no matter how poor and friendless: then—I remember no more.

Again, I was a slave on the African desert, driven naked by wandering Arabs over burning sands and pointed flints. Sometimes the torrid sun scorched my wasted flesh. Sometimes the cold night-dews covered my chilled and trembling body with smarting pains; and a brutal tyrant beat me when I lingered behind. "Oh," said I, "for one drop of water to moisten my stiff, parched throat." My master's countenance glared upon me as I spoke, like that of a ferocious wild beast; and uttering an imprecation in a strange tongue, he beat me again. "I wish I were once more in the storm-tossed vessel," thought I.

My oppressors bore me away into some unknown country, and, wherefore I knew not, confined me in a dungeon. A brutal wretch dragged me to its door, where an abyss of a depth which my eye could not fathom, gaped frightful. A flight of antique steps led downward, and a noisome and damp air ascended. My keeper thrust me down, and left me in complete darkness. My soul sunk within me. Day after day I pined here in continual midnight. An invisible hand supplied me, at long intervals, with brackish water and a kind

of nutritious root, barely sufficient to sustain life. What time I remained I know not; but it seemed to me life grew more valuable in proportion as it was stripped of its blessings. One day, after my scanty meal, which I had finished with a kind of delight corresponding to my previous thirst and famished hunger, I sat down on the damp earth and reasoned about myself—"Oh, that I could but hear the voice of a friend—that would be too great a bliss. Could I but catch the tone of any human being, nay, of any being whatever, I should be satisfied: a dog to caress would make me happy, or a ray of light." As I raised my eyes, I trembled with inconceivable rapture as a faint glimmer at a distance attracted my notice. I crawled towards it: it grew brighter and brighter. By some unaccountable accident a passage had been left open and unguarded, and at length I reached a spot whence the sky, with its moon and stars, draped with a few silvery clouds, spread over the world.

Oh ye, who, night after night, roam in health and freedom beneath this magnificent dome of nature, and regard its unutterable beauty and grandeur with careless and ungrateful eyes, how shall I make you comprehend my raptures! I stretched out my hands and blessed the spotted moon as she poured her silver flood upon the silent scene. Tears, long strangers to my eyes, dropped upon the ground, while, seizing the trunk of a date-tree as the nearest thing of the living world, I covered its senseless bark with kisses.

Suddenly the dark and crumbling ruin, wherein I had long been buried, faded away; the paleness of the moonlight changed to a faint crimson; the date-tree withdrew itself from my embraces, and said,

"Look out upon the west, master student." The orb of day shot forth a sparkling beam and disappeared, and the refreshing evening breeze blew in at the window of my little apartment, and cooled the dampness which had gathered on my brow. "The sun hath set," said my instructor; "ere it resumes its journey in the east, teach thyself to acknowledge, and never to forget, the sweetness of life, and the absurdity of undervaluing it. Thy errors have been engendered by solitude and inaction, which corrupt thy fancy till it resembles the stagnant pool. Thou hast but now thrilled with the most exquisite joy at beholding a ray of light. I leave thee beneath the broad heaven, which is even now disclosing its flashing treasures. Farewell, sir student, thou canst read their lesson at thy leisure." F.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

DR. CHANNING.

WHEN we notice the universal approbation with which meritorious literary productions of a fanciful character are received by the public, we are somewhat surprised at the silence with which the works of this eloquent writer have been lunched from the press. It is not that his striking superiority is not acknowledged by all those who have listened to his discourses, or perused his compositions; for both here and in Great Britain, and, we believe, more particularly in the latter country, he is named by learned scholars and distinguished men, as one deserving a high rank among the most gifted of any age. But the mixed classes of his own countrymen are not familiarly acquainted with his singular powers, and while the public press is the vehicle of every bloody fiction, or romantic and idle legend, manufactured by foreign scribblers, to suit the prevalent depraved taste of the times, the essays of Dr. Channing are rarely conveyed by the same medium, through its innumerable channels, into the presence of the mass of the people. It may be as well for us here to state, that however eager we are to adapt our journal to the taste of the higher, and more enlightened circles of society, and however gratified we are by their approbation, we sometimes presume upon their indulgence so far as to address ourselves to the body of our countrymen. We are pleased with the opportunity of being instrumental in awakening a new thought, or improving upon a natural feeling, in the crowds of the honest and intelligent, beyond the reach of the many pleasures and advantages which appertain, more especially, to populous and thriving cities. We, therefore, sometimes purposely fill a page with matter which, to those in our immediate vicinity, may be familiar, but which will strike the inhabitants of distant villages as beautiful and new. It is from this consideration that we lay before our readers, in the present impression, a few extracts from an essay by Dr. Channing, both as a subject which possesses interest for all, and as a method of assuring the large class who, in this, as in every other community, are unwilling to encounter the works of a logical and pious writer, that those

of our author will delight the taste, as surely as they will touch the heart and improve the understanding.

Several large volumes from the same pen have been recently published, which we have felt inclined to review; but, without any affectation of reverence for intellectual greatness, we shrink, almost as instinctively from offering our humble strictures upon such a monument of thought and talent, as of supposing that the hackneyed and unmeaning terms of praise, which the modern, and prevailing style of reviewing has exhausted upon every worthless ephemera, would not be out of place and almost impertinent when applied to these admirable writings. The essay, from which the observations below are extracted, is entitled "Remarks on the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte, occasioned by the publication of Scott's Life of Napoleon." It originally appeared in the Christian Examiner, and after having been extensively copied in Europe, has been republished, in this city, in a neat pamphlet form, by G. F. Hopkins & Son. It is strikingly characterized by *moral force*, by a severe and beautiful faculty of penetrating through the mist and glare of prejudice and passion, and of boldly marking out the distinctions between right and wrong, by a spirit of pure love to the human race, and by a stern and most unrelenting hatred, (if we may use the word,) of all who, under whatever disguise of genius or glory, would infringe upon their rights or oppose their progress, which will find a thrilling response in every bosom.

"The condition of Europe forbade, as we believe, the establishment of universal monarchy by mere physical force. The sword, however important, was now to play but a secondary part. The true course for Napoleon seems to us to have been indicated, not only by the state of Europe, but by the means which France in the beginning of her revolution had found most effectual. He should have identified himself with some great interests, opinion, or institutions, by which he might have bound to himself a large party in every nation. He should have contrived to make at least a specious cause against all old establishments. To contrast himself most strikingly and most advantageously with former governments, should have been the key of his policy. He should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which should have worn the face of an improvement of the social state. Nor did the subversion of republican forms prevent his adoption of this course, or of some other which would have secured to him the sympathy of multitudes. He might still have drawn some broad lines between his own administration and that of other states, tending to throw the old dynasties into the shade. He might have cast away all the pageantry and forms of courts, distinguished himself by the simplicity of his establishments, and exaggerated the relief which he gave to his people, by saving them the burdens of a wasteful and luxurious court. He might have insisted on the great benefits that had accrued to France from the establishment of uniform laws, which protected alike all classes of men; and he might have virtually pledged himself to the subversion of the feudal inequalities which still disfigured Europe. He might have insisted on the favorable changes to be introduced into property, by abolishing the entails which fettered it, the rights of primogeniture, and the exclusive privileges of a haughty aristocracy. He might have found abuses enough against which to array himself as a champion. By becoming the head of new institutions, which would have involved the transfer of power into new hands, and would have offered to the people a real improvement, he might every where have summoned to his standard the bold and enterprising, and might have disarmed the national prejudices to which he fell a prey. Revolution was still the true instrument of power. In a word, Napoleon lived at a period when he could only establish a durable and universal control, through principles and institutions of some kind or other, to which he would seem to be devoted.

"It was impossible, however, for such a man as Napoleon to adopt, perhaps to conceive, a system such as has now been traced; for it was wholly at war with that egotistical, self-relying, self-exaggerating principle, which was the most striking feature of his mind. He imagined himself able, not only to conquer nations, but to hold them together by the awe and admiration which his own character would inspire; and this bond he preferred to every other. An indirect sway, a control of nations by means of institutions, principles, or prejudices, of which he was to be only the apostle and defender, was utterly inconsistent with that vehemence of will, that passion for astonishing mankind, and that persuasion of his own invincibility, which were his master feelings, and which made force his darling instrument of dominion. He chose to be the great, palpable, and sole bond of his empire; to have his image reflected from every establishment; to be

the centre, in which every ray of glory should meet, and from which every impulse should be propagated. In consequence of this egotism, he never dreamed of adapting himself to the moral condition of the world. The sword was his chosen weapon, and he used it without disguise. He insulted nations as well as sovereigns. He did not attempt to gild their chains, or to fit the yoke gently to their necks. The excess of his extortions, the audacity of his claims, and the insolent language in which Europe was spoken of as the vassal of the great empire, discovered, that he expected to reign, not only without linking himself with the interests, prejudices, and national feelings of men, but by setting all at defiance." ****

"There have been two circumstances, which have done much to disarm or weaken the strong moral reprobation with which Bonaparte ought to have been regarded, and which we deem worthy of notice. We refer to the wrongs which he is supposed to have suffered at St. Helena, and to the unworthy use which the Allied Powers have made of their triumph over Napoleon. First, his supposed wrongs at St. Helena have excited a sympathy in his behalf, which has thrown a veil over his crimes. We are not disposed to deny, that an unwarrantable, because unnecessary, severity was exercised towards Bonaparte. We think it not very creditable to the British government, that it tortured a sensitive captive by refusing him a title which he had long worn. We think that not only religion and humanity, but self-respect forbids us to inflict a single useless pang on a fallen foe. But we should be weak indeed, if the moral judgment and feelings, with which Napoleon's career ought to be reviewed, should give place to sympathy with the sufferings by which it was closed. With regard to the scruples, which not a few have expressed as to the right of banishing him to St. Helena, we can only say, that our consciences are not yet refined to any such exquisite delicacy, as to be at all sensitive on this particular. We admire nothing more in Bonaparte, than the effrontery with which he claimed protection from the laws of nations. That a man, who had set these laws at open defiance, should fly to them for shelter; that the oppressor of the world should claim its sympathy as an oppressed man, and that his claim should find advocates; these things are to be set down among the extraordinary events of this extraordinary age. Truly, the human race is in a pitiable state. It may be trampled on, spoiled, loaded like a beast of burden, made the prey of rapacity, insolence, and the sword; but it must not touch a hair, or disturb the pillow of one of its oppressors, unless it can find chapter and verse in the code of national law, to authorize its rudeness towards the privileged offender. For ourselves, we should rejoice to see every tyrant, whether a usurper or hereditary prince, fastened to a lonely rock in the ocean. Whoever gives clear, undoubted proof, that he is prepared and sternly resolved to make the earth a slaughterhouse, and to crush every will adverse to his own, ought to be caged like a wild beast: and to require mankind to proceed against him according to written laws and precedents, as if he were a private citizen in a quiet court of justice, is just as rational as to require a man, in imminent peril from an assassin, to wait and prosecute his murderer according to the most protracted forms of law.

"We confess, too, that we are not only unable to see the wrong done to Napoleon in sending him to St. Helena, but that we cannot muster up much sympathy for the inconveniences and privations which he endured there. Our sympathies in this particular are wayward and untractable. When we would carry them to that solitary island, and fasten them on the illustrious victim of British cruelty, they will not tarry there, but take their flight across the Mediterranean to Jaffa, and across the Atlantic to the platform where the Duke d'Enghien was shot, to the prison of Toussaint, and to the fields of battle where thousands at his bidding lay weltering in blood. When we strive to fix our thoughts upon the sufferings of the injured hero, other and more terrible sufferings, of which he was the cause, rush upon us; and his complaints, however loud and angry, are drowned by groans and execrations which fill our ears from every region which he traversed. We have no tears to spare for fallen greatness, when that greatness was founded in crime, and reared by force and perfidy. We reserve them for those on whose ruin it rose. We keep our sympathies for our race, for human nature in its humbler forms, for the impoverished peasant, the widowed mother, the violated virgin; and are even perverse enough to rejoice, that the ocean has a prisonhouse, where the author of those miseries may be safely lodged. Bonaparte's history is to us too solemn, the wrongs for which humanity and freedom arraign him, are too flagrant, to allow us to play the part of sentimentalists around his grave at St. Helena. We leave this to the more refined age in which we

live; and we do so in the hope that an age is coming of less tender mould, but of loftier, sterner feeling, and of deeper sympathy with the whole human race. Should our humble page then live, we trust with an undoubting faith, that the uncompromising indignation with which we plead the cause of our oppressed and insulted nature, will not be set down to the account of our vindictiveness and hardness of heart.

"The series of events, which it has been our province to review, offers subjects of profound thought and solemn instruction to the moralist and politician. We have retraced it, with many painful feelings. It shows us a great people, who had caught some indistinct glimpses of freedom, and of a nobler and happier political constitution, betrayed by their leaders, and brought back, by a military despot, to heavier chains than they had broken. We see with indignation one man, a man like ourselves, subjecting whole nations to his absolute rule. It is this wrong and insult to our race which has chiefly moved us. Had a storm of God's ordination passed over Europe, prostrating its capitals, sweeping off its villages, burying millions in ruins, we should have wept, we should have trembled. But in this there would have been only wretchedness. Now we also see debasement. To us there is something radically, and increasingly shocking, in the thought of one man's will becoming a law to his race; in the thought of multitudes, of vast communities, surrendering conscience, intellect, their affections, their rights, their interests to the stern mandate of a fellow creature. When we see one word of a frail man on the throne of France, tearing a hundred thousand sons from their homes, breaking asunder the sacred ties of domestic life, sentencing myriads of the young to make murder their calling and rapacity their means of support, and extorting from nations their treasures to extend this ruinous sway, we are ready to ask ourselves, is not this a dream? And when the sad reality comes home to us, we blush for a race which can stoop to such an abject lot. At length, indeed, we see the tyrant humbled, stripped of power; but stripped by those who, with one exception, are not unwilling to play the despot on a narrower scale, and to break down the spirit of nations under the same iron sway."

MYTHOLOGY.

THE MONTH OF JULY IN NEW-YORK.

THE name of this month was given in honour of Julius Cæsar. The Saxons called it hay month, because then they generally cut their grass. It has been rendered memorable by the greatest and most important events, (except two,) ever recorded in history, sacred or profane. An event that marked the commencement of a new era that has already more or less remotely, affected the moral and political condition of every civilized region of the globe; that will ultimately lead to the entire regeneration of the world. It is unnecessary to add, that we allude to the Declaration of American Independence. This celebrated paper was published two hundred and sixty-four years after the discovery of America, one hundred and sixty from the first effectual settlement of Virginia, and one hundred and fifty from the settlement of Plymouth, in Massachusetts. In 1826, a coincidence occurred without a parallel in the records of man. On the fourth of July, of that year, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both expired, at advanced ages. Two patriarchs of the revolution, and the principal agents in securing the independence of their country. They had lived to see its fiftieth anniversary, and died in the excess of their patriotic enthusiasm.

Several days in this month have also been set apart for religious purposes, or devoted to celebrated personages, viz: the second, is called the Visitation of the Virgin Mary; the fifteenth, is St. Swithin's Day; twentieth, St. Margaret's; twenty-second, Mary Magdalen's; twenty-fifth, St. James's; and twenty-sixth, St. Ann's. On the twenty-third of this month, the sun enters the sign of Leo, or the Lion; the

Nemean monster, whose unpierced skin
The great Alcides wrapt his body in.

This animal, which was said to have been born of the hundred-headed Typhon, infested the neighbourhood of Nemea, a town of Argolis; and kept the inhabitants under continual alarms. The first of the twelve labors imposed on Hercules, by Eurystheus, was to destroy this monster; which, after a sharp and close combat, he finally effected, by choking him to death. He then carried the dead beast on his shoulders to Mycenæ, and ever after clothed himself with the skin. Much as Juno hated Hercules, she could not prevent his success; but afterwards vented her spleen by placing the Lion in the zodiac, as one of the twelve celestial constellations.

On the thirtieth day of this month commences that sultry period, known by the term of dog-days.

"Now Cepheus plainly shows his hidden fire,
The dog-star now his furious heat displays,
The Lion spreads his raging ire,
The sun brings parched days."

July in New-York, after the celebration of our great national anniversary, necessarily becomes somewhat dull and monotonous. The thermometer generally ranges from eighty-five to ninety degrees; and all who can afford it, fly from the heat, dust, and din of the city, to the pleasant and rural retreats, where the hills,

"Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scoured between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Close of the Volume.—The eighth volume of this paper closes with the present number. It will hereafter appear in an enlarged form; no engravings will be published but those of a superior kind; and while increased care will be bestowed upon its typographical execution, new arrangements have been effected to improve the character of its literary contents. Its general circulation enables us to secure the talents of the best artists; and although many of the most eminent writers, from a generous interest in the periodical literature of the country, or from personal feelings of kindness towards ourselves, which we cannot too highly appreciate, have voluntarily and freely extended to us their valuable services, we have offered to others, less independent of pecuniary considerations, a just remuneration for such matter as we shall deem acceptable to our subscribers. Minute details will be found in the prospectus. We enter upon our ensuing labors with a confirmed confidence in the steady liberality of the public, and a pledge to use every possible exertion and expense in order to render the New-York Mirror an interesting and instructive family journal.

Grand Duke Constantine.—We select a brief account of this personage from Campbell's new journal, the "Metropolitan." This celebrated poet has abandoned the "New Monthly Magazine." It is said that his independence of opinion upon literary matters was displeasing to his publisher; but the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," needs no praises at this time, and it would be almost superfluous to wish his periodical success.

"The 'Grand Duke Constantine,' who has played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of Poland, is worthy of something more than a mere passing notice. Though possessed of very considerable talents, he is, in fact, an untamed tiger, giving way on all occasions to the most violent paroxysms of temper. He has a deep sense of the rights of his order, and holds the feelings of every other class of human beings as absolutely nought. So soon, therefore, as he found that his imperial brother was no longer the liberal patron of constitutional rights, he gave the most unrestrained license to his capricious and violent injustice. A few instances are better than general assertion: a most opulent and respectable man, named Woloski, the principal brewer of Warsaw, had, through some of his people without his own knowledge, hired as a servant in his establishment a Russian deserter. The offender was detected, and proof of innocence on the part of his employer being disallowed, the Grand Duke, by his individual decree, ordered this respectable individual to be fettered, and in that condition he was compelled to work with a wheel-barrow in the public streets! His daughter, an amiable young lady, ventured to appeal to the mercy of the Grand Duke in behalf of her parent; and the unmanly monster kicked her down stairs, using at the same time the most abusive language.

"A boy of nine years of age, a son of Count Plater, had, in the playfulness of childhood, written in chalk on one of the forms, 'The third of May for ever!' that being the anniversary of Kosciusko's constitution. The fact was discovered by some of the innumerable spies, employed even among these infants, to Nowozilyoff, who instituted an inquiry among the boys, not one of whom would betray poor Plater: they were all ordered to be flogged with the utmost severity. The unhappy offender declared that he had written the offensive words. The Grand Duke condemned him to be a soldier for life, incapable of advancement in the army; and when his mother threw herself before his carriage to implore forgiveness for her wretched child, he spurned her like a dog with his foot.

"Shaving the heads of ladies of rank who displeased him, was a common occurrence; and, on one occasion, four sol-

diers were hanged because they abstained from carrying such an order into effect, as they found it impossible to do so without using personal violence. Tarring and feathering the shaved heads of the offenders was also a favorite recreation of the commander in chief!"

Parisian Society.—The subjoined observations are copied from the Monthly Magazine. How far our own 'manners and customs,' as the geographers say, coincide with those described below, we will not undertake, at present, to determine. But we have a suspicion that, if titled foreigners, or very wealthy natives, are "ciphers" in the estimation of our countrymen, they hold places in the numeration table which give them an exaggerated and fictitious value. It is to be feared that, should some poor planet of a citizen, who had been all his life revolving in the orbit of his social duties, without any other claim to distinction than an upright character, intelligence, education and talent, be brought near any wandering star from the hemisphere of nobility in the old world, he would find himself rather eclipsed. The noblest praise of a society is, that throughout all its various circles, men are rated by their talents and virtue, not their riches and office. See how they "manage these things in France."

"The tone of society in Paris is very far from John Bullish. They do not ask what a man is worth, or whether his father is the owner of a tin mine or borough—but what has he to say, whether he is amiable or spiritual. In that case, (unless a marriage is on the tapis,) no one inquires whether his account at his banker's is high or low; or whether he has come in his carriage or on foot. An English soldier of fortune, or a great traveller, is listened to with some attention as a marked character; while a booby lord is no more regarded than his own footman in livery. The blank after a man's name is expected to be filled up with talent or adventures, or he passes for what he really is—a cipher."

Lotteries again.—The statement of Mr. Canfield, which charges the managers of the permutation system of lotteries with a secret and fraudulent arrangement of the prizes, is not correct. The arrangement of the lottery is not a secret one, nor susceptible of any improper influence. We wish, therefore, to be distinctly understood as disclaiming the slightest imputation upon the character of any one therein concerned, after having, as promised in our last, given the matter a more deliberate examination. Our previous remarks were not intended as a conclusion on the subject, but rather as a notice of the publication in the Argus. We have always endeavored to express our honest opinion upon events touching the interest of the city; we have no other object than the dissemination of an accurate knowledge of their affairs among the people, and are, therefore, pleased to have it in our power to avow implicit confidence in the integrity of the gentlemen against whom Mr. Canfield has let off his broadside of explanations.

Singular Coincidence.—The other day a ship from one of the ports in Ireland, reached a dock of this city. A young man, a native of Ireland, accidentally passing at the moment along the wharf, paused to observe the landing of the passengers. In an attempt to leap on land, one of these fell into the river and immediately sunk. The youth, who had lingered a moment to gratify his curiosity, plunged in promptly and rescued the drowning man, whom he suddenly recognized as his brother! Had any audacious author introduced such an unnatural incident in a romance, how he would have been lashed by the critics!

Awnings.—Would it not conduce much to the comfort of the citizens if the awnings in Broadway could be left unfurled on Sunday, during the prevalence of the extreme warm weather? The fair customers of the many stores in that thronged promenade would, doubtless, be grateful, and peradventure treat themselves to extra jewelry, shawls, and so forth, as a matter of duty.

Fourth of July.—Our National jubilee is coming "with all proper and convenient speed." The country folks are flocking to town; the citizens are prepared to fly into the country; and a pack of crackers, exploding under the nose of the ungarded passenger, reminds him that he dwells in a land of liberty, and that its birth-day is at hand. We congratulate the American people upon their continued independence, and we congratulate the newly-elected captains on the prospect of the ensuing parade; but most of all, we congratulate the little boys, those true disciples of fun, and merry professors of the genuine Epicurean philosophy. The firing of musketry and the cannon—the ringing of bells—the pomp of the processions, the glare and glitter of the troops, the pressure and jostle and thronging of the multitude, the

swearing, fighting, and unusual confusion which mark our great annual holiday, are full of novelty to them. It is to be hoped that the police will be abroad; for pick-pockets sometimes lurk under the mask of patriots, although we do not believe patriotism is always what Dr. Johnson defined it, "the last refuge of a scoundrel." But, seriously, this day should never be forgotten—and when its proper observance is laid aside, it may be regarded as a symptom of the decline of that public spirit transmitted to us by the heroes of '76.

Beware of politeness!—We translate the following from a French paper:—"Sir, sir! you have dropped your papers!" cried a young man the other morning to a person passing. "Sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said the other, turning round and picking up a large bundle. "Excuse me," continued he, "but have I not the honor of addressing Mr. P.?" "That is my name," said the young man, with some surprise. "Ay, I thought so. I was very lucky in meeting you. I am an officer of the tribunal of commerce, and am ordered to arrest you on a bill of exchange for one thousand five hundred francs. The paper which you were so kind as to tell me I dropped, was the summons against you!"

Statue of Washington.—This valuable work by Canova, was destroyed in the fire which recently consumed the state house at Raleigh, North Carolina. As depriving us of a production of one of the greatest artists of the age, and now deceased, the accident is much to be lamented.

North American Review.—The contents of the seventy-second number of this journal for the first of July, are as follows:—I. The Laws of Population and Wages. II. The Poetry and Romance of the Italians. III. Origin and Progress of the Useful Arts. IV. Pennsylvania Biography. V. Defence of Mechanical Philosophy. VI. The Cherokee Case. VII. The Prospect of Reform in Europe. VIII. Popular Sports and Festivals. IX. Harvard University. X. Life and Character of Henry Brougham. XI. North-Eastern and Northern Boundary.

Dogs.—Our correspondent will perceive his favor upon this subject in a previous page. The law to which he alludes is very unpopular, as are they who have availed themselves of it from pecuniary considerations. In consequence of it a curious excitement has prevailed over the town, the effects of which were very visible. We saw an athletic ragged negro, bearing in his arms a beautiful little spaniel, and followed by a troop of boys treating him to several candid opinions of his character, and occasionally giving their exclamations emphasis by saluting him with a missile. Another disreputable looking reprobate, with a sinister cast of the eye, was dragging a pointer, apparently of considerable value, by a rope attached to his neck. The victim followed without making any secret of his reluctance, and opposed such resistance as lay in his power; but the fellow went whistling on his way, heedless of the frowns and muttered execrations of the crowd, and the occasional visitation of a clam-shell. A spirited boy crept up behind and cut the cord, whereat the pointer did, what any other sensible person would have done—he travelled off with a considerable exercise of his pedestrian powers in an opposite direction, without stopping to say "thank you," or to examine into particulars. The wretch was enraged, and, after an imprecation, rushed up to the boy with the purpose of doing him violence. The lad stood firm as a rock, with clenched fist and flashing eye, fully prepared to dare the unequal conflict, when a good-natured German, who might measure an inch over six feet, seized the bully coolly by the throat and deposited him head first in a pool, which the care of the street-commissioner had left probably for the purpose. The gentleman remained there a moment enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*—the ease with dignity—and then disappeared amid shouts of laughter.

Sea Serpent.—In the volume of the New-York Farmer for 1828, there is a communication from Dr. Mitchell, entitled "A notice of the occurrences in natural history in the United States of America," in the course of which he endeavors to disprove the existence of this leviathan. We are like to have the gentleman here to contradict the doctor in person, with a considerable addition to his length. The subjoined is copied from the New-York Daily Advertiser:

"This monster made his first appearance this season at Boothbay on Sunday last. He was seen again on Tuesday by two gentlemen, at a distance of about sixty feet, and afterwards by ten or twelve citizens of Boothbay, as he passed and repassed several times about one hundred and fifty feet distant from them. He is described by the editor of the Wiscasset Journal, who was on the spot, as from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in length!"

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